

Kiss of the Fairy

Alecia Monaco

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Chapter 1

"Another successful match, thanks to the love fairy." Siobhan flitted up to the wooden beams lining the ceiling of the Emerald Isle Pub, her green wings fluttering behind her. Taking a seat on a beam, she made herself comfortable. All the better to look down and admire her handiwork... one Sean O'Neil, toasting his new bride, Kathleen.

"A match made in *Tir na nÓg*, if I do say so myself." The fairy fluffed her copper colored hair back from her face and looked down at the happy couple. She'd done a good job with this one. Sean lit up with happiness every time he looked at his new wife, and Kathleen seemed to fit right in with the boisterous O'Neil family.

All five of them, Siobhan thought, ticking off the brothers on her fingertips.

She'd made matches for four of the five brothers. It was her sacred duty as the *Lianhan Shee* -- the love fairy of Ireland. For what seemed like her entire life, she'd been making matches for people of Celtic descent everywhere.

"Only one brother left." A high-pitched voice came from just behind her ear. "And the most handsome one of the bunch, don't you think?"

Siobhan glanced at the pixie on her shoulder. "Irene, do you ever do anything but scope out hotties?"

Irene giggled, her pink and gold wings fluttering. "Not if I can help it."

Siobhan let her gaze drift to the man tending bar. "Patrick certainly is a looker." From his inky black tousled hair and Irish blue eyes to his outstanding physique, he had the kind of looks dreams were made of.

He'd recently starred in more of her nighttime fantasies than she cared to admit.

"And still single," Irene sighed. "If only I were a little taller..."

Glancing at all four inches of her companion, Siobhan smothered a smile. "Just think of all the gorgeous pixie guys back home. You can have your pick of them, while a taller girl like me wouldn't stand a chance."

Irene grinned, mollified. "True that." They were both silent for a minute, watching the human festivities below. "How much longer will Patrick be on the market?"

Siobhan narrowed her gaze. "Not long, if I can help it. I plan to check the Great Book when we get back home."

Irene raised her brows. "Is he your next match to make?"

Siobhan rose to her feet, standing in midair above the wedding reception below. "We'll know soon enough." She waved her wand, sending a shimmering cloud of fairy dust to bless the gathering beneath her. "Let's go!"

With that, both fairies vanished into thin air, leaving the O'Neils none the wiser.

* * *

"Another Guinness?" Patrick propped his elbows on the bar and shouted to be heard above the sound of Marvin Gaye singing "Got To Give It Up" courtesy of the DJ he'd hired for the reception.

"Sure thing." Mike O'Neil pushed his empty mug toward his brother. They both watched the crowd on the dance floor, with Sean and Kathleen taking center stage. Patrick refilled the mug and passed it back to his brother, never taking his eyes from the bride and groom.

"They sure look happy, don't they?" Mike took a swig of beer.

"No doubt about that." Patrick absently wiped the bar with a hand towel.

"So..." Mike began, "thinking about taking the plunge yourself?"

Patrick's blue eyes widened. "You mean marriage?"

"You're the only single O'Neil left." Mike made condensation tracks on the bar with his frosty mug. "How does it feel to be the last free man in the family?"

Patrick mopped up the damp streaks in front of his brother with a tolerant smile. Mike liked to joke about the ball and chain of marriage, but Patrick knew his older

brother would be lost without Sheena. "Cut the trash talk, bro. You wouldn't trade being married for all the Guinness in Boston."

Patrick followed Mike's gaze to Sheena twirling on the dance floor. "It all depends on finding the right woman." Mike's voice warmed as he watched his wife. "I *certainly* did." He turned to look at Patrick. "You can, too, you know."

Patrick stifled a sigh. "I know."

So why hadn't it happened? As owner of the Emerald Isle Pub, he met droves of women and had dated more than his fair share. He'd had feelings for some of them, feelings he'd hoped would turn into love. But it never got that far. Some essential quality had been missing in every relationship, something he couldn't put into words that kept them all just short of being *the one*.

Maybe *the one* wasn't out there for him. And settling for *close enough* wasn't his style.

Was he destined to end up alone?

* * *

"O'Hara." Siobhan flipped a page in the Great Book. "O'Henry." She raced through the index, tracing her fingertip down the length of the page in search of the correct name. "O'Neil!" She located the page number with ease and turned to the section on Patrick's family.

All the matches she'd made were there before her eyes, each O'Neil brother paired with the woman fate had chosen for him.

With one notable exception: Patrick.

Siobhan peered down at the page, unable to believe her eyes.

Where the name for Patrick's fated match should be sat a blank space.

What in the blue blazes could it mean? She'd never seen a blank entry in her book. People were either matched with their chosen partners or didn't appear in the Great Book at all. A single name with no match beside it was simply unheard of.

"*Has* to be a typo." She slammed the book shut and turned to her computer hutch. "I bet the correct info is in the database somewhere."

She pulled out the swivel chair in front of her laptop and took a seat, booting up the machine at the same time. The splash screen for her operating system flashed on before her desktop loaded, with its myriad of icons.

"Irish Matchmaking Database." She pointed her mouse at an icon of a shamrock with a pink heart in its center and double clicked.

Within a split second, she'd logged into the database and pulled up the file on Patrick. His date of birth and family tree were correctly entered, but just as in the Great Book, no match had been preordained for him.

Siobhan stared at the screen, a blank expression on her face. "Well. What now?"

"Better take it up with Brigid." Irene appeared at her side in a cloud of pixie dust.

"Have you ever heard of another case like this?" Siobhan pointed to her screen.

Irene shrugged. "No, but I've only known two love fairies, you and your mother." The pixie gazed over Siobhan's shoulder at the data on Patrick. "Why don't you give Aunt Grainne a call and ask for her advice?"

Siobhan frowned at the mention of her mother. "I hate to ask her to come out of retirement just in time for St. Patrick's Day tomorrow."

"What's this about Mom?" Siobhan's sister strolled into the room.

"Nothing, Deidre." Siobhan closed the file on her desktop. "Just a problem I'm having with work."

The green-haired fairy settled on a chaise lounge on the other side of the room. "Calling Mom would be pretty useless right now. She's on a retreat with Aine for the rest of the month."

Siobhan puffed her cheeks and sighed. "That leaves Brigid."

"The goddess herself," Irene murmured, fluttering across the room to perch on Deidre's shoulder.

"No time like the present." Siobhan rose out of the chair with a groan. "I guess I'll go look for her now."

“Want me to come with, cousin?” Irene straightened the skirt of her tiny pink dress and smoothed her yellow hair.

“Nah, I better take this one on my own.” She grabbed her wand for good luck.

With a mystery like this on her hands, she’d need more than good luck. She needed help from a goddess.

Chapter 2

Brigid's cottage sat at the top of a clover covered hill. A thatched roof and whitewashed walls gave it a quaint appearance, but it was deceptive. Everyone in Fairyland knew of the goddess's tremendous power.

Siobhan's wings trembled with anxiety as she flew toward the hill, over the rolling green terrain studded with shamrocks. A rainbow arced in the blue sky just beyond the hills, and every race of fey could be seen below, frolicking on the ground or perched in the trees, their wings catching the light like the plumage of exotic birds. A leprechaun band played in the distance, their accordions and fiddles filling the air with a sweet music. A pot of gold glistened at the end of the rainbow, sure as St. Patrick was an Irishman.

The goddess herself was outside, enjoying the fine afternoon. The breeze lifted the long red waves of her hair and the hem of her burgundy gown fluttered as she walked through the neat rows of plants in her garden. Her small feet were bare and she carried a basket of root vegetables over one arm. When she saw Siobhan flying toward her, she stopped and lifted her hand in a gesture of greeting.

"What brings you here this fine day, Siobhan?" A bright smile illuminated Brigid's face.

"My lady." Siobhan came to land a few feet from where the goddess stood. "May I request the honor of an audience with you?" She lowered her head and waited for an answer.

"Certainly." Brigid led her to the door of the cottage. "Come inside and tell me what's on your mind."

Siobhan walked rather than flew to the cottage door out of respect for her hostess, following Brigid into a room so cozy that it seemed like something from a dream.

"Is there trouble in the world of matchmaking?" Brigid smiled again as she bent over a steaming pot of stew boiling on her wood-burning stove.

"You could say that." Siobhan took a seat beside the hearth and inhaled the mellow fragrance of peat. "I've run into an unprecedented problem."

"What would that be?" Brigid slowly peeled the skin from a red potato and began to slice it on the cutting board beside the stove.

"Patrick O'Neil, the youngest brother of a family I've been matching." Siobhan rested her chin on her hands. "I checked his name in the Great Book, and there's no match for him."

Brigid added the sliced potato to the stew pot without looking up. "And you only bring the couples together. You don't *select* their fated mates."

"Exactly." Siobhan sighed. "Why is he in the book if his fate is to remain single?"

"That's an excellent question." Brigid selected a turnip from her basket. "One you must investigate yourself."

Siobhan arched her eyebrows at the goddess. "Me? Surely not."

"Who better to read the mysteries of this man's heart than the love fairy?" Brigid diced the turnip with her knife. "You can find out why he's meant to be matched but no mate has been chosen for him."

"But... he's not likely to talk to me." Siobhan squirmed uneasily. "You know how it is when mortal men see me."

Brigid nodded. "They're too spellbound by your appearance to know their own hearts."

"Remember that guy in Belfast?" Siobhan rolled her eyes.

"I do indeed." Brigid went to work on a bunch of carrots. "Which is why you must glamour yourself before you make contact with him."

Siobhan mulled this over. "I know next to nothing of glamouring, my lady."

“Present yourself to him in human form.” She added the carrots to the bubbling pot. “You’ll still look like yourself, but a subdued version. Your beauty won’t blind him to his true feelings, and you’ll learn the secrets that are holding him in this romantic limbo.”

“And what if I fail to learn the reason why no match has been chosen for him?”

“Look into his heart, and you’ll know everything you need to know to solve this problem.” Brigid eased down into a cane backed rocking chair. “You’ll need to travel through my well to gain the power of glamouring.”

Siobhan swallowed hard. She’d heard of Brigid’s well. It stood behind her cottage in a grove of oak trees. Going through the well was like passing through the womb of the Great Mother. It changed everyone who traveled through it.

Seeming to read her thoughts, the goddess continued. “You’ll emerge on the other side in human form, and will remain so until you will it otherwise. Should you for any reason need to reveal your true form, you only need call out to me and you’ll return to the exact appearance you have now.” She reached over and placed a comforting hand on Siobhan’s wrist. “You’ll retain all of your powers, even after the glamour sets in.”

Siobhan drew a deep breath. Brigid had given her a terrifying challenge, the greatest of her work as the love fairy. Could she do it? Could she maintain the glamour and find out the truth behind Patrick’s single status?

“Of course you can.” Brigid stood up. “But first, we’re going to have some stew.”

* * *

“Are you ready for this?” Brigid put her arm around Siobhan.

Staring down into the fathomless depths of the well, Siobhan stiffened her spine. “As ready as I’ll ever be.”

“Go with my blessing.” Brigid touched Siobhan’s forehead. “May your journey be safe and filled with success.”

Siobhan closed her eyes to receive the goddess’s blessing.

They stood in silence for a moment. Then Brigid spoke. “It’s time.”

Siobhan nodded and lifted off the ground to hover in the air above the well. "Now?" She looked down into the blackness below her and tried not to feel fear.

"Now." Brigid blew her a kiss. "Be safe, my daughter."

Siobhan pinned her eyes shut and allowed her wings to retract. Then she was falling, falling into the cocoon of endless night, the silent womb of the eternal Goddess.

She plunged deeper, enveloped by warmth, deprived of sight and hearing, her senses muffled by the mute darkness of the well.

Lower she went, spiraling downward, feeling waves of magic passing through her, dancing along the surface of her skin, winding itself through the coils of her hair.

She surrendered to the whirlwind of magic and let Brigid's spell take her, until she passed into a blissful state of unconsciousness that knew no fear.

Chapter 3

The ground was cold beneath her, and the din of inner city sounds clanged inside her hazy brain like alarms.

Siobhan sat up, achy and weary in a way she'd never known possible. She blinked, straining to see. The early evening air was cold, bitterly so.

She ran her fingers over the pavement. Where in the blue blazes was she? How had she gotten there?

She rose to her feet unsteadily and appraised her surroundings. Brick walls on either side of her, a dumpster filled to the brim with trash, and a few empty beer bottles littering the ground.

An alley.

Then she remembered her journey through Brigid's well, falling into a deep trance of magic. She'd come to her destination.

She looked down at her feet and saw that they were encased in high-heeled pumps rather than fairy slippers. The skirt of a green silk shift clung to her thighs. A purse rested near her feet, and a quick inventory proved that it contained nothing but a few dollars.

For the first time in her life, she had on mortal clothing.

She tottered on her heels to the edge of the alley. Sure enough, she was across the street from the Emerald Isle Pub.

Hand-painted signs in brilliant shades of green invited passersby to a St. Patrick's Day bash inside. A rainbow and pot of gold stenciled on the other window completed the picture. She drifted across the street, carefully avoiding oncoming traffic, to get a closer look at those windows.

But what she saw reflected back shocked her into ignoring the beautiful window art so reminiscent of home.

She saw her own face -- at least, she *thought* it was her face -- looking back at her. But it was like looking at a foggy mirror. All the dazzling color of her hair and eyes were muted. The iridescent glow of her skin had paled, and the aura of glittering light that usually surrounded her had vanished completely.

It was her, all right... but in completely human form, just as Brigid had promised. All of her fairy traits had disappeared, in particular the heightened beauty she possessed as the love fairy.

She stepped closer to the window and pushed her red hair behind her ears, which were no longer pointed. At least the glamour had provided her with a dress and shoes.

The initial shock of seeing herself in human form faded, and she looked past her own visage into the bar. Patrick stood behind the huge oak bar, a green v-necked shirt setting off his many charms. He flashed a dimpled grin at a female patron as he handed her a foamy headed mug of green beer, and Siobhan felt a stab of jealousy piercing her suddenly vulnerable human heart.

She shook her head, willing common sense to come to her aid. She had a job to do, and she couldn't let her own attraction to the man in question interfere with her mission.

Planting a smile on her face and hoping against hope that she could pass for any other Bostonian out for a green beer, she pushed the door to the pub open and stepped inside.

* * *

Patrick could hardly believe his eyes. The most beautiful woman he'd ever seen had taken a seat at his bar.

He set down the mug he'd just filled with a clumsy thud, his mind suddenly clouded by desire. It was as if a piece of his inner puzzle had slid into place with her arrival, stunning him into suspended animation.

Her green eyes followed him from beneath their curtain of long lashes, tracking his every move.

She pushed her long red hair back with her hand and curled her lips into a smile. His body tightened eagerly at the sight of those lips, a thousand images of mutual pleasure careening across the screen of his mind.

He had to have this woman. But first, he had to recover his powers of speech.

"Can I get you anything?" His voice, fogged with lust, sounded foreign to his ears.

She wrinkled her forehead, as if the question was unexpected. "Uh, sure." Her eyes widened at him. "What's your special?"

He felt himself grinning. "Green beer. Don't tell me a gorgeous green-eyed redhead like you forgot it's St. Patrick's Day."

She let out a rueful laugh. "Hardly." Her gaze drifted around the bar. "I guess that's why everyone is wearing green."

"That would be the reason." He filled a mug from the tap and set it on the bar in front of her. "Welcome to the Emerald Isle, by the way." He stuck out his hand to her. "I'm Patrick."

She looked at his hand in seeming confusion for a moment before taking it and giving it a vigorous shake. "I'm Siobhan."

"Siobhan." He repeated her name with pleasure. "I knew you had to be Irish, with those looks."

She gave him a sly smile. "You might say that." She downed her beer in one long drink and plunked the empty mug down. "How about another round?"

He refilled her mug, wondering how long it would take him to get her phone number. He had a strange feeling that he'd just met his destiny.

* * *

Siobhan sighed with pleasure as she downed another mug of beer. The foamy, rich beverage was unlike anything she'd had back in Fairyland. They didn't have alcohol, only flower nectars and tea. Now that she'd had a few decent cold brewskis,

she'd have to see about changing that. Maybe Deidre could open a pub. They could have happy hour every day. A sound escaped from her throat that was half laugh and half hiccup.

Patrick leaned across the bar. "How are you holding up, gorgeous?"

Wow, why hadn't she noticed how great he smelled before? Maybe she'd never been close enough. "I'm doing just..." Her tongue seemed thicker than usual, with a mind of its own. "Just fine," she finally managed.

His brow wrinkled. "Think maybe you downed that first mug a little too quickly?"

The penetrating gaze of his blue eyes into hers doubled the effects of the alcohol, making her insides churn and her pulse race. "No, I'm perfectly fine." She heard her muddled words and giggled hysterically. "Perfectly fine!" For some reason, her own garbled speech was the funniest thing she'd ever heard, sending her into peals of lopsided giggles.

A knowing expression filled Patrick's face. "You're not used to drinking, are you?"

"I think I could *get* used to it." She downed the rest of her mug. "*Real fast!*"

"All right." He removed the mug from the bar and set it in a dishpan behind him. "I think we need to get you home."

Home. The word echoed in her head. She didn't have a home to go to, not a human home, anyway.

"Tell me where you live, and I'll call a cab for you." He had a notepad and ballpoint pen bearing the logo of the pub poised and ready to write down her address.

Problem was... she didn't have one.

She tried to organize her thoughts into a coherent theme. "I'm staying at a hotel," she finally said, trying to make her eyes focus.

"Which hotel?" He raised his eyebrows, questioning.

She fumbled with her purse, reaching for the handful of dollar bills she'd found in it earlier. "What do I owe you?" She held out the crumpled handful to him.

He glanced down at the cash. "More than that." He brushed it aside with his hand. "Tell me which hotel," he persisted.

"I don't know yet." Another hiccup bubbled forth. "I'm new in town." *That was one way of putting it.*

Patrick sighed and set the pen down on top of the notepad. "You don't have a reservation somewhere?"

She shook her head. Reservation? Why in the blue blazes hadn't someone warned her about how complicated human life was?

"With everyone in town for the parade and the Celtics game, you're not going to get a room anywhere, not at this late date." He frowned in concentration, tapping his fingers on the bar. "Any friends you could stay with?"

Do pixies count? "No." She shook her head, trying to ignore the sudden onslaught of double vision. "I'm not familiar with Boston."

"New in town, drop dead gorgeous, and three sheets to the wind," he muttered, more to himself than to her.

She was blowing it. She'd been sent to tap into his mind, to read his thoughts and discover why he had no fated match, and instead she'd ended up intoxicated and apparently homeless.

"All right." He tore off the green apron covering his mouth-watering lower half. "You're coming home with me." He stepped out from around the bar, took her by the elbow, and steered her down from her stool.

"But... but..." The touch of his hand on her arm caused sensations she'd never known before, like a slow melting from her breasts to the apex of her thighs. "We hardly know each other."

"Doesn't matter." He handed her purse to her and maneuvered her toward the exit door. He halted long enough to call out to a cheerful looking silver-haired lady wearing an Emerald Isle apron and a "Kiss Me, I'm Irish" T-shirt. "Kate, can you tell Seamus that I'm taking off for a while?" The waitress nodded, watching them with curiosity.

Seamus. One of Patrick's older brothers. She'd arranged his match with his wife, Kelly.

"I can't take the chance of sending you out into the streets by yourself, not on a wild night like this." He grabbed a leather jacket from a peg by the door and paused. "You don't have a coat?"

"I didn't expect it to be so cold here." She shrugged, feeling utterly foolish.

"Here." He took his and slipped it over her shoulders. She inhaled deeply, drinking in the heady scent of leather and Patrick combined. He was a good eight inches taller than her and the jacket hung on her like an overcoat.

"Aren't you worried about leaving your bar unattended?" Her voice was thick from alcohol. "I mean, there's the waitress back there and everything, but..." She clutched his arm and stumbled through the doorway into the cold Boston night.

"My brother is in the back office. He can handle things just fine. Kate's going to tell him we're leaving." He reached out to steady her. "Seeing to your safety is more important." He leaned in, a mischievous gleam in his eyes. "Besides, you know what they say about St. Patrick's night."

Actually, she didn't. "What?"

He leaned in closer to whisper in her ear. "They say that the fairies run free tonight." He brushed a stray lock of hair back from her face. "We can't risk you getting bespelled by one of them, can we?"

Her heart did a panicked somersault. If only he knew.

Chapter 4

"This should help you sober up in no time."

Siobhan took the steaming cup of coffee from Patrick and snuggled deeper into the soft confines of his sectional sofa, taking in the masculine décor of his living room. He'd given her a cozy afghan to wrap herself in, and had placed an order for Chinese food delivery while the coffee percolated.

She'd never felt so cared for and protected.

As a fairy of her high rank, she looked out for herself. Her mother had been her predecessor as *Lianhan Shee* and had been busy all throughout Siobhan's childhood. She and Deidre had raised each other, with a little help from Irene and their pixie kin.

To have this handsome hunk of Irishman seeing to her every need was the fulfillment of an unspoken fantasy.

Maybe getting drunk and ending up at his apartment wasn't such a bad idea after all, even if it did delay her plans somewhat.

"So, tell me." Patrick sat down across from her. "How did you end up in Boston on St. Patrick's Day with barely enough cash to pay your bar tab?"

Her mind went completely blank.

"No suitcase." He watched her intently. "And apparently no travel plans."

She stared back at him, waiting for an answer to form in her mind.

"Siobhan?" He put his hand over hers, a gesture that sent a rush of electricity through her body.

"I..." She closed her eyes and took a breath. "I don't know."

Patrick's brow creased. "What don't you know?"

"The answers to any of your questions." She put her coffee cup down on the end table to her left and tried to smooth her forehead with her free hand. Why hadn't she

and Brigid gone over any of this? She should've had a story in place, ready to tell him. Instead, she sat there stammering like an idiot.

Good going, Siobhan.

"All right, then." Patrick appeared to take her lack of personal history in stride. "Where are you from? What's your last name?"

I'm from Fairyland, in another dimension just above Ireland... "I don't know."

He stroked the back of her hand with his thumb, and her skin burned in response. "You don't know your last name?"

She shook her head.

"Or you don't *remember*?" He peered at her closely. "Which is it?"

The wayward thread of her thoughts suddenly came to order. He'd just handed her the perfect alibi. "I don't remember." She squinted and gazed out the window, trying her best to mimic the actresses she'd seen portray amnesiacs on television, thanking the Great Mother that they got *Days Of Our Lives* via satellite in Fairyland. "Everything before walking into your pub is just..." She heaved a pitiful sigh. "It's all a blur."

"Do you think you could have amnesia?" He continued to stroke her hand, and her core pulsed with need.

"What other explanation could there be?" She sank down into the couch, trying to look forlorn.

"Do you have any signs of a head injury?" He rose to his feet and began to run his hands over the entire surface of her scalp before she could stop him. The nature of their respective positions put her at perfect eye level with the fly of his jeans, making it impossible to miss the impressive package nestled behind his zipper. A fleeting impulse to set the length of him free and explore his body with her hands made her shiver.

"Your head seems fine, but we should probably get you to a hospital." He stepped back and crossed his arms over his chest.

"No!" Oh, the horror. They'd examine her, run tests and probably conclude that she had an unknown blood type. "I'm afraid of hospitals," she added weakly. "And besides, I feel fine, just a little tipsy is all."

He looked down at her, unyielding. "What about the police? Your family might be looking for you."

"I don't have any family." She tightened the afghan around her shoulders. "That much I remember."

"You won't go to the hospital, you won't go to the police, and you remember that you have no family who might be looking for you." He turned his eyes toward the ceiling and let out an exasperated breath. "What do you suggest I do here?"

She stood up, craning her neck to meet his gaze. "Let me stay here and sleep it off. Maybe I'll be back to normal tomorrow." And meanwhile, she could glamour him and find out what had happened to cause the mystery of his love life.

"OK, but if you're not better in the morning, we're going to the hospital. In fact ..." A loud thump sounded at the door, cutting him off. "That must be the Chinese food." He took his slender leather wallet from his front pocket. "I hope you like Kung Pao chicken."

"Love it," she answered, without the faintest idea how Kung Pao *anything* would taste.

Patrick slid back the deadbolt and opened the door, reeling with surprise when no delivery man stood on the other side.

Instead, a sturdy green suitcase sat upright on the threshold.

Patrick bent down and checked something, then turned to her. "Does this look familiar?"

She stared at the suitcase. "Should it?"

"Since the luggage tag says it belongs to one Siobhan Fey, I'd say yes." He took the suitcase by the handle and set it inside the living room, shutting and bolting the door behind him. "And either you're the luckiest amnesiac in Boston, or you have some explaining to do."

Chapter 5

Siobhan staggered over to the suitcase and examined the luggage tag, recognizing Irene's writing instantly.

Silently cursing the pixie's attempt to help, she forced a neutral expression onto her face. "Someone must know I'm here."

Patrick shot her a skeptical look. "Like who?"

She shrugged, stalling for time. "The person -- or people -- who caused my amnesia, for starters." And she was going to need an elevator to get her out of the hole she'd just dug for herself.

"Do you have reason to think you're in some kind of trouble?" Patrick leaned against the door and scowled.

"No, but..."

"You don't have any bumps on your head, so we can rule out someone hitting you." He rubbed his eyes with his hand. "You think you were... what, drugged?"

She wrapped the blanket tightly around herself. "The good news is, drugs wear off, and I could have my memory back any minute now."

"Well, until you do, you can stay here. But you'd better keep a low profile." Another knock sounded at the door. "Hopefully that's our dinner and not any more wayward luggage."

Siobhan made her way back to the couch while Patrick paid the delivery man. She took a seat on the couch where she could watch every movement of his body in admiration. Hopefully, he would relax during dinner and open his mind to her.

She couldn't imagine why this man would end up alone. Any woman would snatch him up like the last gold coin in a leprechaun's pot.

Any woman... including her.

* * *

"You doing okay now?" Patrick watched Siobhan's face fade from painful red to merely pink.

She nodded and coughed again. "I'm not used to..." Cough. "Spicy foods." She indicated the white takeout carton of Kung Pao chicken with the end of her chopsticks.

"I guess I should've warned you that it's a little on the hot side." He popped a bite of chicken into his mouth, relishing the powerful combination of flavors.

"I take it you like food that requires a visit from the fire department." She put a scoop of fried rice on her plate. "I think I'll stick with this, for now."

He took a sip of his beer, contemplating her words. "I guess I do like it hot." He let his gaze take in every inch of her gorgeous face and willowy body. "Spicy. Exotic." *And erotic.*

This woman made him completely crazed with lust. Leave it to him to start falling for a homeless amnesiac with mysterious luggage.

"So tell me." She propped her chin on one hand and regarded him with intense scrutiny. "How did an adventurous guy like you end up staying single?"

Her question shocked him, nearly causing him to choke on his won ton. "Wow, you skip all the small talk and go straight for the gut, don't you?"

"I'm a woman with no future, no past, and no time to waste on chit chat." She turned up her bottle of spring water and took a long drink. "I can't imagine why some Boston beauty hasn't snatched you up by now."

"Oh, I've been snatched up before." His laugh had a note of bitterness he couldn't suppress. "I meet more woman than you can shake a stick at as half-owner of the pub."

"I just bet you do." She gave him a knowing look.

"And I've dated plenty, even got engaged once. But..." He stopped, shook his head. "It sounds too lame."

"No, go ahead." She reached across the small kitchen table where they sat and touched his arm. "I want to hear it."

"It's just that there was always something... missing, you know? Something I couldn't put my finger on, but I couldn't overlook." He thought back to his broken engagement a few years ago, to his baffled former fiancée. His reasons for ending it had made less sense to him than they had to her, which wasn't saying much.

"You cared about them, but none of them were *the one*." Her voice sounded strange, distant.

"Yeah." He finished his beer and sighed. "It's like the right woman isn't out there or something. I'd have found her by now, if she was." He let himself look into her eyes. "I won't settle for anything less."

"And you shouldn't." She looked down at where her hand rested on his arm as if she weren't sure if she should remove it or not. "Believe me, if anyone knows the importance of having the right one, it's me."

Feeling the tension between them tighten like a knot, he stood up and began clearing the table. He couldn't let himself feel these things for her, not when she didn't even know who she was.

"So how did a gorgeous lady like you end up single?" He put the dishes in the sink and returned to the table to gather up the cartons of leftovers.

"Turning my own questions back on me, huh?" She threw him a teasing smile that almost knocked him off his feet.

"Just curious, that's all." He put the cartons in his fridge and sat back down across from her at the table.

"First of all, we don't actually know that I'm single, do we?"

"No ring," he answered. He should know. It was the first thing he'd checked when she sat down at his bar.

She looked down at her left hand in surprise. "You're right." She raised her eyebrows at him. "I guess that settles that."

"I can't figure out why you don't have the biggest rock in Boston on that finger of yours." He lifted her hand and studied it. "I bet you have guys lined up around the block to date you."

“Or maybe I’m one of those ‘always the bridesmaid, never the bride’ types.” Her face fell into a wistful expression.

She was remembering something. She had to be. “What is it? You’re thinking of something from your past.”

She frowned. “No, nothing specific. I just know I’ve never been in love before.”

He leaned forward, dropping his voice to a stage whisper. “Neither have I.”

She raised her bottle of water to him. “Then let’s have a toast to the lonely hearts club.”

He clinked his empty beer bottle against hers. “Two people who’ve never found love, eating Chinese food and bitching on Boston’s biggest night of the year.”

She laughed, and took a sip from her bottle. “To finding what we both want someday.” She held it out for another toast.

“I’ll drink to that.”

Chapter 6

Unsolved mystery three, love fairy zero.

Siobhan huffed out a breath and let herself out onto the balcony of Patrick's fourth floor North End apartment, drinking in the aroma of countless Italian restaurants below. Inside the living room behind her, Patrick was letting out the sofa bed, making it up with sheets and pillows for her comfort. He'd been the perfect host, but his mind had yielded no more answers than she'd had when she arrived.

She found nothing to indicate that he was somehow blocked against finding love, nothing to tell her that he'd been marked by any sort of curse or dark magic. Her senses told her that only human blood ran through his veins, ruling out the possibility of fey interference. There was absolutely no reason why this sweet, sexy man should be alone.

She turned and watched him through the window, her own heart giving a painful beat of longing. If only she could stay in human form, he wouldn't be alone. Not if she could help it.

After opening the wrought iron door that connected the balcony to the living room, she crossed the threshold and returned to the cozy warmth of the apartment. "Nice work on the sofa bed."

"Thanks." He finished smoothing down a heavy blanket. "My mom made me and my brothers do housework when we were kids. If you think this is good, you should see me with a Dust Buster."

She laughed. "No wonder all of your brothers are married." She heard the blunder as soon as it crossed her lips.

He narrowed his eyes, crossing his arms over his chest. "How would you know about my brothers being married?"

Her heart jumped into her throat. She'd just blown her cover. *Brigid, help me!*

"Quick," a tiny voice whispered in her ear. "Open your suitcase!"

It was Irene, invisible to the naked eye but still audible to the fairy senses Brigid had allowed Siobhan to retain. "I don't know, it just came to me." She grabbed the suitcase and flung it onto the sofa bed. "Maybe I have a nightgown in here." She fumbled to open it with shaking hands.

"You're avoiding the question." His face hardened.

She threw the case open, her mind reeling for the next piece of her cover story, when she saw the manila folder sitting on top of the neatly folded stacks of clothing.

She picked it up and examined it. The tab read "Love Fairy Matchmaking Services."

"Well, what do you know?" He looked over her shoulder at the folder. "A key to your past."

She opened the folder, finding a press kit inside, announcing her as the premiere matchmaker of Newport, Rhode Island. Clippings of various weddings filled the back half of the folder, including one of Sean's recent wedding to Kathleen.

Nice work, Brigid. Thanks for the alibi.

"No wonder you knew about my brothers." He took the clipping from her. "Kathleen is from Newport." He let out a chuckle. "Did she hire you?"

She sat down on the bed with a thump. "Maybe she did." Her voice went as flat as a punctured tire. "I don't remember."

"Hey, don't get discouraged." He sat down beside her and put a gentle hand on her shoulder. "Now that we know who you are, we can contact your office on Monday and see if anyone can help you to find your way back home."

She had no doubt that a certain pixie cousin of hers would answer the number listed in the press kit. And Monday was only twenty-four hours away. Could she manage to uncover the reason behind Patrick's mystery by then?

How could she get close enough to him to delve into the secrets of his heart? If she failed, he'd spend the rest of his life wondering why love had left him behind.

Tears filled her eyes and began to roll down her cheeks unchecked.

"Hey, don't cry." He pushed her hair back and tipped her chin up to look at him. "I never doubted your story. I knew there had to be a reason why you knew about my brothers. Maybe that's what led you to my pub in the first place."

"Possibly." She reached up and touched his face. "Unless my reason for being there was *you* all along."

His head dipped toward hers, as if in slow motion. Their lips collided, softly, seeking comfort from each other. They held back, adjusting to the newness of their first kiss. Then he pressed harder and his tongue glided along the seam of her lips. She opened her lips to him, letting him into her mouth as he let her into his heart.

A series of images exploded in her mind, revealing his feelings to her. She'd found the way to explore his hidden thoughts... through touch.

"Siobhan..." He pulled his mouth from hers and let his lips wander down her neck. "I don't want to take advantage of you... your amnesia and everything makes this complicated."

She stroked the stubble along his jaw. "Don't you want me?"

He fisted his hands in her hair. "God, I want you more than I want my next breath."

He spoke the truth. She could feel his desire for her, reading his thoughts like a diary with a broken lock. The more he touched her, the more she could see inside him.

"You're not taking advantage of me." She cupped his face in her hands, bringing his mouth back to hers. "You couldn't." She suckled his bottom lip. "And I can handle complicated, believe me."

"I don't want you to do something you'll regret when your memory comes back." He returned the favor, nipping at her bottom lip until her sex went liquid in response.

"I'll never regret being with you." She gasped when he tugged at the zipper of her silk shift. "Not tonight, not ever."

He answered her with his hands, opening the back of her dress and sliding it off her shoulders, leaving her bare from the waist up except for her bra.

She waited, breathless for his next move, her breasts aching with anticipation. But he kept his hands on her back, seeking her lips with his. He drew her tongue into his mouth, letting it tangle with his, then reversing, thrusting his between her lips in a slow, seductive preview of his body entering hers.

Her senses reeled, every nerve ending going on high alert from an overload of pleasure. The feeling of his arms around her, and the warmth of his body against hers, were more than enough to satisfy her. But she knew it wouldn't stop there, that she couldn't stop until she'd had him inside her.

Breaking their kiss, he wrapped his fingers around her bra straps, stroking the skin beneath them as he worked them down her shoulders, while his lips traced their way from the top of one breast to the other. A current of sheer electricity hummed from her breasts to her core, intensifying with each second. She twined her fingers through his hair, breathing him in, her senses intoxicated by his touch.

The torment grew until she couldn't bear it anymore. She needed his mouth on her, his lips and tongue on her nipples. Backing away from him for an instant, she unhooked the bra herself, exposing both breasts to him.

"I like a girl who takes matters in her own hands." He grinned, his gaze darkening with desire as it drifted down to her breasts.

"Then you came to the right place." She cast the bra aside and arched toward him, giving him a silent invitation to explore her body.

He cupped one bare breast, making a sound of appreciation deep in his throat. She dragged in a breath when he began raking the nipple with his thumb. It stiffened while he took the other between his lips, rolling the tip with his tongue, then pulling away to blow on her dampened skin. Her nipples formed tight crests, stinging with longing for his tongue, his fingers, all of him.

"I want to see the rest of you." He pulled her up until she knelt on the bed before him. He eased her dress down and she shimmied the rest of the way out of it, leaving her in only a pair of lace trimmed panties.

Thank the Goddess, Brigid had included nice lingerie in the glamour spell.

He smoothed his hands over her thighs, parting them slightly as he went upward, until he reached the heat of her sex. He cupped her through her panties, caressing her mound. Her heat built beneath his hand until a strangled breath broke forth from her throat. "I need more than that." She put her hand over his and guided a finger beneath the fabric covering her core. "Patrick, please... touch me here."

He obeyed, parting the slick folds with his finger until he located the hardened bud of her clitoris. With a precision that made her cry out, he circled the tiny nub with his finger, flicking it back and forth until her legs trembled beneath her, making it difficult to remain on her knees.

"Here." He guided her onto her back. "Let me do this right."

He knelt between her legs and pulled her panties down, helping her out of them. Then he spread the lips of her sex and, holding them apart with his fingers, rubbed her clit with his thumb.

Her breath caught in her throat and every muscle in her body tightened. She thrashed beneath him, whimpering his name when he dipped his thumb into her core and spread her wetness over her clit. But when he replaced his fingers and thumb with his tongue, her mind shattered and she raked her nails over his shoulders.

He sucked her clit, traveling over it with the tip of his tongue until he found the most sensitive spot. He focused his efforts there, moving his tongue like a precision instrument over the left side of her clit. He alternated by flicking his tongue in and out of her, exploring every inch of her folds with his mouth until the tension began to build again. She exploded against his mouth. She could feel his pleasure at her orgasm, his concern for her, his longing to make her weak with ecstasy until her body could take no more. His thoughts and feelings came to her as clearly as her own, echoing in her head like voices deep within a cave.

She had to have him inside her, to know the thoughts that would pass through his mind when their bodies were joined. But first, she wanted to make him weak and mindless with pleasure. Without a word, she pulled him up and rolled him onto his back.

“Let me make you feel good.” She slid his shirt up, baring his sculpted chest and abs. She followed her hands with her tongue, feeling his muscles tense beneath her mouth, lavishing each inch of tanned skin as if she could never get enough. She had him out of his sweater within seconds and pulled off his shoes and socks. With feverish urgency, she went to work on his zipper, determined to get him out of his jeans.

He helped her, lifting his hips so his jeans would slide off with ease. His erection broke free, thick and hard, making her core clench with the need to feel his hot length inside her. She wrapped her hands around the base of his cock, her clit pulsing as her fingers stroked the velvety skin of his shaft. A pearl of moisture formed on the tip, and she removed it with a flick of her tongue.

His fingers knotted in her hair, encouraging her to take him into her mouth. Hungry for the taste of him, she parted her lips and wrapped them around the head of his cock, taking it slowly into her mouth until it touched the back of her throat.

He tasted salty and sweet, a mixture of sex and his own pure essence. The pleasure going through him came to her in waves, like surges of heat traveling from his body to hers. Knowing how aroused it made him, she sucked harder, swirling her tongue around his cock. His every moan coaxed her to draw harder on his erection. He let out an expletive when she began to work the base of his cock with her hand.

Running her tongue up and down the length of him, she felt him grow even harder, his cock swelling to unbelievable proportions. He ground out her name through clenched teeth, and she wrapped her lips around him once again, pushing her tongue against the heated skin of his cock until he pushed her abruptly away.

“As much as I’d love to come that way, I want to be inside you.” He rose up on his elbows, ready to turn her over, but she stopped him.

“Let me.” She pushed him back onto the bed, and placing her hands on his chest for leverage, she arranged herself over his cock.

He let out an expletive when she grasped his shaft and stroked the tip of it along her wet slit, using it to circle her clit. Then she positioned him at her entrance and began to lower herself onto him.

When the head of his cock breached her opening, his thoughts broadcast to her like a radio signal. How much he wanted to be inside her, how her tightness and wetness brought him a pleasure that was almost pain. She sank lower, contracting her inner walls around him as she went. She could feel his heart beat inside her, and knew they were one in more than just body.

She sank down onto him, his cock seated deep inside her. He reached up and held her breasts with his hands.

“You’re so beautiful.” He tugged at her nipples. “The most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.”

Her head swam with the images she received from him, revealing that his feelings for her were growing stronger by the minute. That he’d never felt this way with anyone before. His heart told hers that he’d never *really* made love before. The other women in his past had been sex. With her, it was... more.

Drunk on the waves of emotion coming from him, caught in the tailspin of her own overpowering feelings for him, she began to move, sliding up and down his shaft, stopping to push her clitoris against his pelvic bone. She looked down, seeing his cock slick with her wetness. The sight of the place where the soft auburn down of her mound brushed against the thatch of dark hair at the base of his cock pushed her over the edge, and she cried out.

He clutched her hips, guiding her movements, making her circle his cock, giving her more pleasure with each grinding motion of her clit against him. Love emanated from him, flowing into her like an unstoppable river.

He'd begun to fall in love with her. Even more, she was falling for him, too. Maybe since the very beginning... back when she'd first begun matchmaking his brothers. It had always been Patrick.

Always.

This knowledge rocked her, even as orgasm claimed her again, making her inner walls convulse around his cock. She ground her clit into him, another release coming right on the heels of the last. She felt the warmth of his own release spilling into her, and she dissolved in pure bliss.

A sheen of sweat covered her as she rode him for the final spasms, drawing the last drops from him.

Her eyes opened slowly, as if she were in a drugged haze, and met his. The overwhelming tide of love she felt from him had begun to fade, and she wanted to see it in his eyes, to know that what they'd found together was real.

But she saw only confusion on his handsome face... a face she viewed through a glittering haze of fairy dust.

In the heat of their passions, she'd somehow broken through the glamour spell, and sat on top of her newfound love in all her fairy glory.

She'd been exposed, in more ways than one.

Chapter 7

Patrick watched Siobhan's transformation, fascinated.

At first he'd thought the luminous aura coming from her skin was merely the afterglow of the most amazing lovemaking he'd ever experienced.

But no, something more was happening. Her skin didn't merely *glow* -- it *glittered*. She sparkled like a Christmas tree on acid.

Wild colors swirled around her like the inside of a crystal prism. Her eyes went from gorgeous green to breath-taking, heart-stopping multi-faceted emerald, the center of which gleamed with a sheen of silver like frost on an evergreen.

Even her hair changed, from auburn to molten copper, each strand alive with heat and vitality. She'd gone from being an uncommonly attractive woman to a creature of such otherworldly exquisite beauty that he felt he could die happy just looking at her.

He rested under her, still inside her, transfixed.

"I should go." She slid off of him, releasing his shaft from her damp sheath and tumbling out of the bed within seconds.

"Go where?" He sat up, watching as she snatched her clothes from the floor.

"Away." She stepped into her panties. "Anywhere but here."

"What's happened to you? You changed into a... a..."

"Fairy?" She pushed her hair back with her hands, revealing two pointed ears.

"You can't be a fairy." He sat up and swung his legs over the edge of the bed. "That's just make-believe stuff."

"Wanna bet?" She struggled into her bra. "I'm the legendary love fairy of Ireland, the Celtic matchmaker extraordinaire, come to figure out why you're still single." She shook her dress out and struggled into it.

"This is *so* not happening." Patrick shook his head and closed his eyes. A *fairy*? He'd finally found the woman he'd been waiting for all his life, and she was a *fairy*?

"This has *got* to be the green beer talking. None of this could be real."

"Yes, we're real, and I'll summon my pixie cousin to prove it." She marched to the balcony door and threw it open. "Irene! Get your pixie ass in here!"

He burst into unexpected laughter. "This is classic. And to think, my family thought it was wild when my brother Kevin married an Italian girl."

"Gina was his fated match." She turned from the balcony door and stalked back over to the bed, shoving her feet into her shoes. "I should know. I'm the one who set them up."

"Well, if they handled Gina, they can handle you." He stood up and tugged on his jeans.

"They're not *going* to meet me." She grabbed her suitcase and hauled it to the door, setting it down beside the threshold with a thud.

"Why not? We're together now, aren't we? Fairy or not, you and I were meant to find each other."

"I'm not meant to be with anyone." She crossed her arms over her chest and frowned, sadness filling her voice. "Remember what I said about always the bridesmaid, never the bride?"

He nodded. "I wondered why you remembered that about yourself." He studied her, captivated by the brilliant aura surrounding her. "The whole amnesia thing was just a ruse, wasn't it?"

"Nothing but." She stomped past him, back to the balcony door, and stared out into the night at the Boston skyline.

"I don't care about any of that." He followed her, wrapping his arms around her from behind. "I'm just glad I found you."

"You didn't find me, I found you, because you're one of my projects." She extricated herself from his embrace. "Stop touching me, okay? It only makes things worse. Nothing you're feeling for me is real. It's all part of the love fairy's magic."

He took his hands off her body with regret. "What the hell are you talking about?" What he'd felt with her had been the *most* authentic, maybe the *only* honest thing he'd ever felt with a woman.

"Men are hypnotized by the love fairy to the point that they don't know their own minds." She leaned against the wall and stared down at the floor. "That's why we love fairies can never have true love." She made a disgusted noise. "Case in point... you look like you've just taken too much Spanish Fly."

"Probably because I just had once in a lifetime sex with the most incredible woman I've ever met."

She snorted. "That's the magic talking."

"Magic had nothing to do with this." He threw his hands up in impatience. "I knew how I felt about you the first time I laid eyes on you, when you walked into my bar, okay? I admit it, I wanted to get you into bed, but it was more than that. You hit me like..." He searched for the right words to describe the indescribable. "Like a bolt of lightning." He sat down on the edge of the bed, remembering. "How can you tell me that what we had just now was just magic?"

He waited, watching her expression shift from doubt to something else.

* * *

No, she couldn't tell him that, because she'd felt everything he was feeling. The desire, the passion, the unity, the beginnings of love had all been mutual and undeniable.

"Be that as it may," she conceded a point to him, "I came here to research you, so I could help you find your fated mate -- not to fall in bed and in love with you myself."

"You're being ridiculous." He scowled at her.

"Hey, cuz." Irene's voice rang through the room like a tiny brass bell.

"Irene." Siobhan could see her cousin clearly, now that she'd returned to fairy form. "Let Patrick see you."

In a whirl of pixie dust, Irene appeared, fluttering her wings in mid-air.

"See?" Siobhan pointed to her cousin. "You think our families can get along? You think the two of us could ever be together? Good luck trying it."

"If I could interject here..." Irene began.

"You're using that as an excuse, because you're scared to stop messing in other people's love lives and deal with your own." Patrick pointed an accusing finger at Siobhan.

"Really, if I could just have a minute of your time," Irene said, "I..."

"You don't get it." Siobhan slammed the balcony door shut. "Messing in other people's love lives is my *job!*"

"I think you'd both like to hear..." Irene said.

"Or your way of avoiding relationships," Patrick snapped.

Irene tried again. "You guys, I swear, this will only take..."

Siobhan cut Irene off. "Don't you see what happened? I came here because there was a blank space by your name in the Great Book of love matches. There was no one in the cards for you, and I had to find out why!"

An ear-splitting whistle shrilled through the air. "For the love of Ireland!" Irene's face turned red with fury. "Will you two can the bickering for ten seconds so I can say what I need to say?"

"By all means," Siobhan rolled her eyes, "enlighten us, oh wise pixie."

"Very well." Irene cleared her throat. "I come bearing a message from the Goddess Brigid."

"You know a goddess?" Patrick looked at Siobhan, obviously impressed.

"Several." She tapped her foot with impatience. "You were saying, Irene?"

The pixie slipped on a miniscule pair of glasses and took a microscopic parchment scroll from her pocket. "Dearest Siobhan," she read, "you, my daughter, are a stubborn one, always more concerned with the welfare of others than for your own happiness. In this, your mother's training to be her successor as the love fairy has served you well."

Siobhan flushed with pride.

"However," Irene continued, "it hasn't been good for you when it comes to matters of the heart. We used a glamour spell so you could take human form, go to Boston, and discover why Patrick's true love was a blank space. Well, dear heart," Irene glanced up at both of them before resuming, "the reason for that is simple. You, Siobhan, are Patrick's fated match."

Siobhan gasped in a sharp breath and whipped around to face Patrick.

"As you know," Irene read on, "no one is ever allowed to know the name of their future love. The identity of one's true partner must be veiled in secrecy. You, darling, were no exception. Forgive this goddess for meddling in your affairs, but you two need each other. You should be together, and from now on, you will be."

Patrick swept Siobhan up in his arms. The realization hadn't sunk in yet. Could Patrick really be hers?

"Your sister, Deidre, is more than ready to step into your shoes." Irene grinned as she read. "Try your hand at matchmaking as a human, and know that the glamour still holds except for moments of private passion."

Silence filled the room. Siobhan held on to Patrick for dear life.

Irene took off her glasses and smiled. "I'll see you around, cuz." She waited while Siobhan opened the balcony door, then the tiny pixie took flight.

"Tell Brigid thank you from me," Siobhan called after her cousin.

"Me, too," Patrick yelled into the night.

"Well." Siobhan closed the door and leaned against it. "I guess we have all the answers now."

Patrick brushed her hair back from her face. "I guess we do."

"How do you feel, knowing you're stuck with me for life?" She traced a finger down his bare chest.

"Like I just found a lucky pot of gold at the end of a rainbow I never knew existed." He caught up her hand and kissed it.

"We hardly know each other," she sighed.

“But we’ll change that. Goddess’ orders.” He smiled down at her, passion burning in his eyes.

“And we have the rest of our lives to learn each other’s secrets.” She snuggled against his chest and allowed herself a private smile. She’d wait awhile before telling him that she could hear his thoughts and sense his feelings when they made love. She wanted to bask in his need for her just a little longer. She’d waited forever to feel this way.

It was finally her turn to know the love she’d helped so many others to experience.

“I think I know the perfect way to start.” Patrick gave her a devilish smile.

“How?” She stared up at him, overcome with happiness, flying higher than fairy wings had ever taken her.

“Let’s get back in bed, and I’ll show you.” He lifted her into his arms, and she knew that the love fairy had finally found her fate.

Alecia Monaco

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