

Date Night

The next day went even better than the day before. Jen chilled out quite a lot after I gave her a lecture about how anything she breaks with her shenanigans would come out of her paycheck. She was a lot more careful around the shop.

I was surprised to find that Emmalyn was adept with the software I used for the shop. I talked to the other girls and named her assistant manager. Jen was a little butt-hurt until she realized the work she would have to do in that position.

My friend was mighty and fun. She didn't want to be bogged down with all the minutia of management. Emmalyn was thrilled though.... I think. She didn't exactly wear her emotions where they could be seen.

I spent a lot of the day looking over past shopping trends to make a schedule that would give everyone enough of a break that they wouldn't burn out. The busiest times of year for us were around witch holidays with a huge uptick around Halloween.

We were closed on those days, so everyone came to buy things before then. Humans would come in October thinking it fun to visit supernatural run businesses around the time when they all dressed up like us. Vampire nights were the most visited through the year in the teahouse.

The girls all submitted papers with their preferred days off and I assured them that we would be closed for all holidays and full moon nights. Everything was working out perfectly. I couldn't have been happier with the schedule I was able to put together. I even got more than just Sundays off.

By the end of the day, I had given everyone their schedules and talked to them about sick days and stuff like that. I told them that we might hire a couple more people in the next six months to help pick up any slack we were seeing. I was killing it as a small business owner.

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After we closed, and I said goodbye to everyone, giving them the next couple days off before our opening, I ran upstairs to get ready for my date. I had the most perfect little black dress and some spiked stilettos that made my legs look amazing. I showered, shaved, primped, and dressed. I was all put together just in time to receive Josh's text that he was downstairs.

I locked up and headed down to meet him. I wished I could have gotten a reading before going. I would just have to use my charm and good looks to get him back up to my apartment.

As I approached the car Josh was standing next to, I heard a low whistle of appreciation. I grinned at him as he looked me up and down. It seemed half my battle was already won.

Josh opened the passenger side door for me and helped me into his car. I put on my seatbelt and took a deep breath. I needed for this date to go well. The way to start truly feeling like myself again was to dig into life with both hands.

We drove into the heart of old downtown. I loved this city. It felt like three different environments all mixed up into one. There was the forest outside of town, new downtown with its newer buildings that reached to the sky and its clubs, and old downtown with historical buildings and mom and pop businesses.

After a while, we pulled into a parking lot behind a building. Josh got out of the car and ran to get my door for me. He helped me from the car and took another long look over me.

"Damn. I really want to grab a drink with you, but I don't want to share you with anyone else." He chuckled.

"It's best if we get to know each other before I take you back home and rock your world." I winked.

"Are you always this forward? I don't know if I like the chase being cut short, but I certainly don't hate the implication that I'm going home with you tonight." Josh smiled.

"I'm always this forward. You don't get what you want from just hoping. I learned that one the hard way and I'm never going to let myself get in that position again." I replied.

"A lot to unpack in that statement."

"Not for you, sugar. Let's go get that drink." I said and closed the car door.

The club was elegant. I was glad I'd dressed up. It was done in dark colors with dark wood and pretty little centerpieces on each table adding atmosphere to the room. A band on the stage played soft jazz style music while waitresses and waiters bustled around the room.

A waitress saw us and smiled. She came over and led us to a table for two in a quiet corner. Josh pulled out my chair for me. He was just stacking on the points tonight.

The waitress took our drink orders and scurried off. I tucked my hair behind my ear and examined my date. He had worn a suit with a tie. I loved a man in a tie.... only a tie.... We'd use that later tonight, I decided.

"So, Josh, tell me all about yourself." I smiled.

"I never really know how to start this conversation. I grew up here. Went to Washington for school, where I got a bachelors' degree in accounting and business. My dad wanted me to come home and work in his accounting firm, then take it over when he retires."

"Nepotism for the win." I chuckled.

"Something like that. I made enough money in my first year, while living with my parents, that I was able to afford a down payment on a house before the housing market exploded. I have a three bedroom, three bath, home with a big yard and finished basement." He said.

"Planning for the future. I guess that's a side effect of being an accountant, though."

"Yeah. We're taught to plan for the future. I wanted to make sure I had a place to raise my family, when I started one." Josh admitted.

"Nice."

"Tell me about you, Clover. That's such a unique name. Are you a witch?" He asked with a smile.

I stared at him and looked around. That wasn't the sort of thing you just went around blurtng out. There could be hunters. The waitress returned with our drinks during the awkward silence.

"You're new to town, then." Josh chuckled. "We had some issues a few years ago with werewolves. All the supernaturals around here are out. The rogue queen keeps everyone safe from hunters. Don't be afraid. You're safe here. I brought you to a supernatural owned bar. The owner here is fae."

Quickly, I glanced about. There were a few people who looked odd and I felt a vague dizziness that meant there was a shapeshifter in the room. This was the strangest thing I could imagine.

"Y-yes. I'm a witch. I was raised in Nevada, but used to spend my summers here with my great-aunt. When she retired, she left me her shop. I was getting it ready for our grand reopening this week." I told him.

"That must be exciting. What's your anity? I have witch clients, so I know about anities and stuff." He said.

"I have three. Fire, plants, and animals. It's so strange to say things like this in public." I sighed.

"Do you want me to change the subject?" Josh asked.

"That would be good. I'm thrown off by this whole situation." I laughed.

"So, tell me everything else about you, then. Did you always want to run your great-aunt's shop?"

"Yes. I didn't realize it, but I had always hoped to come here and work with her or take over when she retired. I spent every summer in that shop. It was like my second home. I didn't go away to university. I did an Associate's degree in biology at the local community college. I thought of being a scientist one day and combining science with magic, but I never wanted to go further after. I took it as a sign that I wasn't meant for that life." I explained.

"Sounds like you're really smart." Josh smiled.

I blushed a little. "I got good grades, but not amazing. I was always more interested in my craft than I was in my homework."

"Do you think you could show me sometime? I'd really love to see you work your magic." He purred.

"If this goes well, I'll show you all the magic you can handle, accounting boy." I giggled.

"You're one hell of a woman, Clover. I'm lucky you fell into my arms yesterday."

We fell into a comfortable conversation where he told me all about growing up in the area, the issues with the werewolves, and the takeover by Bellamy. He talked about how much of a shock it had been to him, but how he'd accepted the other people quickly. They were just potential clients to him. As long as they didn't try to eat him, he didn't mind them.

It hadn't felt like we were there for two hours, but Josh said we were and asked me if I needed to be up early for anything. He was so cute. He didn't even realize that I had an answer for everything. The blush he got when I replied 'making breakfast for you' was endearing.

I shook my head. That had to be the alcohol. I wasn't looking for a husband, just someone to waste some time with and help make me feel more alive.

Josh helped me up and back out to his car. I loved the feeling of his hand at the small of my back. His skin was warm, but soft. Part of the lifestyle he lived.

"Do you have any hobbies, Josh?" I asked as we drove back to my place.

"The usual around here. Hiking, shing, camping, hunting. I play basketball with some friends on the weekend. Is the hunting and shing a problem for you with your animal anity?" He said.

"As long as I'm not doing it, it's not a problem. I also don't eat meat because of it." I admitted.

"As long as you're not going to make me go vegetarian, that's not a problem for me." Josh chuckled.

"I wouldn't do that. It's your life, not mine. I don't try to stop animals from doing what they're going to do, in all, humans are just another type of animal." I told him.

"Do you have any hobbies, aside from the witch thing?" He asked.

"Hiking, plant gathering, knitting. Stuff like that."

"Sounds like you might enjoy camping too."

"I really do. It's nice to spend time out in nature. I feel peaceful when surrounded by plants." I replied.

We pulled into the parking spot next to my truck behind the shop. I unbuckled and turned to him. Josh didn't have time to do anything when I swooped in and kissed him passionately.

My hand went to his pants as I kissed him. I could feel him getting hard as I stroked him. I loved that feeling.

"Come up." I ordered.

"Yes, ma'am." He breathed and turned off his car.