

MERRY LITTLE WISHING SPRITZ

by Cherie Coyer

EXCERPT

Jack tucked the midnight blue candle under his arm and picked up one of the beaded bracelets.

“The magnetite stones help to ground the wearer,” I said.

“Do you believe in that sort of thing?”

I nodded. A person didn’t have to be a witch to believe gems, stones, and herbs had mystical properties. He rolled the black beads between his fingers. “Magnetite also attracts love, loyalty, and commitment, if I remember correctly.”

“You’re right,” I said, amazed he knew the property of the stone.

He held onto the bracelet and wandered to the suspense sections.

I followed. “If you buy Lakeside Books—” His gaze met mine, one eyebrow hiked. “‘If?’” My fingers trailed over the nicked shelves as I walked. “Now that word is out the store is for sale, you might not be the only one interested in purchasing it.”

The corners of his mouth curved into a smug smirk, implying he wasn’t worried. Would he up his offer if I countered? Jack reached for a book.

Frustrated at the whole store situation, I flick my finger, sending several paperbacks flying off the shelf with the one Jack grabbed. Books pelted his chest.

I jumped back, acting shocked by the books jumping off the shelf. I couldn’t exactly tell him I did it. “We must have packed them in too tightly.”

I pressed my lips together to hide my smile and helped pick up the fallen books.

“This is quite popular.” I held one out. “Lots of twists and surprise attacks.”

Jack glanced sideways. “Is that right?”