

## Magically Marvelous

### Chapter 12

A spin of the eyepiece helped focus the low-powered telescope that was trained on a small, yellow house in Santa Barbara, California. His already heavy breathing became heavier when he discovered that all of the windows were covered with thick, black, white-out curtains. Didn't she know that she was only making him angry? He couldn't control his urges when angry, and the last thing he wanted was to hurt her. Moving the telescope slightly to the side, he focused his attention across the street from her house. Just like the night before, he could see a bodyguard hiding in the shadows between two houses. From experience, he knew that several more were out of sight. For another half an hour he watched closely, taking mental notes about anything different that he saw. Suddenly, the curtains were pulled open. His heart nearly jumped up his throat. He would get to see his soulmate tonight!

Instead of pure joy, his belly turned and twisted as a foul-feeling lump formed deep in his gut. He almost couldn't breathe. Staring out the window was a handsome man with black hair. He appeared to be in his late twenties or early thirties ... and he was tall. Quite tall if he was being honest.

"No ... no ... no ..." he whispered to himself over and over as he watched like a hawk. "Leave ... Leave now," he begged in a hushed and desperate voice. He nearly gagged when his angel strolled up to him. The man smiled handsomely and placed his hands on her hips. He spun her around so that her back was facing the window. Leaning in, he captured her sweet lips in a deep and passionate kiss. Her head tilted back from the force of his kiss.

His hands balled into fists and began trembling. In fact, the entire telescope was trembling so much that he could barely see what was going on. He did, however, see the man's hands slide down her back and cup her jean-covered bottom. When the man's hands tightly squeezed her shapely ass, he had had enough.

"YOU FUCKING WHORE!" he screamed and cried, grabbing the telescope and slamming it repeatedly against the ground. The loud crack of cheap plastic breaking echoed across the rooftops as dozens of little pieces flew in every direction. "WHY WOULD YOU DO THAT?" he asked the empty air, his voice raw and shaking. He threw the largest chunk of broken telescope off of the roof and onto the street below. Suddenly, the door to the roof of the building that he was on opened, and a guard stepped through with a flashlight in his hand.

"Who's there?!" he called out loudly. Turning the light on, he swung it from side to side, looking for whoever it was that was up there creating a commotion. He took a few steps out and stopped. The night air was crisp, making it quieter than it normally was. Moving around the side, he kept the light in front of him but still didn't see anything. "Maybe I'm hearing things," he said, shaking his head. He grabbed the door handle and twisted it. With a pull, it opened up. He took a step in when suddenly, he was dragged backward. He thrashed around wildly, trying to break

free from his attacker. Piercing stabs of pain made him scream in agony as his legs gave out. Even so, his body continued to be dragged away from the door.

“HOW COULD YOU DO THIS TO ME?!” he heard someone crying out as his head began to swim with dizziness. He desperately wanted to fight back, but he no longer had the energy. As his body began to shut down, an odd sense of peace filled him just as he was tossed over the building’s ledge.

### **Magically Marvelous**

For the first time in weeks, Maria was having a pleasant dream of masculine hands exploring her womanly curves when she suddenly gaped and sat up. Within an instant, her gun was pulled and aimed at the man in her room. With deep, ragged breaths, she waited for a second for her blurry vision to right itself. As her body woke, her eyesight cleared revealing her latest house guest. “Come on,” he said. “There’s been a killing nearby.”

That immediately woke Maria up. Without further adieu, she threw the sheets off of her body and walked into the bathroom to quickly wash up. “Interesting choice of sleepwear,” she heard Harry tease. Looking down as she brushed her teeth, she blushed from the fleece pajama pants with cute, little duck designs that she was wearing. She spat into the sink and replied.

“It’s laundry day!” she called out through the door. She heard him chuckle. After a couple more minutes, she came out of the bathroom and smacked him on the shoulder.

“With a psycho on the loose, it’s probably best if I don’t lounge around in my finest lingerie,” she said, making another excuse. That one Harry happened to agree with.

“You’re right about that. Still ... that’s a sexy shirt you’ve got on,” he told her, looking down at her chest. Her eyes followed his. She was wearing a skin-tight camisole top. The thin material did very little to hide her hard nipples. She rolled her eyes and covered herself with her arm. With her free hand, she spun him around and pushed him in the back.

“Out!” she barked. “At least let me dress in peace,” she ordered as she pushed him through her bedroom door.

“Hurry up!” he called back before walking to the living room. He didn’t need to wait long before she joined him.

“So what’s this about a killing?” she asked, strapping her gun holster around her shoulders. Harry helped her into her thin, black, denim jacket.

“Coulson called. A night watchman was found dead right down the street. Homicide apparently. We need to investigate,” Harry told her. Maria nodded and grabbed her badge and keys. After

quickly locking the door, she was about to get in her car when Harry stopped her. "Let's take my bike."

"Any reason?" she asked, closing the car door.

"Your car has been sitting there all night, and my bike is tamper-proof," he explained. She nodded and got on behind him. In less than a minute, they were at the scene of the crime. Maria quickly flashed her SHIELD credentials to let them past the police tape. Thankfully, it was still very early so only a small crowd had formed. They walked up to the corpse which was covered by a sheet. Harry flipped the sheet and grimaced. "He's a mess."

"I'd say so. He was stabbed in the back twenty times before being thrown from the roof," the lead detective joined them.

"I don't suppose the killer left anything behind? Maybe the murder weapon or a set of useful prints?" Of course, Harry already knew the answer.

"We're not that lucky," he snorted.

"Let's go to the roof and have a look around," Harry told her. "Are your men done up there?" he asked the detective.

"Yeah, go ahead. All we found were the broken pieces of a telescope. We have no idea if it actually belonged to the killer or what he could have been looking at," the detective told them. "I hope your luck is better than ours," he said, sipping his coffee as he walked away.

"So do I," Maria said as she fell in line with him. They easily made their way past the rest of the officers and eventually stepped out onto the roof. The first thing they did was move to the spot where most of the telescope pieces were found. Harry pulled out his binoculars and looked into the distance.

"Perfect view," he said, handing them to Maria who placed them up to her eyes. As he said, it was a perfect view right to her living room window which was currently covered by her black curtains.

"Do you think he saw us last night?" she asked him. It was Harry's idea to pretend that they were lovers. He had hoped that the stalker would become enraged and attack him.

"Judging by the state of the telescope, I'd say the chances are good," Harry replied before whistling at one of the detectives on the roof. When he looked over, Harry asked, "Time of death?"

"Approximately two thirty a.m."

“He definitely saw us,” Maria concluded. They purposely stayed up late to give the impression that they were having sex all night.

“Looks like it. Let’s have a look around.”

He went back to the door and followed the drops of blood to the ledge. Looking over the edge, he saw the area that was taped off. “Strange,” Harry said to himself.

“What’s strange?” Maria asked, joining his side.

“The trail of blood begins at the door and then leads here. Obviously, the guard was stabbed then dragged over here and tossed off. The body didn’t have any stab wounds on the front, which means all twenty or so were focused on his back. That tells me that the guard came out onto the roof and looked around. He didn’t see anything and then turned to go back inside where he was ambushed and repeatedly stabbed,” Harry theorized. He followed the blood trail.

“He must have been stabbing him as he pulled him over to the ledge. If he stabbed him twenty times by the door, there would be a big pool of blood there along with a long smear of blood from dragging the downed body across the floor. There’s only a trail of blood drops and a smear of blood on the ledge.”

“Do you think he killed that man because he was so angry at seeing us together?” she asked, suddenly feeling guilty.

“I don’t know ... Maybe,” Harry replied. “Or maybe he just killed him because the security guard was in the wrong place at the wrong time. The man is obviously dangerous ... enraged or not. We need to find him before something like this happens again.”

“I agree with you on that,” she said softly.

“There is just one more thing,” Harry added.

“What?” she asked, raising her eyebrow.

“Look around,” he said. “Are there any good places to hide?” Maria did as he said and looked around. The roof was very open with no hiding spots.

“No. The only place is behind the stairwell door, but you could just walk around and see anyone trying to hide there,” she told him. Harry nodded.

“Then how come the security guard turned his back on the killer?”

Maria understood what he was trying to say. “Somehow he remained unseen on this small, wide-open roof.”

“Yes. As I said ... strange.”

### **Magically Marvelous**

Maria moaned into his mouth as she leaned in closer to him. The television was on, but neither was paying attention to whatever show was playing. Like the previous night, the curtains were opened, and her couch was in full view of anyone willing to peep through her window. Harry grabbed her wide hips and pulled her onto his lap. Maria squealed a little as her ass pressed against the hard erection hiding in his pants.

Her little, cotton shorts rode high up her thigh and even buried themselves deep between her pillowy cheeks. Harry’s hand was all over her, feeling her soft, delicate skin. Her eyes fluttered as his fingertips gently caressed her thighs, sending chills up her spine. She couldn’t help but match his enthusiasm. Her tongue slipped around his as she pressed down hard against his crotch. Her lovely hips began rocking back and forth, and Harry’s hands moved from her legs, up her hips, and underneath the back of her shirt. The sensation of him playing with her spine had her tingling in a place that hadn’t tingled in months. Her back arched, and she pressed her chest against his, trying to get even closer to him. Harry then broke the kiss and moved his lips down to her throat.

“My God, Harry!” she moaned. “We’re supposed to be acting!” she whispered seductively into his ear while working her hips furiously.

“I’m giving you an Oscar-winning performance,” Harry teased her before going back to sucking on her slender neck. She felt him stiffen slightly before moving his lips down her neck and onto her cleavage. Maria arched her back and presented her chest to him, eager to have his lips on her breasts. When his hands moved down and cupped her ass, she squealed as he lifted her up and carried her into the bedroom.

### **Magically Marvelous**

Gritting his teeth when the bastard carried the love of his life into the bedroom, he quickly moved around to the side of the house to get a better view. Being early in the night, he had plenty of energy to stay invisible. Unfortunately, after another couple of hours of continuous use, he would have to resort to using the new telescope he purchased earlier that day.

Staying roughly ten feet away, he stared into her bedroom as she was gently laid on the bed. To him, she looked ethereal. She was an angel that was worthy of his worship. Her dark hair was as lovely as the night sky. Her icy-blue eyes never failed to hold his attention. Her body was a work of art ... One that he was desperate to get his hands on. A pleased squeal made him take a step closer. He practically snarled when he saw the defiler holding one of her legs up in the air as he laid down soft kisses over her ankle and down her shapely calf muscle. He watched as her back arched and her mouth opened in a silent cry of pleasure. The way she

looked at the man with pure lust and eroticism was almost worse than watching her get manhandled by him. 'She's supposed to be looking at me that way!' he silently told himself as he watched on. The defiler held her by the ankle and lifted her bare foot to his lips. Placing a kiss on her perfectly soft sole, he let his eyes meet hers with a confident smirk on his lips. Oh, how he wished to slap that look right off of the man's face. For her part, she was biting her lower lip sexily while her perfect chest rose and fell rapidly. She was clearly exhilarated by the way she was being treated. Suddenly the defiler let go of her thin ankle and walked right toward him. He stopped at the window and pulled the curtains closed.

His hands balled into fists, and he was barely able to keep from screaming in rage. He simply couldn't allow another man to compete for her heart. She belonged to him and no one else. One of his abilities, besides turning himself invisible, was that he could turn whatever he touched invisible as well. Tonight he would claim his prize, and no one would see her disappear. As for the deadman sharing her bed ...

He pulled out a long, fillet knife which remained unseen by those with their cameras trained on her house. He preferred using this type of knife. He loved how easily it slipped between a man's ribs. He ran his finger against the side of the blade, relishing in the feeling of cold steel against his skin. Moving to the back door, he pulled out a complicated electronic device. He definitely didn't know how it worked. He only knew what it could do. As it was explained to him by his benefactors, it would disable any kind of electronic countermeasure keeping him from entering her home. Not only that, but once activated, it would jam all electronic signals in a thirty-yard radius. He only hoped that they were telling him the truth. When he reached the backdoor, his heart was thumping wildly in his chest. His fingers tingled in anticipation while his cock grew hard in his trousers. He had never felt so alive! His hand shook as he reached for the doorknob.

A soft pop from behind made him turn around. Looking from side to side, he saw nothing until a loud bang made his ears ring. He stumbled to the side, grabbing the sides of his head. He felt the wetness of a thick liquid covering his hands and wondered how badly he was bleeding. He barely wiped the blood from his eyes and opened them when he realized that it wasn't in fact blood ... but white paint. The defiler suddenly blinked into existence right before his eyes wearing the same smirk from before. "How'd you like my paint bomb?" he asked. He was so discombobulated that he failed to realize that he could turn the paint invisible if he had only focused. With his ears ringing and his head swimming from the loud, concussive bang, it was easy to see why he might have forgotten.

"AAAAAAAAAAH!" he screamed in rage and lunged with his blade. He didn't get far before something jabbed his back, and he suddenly felt intense pain while his muscles locked up. The loud crackling stopped, but his muscles continued to spasm as he lay there on the damp grass, shaking uncontrollably. He rolled onto his back and saw the beautiful face of Maria, the love of his life, looking down on him with complete derision.

"I told you my wards would alert me to his presence," the defiler spoke to her. She nodded.

“Now let’s find out who he is and what his plans were,” she said. He actually gulped in fear from the look she was sending his way. Didn’t she realize that he was only doing it for the good of their future? Either way, it didn’t matter. Her booted foot came down hard against his face, and his world went black.