

Encounter: Cinda's Hex
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Cinda's Hex

The pounding on the front door pulled Lucinda out of a restless sleep. She sat up and tossed off the covers. Guilt washed over her. She knew who it was and why he was here. The door rattled. If she didn't hurry, he'd likely knock it down. He had the strength and the fury to splinter her door to kindling.

Grumbling, she scrambled out of bed and rushed to the living room. Bandra Falls was a safe haven for her kind, but one never knew. Exercising caution, Lucinda tiptoed to the door and put her eye to the peephole.

Bathed in moonlight, Felix's face was downright scary. Lucinda opened the door and faced his furious glory. Stark naked with black wings fluttering, Felix looked like a pissed off angel. A demon hunter by trade, Felix fought for good but he wasn't the least bit angelic.

"Next time you wish someone to perdition Cinda you should make sure they can't return and seek revenge. Are all your kind so cruel?"

Felix had a way of pushing her buttons, like calling her by her childhood name and refusing her help to take down Bathar. She'd told Felix to go to hell with such force he'd begun spinning and sliding down in the demon vortex she'd located and brought to his attention. She'd quickly recanted her spell, but tossed out a blackflyer hex before she had vanished in a puff of green smoke. "I pulled you out before you fell down the demon hole. I was angry."

"You think I'm not." He brushed past her, his blackflyer wings knocking over a vase and upending a lamp.

Lucinda closed the door and flicked on the living room lamp. She wanted to see Felix, all of him. "I like the look."

"I don't. Instead of facing off with Bathar, I landed in a public park stark naked without my sword, sporting these." He flapped his big black wings, tipping over the candy dish. "Teenagers with nose rings threw rocks at me."

“Why didn’t you fly away?” Lucinda asked, stifling a giggle.

Felix glared at her. “It’s not funny and flying isn’t easy. I crashed several times before I got the hang of it. But I did chase down the little shits and give them a good scare.”

Lucinda brushed a speck of dirt off his broad shoulder. Felix was a real hunk with the sexiest green eyes. Her fingertips trailed down his muscular arm.

“Don’t look at me like that.”

“Like what?”

“Your eyes say things you won’t dare to verbalize or act upon.”

Lucinda pulled her hand away. “You wish.”

He grinned. He was so darn sexy when he smiled. “You like me,” Felix said. “And that pisses you off. You like my body and that really makes you crazy. Look me over and convince me I’m wrong.”

He was right, but Lucinda wasn’t going to give him the satisfaction of telling him how drop dead sexy gorgeous he was. Schooling her expression, she let her gaze slid over his chest to his flat belly, stopping before she fell into his trap. “Maybe I like a guy with big wings.”

“Too bad. I want these wings gone. Remove the curse, witch.”

“I can’t. The wings are blackflyers. They won’t disappear until sunrise.”

He grabbed the front of her sleep shirt and hauled her against his chest. “Remove the curse, Cinda. I can’t function in these wings and I’ve got to find my sword. Do you have my sword?”

She’d hidden his sword beneath her bed. Now wasn’t the time to wonder why she’d chosen her bedroom as a hiding place instead of the hall closet. “Don’t worry, I have your sword, and you’ll be back to your annoying alpha male self at sunrise.”

He clamped an arm around her waist and held her tight against him. “You just don’t like someone else being in control.”

Chest to belly, his heat penetrated her thin nightshirt. She licked her lip. Perhaps he believed his action was threatening, but Lucinda found it deliciously provocative.

"Don't play with me, Cinda." Wings quivering, he elevated a few inches. "I have work to do."

Lucinda's feet dangled above the floor. "You'll be wingless by sunrise. Witch's word."

"By sunrise Bathar will be back in the bowels of hell." He tightened his hold, pressing her breasts to his chest. "You should have stayed out of my way."

"We'll get him next time."

"We? There is no we. I fight demons. You cast spells. Witch spells are useless on a wily demon like Bathar."

"He killed my familiar. I can help you." Lucinda stroked Felix's muscular arm. She liked a man with muscles. "My powers will work on his minions."

"I don't need help," Felix said, flapping his wings. The dining room chandelier swayed and her porcelain cat collection rattled. "Sorry. It's like these wings have a mind of their own."

Lucinda gave him her sexiest smile. "Can you hover on your back?"

He stared at her, searching her face. "Don't test me, witch."

"Or what?"

His eyes glittered with desire. "You might get more than you bargain for."

Lucinda loved a challenge. Women swooned in Felix's presence, but Lucinda was a witch, not a weak female. Still, all that hard muscle was a real turn on. She wasn't above using her feminine wiles to get what she wanted. Even a witch needed a lusty lover once in awhile. "I doubt it," she whispered, sliding her fingers through his thick, dark hair.

"Seducing me won't work," he said, releasing her.

She dropped, landing hard on her feet. "Nice."

“You should try it. Being nice to me. A little honesty would be welcomed, too.”

“In three hours the sun will rise and your wings will disappear. Deal with it,” she said, turning her back to him. “I’ll get your sword.”

She heard the swish of his wings, then he snagged her around the waist and spun her around. His left wing toppled the floor lamp. “I can hover.”

Lucinda raised an eyebrow. “Good for you.”

“Take off your nightshirt and I’ll show you.”

The sexy heat of his voice slid through her. “You should work on your come-on line.”

“You should admit you want me.”

“Women like finesse.”

He drew her close. “What do witches like?”

“Extraordinary.”

Wings fluttering, he wrapped his arms around her and kissed her. His lips were firm, masterful and his mouth was hot. Heat coiled in Lucinda’s middle and her toes curled. Giving into her fiery need, Lucinda clung to him and kissed him back.

When Felix broke the kiss, Lucinda realized he was hovering on his back several feet off the floor. She was lying on top of him and his erection was firmly between her thighs. He slipped his hand beneath her nightshirt and cupped her bare ass. “I can do extraordinary.”

She placed her palms on his chest and sat up, letting her feet dangle. “Can this position really work?”

Felix grinned. “You know how to ride a broom don’t you?”

Lucinda yanked off her nightshirt. “I’m an excellent rider.”

Gaze focused on her chest, he cupped her breasts and raked his thumbs over her taut nipples. With slow precision, he slid his hands down her torso to

her hips. Gripping her hips, he lifted her up and in position. "Cinda, baby, ride me, hard and fast. Break my wings."

Hot and eager, Lucinda rocked back, driving him deep inside her. She rocked and rolled, bounced and squeezed, swayed and slammed. Her blood sang. Her heart thumped. Green smoke seeped from her fingertips and swirled around them.

Raw and wild, fast and relentless, she rode him. His wings vibrated. His hips thrust, driving up and going deep. The green smoke spun, faster and faster. He dug his fingers into her hips, holding her to him and matching her rhythm. Cinda arched her back, succumbing to the pleasure. Her climax tore through her, fiery and intense.

Felix jerked beneath her, meeting her passion. Her green witch's smoke exploded in a shower of sparks, rendering Cinda powerless for a split second. In that moment, she'd surrendered her heart to a male who wasn't a warlock. Fear met fate. Her true love was an alpha hunter. A man she would never tame.

Felix wrapped his arm around her and fluttered his wings, landing back on his feet. "Are these blackflyers harmful to my health?"

Lucinda's feet touched the floor. "Harmful? No."

"I'd like to try them out again. After we catch Bathar."

"You're taking me with you?"

Felix cupped her face and brushed his lips against hers. "I love you, Cinda. I'm never letting you go."

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