

DISENCHANTED

A forbidden love, a dark curse, an impossible choice.

Sixteen-year-old Sophie Goodchild is an outcast among the ordinaries and her coven, but not because she's untalented. Descended from a powerful Wethersfield witch, her spellcasting gift is awkwardly emerging, but that's the least of her worries. The boy she's forbidden to fall for, a descendant of the man who condemned her ancestor to hang, carries a dark secret that could destroy them both unless Sophie learns how to tap into the mysterious power of her diamond bloodcharm. Suspenseful, dark, romantic, and brimming with old magic, *Disenchanted* captures the intrigue of New England's witchlore.

Excerpt:

"You really want to know?" He circled behind me, not touching me, but I could feel him there, just an inch away. He stepped closer, his body heat warming my exposed neck.

I tried to ignore the trembles and craving his alluring voice provoked. Heat and tension continued to roll off him. My breathing quickened.

"Secrets never stay secret in Wethersfield. It's going to slip out eventually."

He circled around to face me again and nodded. "Your curiosity is inexhaustible."

I pressed my hand to my forehead, trying to regroup, which was harder than it should have been. "Look. It doesn't matter. I can handle whatever it is."

"Zeke will be thrilled if he finds out what I'm about to tell you." He shook his head, probably imagining the ugly scenario. "I come from a long line of Mathers who have been more than unlucky in love. A staggering number of them, so many that one cannot blame it on misfortune or bad luck. For years, my father thought it was a genetic fluke until he had our ancestor's DNA tested and, like his own, it showed nothing." He rolled his sleeve up enough to show me the pinkish birthmark on his wrist. It resembled a small heart broken in two, exactly like Zeke's. "You see, from my father's research, every Mather heir for centuries has carried this mark in this spot. It is

something passed down in our family, inherited, but not genetic. That leaves only one explanation. Our bloodline is cursed.”

“Are you sure it’s not Karma or bad luck?” We knew Francis had been cursed for his father’s hand in the hangings. But all of them? I didn’t think a generational curse was really possible.

“I don’t believe in bad luck, but I do believe in the power of this curse. It has haunted us through time.”

“How many of you?”

“After they fell in love? Since Francis Mather, the one buried under the tree next to your ancestor, all of them. Not at first. Some of them were able to bear a child or two before their love deepened and the curse took hold of one or both of them. It is why my father used a surrogate rather than risk a relationship. He, Zeke, and I are the last of Rev. Mather’s direct descendants. It’s too many to make sense so all we are left with is the fact that we are cursed to live a life without love or die from it.”

I staggered backward, staring at the trees lining the path, in shock. Elizabeth warned me about a curse living on. The judge even sputtered on about a problem caused by the witches. Did they both mean a generational curse on the Mathers? Generational curses were only heard of in myths because they required great power and a dark heart. Did Rebecca have that much power? “Let’s say that’s even possible.” I could barely grasp the possibility for the irony got in the way. A curse cast by my ancestor meant to punish the Mathers was now threatening not only my happiness, but my life.