

THE NANTUCKET BEACHFRONT INN

by Ainsley Keaton

EXCERPT

As much as she hated for her work to be interrupted, she never turned anybody away. Even if the person was a walk-in, as this girl was.

She didn't have to be thrilled about it, though.

The girl knocked, and Willow threw open the door. "Dude," she said to the girl, whose name was Sara Delacorte, "I see you're back. My spell worked. Jamie came back, right?"

Sara nodded her head, tears in her eyes. "Yes. He came back. But now he's gone again, and I—"

Willow shook her head. "No. Not again. Not this time. Listen, I think you have to get it in your head that some things aren't worth saving. I worked that spell, against my better judgment, I might add, and he came back. It was up to the two of you to keep things together once my role was done. Free will and all that. Sorry, but the universe obviously doesn't want you with that jerk."

"Please," Sara said, her huge blue eyes glistening brightly.

Willow came out on the wooden porch instead of inviting Sara in. That was her way of creating boundaries with women, like Sara, who were becoming pests. Ever since word got out about her abilities, she was constantly fending off silly women like Sara who were desperate to hang onto men who weren't worth the wax in the candle that Willow used for her love spells.

"Tough love," Willow said as she took a seat on the stoop of her porch. She patted the space next to her, gesturing for Sara to join her.

Sara sat down next to her and put her head on Willow's shoulder. "Please," she said again. "This'll be the last time, I promise."