

THE DANGERS OF LOVING A ROGUE

by Jeri Black

EXCERPT

Sorceress

He started forward, caught in her orbit, and circled her with his hands on his hips. "Upon my word, have my eyes deceived me? Or has the Bonny Lass's figurehead come to life?"

Her eyes furled open and blinked up at him. "'Tis a bit pagan of me, I suppose, but 'tis so wonderfully free up here beneath the open sky. I feel as if I've broken my bonds with the earth and soared into the heavens." Her eyes closed again. "I should like to be a sorceress."

Jack smiled at the notion. He'd definitely fallen under her spell. "Believe me, love. You are most assuredly a witch."

"A witch, am I?" Up fluttered those long, long lashes. Tiny droplets clung to them, reflecting the moonlight. Her gaze focused on his face. He felt ridiculously honored. "Shall I test my powers on you, then?"

"Not if you've any mercy."

"Fie on you, sir." She tossed her head playfully, eyes sparkling like green gems. Portent swept over him, a veil fluttering before his destiny. A glimpse then gone before he'd had a chance to peek. "We witches find the very idea of mercy abhorrent."

Her shining face and impish smile coiled around him, binding him to her.

Witch indeed.

"A pagan sorceress, did you say?" He tilted his head and regarded her thoughtfully. "Such a vixen would surely flirt with scandal, would she not? Have a bit of fun?"