

Great Balls of Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery Book 1)

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Chase Great Balls of Fury Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery, Book 1 Annabel
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Chapter One

I am the villain of my story.

I didn't mean to be. In fact, I've been trying my whole life to stay on the straight and narrow, which is why I moved far away from my hometown and became a federal agent in the first place. I thought the FBI was the perfect career for me. No magic or supernaturals. Just good, old-fashioned federal law enforcement, where I was on the right side of the law. Where I was undeniably *good*.

Then Thursday happened.

I was tailing a suspect through the streets of San Francisco—a drug trafficking case that I'd been working on for weeks along with my partner, Fergus. The suspect turned and fled down a dark alley, so I followed, ignoring the stench of rotting food that filled my nostrils. I was so thrilled to finally be on the verge of a break in the case that I failed to sense the suspect's true nature until it was too late.

Big mistake. Huge.

The suspect tackled me in the alley and, somehow—maybe it was my natural defense mechanism kicking in—he triggered my siphoning power. For the next few minutes, I was a bloodthirsty vampire, which would have been fine except for the fact that Fergus had followed me into the alley. The real vampire staggered off in one direction and Fergus took one look at the fangs protruding from my mouth and took off in another.

Unfortunately, my partner didn't run as fast as me. Fergus carried a little extra weight around the middle that slowed him down. I spent a lot of time biting my tongue when he reached for the extra donut because, gods above, I didn't want to turn into my nagging mother. Anyway, Fergus's fearful escape set off my temporary hunting instinct. Poor guy didn't stand a chance. He was one hundred percent human. He had no clue about Otherworld or the supernaturals that lived right here, hidden in plain sight.

Supernaturals like me.

I'm a rare supernatural known as a fury. Furies have been in my father's bloodline going back centuries, but the last few generations yielded only demons and magic users like witches until I came along. I got to inherit a little of everything. My siphoning power is the one that turned me fangtastic. See, I can siphon another supernatural's power—only briefly—and it leaves us both in a weakened state afterward. I can thank my mother's witchy side for that particular talent. I hate the way it makes me feel, and most of the powers possessed by other supernaturals are ones I don't want anyway. I just want to be normal, but that's not what the gods intended for me.

Thankfully, I didn't kill Fergus. The vampire traits wore off before I could do any permanent damage, but Fergus ended up in the hospital in need of a blood transfusion and the suspect got away. It was not my best day, and, unsurprisingly, it was also my last day in the field. When I arrived home that night, emotionally exhausted and racked with guilt, it got worse. I sprouted wings—huge black wings. I stood in front of the mirror for what seemed like hours, staring at the

monstrous symbol of my failure with tears in my eyes. Eventually, I couldn't handle the sight of them anymore and willed them to disappear. Thankfully, they did, but they were mine now. I'd earned them by using my abilities. That was how being a fury worked. The more power you used, the more the gods gave you. Except I didn't want any of it.

I knew the job situation was bad when the Bureau ran a few tests on me and then scheduled an appointment with Dr. Suzanne Zagat, the Bureau psychiatrist. I wondered whether they were deciding to have me arrested or declared insane or both. How could I explain my abilities to a human doctor? It had been easy enough to hide my true nature through the training program. No regular human tests could detect that I was a fury. I looked and acted completely human and I'd had years of practice hiding my supernatural identity.

I sat in the waiting area of Dr. Zagat's office, pretending to read the gossip magazines on the coffee table. In truth, I couldn't focus. I was too worried about what would happen to me. I'd wanted to be an agent for as long as I could remember, my penance for the sins of my family. I'd worked so hard to be a good person and, in the snap of a fang, I'd ruined it.

The office door clicked open and Dr. Zagat's head appeared. "Come in, Agent Fury."

My stomach was harboring a hurricane. Any more movement in there and I'd hurl. Something I definitely didn't want to do under the circumstances. I stood and smoothed my shirt, trying to appear calm and completely normal.

I tripped over the threshold on the way into the office and bumped against the psychiatrist. Understandably, she jumped as though I'd attacked her.

"Sorry," I said.

"It's okay," she said, more warmly than I expected. "Try to relax. We're just going to have a nice chat."

"How's Fergus?" I had so many questions whirling inside me, but that one shot straight to the surface.

"He's absolutely fine. He's been discharged from the hospital."

Thank the gods.

She took a seat and opened the file on her desk. "Why don't you tell me exactly what happened on Thursday?"

"What does the file say?" I asked.

"I'd rather hear the story from you."

To catch me in a lie, no doubt. "The alley was dark. The suspect attacked me before running off. I was dizzy when I got up and I accidentally fell and knocked into Fergus."

Dr. Zagat cocked her head. "Fell right into his neck and accidentally lodged your absurdly pointy teeth there?"

"My mouth was open because I was yelling as I fell." An anemic excuse if I ever heard one, but it was the best I could do.

She slotted her fingers together and regarded me. "Well, you're not a vampire. So what made you choose Fergus as your next meal?"

I blinked. She just used the word 'vampire,' yet didn't seem to be freaking out, which was odd. I decided to play it cool. "I don't think this is a joking matter, Dr. Zagat."

"Apologies, you're right. Vampires aren't allowed to feed on humans, not since the Vampire Act of 1852."

I reeled back. "You really know about vampires?"

"Know about them?" she asked. "I have one for a sister-in-law." She shook her head. "Holy hell, is Madge a pain at Sunday brunch. Always insisting her Bloody Mary must be authentic or she's going home to make her own." The psychiatrist shook her head. "Yet my brother loves her. Poor sap."

I sank against the chair, instantly relaxed. "My stepmom is a vampire." Sally. She and my father had met on one of his business trips to Otherworld.

Dr. Zagat threw back her head and laughed. "Even worse for you then."

"Not really. I don't see them often," I said. "They live back in Chipping Cheddar, Maryland, my hometown."

"Yes, Chipping Cheddar," Dr. Zagat said, her gaze dropping to the file on her desk. "And what are you then, if not a vampire?"

"I'm a fury."

Her brow lifted. "Really? The test results only say you're an MHV."

"What's an MHV?"

"It means you're of a Magical Hybrid Variety."

"The Bureau can test for that?" I asked.

"Of course. It's not part of our routine testing, but in a case like this..." She trailed off. "So, forgive me, but my knowledge of furies is a little rusty. You drive wrongdoers insane? That's your deal, right?"

"I have a lot of deals," I said.

"According to the report, your mother is a witch."

"On many levels." I paused. "Wait. You have a file on my mother?" Somehow, this news didn't surprise me.

"No, this is from the test we ran on you. Sort of like a supernatural DNA test. We also learned that your father is..." She reviewed another line. "Ah, yes, a vengeance demon. So how are you a fury?"

I shrugged. "It happens. Our last name is Fury, so they knew we had the bloodline. Then I was

born and they thought they'd won the lottery, having a fury in the family. They were sure I'd be the most evil one of all." My laugh was bitter. "Boy, were they disappointed."

"Their loss is our gain." She tapped her nails on the file. "So what exactly can you do as a fury?"

"My powers aren't fully developed because I rarely use them," I said. I neglected to mention my shiny new set of wings.

"You stunted your own growth?"

"Basically." Much to my family's dismay. "One of my abilities is that I can siphon another's power or ability for a brief period."

"Ah, hence, your bloodlust over Fergus." She closed the file. "Now I understand. You absorbed the vampire's energy."

"Long enough to want to bite Fergus," I admitted. "Does he...remember what happened?"

"Not anymore," Dr. Zagat said. "He thinks the suspect attacked him with a knife."

"You can do that?"

She smiled. "We can do a lot of things, Agent Fury. We just keep them well hidden, just like you."

"I don't suppose the Bureau is very happy with me right now."

"You're a good agent, Eden," Dr. Zagat said. "The Bureau doesn't want to lose you. On the other hand, you've proven yourself dangerous and we can't take the risk that something like this will happen again."

"But I've been doing this job for three years and it's the first time..."

She held up a hand. "And you nearly killed your partner."

My gut twisted. I didn't want to lose this job. I'd worked too hard to get here. "I can control it. I swear."

"Or you can use it."

I opened my mouth to argue but then stopped. "You want me to use it?"

"Not here, of course. The FBI can't allow it. Too risky."

The hurricane in my stomach picked up speed. It was now a Category Five. "You're transferring me?"

She seemed pleased to finally be cutting to the chase. "That's right. The Federal Bureau of Magic can use someone with your particular talents. San Francisco doesn't have an Otherworld portal, so there's no field office here. As it happens, though, there's an opening somewhere very familiar to you. Call it kismet." She leaned forward. "Eden, how would you like to go home?"

No, no. Not the Federal Bureau of Magic. FBM agents investigate crimes of a magical or

supernatural nature in the human world. I've spent my whole life trying to distance myself from those roots. The last thing I want to do is take up the mantle in Chipping Cheddar.

My heart pounded. "No, I can't go there." Anywhere but there. "How about the portal in Antarctica? I'll go there."

"No openings there, I'm afraid. What's wrong with home?"

"I told you—my family lives there."

Dr. Zagat offered a sympathetic smile. "They can't be that bad."

Good Goddess. She had no idea. "Why is there an opening?" I asked. "What about Paul Pidcock?" The supernaturals in town tend to know each other—we were like freemasons with actual power.

Dr. Zagat pressed her lips together. "He died recently."

"Of what—boredom?" Paul was the sole agent in Chipping Cheddar for a reason. With the Otherworld portal in my hometown dormant for centuries, the FBM rarely had cases to handle in the area. Usually, it was to do with a new supernatural resident drawn to the town for its mystical energy. Someone who hadn't learned how to settle quietly among humans.

"According to the report, it was due to an unfortunate encounter with a beehive," the psychiatrist replied. "Turns out he was allergic."

Poor Paul. "I'm sorry to hear it. He was a nice guy."

"The Bureau feels that you'll be able to adequately fill his shoes, so congratulations. The position is yours."

Just like that? "And if I don't want it?"

Dr. Zagat's expression hardened. "Fergus's injuries could end up on your permanent record. That would be quite the blemish, wouldn't it? It would probably make it difficult to find work anywhere, really."

I bristled. "Why me? Why can't someone else take it?"

"Quite frankly, Agent Fury, nobody wants it. As you already know, it's boring and it's thankless. Why else would Paul Pidcock die as a result of bee stings rather than in the glory of battle?"

"The glory of battle might be overstating it slightly."

She huffed. "Work with me here, Eden. The Bureau is giving you an out. Take it."

"I guess I don't have a choice."

Dr. Zagat perked up. "I thought you'd come around. As far as people in Chipping Cheddar are concerned, you work in a field office for the cyber crimes division of the FBI, so you might want to brush up on technology terms like ransomware."

I shifted uncomfortably. "I'm not that great with computers." I barely knew how to use the filters

on Snapchat.

“Who cares? It’s a cover story. At least your family will still think you work for the FBI.”

My family wouldn’t think that. They knew all about the FBM. And they knew just enough to dance out of their reach. The long arm of the law never touched my family, not in all the years they’d lived there.

And now the long arm of the law would belong to me.

Chapter Two

Chipping Cheddar is a small town on the Chesapeake Bay in Maryland. It was settled by English Puritans with surnames like Abbot, Bradford, and Greenwood. Those that didn’t turn to the water for their livelihood became dairy farmers and eventually turned their hand to cheesemaking. The town streets are still full of cheese-based names and attractive historical buildings. The closer to the bay you get, the prettier the buildings. A promenade runs along the waterfront and is popular with walkers, joggers, and cyclists. The most important thing to know about Chipping Cheddar, though, is that it houses a dormant portal to Otherworld. That’s the reason the town has so many supernaturals living here. The humans don’t realize it, of course, unless they possess the Sight like my childhood friend, Clara Riley. Clara is an empath, an unfortunate ability to have during our hormonal teenage years. I wondered what she’d say when she discovered I was back. I hadn’t talked to her much since I moved away. As much as I liked Clara and treasured our friendship, I’d wanted a clean break from all things supernatural, or as clean as I could get when it came to my family.

I packed my car with the few belongings I owned and made the long drive to Maryland. My hellhound, Princess Buttercup, spent most of the journey with her head out the window. To supernaturals, she looked like a shaggy black monster with glowing eyes and fiery breath. To humans, she looked like a black and white Great Dane thanks to a glamour created by my mother. The witch had her uses.

I found Princess Buttercup during a trip to an oracle right before I left town for university. My older brother, Anton, had encouraged me to go and ask about my future, whether I was destined to succumb to my dark side. As a child, he tormented me with stories of black magic and violent vengeance. Anyway, I discovered the hellhound puppy abandoned outside the entrance to the underworld. I fell in love the moment I saw her and we’ve been a team ever since.

I pulled into the driveway of my mother’s house and sat for a moment. The house looked the same as when I left. The white clapboard house with black shutters and matching front door. The wide front porch with a slightly crooked swing. It was a slice of Americana, except for the inhabitants.

My family lives on what used to be a dairy farm owned by the Wentworths, one of the Puritan families. Over time, other houses were built around theirs and eventually formed the cul-de-sac now known as Munster Close. Most of the houses are similar in nature, except the original farmhouse now occupied by my mother. Next door is Mrs. Paulson, the neighborhood busybody. She knows there’s something strange about my family but she’s never been able to prove it. Husbourne Crawley lives on the other side of her, a Southern transplant and white wizard partial to pale linen suits and straw hats. He’s a member of the town council—the official one for humans—and serves as our supernatural mole. The three Graces also live on the close. The sisters are infuriatingly good-natured and the type of supernaturals I aspire to be. I used to visit them often as a child, trying to absorb their wholesomeness. My mother threatened to sell them to me once and I brought her my piggybank.

My father's house is a mere five hundred yards away, the result of their divorce when I was ten. They agreed to divide the expansive property and my father built a new house, where he now lived with his second wife. My mother wasn't lonely, however. She still had a full house with my grandma and Grandma's sister, my great-aunt Thora. Although I warned my mother I was coming to stay, I didn't offer any details. I figured that part could wait.

I stared at the house and sighed. "Are you ready, Buttercup?"

The hellhound barked in response. She was always ready.

I walked through the front door with the hellhound trailing behind me. She seemed to remember the house and went sniffing along the floorboards to the family room. I found my mother in the kitchen, along with Anton and my grandmother.

"Eden!" My mother dropped her spatula on the counter and bustled over to embrace me.

As my hug tightened, she wiggled away. "Careful not to crease my top, honey. I'm going out soon."

I released her and hugged my brother instead. "Good to see you."

He kissed the top of my head. "Same. I have to warn you, it's kind of a circus in here."

"Thanks to you and your children," Grandma said. "Who needs all these jars and toys? You're not raising cats." Candy, Grandma's black cat with a singularly bad attitude, was treated better than most family members.

"Verity and I are staying here while our house is being remodeled," Anton said.

"Where is Verity?" I asked. Verity is a doctor with her own local practice. As a druid healer, a doctor made perfect sense as a career choice.

"Work," Anton said. "She'll be home in time for dinner. She's scaled back her hours to spend more time with the kids."

I eyed him curiously. "And why aren't you at work?"

"I was," Anton said indignantly. "I had to stop in to get my phone charger. It keeps losing battery."

"That's because you let Olivia play games on it," my mother said. "I told you that would happen."

"Wow. Olivia is playing electronic games already?" I asked. My niece was only a toddler when I left home.

"Five is still too young, in my opinion," my mother said. "It'll damage her eyes."

Anton heaved a sigh. "There's no scientific evidence that screen use will damage her eyes."

"Since when do we care about scientific evidence?" Grandma said. "We're witches."

"And Verity is a doctor," Anton stressed.

"When do I get to meet my nephew?" Ryan was only a year old, so we hadn't met in person, only an occasional video chat.

"He's napping," Grandma said. "And if you wake him, I'll kill you and bury you in the backyard next to the last person who woke him."

"Mother, stop it!" my mother said. She tucked a loose strand of hair behind her ear. "He's not the best sleeper."

"I guess Olivia is at school," I said.

"Oh, don't worry," Grandma said. "You'll know when that one comes through the door. She moves like thunder."

"She's five," I said. "How loud can she be?"

No one responded.

"So who wants to help me bring in my stuff?" I asked.

"You expect an old woman to pitch in?" My grandma suddenly made herself appear very small and frail. It was a gift.

"Anton?" I looked at my brother expectantly.

"I would, but I have to get back to the office." He grabbed his phone charger off the counter.

"How much stuff is there?" my mother asked, suddenly concerned. "A lot?"

"I don't know. Why?" I asked. "I told you I was coming to stay. It's not my fault you didn't tell me Anton was staying here, too." With his wife and two kids, no less.

"You didn't tell me you got fired," my mother shot back.

"I didn't get fired," I huffed. "I got transferred. To here. I thought you'd be pleased."

"Pleased that you got a demotion?"

I resisted the urge to stamp my foot. "It's not a demotion. I'm in charge of the whole office here. Basically, it's a promotion."

My mother stifled a laugh. "Eden, you seem to forget that I've lived here a lot longer than you and spent a fair amount of time with Paul Pidcock."

"She's just lashing out because she has to tell everyone she works in IT instead of as a fancy field agent," Grandma said.

"It's not IT," I said.

"You told your mother computers," Grandma argued.

"Cyber crime. Computer and network intrusions," I clarified.

Grandma ignored my explanation. "Face it, Eden, you're a clout shark."

I narrowed my eyes at the elderly witch. "Have you been reading the urban dictionary again?"

Grandma shrugged her bony shoulders. "I like the internet. Passes the time."

"You know our Eden." My mother rolled her eyes. "Evil University wasn't good enough for her. She had to go to Do-Gooder State. With *humans*."

"They have a great basketball team this year," my brother said.

"First of all, Evil University is in Otherworld and you know I had no desire to live there," I said. "Second of all, it's not called Do-Gooder State and I got a full scholarship. You should be grateful."

"Why? It would've been your student loans, not ours," my grandmother said.

No surprise that they missed the point. They didn't care about my grades when I'd earned them. They certainly weren't going to care now.

"Have you been to see your father yet?" my mother asked. I knew what her real question was—*did you see your father before you came to see me?*

"No," I said truthfully. "I figured I'd head over once I got settled here. Take Buttercup with me." Say what you want about vengeance demons, but my dad *loved* Princess Buttercup.

"I can guess why you don't want to stay with your father," Grandma said. "Starts with an S and ends with a resting bitch face."

My mother's head bobbed in agreement. "That woman sucks the energy out of your father and everyone she comes into contact with. She's an emotional vampire."

"No, Mom," I replied. "Sally is an *actual* vampire."

My mother grunted. "Whatever."

"I'll stay there if you don't have room for me," I said, knowing the riot that suggestion would incite.

"The attic isn't good enough for you?" Grandma snapped.

"The attic?" I echoed. Okay, I knew space was scarce, but I hadn't anticipated the attic.

"I'm sorry, honey," my mother said. "That's all we have available right now."

In truth, I couldn't stay with my dad even if I wanted to. My stepmom was okay as far as I was concerned, but she liked their house a certain way. If you moved the coaster an inch, there was an inquisition as to why you made that choice. I didn't need the stress, not that my mother's house was much better.

Anton sensed the tide was turning against me. He bent down and kissed my cheek. "Catch up later, okay?"

“Traitor,” I hissed.

He bolted for the door before anyone could stop him.

After unloading the car, I climbed up to the attic with the first bag. It wasn't even summer yet, yet the air was already sweltering. I was going to need to shower twice a day while I stayed here. On second thought, maybe Sally's inquisitions would be worth a one-shower-per-day lifestyle.

The stacks of boxes remained untouched and there were more cobwebs than I cared to notice. I noted the mattress on the floor. At least it was covered in sheets and not dust.

“Hello, Eden.”

The voice startled me and I peered into the darkness. “Alice?”

The apparition floated toward me. “It's been quite some time.”

“Not for you,” I said. “Probably seems like a minute has passed.” Alice Wentworth is one of the many ghosts that I've encountered in Chipping Cheddar. As this farmhouse had once belonged to her family, Alice tended to hang around the property. I was the only one she could talk to—one of my abilities that I had no control over—so Alice and I had gotten to know each other pretty well during my childhood.

“I'm pleased you're back,” Alice said. “It gets dull with no one to talk to and there's only so much television and web surfing a ghost can take. Your grandmother's online searches in particular are highly questionable. You should see...”

I held up a hand. “I'd rather not know, Alice.”

I plopped down on the mattress. Not the most comfortable padding, but it would do for now.

“How long has my brother been living here?” I asked.

“I haven't really paid attention,” Alice said. “The children are most interesting. Quite different from you as a child.”

“I look forward to spending time with them.”

“In that case, might I suggest you visit your father? He has the child now.”

My head snapped to attention. “Wait. What? I thought Ryan was asleep.”

Alice shook her transparent head. “Your father sneaks over and takes him sometimes during his naps.”

“No wonder the kid has an erratic sleep schedule.” What was my dad thinking?

“He's missed you greatly.”

I knew Alice meant my dad. “Really?”

"He speaks to his wife about you and to Anton, of course."

"Is he still traveling a lot?" I asked. In other words, is he still carrying out his vengeance commissions?

Alice floated to the window and observed the outdoors. "Yes, but he's home now. I passed through there less than an hour ago and they were in the kitchen with Ryan."

I pulled myself to my feet. "Fine, I'll go now. Might as well rip off the Band-Aid."

"I believe Sally has baked carrot cake in honor of your return," Alice said.

I perked up. "With cream cheese frosting?"

"That I cannot say." She tapped her nose. "No sense of smell, you see."

"Ah, well. You had me at cake." I began to climb down the attic steps. "It's good to see you again, Alice."

"Welcome home, Eden."

"It's my little girl!" My father greeted me with a warm hug. He's the world's touchiest, feeliest vengeance demon and I both loved and resented him for it.

"Hi, Dad."

He squeezed my arms. "Who's been working out, huh? Imagine the damage you can cause with those muscles."

"I don't want to do any damage, dad, but thanks."

"Welcome back, darling." Sally crossed the kitchen to give me a cool kiss on the cheek. Unlike my father, the vampire wasn't much of a hugger.

"Did you whiten your fangs?" I asked, noticing Sally's gleaming sharp teeth. Only other supernaturals or humans with the Sight can see that Sally is a vampire. To everyone else, she looks like an attractive middle-aged woman.

"I did," Sally said. "Thank you for noticing." She gave my father a pointed look.

"Eden, have you met your adorable nephew?" my dad asked.

Ryan sat in a highchair in the kitchen. A bowl of food and a spoon were on his tray.

"Hello, Ryan," I said. "I'm your Aunt Eden. Remember me from the phone screen?"

Ryan's lips parted, revealing pink gums and a smattering of teeth.

"Who's the most evil baby in the world?" my dad said in a high-pitched voice. "You are!"

Ryan gurgled.

"Dad, he's only one. Let's not start with that already."

"Never too soon to get in touch with your true nature," he said.

"I made a carrot cake in your honor," Sally said. "Would you like a slice?"

"Yes, please," I said. I took a seat on a stool at the counter and watched Sally uncover the cake.

"Want to hear about my latest summoning?" my dad asked.

I could tell by his excited tone that I really, really didn't.

"Virgins, all of them," he said, and sliced a hand through the air.

I wanted to cover my ears. I didn't need to hear my father's talking about virgins, for a summoning or any other reason.

"Nobody understands the raw power virgins have," my dad continued.

"And some of us don't want to understand," I replied.

"So a new job, Eden?" Sally asked, sensing my discomfort. She set a small plate and fork on the counter. "Must feel good to shake things up a bit. Life can get so stale."

For an immortal, maybe.

"If you wanted a new job, you should have moved into the family business," my father said.

I tried to focus on something good, like the cake. Yum. It *was* cream cheese frosting.

"I didn't want a new job," I said, my mouth full. "I liked my old job."

"You could be like your cousin Francie," my dad said, ignoring me. "*She* specializes in infectious diseases."

"Yes, in giving them to people." No thank you.

He gave me a blank look. "Well, what else?"

"Dad, you know that's not what I want out of life."

"The world needs darkness," my stepmom said. "Without it, there's no light."

"Sally's right," my dad said. "Someone's got to deliver the herpes hex. Might as well be you."

Sally poured me a glass of milk. "Death. Disease. It's all necessary. What's a little pestilence between friends?"

I fought to retain my composure. "I'm not the STD fairy. I'm a fury."

"Damn straight," my dad said, pounding a fist into his open palm. "Time for you to embrace it and act like one."

Inwardly, I groaned. I was home all of two seconds and my father was already trying to recruit me to the dark side. Subtle he was not.

A knock on the door saved me and did a silent thanks to the gods. My father went to open the door and I heard the familiar voice of Mick O'Neill, the local chief of police. Mick and my dad have been friends since before I was born, although Chief O'Neill doesn't know the truth about my family. Or, if he does, he never let on.

"Eden!" Chief O'Neill exclaimed. He entered the kitchen with a big smile. "You get prettier every time I see you."

"Hi, Chief. What brings you here?" I asked. Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Sally's fangs retract and a pop of color appeared on her cheeks.

"I'm dropping off a set of golf clubs I borrowed from your dad," Chief O'Neill said. "He always has the best toys."

"At least he's good about sharing them," I said.

"Stanley, you should know there's something strange going on with your seven iron," the chief said.

My dad's brow furrowed. "What do you mean? You broke it?"

"No, no." Chief O'Neill chuckled nervously. "Nothing like that. I had to stop using it. Every time I made contact, the ball would fly up in the air and drop straight back down where it was." He shook his head. "It was the darnedest thing."

"Hmm," my dad said. "Thanks for letting me know. I'll have it checked out."

I choked back laughter. I knew perfectly well what had happened to his seven iron. My mother delighted in using her magic to play pranks on my father ever since the divorce. Having a witch for an ex-wife wasn't easy. To be fair, having a vengeance demon for an ex-husband was no walk in the park either.

"Maybe have mom look it over," I said. "You know she has a knack for these things."

My father shot me a dark look. "Yes, she certainly does."

"I hear you're back for good," the chief said to me. "That's a surprise."

"For me, too," I said.

Chief O'Neill rubbed his hands together. "You and I might get to work together. Wouldn't that be great?"

"I'd rather she work with me," my dad said.

"As a traveling salesman?" the chief queried. "Come on, Stanley. A federal agent is pretty darn good compared to that."

"How often did you work with Paul Pidcock?" I asked.

Welcome to Chipping Cheddar, where supernaturals are hidden in plain sight...

Annoying but loving family? Check.

Picturesque small town with a hot police chief? Check.

A rescue hellhound, a black cat with attitude, and a pet python that thinks he's a puppy? Triple check.

My story has all the hallmarks of a sweet and cozy supernatural tale, but there's a twist;

I am evil.

Well, I'm supposed to be evil thanks to both nature and nurture, but I fight it with every fiber of my being. I just want to live a normal life. I even joined the FBI instead of the Federal Bureau of Magic, until my powers reared their ugly head and the agency sent me packing back to my hometown to fight magical crimes instead.

Now I'm back in Chipping Cheddar, living with my evil family, with a new job and all my old baggage.

Oh, and there's a dead body, which was definitely not an accident.

So there you have it. Welcome to my world.

Great Balls of Fury is the first book in the Federal Bureau of Magic paranormal cozy mystery series.

Other books in the series include--

Fury Godmother, Book 2

No Guts, No Fury, Book 3

Grace Under Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery - Nov 26, 2017- Explore lindagshelton's board "Paw print clip art" on Pinterest. 2x Tempesta Magic - Magic Storm FoW Force of Will 2-101 U Eng/Ita, Small Dog. Identifying Paw Prints By now it is no great mystery that human beings and wild. Some books mention that rabbit is one of the most popular pets, after dog and Great Balls of Fury: Federal Bureau of Magic cozy mystery - Read Great Balls of Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery) book reviews & author 0.00 This title and over 1 million more available with Kindle Unlimited Super rep list 2019 - Great Balls of Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery Book 1) (English Edition). di Annabel Chase Kellot soi silver bells - TidurTerbalik - Great Balls of Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery Book 1) eBook: Annabel Chase: Amazon.in: Kindle Store. Great Balls of Fury (Federal Bureau of Magic Cozy Mystery - Elle Adams writes paranormal cozy mysteries with humour

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