

IN SEARCH OF A WITCH'S SOUL

D. LIEBER



PROLOGUE

LEO

I blindly stuffed clothes in a suitcase in my haste to take off.

Fjolnir...

Every time I thought his name, a feverish desire to see him overcame my senses.

I looked around my bedroom, which was disheveled from packing, to see if I'd forgotten anything.

My eyes found a framed photograph of Rose. Her signature in the corner elegantly declared her love for me.

I paused, dazed, and tried to remember what I'd been doing. As I struggled to clear my mind, a sweet fog settled in. *Fjolnir...*

"Ah," I sighed, recalling my purpose. Rose didn't seem so airtight when I saw her again. I turned the photograph face down and rushed toward the true object of my passion. My thirsty soul could only be quenched by his touch.

I paused only briefly by the entryway mirror to

straighten my cream-colored, polka dot bowtie and put on my porkpie hat. I barely remembered to lock the door to my brownstone as I sped toward the waiting motorcar. The three-quarters moon nagged me as if I was forgetting something.

All other thoughts left when I saw the passenger door open to reveal my love. He smiled seductively, and his eyes beckoned under the brim of his fedora.

“Get in,” his caramel voice invited.

I scrambled into the passenger seat, slamming the door behind me. In my enthusiasm, I threw myself toward him.

“Be gentle,” he soothed, stopping my approach with a hand on my chest.

He tilted his hat up with a flick of his index finger. Gently gripping my chin, he slowly leaned in. My breath hitched in anticipation. His lips burned mine like a brand, and I moaned with unsatisfied need. I tried to push and take more, but his hand on my chest remained immovable.

His smile as he pulled away was maddening. “I have a big surprise planned for you.”

I squirmed in eager anticipation.

He reached into his pocket and pulled out a strip of black cloth. This time, his smile was mischievous. I liked that, too.

“Will you let me put this blindfold on you, Leo?” he asked in an enticing tone.

A small jolt of fear made me shiver. He met my eyes with his hypnotic blue abyss.

“Get a wiggle on,” he urged. “I want it to be a surprise.”

Wanting to please him, I nodded and let him put it on me. My vision taken, I could still feel the air move as he waved his hand in front of me.

But I didn't expect his lips on my ear as he whispered, "It'll be more fun this way."

My heart leapt in response, and I took pleasure in the wait for him to touch me again.

It's difficult to say for how long we drove since I burned with anticipation. I did notice the sounds of the city quiet, and the road became bumpier.

When we finally came to a stop, Fjolnir gently removed my blindfold. I blinked hard a few times so my vision could adjust. His eyes sparkled with excitement.

"Follow me," he urged in a hushed tone.

The gravel of the country drive crunched beneath our shoes. In the bright light of the moon, I saw a small farmhouse and a large, red barn ahead. Our frosted breath shimmered like puffs of pixie dust as we exhaled into the winter night.

The closer we got, the more eager Fjolnir became. He grabbed my hand and pulled me toward the one-story home. We entered through a side door into a small, ordinary kitchen.

Fjolnir flitted around, going to the cupboard then the icebox, as I stood in the doorway.

"Come in," he invited, handing me a glass of sparkling wine.

He looked pleased with himself, so I couldn't help but smile in return.

He held up his glass. "To love, the best magic there is."

"To love," I replied, and we both downed our drinks.

As I set my glass on the counter, I took a step toward Fjolnir. His proximity in the small space was driving me mad. *I can't wait anymore.*

The moonlight shone through the window, making Fjolnir's blond hair white. His blue eyes were as bright as

Venus. I halted my approach to drink in his ethereal beauty.

“Before I make your desires reality, I have something to show you. Will you follow me to the barn?”

I nodded, reining in my need as it struggled to run wild. *I'll follow you anywhere.*

The night air was cold but did nothing to shrink my libido.

Fjolnir unhitched the barn door and gestured for me to enter first.

An army of candles lit the large room, illuminating an altar at the center of a partial magic circle painted in black.

As I squinted my maladjusted eyes to read the symbols of the circle to determine its purpose, the barn door slid closed behind us. I spun around at the sound. Another witch stood by the door. His black hair shined like sleek feathers in the candlelight.

My mind went fuzzy, and I tried to blink away my blurring vision. “Who’s that?” I demanded of Fjolnir, upset our time alone had been interrupted.

Fjolnir turned a too innocent face toward me. “Who? Him? He’s a friend.”

Before I could express my feeling of betrayal, my knees wobbled and everything went black.