

Encounter: Halloween Hanky Panky
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Halloween Hanky Panky

Halloween should have been Belladona's favorite holiday, but truth was, she was a witch who was scared of, well, scary things. Even a child's costume, if done right, could make her squeal like a girl. The other witches in her coven got a kick out of it, jumping out of dark corners to startle her. If she shrieked, all the better.

So when Desmond, a warlock from the protector coven seemed to materialize from the shadows of the trees outside the manor, Belladona did, in fact, squeal like a girl.

Laughing when she lashed out, swinging her arms, pounding his chest in her fury and embarrassment, Desmond simply snaked his arms around her. "You know, you could go through one of those twelve-step programs."

"Bite me, Warlock!"

"Oh, believe me, I'd love to, Witch."

"Aren't you supposed to protect my kind? that's why they call your coven a --" she made air quotes, "*Protector coven.*"

"I'm here, aren't I? Soothing your fears with my arms wrapped around you?"

Why did he always manage to make her feel so breathless and flustered? She knew he didn't really want her. Desmond was the coven bad boy. Every witch he'd ever met wanted him. Some he took others he didn't, but no one had ever managed to hold his attention for longer than it took for him to bed her. Until this very night,

She shrugged away from him, putting distance between them. Desmond might be everything she hated in men, but he was still sexy as hell. The last thing she wanted to do was to fall for his charms and then into his bed. "I can take care of myself."

He snorted, grinning as he crossed his bulging arms over a massive chest. "I can see that. You jump at your own shadow, little Bell." Again, he moved toward her, a predator stalking his prey. "You know I can protect you."

"Yeah. You protect many witches and they seem to enjoy it. Why not go find one of them to bother. The full moon will be out soon and I've got spells to work tonight."

The infuriating man simply chuckled. "Oh, I've got a bit of magic to work tonight too, though none of them involve potions."

Now, why did the thought of that make her toes curl? Shaking herself, Bell tried her best to rally. "You've had enough practice in that department," she rolled her eyes, trying to look like he didn't affect her. If he knew how much she wanted to explore the option where he worked magic on her body, he'd pounce. "Why not find a witch who will appreciate your special... talents?"

"Are you saying you wouldn't?"

"I'm saying I don't want to suffer from comparison."

In the blink of an eye, Desmond's expression was so intense, Belladona actually took a step back. When she retreated, he advanced until Bell was trapped between his hard body and an equally hard tree.

"One thing you can be one hundred percent certain of is that you will definitely not suffer from comparison." His voice had gone low and husky, almost a growl.

Swallowing, Bell took a breath before trying to explain herself, one last attempt at self preservation. "I'm not as sensual as most witches," she finally admitted. "It's just never been my thing, you know? I'm just not a very sexual person."

Mood changing as quickly as any familiar, Desmond chuckled, pressing his body harder against hers. Lord, he smelled good! He rubbed his face against hers, nuzzling her skin until her head fell back, giving him access to more of her.

"You let me be the judge of that, hmm?" Then he claimed her mouth.

For the first time in Bell's life, uncontrollable lust coursed through her. It took her befuddled mind several seconds to process the need, but once she did, she clutched at Desmond's sides, clinging to him as if her life depended on it. In fact, his might very well. If he tried to pull away from her, tried to tell her he was only joking that he only meant to see how far he could push her, she'd turn him into a toad on the spot.

Seeming to like her reaction, Desmond grunted, a low rumble, all masculine satisfaction as he found the hem of her shirt and slid his hand smoothly underneath to reach the underside of her breast.

Bell wasn't waiting for a more profound invitation. With shaking hands, she found the waistband of his pants, tugging open his jeans with impatient fingers. She was rewarded with his sharp intake of breath when her palm cupped his shaft, circling it, stroking with a tentative touch.

"Ah, yes, Bell," he rasped in her ear, nuzzling her face once more now that he no longer kissed her. "I see nothing reserved about you. You're definitely a sensual creature."

"I'm really not," she managed to breathe, aching miserably for him. Had this started only a minute ago? She felt like they'd been in the middle of heavy foreplay for hours and she was about to snap. "But I need you inside me. Right this second, warlock."

Quick as a cat, Desmond spun her around. Never had Bell been more thankful she'd worn a skirt in her life. The folds were long, swishing around her legs with every movement, but Desmond was undeterred.

His hands slid up her thighs to hook his fingers in her panties, sliding them down with a swift, impatient stroke only to find her thighs and hips with his hands quickly again. He seemed to have a pressing need to touch her hips and buttocks, kneading them with firm caresses until he finally dipped his fingers between her thighs.

“So wet,” he murmured from behind her. “Ready for me.” He stood, pressing her upper body against the tree.

His cock pressed at her entrance, nudging, seeking, until the head slipped past her opening. He stretched her, his sex large and filling. Bell pushed back, arching her hips, enticing him, needing him inside her more than she’d ever needed anything.

“Mine,” he hissed, sinking slowly into her. Bell gasped at his size, loving every delicious inch. His words didn’t seem to register. All she could process was the pleasure. Which was doubled when his hand slipped under her skirt once more, to cup her sex from the front. Unerringly, his fingertip found her clit and he stroked.

Belladonna shrieked to the moon, her cries echoing in the night. As if in answer, a wolf’s howl sounded in the distance, followed by more and more. Desmond started a hard, driving rhythm inside her, plunging into her over and over, his breaths ragged in her ear. With his free hand, he turned her face back to him and found her lips in a kiss once more. His tongue snaked out to twine with hers, his cock still surging into her with more intensity.

Finally, he began to swell inside her, his hold on her tightening. With his own howl at the moon, Desmond surged inside Belladonna one last time. Hot seed spilled into her in powerful jets. Unexpectedly, she came again, screaming with him, her body echoing the pleasure of his.

When the pleasure died down, Desmond held her up, still pressed tightly against the tree. He righted her skirt, pulling his pants past his hips as best he could without letting her go.

“Still think you’re not a sexual creature, little witch?”

“Well,” she panted, still stunned at her own reaction, “I’m really not. Not with any other man I’ve ever been with.”

He turned her in his arms, scooping her up and heading to his coven with long, sure strides. "Then I see no reason for you to be with any other man but me."

Bell was sure she'd figure out a reason why this wasn't a good idea, but at the moment, she was coming up empty. But she had the feeling she'd be filled again. Sooner rather than later.

"Happy Halloween, little witch!"

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