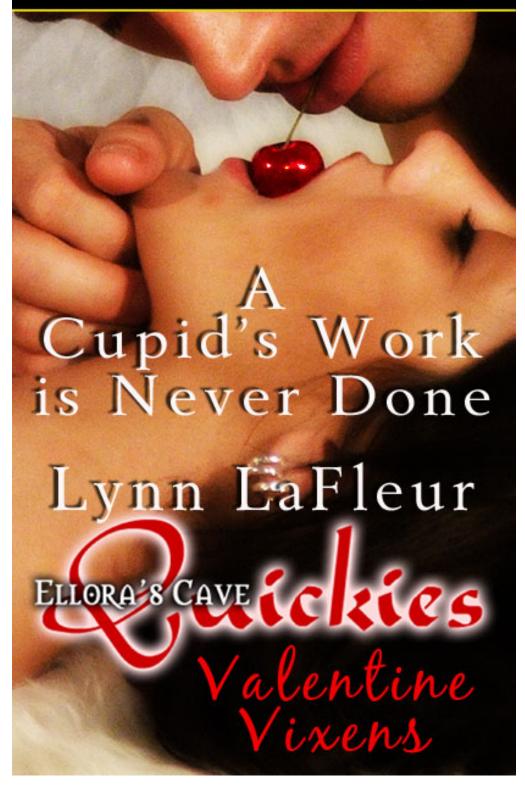
# Ellora's Cave Presents



### An Ellora's Cave Romantica Publication



A Cupid's Work Is Never Done

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## ACUPID'S WORK IS NEVER DONE

Lynn LaFleur



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## **Chapter One**



Claud wrapped both hands around the warm mug and sighed with pleasure. Betsy always knew what to do to make him feel better. "How did you know I needed this?"

Betsy smiled as she sat across from him at her small kitchen table. "I've known you for centuries, Claud. As soon as the temperature drops below fifty, you want hot cinnamon tea."

"I don't like cold weather. Unfortunately, February is my busiest month of the year."

"You could move to the southern hemisphere. It's warm there in February."

"I've thought about it, believe me." He sipped his tea, enjoying its warmth and spicy flavor as it flowed down his throat. "And I do spend a lot of time in the southern part of the world. But it seems like North Americans need my help more than any other people." Gripping the mug, Claud stared into the dark liquid. "I work so hard to get people together and they don't appreciate each other. So many divorces."

"All you can do is get them together, Claud. It's up to them to stay together."

"I feel like I'm failing, Betsy. You don't have that worry. People are *always* happy when the Tooth Fairy shows up."

She reached across the table and touched his hand. "What about that couple at the newspaper, the one you got together four months ago? What are their names?"

"You mean Michaela and Jaxon?"

"Yes, that's them. They're still together, aren't they?"

Claud nodded. "They are very much in love."

"There, see? One of your successes."

"Their relationship is young. Right now they're ruled by hormones as well as the heart." He took another sip of his tea. "One of my failures is also there. Bain Duncan. He started at the paper on February first. I helped him and his wife get together six years ago when he first moved to Florida. They've been divorced for three months. Now he is angry and bitter toward women. I don't think I can help him."

"Claudius Derryberry, I do not want to hear that negative attitude from you. You're Cupid. You help people fall in love, especially on Valentine's Day. You do realize that's only five days away."

"Of course I realize it. That day is crazy for me. I pop from one place to the next, from one *country* to the next, convincing people they're right for each other."

"So you help Bain Duncan find someone new, someone who will love and appreciate him, help him heal from his divorce."

Claud rubbed his chin. He knew Betsy was right, that finding someone for Bain to love would be the right thing to do. And fun. Claud always enjoyed helping someone find love. "Actually, there is a woman at the paper who seems to be interested in him. She works in accounting. She's a lovely young woman."

"There, see? I knew you would figure out what to do."

The more Claud thought about Allyson Briscoe and Bain Duncan together, the more he liked the idea. Yes, he could definitely see the two of them together. They could be as happy as Michaela and Jaxon.

He needed to start working with them right now.

Claud pushed back his chair and stood. "I have to go, Betsy. Thanks for the tea."

"But you haven't finished it. I have snickerdoodles too."

"No time. I have to get back to the paper. A cupid's work is never done."

\* \* \* \* \*

### A Cupid's Work Is Never Done

Ally leaned on the bookcase and watched Bain walk down the hall. He had the nicest ass she had ever seen. Most men at the paper wore jeans. Not Bain. He wore wool pants that cupped that amazing butt and made her legs weak.

What an incredible male animal. She had no doubt he would be an animal where it counted most...in bed.

She'd give up three months' clothing allowance to find out.

"You're drooling," a feminine voice said behind her.

Ally turned her head to see her friend and coworker, Michaela Ware. "Hey, Mike."

"I see you're admiring the newest employee again."

"What's not to admire? Intense blue eyes, a body like a Greek god. And that hair! A thick black mane that I would love to bury my fingers in. Isn't he the most gorgeous man you've ever seen?"

"Actually, no. I have Jax, remember?"

Everyone at the paper knew Mike and Jax were a couple and loved each other deeply. Ally was happy for her friend, but also jealous that she didn't have someone who loved her that deeply. She sighed. "That's right, Mike, rub it in. I don't have a hunk to go home to at night. I'm completely alone."

"You could get a cat."

"It's not the same."

Mike giggled and Ally joined her. She had always liked Mike, but their friendship had blossomed after Mike became involved with Jax. Love had definitely made the once shy redhead come out of her shell. Mike was more outgoing now and dressed differently. Her clothes no longer hid her voluptuous figure, but enhanced it.

"Do you want some advice?" Mike asked.

Ally straightened and faced her friend. "Sure."

"Don't give up. If you truly care about him, do not give up."

Easier said than done when Bain barely looked at her, much less spoke to her. He'd been here eight days. Ally would bet he hadn't said more than eight words to her. A word a day didn't lead up to a relationship. "Sometimes a gal has to realize there is no chance of getting what she wants."

Mike cocked her head and made a *tsking* sound. "I never thought of you as a quitter, Ally."

She couldn't believe Mike would say something like that. "I am not a quitter."

"Then why are you giving up on Bain? Go after him. Make him notice you."

"What am I supposed to do...stick my boobs in his face? What little bit of boobs I have, anyway. *You* could stick your boobs in his face and he would notice. I wasn't blessed with your...endowment."

"You're a resourceful woman. You'll think of something to get his attention." Mike glanced at her watch. "I gotta go. Jax is taking me to a movie tonight."

"What's playing?"

"It's his turn to pick, so I don't know. He likes to surprise me."

"Have fun."

Jealousy turned into a lump in her throat as she watched her friend walk away. To have that kind of relationship, that kind of love...it was every woman's dream. Ally had never had the loving, caring relationship Mike had with Jax. She'd come close. She had dated Joel for almost a year. When he'd told her over the phone that he had something serious to talk about, she was sure his talk would include a marriage proposal. At twenty-nine, she was ready to settle down with one man and raise a family. Instead, he'd told her he had found someone else...someone he worked with.

Ally couldn't say she'd been crushed. Surprised, yes, but not crushed. Her reaction to Joel's announcement proved she didn't love him as much as she thought she had. If she had truly loved him, she would have cried and screamed and called him every dirty

name in the book. Instead, she'd walked him to her front door and wished him a happy life.

Some great love.

She wanted to care enough about a man to cry and scream and call him names. All that emotion had to mean love...the strong, last-forever kind of love she desired. She would celebrate her thirtieth birthday in only four days and she was still waiting for that special man who would steal her heart.

With a sigh, Ally returned to her office. She sat at her desk, idly thumbing the large pile of papers that had to be filed. She hated filing, so always put it off as long as possible. Bain's W-4 caught her eye. Pulling it from the stack, she stared at his bold handwriting. He'd filled out all his paperwork the first day he started. She had made up his employee folder, entered him in the system so a payroll check could be generated, but hadn't filed this form in his folder.

She could accidentally misplace the form so she would have to take him a new one to complete.

Smiling at her brilliance, Ally folded the form and stuffed it in the top drawer of her desk. She pulled a new one from her files and headed for Bain's office.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bain swiveled his chair so he could look out the window. He saw nothing but the parking lot, but at least he had a window and natural light. His last job in Tampa had included an office about the size of the closet in his apartment.

Living in Texas had never been on his list of things to do. After Lena dropped her little "I want a divorce" bombshell on top of his head, he couldn't get out of town fast enough. He didn't need to hang around and possibly run into her and her new guy...her filthy rich, *younger* guy who played for the Buccaneers.

He'd never cheer for that football team again.

Bain tapped his pencil on the desktop. He'd had no idea where to go and didn't care as long as he didn't have to see Lena again. A phone call from his cousin in Dallas started Bain thinking about moving to Texas. At least he would have family close by, so he wouldn't be totally alone. On his cousin's recommendation, he had packed up the few belongings he wanted to keep and headed west.

The move before he had an actual job wasn't the smartest thing Bain had ever done, yet it turned out to be for the best. He had found the ad in the *Lanville Journal* for a reporter. A small newspaper that published once a week meant he would probably never win a Pulitzer Prize, but it also meant he could still work at a job he loved. Even if they gave him nothing but dog stories at first, he'd give it his all and do the best job he could.

A soft knock on his door drew his attention away from the window. He turned his chair to see Allyson Briscoe enter his office.

His cock immediately came to attention.

Mentally ordering his randy hormones to behave, he summoned a smile for the beautiful blonde. "Hey, Ally."

"Hi." She came closer and stood less than a foot from his chair. Bain had to look up to see her face. His eyes tried to stop at her breasts, but he ordered them to behave too. "I need you to fill out a W-4 for me please."

She laid the form on his desk. Now no more than six inches from her, he detected the light floral scent of her cologne. Or maybe the scent came from her hair. The blonde mane of curls fell over her shoulders and halfway down her back. He'd love to bunch his hands in it while he kissed her.

Clearing his throat, Bain rolled his chair a few inches away from her. "I've already filled out one."

"I know, but I can't find it. I put off filing as long as possible and it was in a stack on my desk. I also pulled some old papers to shred. I guess I put your form in the shred pile instead of the filing pile." An honest mistake, one anyone could have made. "No problem. I'll take care of it and drop it by your office."

"I don't mind waiting." She turned and leaned against the desk, her palms resting on the surface behind her. The new position emphasized her breasts in the gray sweater she wore. The size of apples, they would fill his hands perfectly.

It had been seven months since he'd had sex. Before Lena found her boy toy, sex had been often and lusty. Bain missed feeling a woman next to him during the night, reaching out and touching her skin. He'd had his single days. A taste of marriage, being one with a woman, let him know that's what he wanted. He wanted to share his life with someone.

Someday.

Feeling attraction for a lovely woman was normal, but attraction could lead to something stronger. Bain wasn't ready for that. His heart hadn't completely healed from the trampling it took from Lena. Getting involved with a woman was at the bottom of his priorities.

His cock didn't like his decision at all.

Bain scrawled his signature and handed the form to Ally. "There you go."

She smiled. "Thanks. Sorry I made you fill it out twice."

"No problem." Go! Get out of here before I touch that gorgeous hair.

Her gaze moved over his face, his shoulders, his chest. It dipped briefly to his lap before she looked into his eyes. "There's a place close by—O'Sullivan's. It's small and quaint and looks like an English pub. The drinks are wonderful and the fish and chips are to die for. Will you go with me?"

Yes, yes! his hormones shouted.

Bain had stopped listening to his hormones a long time ago. He had no doubt an evening with Ally would be wonderful. She was intelligent and attractive. A meal of

fish and chips didn't mean an instant relationship. Still, he couldn't take the chance of falling for her.

"I...have other plans for tonight." The lie stuck on his tongue and made his mouth taste horrible. He hated lying, especially when Ally didn't deserve it.

Disappointment filled her eyes. "Oh. Of course. I know this is short notice. Maybe another time?"

"Yeah, sure."

She stared into his eyes for another moment, almost as if she were trying to read his mind. That could be embarrassing since he was imagining her naked on his desk while he feasted on her pussy. It had been much too long since he'd run his tongue over a woman's slick flesh.

"Well, I guess I'll see you Monday," Ally said, dragging him back to reality. "Have a nice weekend."

"You too."

Bain watched her leave his office, admiring the gentle sway of her hips in her black slacks. She had a great ass—full and round so a man could grip it while he pounded into her pussy.

You had your chance and blew it, his hormones reminded him.

True, but for now he'd have to make do with fantasies and his own hand. A heart had to heal before it could be given to someone else. Bain's heart had a long way to go before it was fully recovered.

## **Chapter Two**



A soft knock on the open door made Bain look up from his computer monitor. Jax leaned in the doorway. "Busy?"

"Not too busy to take a break." Bain saved his file and swiveled his chair toward Jax. "What's up?"

"The Mavericks are playing the Lakers tonight. We're getting together at my place to watch the game. Wanna come?"

"Sure. Sounds good."

"The game starts at seven-thirty, but come over whenever you want to. We'll eat and bullshit before the game."

"Can I bring something?"

"We're all chipping in to order pizza. Each of the guys is bringing a six-pack."

"What brand?"

"Whatever you like." He grinned. "The guys aren't picky about beer."

"Done."

Jax smiled. "Great. You remember the way to my house?"

Bain nodded. "No problem."

"Then I'll see you later."

Turning back to his desk, Bain added a closing paragraph to his article and pressed the keys for it to print. Happy with what he'd written, he leaned back in his chair, his hands behind his head. He'd been at the *Journal* for twelve days and already loved it. The editor, Wayne, was flexible, both with letting his employees have their freedom in reporting the news and in their hours. Everyone received a set salary instead of an

hourly wage. As long as the work was completed, Wayne didn't care if his employees took off an hour or two early here and there. It would be easy for someone to take advantage of that freedom. So far, Bain hadn't seen anyone shirk his or her duty in favor of leaving early.

He'd worked at several newspapers since he had discovered his love of news. The *Journal* was by far his favorite.

All the employees were friendly and helpful. Jax and Michaela had prepared dinner for him at Jax's house the first weekend he was in town. They'd filled him in on the different places in North Texas to eat or shop. Michaela would touch Jax's shoulder as she walked by him. He would stroke her hair or touch her hand whenever he was near her. Seeing them together, so obviously in love, made Bain long for the same kind of relationship.

In addition to Michaela and Jax, there was Trinity, a sweet twenty-year-old learning about the business. He cringed at her use of "like" every other word, but that was his only complaint about her. Cody ran the presses. Also the office clown, he always had a joke to tell or a prank to pull on someone. Louise took care of the advertising. A grandmotherly figure, she supplied the office with more than its share of calories with her homemade goodies.

And then there was Allyson.

She filled his mind during the day and his dreams at night. She was the reason he woke up with a hard-on every morning. Normally, he could ignore his cock's demands for attention, hit the shower and get ready for work. This morning had been different. Ignoring the demanding part of his anatomy hadn't been possible after a particularly vivid dream...

Soft sheets slid across naked skin. The scent of jasmine candles filled the air. Bain kissed Ally slowly, deeply, his tongue outlining her lips before slipping inside her mouth. She tasted of the wine they'd drunk a short time ago. Combined with the unique flavor of Ally, Bain thought it the

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most intoxicating flavor he'd ever experienced. He returned to her mouth again and again, unable to get enough of the warmth, the wetness, of her kisses.

"Bain," she whispered, arching her neck.

Accepting her invitation, he nipped the pounding pulse in her neck. Ally rewarded him by lifting her hips, rubbing her mound against his hard cock.

"Please. Inside me."

He couldn't, not yet. He would come much too soon if he entered her now. "I'm not through loving you yet." He kissed her again, then moved down her body, dropping kisses along the way. He dragged his tongue across her collarbone. Delicious. Every bit of Ally was delicious.

She shifted beneath him. Bain groaned when her mound rubbed his cock again. "You're impatient, aren't you?" he asked before licking between her breasts.

"I'm hot. You've made me hot ever since the first time I saw you. I want you so much."

Words a man loved to hear. Bain rewarded her by tugging her nipple between his lips.

"Oh, yes! That feels so good. More."

He obeyed her command, holding her nipple between his teeth while he worked it with his tongue. Ally tunneled her fingers into his hair. "Harder. Suck me harder."

Bain switched to the other nipple, giving it as much attention as he'd given the first one. Ally's breathing became choppier. "I love that."

"What else do you love?" He nipped the inside curve of her breast. "Can I make you come by sucking your nipples?"

"I don't know. I've never done that." She continued to touch his hair, running her fingers through the strands. "I'm willing to try."

He licked her nipple. "How generous of you."

"That's me. Totally unselfish."

Chuckling, he pushed her breasts together and caressed both nipples with his thumbs. "Can I make you come by licking your clit?"

She gasped softly. "Oh, yes."

"Your choice. Which do you want?"

She answered his question by nudging his head toward her pussy. Bain settled between her legs and slipped his hands beneath her buttocks. Her swollen labia glistened in the candlelight. "Damn, you're wet."

"Lick my pussy, Bain. Make me come."

Bain had awakened from the dream fully aroused and drenched in sweat. Gasping for breath, he had lain in bed for several minutes, trying to get his cock to relax. It didn't help. He'd stumbled into the bathroom and stepped into the shower. With the warm water beating his skin, he'd pumped his shaft and brought himself to a shattering orgasm.

His cock was half hard now from the memory of the dream. Determined to push it from his mind, he leaned forward and studied his article for any changes.

The sound of whistling drew Bain's attention to the door. He saw the cart first, then Claud appeared in the doorway.

"Evenin', Mr. Duncan," the janitor said with a smile. "Working late again?"

"Hey, Claud. Just finishing up."

Claud picked up Bain's wastebasket and emptied it into the large one at the end of his cart. "You work too many hours, Mr. Duncan. You should play more."

"I'm the new kid in town. Gotta make my mark."

"Making your mark shouldn't mean you're alone all the time."

Bain swiveled his chair so he faced Claud. "I'm alone because I want to be."

"That's too bad. A man isn't complete unless he loves a woman."

"You speaking from experience, Claud?"

The janitor laughed and replaced the wastebasket next to Bain's desk. "Nope, not me, Mr. Duncan. I'm too old and set in my ways. It's different for you. You're a young man."

"I've been in Lanville less than two weeks. I barely know anyone."

"You know Ms. Briscoe. She's a lovely young woman. Very sweet."

Bain leaned back in his chair and folded his hands over his stomach. "You a counselor or something during the day, Claud?"

"No. Just a man who's been alone and knows what that feels like. It isn't any fun."

"No, it isn't," Bain said softly.

Claud removed the vacuum cleaner from his cart and crossed his arms over the handle. "I hear people talking. Whatever I hear stays with me. I hope you believe that."

Bain wasn't sure where Claud was going with this, so remained silent.

"I know you are divorced. Sounds like by choosing to be alone, you're letting her win."

"I don't love my ex-wife, Claud. Not anymore. She killed that."

"Maybe you don't love her, but you are letting her hurt you. She isn't worth your misery. You should go out, meet some nice woman. Better yet, take out Ms. Briscoe. You like her, don't you?"

"Yes, I like Ally."

Claud smiled. "There, see? The perfect solution."

Bain knew Claud was only trying to help, but Bain didn't want that kind of help. He closed out his article and stood. "I'll get out of your way so you can finish your work. Goodnight, Claud."

"Goodnight, Mr. Duncan."

Slipping on his jacket, Bain stepped out of the building and into the cold air. The temperature had been below normal the entire month of February. Used to the mild Florida climate, Bain had been miserable when he first moved here. It hadn't taken him long to realize he liked the cold weather. He was looking forward to the snow flurries that were due to fall tomorrow. The only snow he had seen in Tampa had been on television.

He stuffed his hands in the pockets of his jacket as he made his way to his car. Snow softly falling, a cozy fire in the fireplace, romantic music in the background, hot cocoa...all the makings of a magical evening with a woman. Instead, he was going to Jax's house to watch a basketball game with a bunch of guys.

Not exactly the smartest way to spend an evening.

Bain unlocked his car and slipped behind the wheel. He'd told Claud he no longer loved Lena, and that was true. She had killed any feeling he'd had for her when she walked out on him for a man with more money. That didn't mean he was ready to try a relationship again. He needed more time...time to settle into his apartment, to learn his job, to get to know the people in the area.

Time to trust again.

\* \* \* \* \*

"Oh, man," Cody said with a groan. "Did you see that? Easy two points. I can't believe he missed that!"

The other three men in the room uttered similar complaints. Bain silently sipped his beer. He wasn't a fan of either team, but enjoyed the close game. He figured the Miami Heat could easily beat both teams. Surrounded by staunch Mavericks fans, he wasn't stupid enough to say that.

Michaela had arrived ten minutes ago with a large order of chicken wings. Since the pizza had disappeared shortly after it was delivered, the men were all happy to see her.

Bain set his empty bottle on the end table. Jax had disappeared shortly after Michaela got here. Bain figured the lovers had snuck off to a quiet corner for some privacy. If he had a woman as alluring as Michaela, he would sneak off to a quiet corner too. Bain preferred a woman less busty, but he had to admit that centerfold figure was sexy as hell.

"Hey, Bain, want another beer?" Cody asked.

"Sounds good. I gotta make a trip down the hall first."

Bain passed through the doorway to the hall, and found the two lovers. He froze as soon as he saw them. Jax had Michaela plastered against the wall, holding her arms over her head with one hand. His other hand slowly caressed her breast as he kissed her. He shifted his hips, pressing his pelvis to hers. A soft moan came from her throat. Both of them were breathing heavily.

Not wanting to disturb their private moment, Bain took a step backward before he turned. He bumped into Ally.

Bain grabbed her upper arms to steady her. "Ally, I'm sorry. Are you okay?"

"Yes. Yes, I'm fine."

She touched his chest. Bain felt the heat from her hands all the way to his toes. She looked up into his eyes. This close, he could see tiny flecks of gold in her green eyes. He'd always had a weakness for green eyes. They made him think of a jungle cat...wild, strong, unafraid to let herself go and do whatever she wanted.

Her tongue passed over her bottom lip. Bain wondered what that tongue would feel like on his lips, his body...

"Hey, sorry, guys," Jax said.

Hearing Jax's voice snapped Bain out of his trance. He quickly stepped back from Ally and faced his host. "You know, if you two are gonna make out, do it somewhere else besides by the bathroom," he said with a grin.

Jax bobbled his eyebrows. He stood behind Michaela, his arms wrapped around her waist. "I like making out whenever I get the chance."

A blush bloomed in Michaela's cheeks. Bain thought it made her even lovelier. "I had nothing to do with it."

"Ha!" Jax slid his hands over her stomach. "You were a willing participant."

"This conversation is officially over." She stepped out of his arms and took his hand. "Help me in the kitchen."

"Yes, ma'am."

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He winked at Bain as he walked by. Bain chuckled and looked at Ally. Her eyes were shining with humor.

"They are so cute."

"Yeah." Now that they were alone in the small hallway, Bain didn't know what to do. That light floral fragrance he associated with Ally surrounded him. It made him want to find out exactly where he would find that fragrance on her body. "I, uh, I didn't know you were coming over."

"Mike invited me. She knows I'm a huge Mavericks fan. Besides, she didn't want to be the only woman here."

"Can't handle five men at a time?" he asked, grinning.

"I would rather handle one at a time."

Bain's grin faded as he realized what he'd said. Talk about opening mouth and inserting foot. He cleared his throat. "Do you... I guess you're here for the..." He gestured toward the bathroom.

Ally smiled softly. "Yes. You too?"

"Ladies first."

He stepped aside so Ally could pass him. Her scent hit him directly in his cock, making it lengthen, thicken...

Memories of his dream the night before filled his mind. He imagined following Ally into the bathroom, bending her over the sink and sinking his rod deep inside her. He'd fuck her until they both exploded in climax, then start all over again.

The click of the bathroom door broke the spell. Bain hurried out of the hall and to the kitchen in search of his host.

He found Jax loading glasses into the dishwasher. "Hey, Jax, I gotta go."

Jax straightened and faced him. "Go? The game's not over."

"I know, but...something's come up."

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Jax's eyes narrowed. He leaned against the counter and crossed his arms over his chest. "The something's that come up wouldn't happen to be a five-foot-five blonde with green eyes, would it?"

Bain pushed his hair back from his forehead. "Ally has nothing to do with it."

"Yeah, right. Want some advice, Bain?"

More advice. First Claud, now Jax. Bain hadn't received as much advice in his whole life as he had received today. "Do I have a choice?"

"Nope. I've been in your shoes, man. I know what it's like to deny how you feel about a woman. I wasted a lot of time alone when I could have been with Michaela."

"I don't 'feel' anything for Ally. I barely know her."

"A date is a good way to start. Take her to dinner. Tomorrow's her birthday. That's the perfect day to take her out."

Bain knew tomorrow was Ally's birthday. Michaela had stuck her head in his office earlier today and told him there would be a small party for Ally tomorrow afternoon at the office. "I'm sure Ally already has birthday plans."

"You won't know that for sure until you ask her."

Bain sighed heavily. He liked Jax and hated for his new friend to think badly of him. "You probably think I'm a wimp."

"No, I don't. It takes a lot of guts for a man to commit to a woman, especially after another one has taken him through hell."

"Lena certainly did that. I have no desire to experience it again."

"Ally's a great gal. She wouldn't hurt you."

"Maybe not. But I'm...not ready."

"Sure, man. Didn't mean to interfere."

"No problem. See you tomorrow."

Bain took his jacket from the coat tree by the front door. Ally came around the corner as he slipped his arms into the sleeves. His gaze met hers and held for several

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seconds. He saw disappointment in her eyes, the same as last week in his office when she'd asked him out and he'd turned her down.

"You're leaving?"

Bain nodded.

"But the game isn't over."

"Enjoy it with Mike. Good night."

He walked out the door, into the cold night air. Alone.

## **Chapter Three**



"Happy birthday, dear Ally. Happy birthday to you!"

Ally curtsied as her coworkers applauded. "Thank you, thank you. I appreciate the sentiment, even if y'all are lousy singers."

She looked at the people standing about the room. Ally considered herself blessed to work with such special people. She'd worked in offices where some were selfish, some were lazy, some were snitches. No one at the *Journal* fit any of those categories. Ranging in ages from twenty to sixty-three, Ally thought of all of them as friends.

Her gaze stopped on Bain. She wanted so much more from him than friendship, but he didn't seem the least bit interested in her. Well, that wasn't totally true. There was a moment in Jax's hallway last night that she sensed Bain's interest in her as a woman, not simply a friend. Then he'd left before the game was over. If he had truly been interested in her, he would've stayed to talk, maybe sat next to her while they watched the rest of the game.

For the first time in her life, she cared about a man enough to think in terms of forever. Just her luck to fall for a man who carried so much baggage from a former marriage that he couldn't see the present.

"Cut the cake, Ally," Cody said.

"I'll do it." Mike stepped forward and picked up the knife. "The birthday girl shouldn't have to cut her own cake."

"I think the big three-oh means you can't call yourself a girl anymore," Wayne said with a grin.

Ally shook her finger at him. "If you weren't my boss, I'd hurt you so bad."

"Careful, Ally," Jax said. "Wayne might like that."

Cody laughed. "Yeah, but his wife wouldn't."

Ally accepted a paper saucer piled high with a huge piece of cake from Mike. "You expect me to eat all this?"

"Give that one to Bain. I'll cut another one for you."

She waited while Mike sliced a smaller piece, then crossed the room to where Bain leaned against a filing cabinet. He smiled as she approached him. "Thanks." He took the saucer from her. Their fingers brushed. Ally drew in a quick breath at the sweet contact. If a simple touch of his fingers affected her so strongly, she wondered how she would react to his hands on her body.

She longed to find out.

"Good cake," Bain said after taking a bite.

"Yes, it is." She took a bite of her own cake. "My offer still stands to take you to O'Sullivan's. The drinks are half price on Tuesday nights."

Bain stared at his cake as if he were studying it for bugs. Ally's self-confidence took a nosedive. He must find her totally unattractive to turn her down twice. "Mike and Jax will go with us." Ally had no idea if that were true, but she'd wrestle Jax to the ground if he refused. "Couples get a discount on their meals all this week for Valentine's Day."

"Ally, I..."

He stopped. Ally drew her bottom lip between her teeth and waited for him to finish his sentence.

He raised his chin and looked at her. "I can't. I already have plans."

Those incredible blue eyes held longing, and perhaps a bit of pain. She tried teasing with him. "You have plans again tonight? You're a busy guy."

Bain set his unfinished cake on top of the filing cabinet. "I'd better get back to work. Enjoy your evening."

He turned to leave and headed back toward his office. She'd tried, but he obviously had no interest in her. Tears of frustration filled her eyes. She quickly blinked them back. *Damn it. Why did I have to fall for a guy who wants nothing to do with me*?

Mike walked up beside her. "Where's Bain?"

"He said he had to go back to work." Ally sniffed. "He doesn't want me, Mike." Despite trying to hold them back, one tear slipped from her eye. She wiped it off her cheek. "How stupid is it to cry over a man who doesn't want me?"

The sympathy in Mike's eyes made Ally feel worse. She didn't want her friend's pity, or anyone feeling sorry for her.

"It isn't stupid to cry when you're hurting."

"I'm not going to hurt anymore. He's so wrapped up with whatever his ex-wife did to him, he can't think of anything else. Well, you know what? I'm worth more than that. I'm worth a hell of a lot more than that."

"Ally, you care about Bain."

"That doesn't matter. He doesn't want me. I am *not* going to waste any more time on him. I'm going to find a guy who'll appreciate me and care about me as much as I care about him. And I will not give up until I *do* find him."

\* \* \* \* \*

Ally entered the last transaction in her accounting program and saved the file. Wayne had told her to leave early and enjoy the rest of her birthday, but Ally wanted to finish up her work before she left. She'd decided to stay past five o'clock so she could work in peace. No telephones, no employee popping his or her head in the door to interrupt her. Nothing but quiet, except for the soft music coming from her computer. Besides, she wasn't meeting Mike and the rest of the gals until seven-thirty at O'Sullivan's. It would be silly for her to drive the twelve miles to her house, then turn around and come back.

The rattling of Claud's cart broke the silence. Ally glanced at her watch. The time had slipped by quickly while she worked. She had twenty minutes to get to O'Sullivan's.

She reached in her bottom drawer for her purse. When she straightened, she saw a small package wrapped in shiny blue paper on her desk. Ally turned her head and looked into Claud's smiling face.

"Happy birthday, Allyson."

Touched he had gone to the trouble of buying her a gift, Ally smiled at him. "Thank you, Claud. How did you know it's my birthday?"

"I remembered from last year." He sat in the chair next to Ally's desk. "I asked Michaela what you might like."

"This is really sweet, but you didn't have to buy me a present."

"I don't do things because I have to. I do things because I want to. Open it."

Ally peeled back the paper and lifted the lid on the box. Inside, she found three snowmen magnets, no more than two inches tall. One wore a purple hat, one green, one red, with scarves to match the hats. "Oh, how cute!"

"Michaela told me you collect snowmen. I thought you could add them to your collection."

"I love them. Thank you."

"You're very welcome." He shifted in his chair and crossed his legs. "So why are you working when you should be celebrating?"

"I had a few things to finish. I'm meeting Mike and some other friends for dinner in a few minutes."

"No special date?"

The image of Bain flashed through her mind. Quickly pushing aside that image, she replaced the magnets in the box and closed the lid. "No. No special date."

### A Cupid's Work Is Never Done

"I'm surprised Mr. Duncan didn't ask you out. Seems to me you two would make a very attractive couple."

She shrugged. "He isn't interested in me."

"How do you know that?"

With a sigh, Ally turned her chair so she could see Claud better. "I asked him out. Twice. He turned me down both times, said he had other plans."

"You don't believe he was busy?"

"A woman can tell when a man doesn't want her."

"I think you are wrong, Allyson. I think he wants you very much, and that scares him."

"Why should it scare him?"

"Because he's still hurting from his divorce. It doesn't matter whether or not he loves his ex-wife—and he doesn't—he's afraid to take the chance with another woman. He doesn't want to get hurt again."

Her stomach clenched at the thought of anyone hurting Bain. "I would never hurt him. I lo—" She stopped when she realized she was about to admit her feelings to Claud.

He smiled gently. "You love him."

"It doesn't matter how I feel. He pushed me away. I'm not going to crawl to *any* man and beg him to notice me."

"You don't have to crawl. All you have to do is seduce him."

Ally's mouth dropped open. She couldn't believe Claud would say something so personal to her. "Excuse me?"

"I've known you for three years, Allyson. We don't talk often, but I know you're a kind, considerate, compassionate woman. You care deeply for Bain. *Show* him how much you care."

"I've asked him out—"

"Asking him isn't good enough. You have to act, not ask."

She'd never been afraid to go after what she wanted. Bain shouldn't be any different. She had waited, giving him the chance to make the first move. He hadn't.

Act, not ask. It sounded like an excellent idea.

"What do you suggest?"

"You're a resourceful woman. I am sure you can come up with something." He stood. "Tomorrow is Valentine's Day. I would say that is the perfect day for you to act."

Ally watched Claud leave her office. She heard the rattle of his cart as he moved down the hall toward Louise's office. Valentine's Day. A day for lovers. It *would* be the perfect day to seduce Bain.

A woman had pride. She should tell Bain to take a flying leap off the top of the building. He had turned her down twice when she'd asked him out. He hadn't given her any hint that he cared about her, except for that intense moment in Jax's hallway Monday night.

But there had been that moment, and she did care so much for him.

She drummed her fingers on her desk as she wondered what to do. She could live alone with her pride, or take Claud's advice and go after Bain. She would have to do something that would draw Bain's attention, that would show him they could be so good together...

A slow smile turned up Ally's lips. Oh, yeah. That would be perfect.

\* \* \* \* \*

Bain leaned back in his chair and studied the legal pad. He frowned. He didn't like any of the topics he had scribbled down. They needed to be sharp, fresh. None of these would work. His first column for the *Journal* had to be special.

Tossing the pad on his desk, Bain slid his hands behind his neck. He'd been floored when Wayne had walked into his office this morning and offered Bain his own column. Bain had a column in Tampa, but had expected to have to prove himself here before he

### A Cupid's Work Is Never Done

earned his byline. Wayne said he'd read some of his columns online. They, along with his current work here, had convinced him Bain deserved his own column.

Life did not get much sweeter.

That wasn't true. Bain knew life would be much sweeter if he could celebrate his good news with someone.

He looked out the window. It had grown dark two hours ago, but the streetlight in the parking lot illuminated the area outside his window. Tiny flakes of snow were falling. He smiled at the sight. It hadn't snowed on Ally's birthday, but she would get it for Valentine's Day.

His smile slowly faded. He wondered if she had gone out tonight with anyone. She could be with a man right now, eating dinner or sipping wine, maybe stealing kisses across the table.

*He* should be the man across the table from her, stealing kisses from Ally...long, deep kisses like the kind they shared in his dream.

His cell phone rang. Bain picked it up from his desk and glanced at the display. He didn't recognize the number, but it was a Tampa area code. He flipped open the cover. "Bain Duncan."

"Hello, Bain."

The sound of his ex-wife's voice completely ruined his mood. "Lena."

"I called to tell you the house closed today. You'll get your check soon."

"The agent could have called me."

She sighed heavily. "I'm trying to be nice, Bain."

"Well, that's a first."

"Don't be that way. I found another man, one who makes me feel special. That's no reason for you to be so mean to me."

"You found a rich boy toy who can buy you whatever you want."

"Yes, that's true," she said smugly. "He's very generous with his money. And there's so much of it. He signed a new contract with the Buccaneers, did I tell you that? Twenty million for four years."

"What makes you think I care?"

"You want me to be happy, don't you?"

"Honestly, Lena? I don't care how you feel."

She huffed out a breath. "I don't know why I put up with you for six years. Well, you *are* good in bed. *Very* good. Actually, you're better than Rodney. Your cock is a lot bigger than his. And you're better at oral sex—"

"Jesus, Lena." He never should have given her his new cell number. "Is there anything else?"

"No, I just wanted to tell you about the house. Oh, Rodney and I are leaving Friday for Europe. We'll be gone for three weeks, so I won't be available."

As if he had any reason to contact her. "I'm sure you'll find plenty of places in Europe to spend Rodney's money."

"Of course I will." She laughed. "It's so much fun."

"Goodbye, Lena."

Bain closed his phone with a loud snap. Damn her. She'd trampled all over his heart and didn't give a shit.

Neither did he, not anymore. This phone call made him realize once and for all that his ex-wife was a heartless bitch. She didn't deserve one second of his time, much less any remorse for what they could have had together.

He'd put off going out with Ally for fear of getting hurt again. He'd denied himself the pleasure of a beautiful woman's company. No more. If any man was going to sit across the table from Ally and steal kisses, it would be him.

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A glance at his watch showed him it was almost seven-thirty. He didn't have Ally's phone number, but he had Jax's. If Jax didn't have Ally's number, Michaela would. Bain assumed Jax and Michaela would be together on Valentine's Day.

He flipped open his cell phone and scrolled down to Jax's phone number. He was about to push the button to place the call when he heard his door close.

The phone fell to his lap when he saw the vision leaning against the door.

## **Chapter Four**



A riot of blonde curls flowed down past her breasts. Those breasts spilled from the deep v-neck of a tight, long-sleeved red dress. The dress ended at the top of her thighs. If she bent over an inch, he could see her ass.

His cock immediately responded to that thought.

Ally sauntered toward him on red high heels that made her legs look incredible. "There's a saying about if Mohammed won't go to the mountain. I've tried subtlety. I've tried a flat-out invitation. That didn't work." She set a bottle of champagne and two glasses on his desk. "I decided it's time for a more...direct approach to show you what you've been missing."

Bain thought himself lucky that his tongue wasn't hanging out of his mouth. "How direct do you plan to get?"

She grasped the arms of his chair and turned him to face her. Propping one knee on the seat between his legs, she leaned forward, her lips a whisper away from his. "Pretty damn direct."

Bain couldn't call this a simple kiss. Ally devoured his mouth, her tongue diving between his lips to duel with his. The heat in that kiss could easily singe his eyebrows. He was tempted to touch those luscious breasts, but fought the temptation. He wanted to see exactly how far Ally would go with this "direct approach".

Her fingers tunneled into his hair and tilted back his head. The kiss deepened, her mouth taking his one way, then another, as her tongue slid across his lips. She tasted of cherries. Bain had never been a fan of cherries, but he loved their flavor mixed with Ally. Parting his lips, he sucked her tongue into his mouth.

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Her whimper urged him on. No longer able to resist touching her, he laid his hands on her waist. He slid his hands up and down her sides, enjoying the feel of the soft fabric beneath his palms along with her warmth.

She raised her head, but continued to run her fingers through his hair. "I knew you would be a good kisser," she whispered.

"I could say the same about you."

"Have you thought about kissing me?"

"I've dreamed about it."

She cocked her head, her eyebrows drawing together. "Then why did you turn me down when I asked you out?"

He had to be honest with her. She deserved nothing less. "Because I was a coward."

Her gaze passed over his face, down to his lips and back to his eyes. "I have a hard time believing that. You seem more like the knight in shining armor kind of guy than a coward."

"I am not a knight, Ally. Far from it."

"Hey, let a gal have her fantasies, okay?" She kissed him again, softly, sweetly. "I've never seduced a knight."

He chuckled. "Well, I wouldn't want to spoil your fun."

She slid her knee farther between his legs until it bumped his tight balls. Bain drew in a sharp breath. "Easy, baby."

Ally gave him a mischievous grin. "My, my. Did I find the family jewels?"

"You're wicked, do you know that?"

"I want to be wicked." She slid her knee up and down his shaft. "I want to be *really* wicked."

"Then let me help you."

Bain moved his cell phone to the desk. Hooking his hand behind her knee, he shifted her leg to the outside of his. The sudden move made her lose her balance. She

fell forward, her breasts cushioning his face. "Mmm, nice." He pushed her breasts together and dipped his tongue into her cleavage. "Delicious."

Ally arched her back. She had fantasized about this moment so many times. Even when she'd wanted to dump her entire birthday cake on his head, she still wanted him. She never would have believed she could fall in love so quickly. One look at Bain and she had lost her heart. Now, finally, she was in his arms, his mouth on her breasts, his hands on her waist.

Delicious described this perfectly.

She raised her other knee and straddled his lap. Bain's gaze dropped to her pussy. Her short dress rode up her legs. She knew he could see her thong.

"Red panties too?" he asked.

"Yes." She tugged down his tie and unfastened his collar button. "I thought everything should match."

"A clever woman." He slid his hands down her hips and beneath her dress. "Matching is good." He pushed her dress up to her waist. Holding her dress with one hand, he dipped the index finger of his other hand under the elastic at her hip. "Oh, yeah. Matching is good."

He moved that lone finger beneath the elastic to her mound. Ally mound when he ruffled the soft hair.

"Do I get to find out if you're a natural blonde?"

A devilish light shone in his eyes. Playing along with him, Ally pulled his tie over his head and tossed it to the desk. "You do realize that isn't proof. Lots of natural blondes have dark pubic hair."

"I'll bet you don't. I'll bet it's as light as the hair on your head." He ruffled it with his fingertip again before lowering the front of her thong. She saw his throat work as he swallowed. "Yeah, just like I thought," he rasped. He gripped her buttocks and tugged

her closer to him while he lifted his hips. His cock nudged her pussy. "Why don't you stand up and take off the thong?"

Ally smiled to herself. He was starting to lose control, and she loved it. That's exactly what she wanted—to make him as crazy for her as he had made her for him the last two weeks. Slowly she unfastened his shirt buttons. "I think it's my turn to uncover part of you." She parted the edges of his shirt and gasped. Black hair swirled over his broad chest and arrowed down his flat stomach. "Oh, my."

"Does that gleam in your eyes mean you approve of the hairy chest?"

"Oh, yes." She looked from his chest to his eyes and back again. "It's perfect." She caressed his chest, her fingertips brushing over his hard nipples. "I've fantasized about how your body looks, how it would feel against mine." She sat on his lap and scooted forward until her pussy came into contact with his shaft. "I've thought about having you inside me." Leaning forward, she dropped gentle kisses on his chest and shoulders. "You've made me hot ever since the first time I saw you. I want you so much."

Bain gathered handfuls of her hair and drew her mouth back to his. She had said the exact same words in his dream. He'd never believed in fate or that anything was predestined. Hearing Ally say the same thing now that he had heard in his dream made him believe this was where he should be, that he and Ally were supposed to be together.

It made him believe he could love again.

He reached for the zipper on the back of her dress. Looking into her eyes, he slowly lowered it. Bain pulled the dress off her shoulders and down her arms to pool at her waist. Only then did he lower his gaze to her breasts.

"Damn," he muttered. High, round, with pale pink areolas and nipples made for sucking. He cradled her breasts in his palms and lifted them. His thumbs brushed across the hard tips, over and over. Ally arched her back, as if asking for more.

"What do you want me to do?" he asked.

"Suck my nipples. Hard."

No problem there. Bain drew one into his mouth, licking it before beginning to suckle. She wrapped her arms around his head and held him close to her.

"Don't stop, Bain."

He had no intention of stopping something he enjoyed so much. He drew harder on her nipple as he caressed the opposite breast. She shifted on his lap, rubbing her pussy over his cock. Her movements quickened, her breathing deepened. Bain slid one hand to her ass and pressed her even closer to him.

"That's the way," he said huskily. "Come for me, Ally."

"Keep sucking my nipple."

He drew the hard nub back into his mouth. The stronger he sucked, the more she moaned. She rode his rod, moving her hips forward, backward, in a circle. Each time she moved, the scent of her arousal drifted to his nose. He wanted to drive his tongue inside her channel, discover if she tasted as incredible as she smelled.

"Ahhhhhhhh!"

Ally shivered and dug her fingernails into his shoulders. Bain released her nipple and urged her closer. He dropped soft kisses on her neck, her shoulder, as her body quivered from her orgasm.

Her breathing began to slow, her heart stopped pounding against his chest. Bain continued to caress her back, her buttocks, while he held her. Her pussy still nestled his cock. He lifted his hips to get closer to her warmth. He loved the tenderness, the closeness, after lovemaking. It was difficult for him to think of tenderness when he wanted to *take* her.

Ally raised her head from his shoulder. She looked into his eyes for several moments before touching his lips with her fingertips. Wrapping her arms around his neck, she kissed him deeply. Bain ran his hand between her buttocks to her anus. When she didn't object or pull away, he moved beneath her thong and gathered her cream on his finger. Spreading it over the puckered hole, he pressed his fingertip past the entrance.

Her moan of pleasure pushed him over the top. Bain stopped their kiss and rested his forehead on hers. "God, I want to be inside you."

Ally kissed him once more before she rose from his lap. Bain swallowed hard when she pushed her dress past her hips and let it fall to the floor. Her thong followed. Wearing only the red heels, she dropped to her knees before him. She reached for his belt. "I have an idea."

"What?" he croaked.

The belt now open, she unfastened the button on his pants. "I think I should play with you a little."

She slowly lowered the zipper and pulled his shaft free of his briefs. Her eyes widened. "My goodness. There's a lot to play with here."

Bain hissed when she took him in her mouth. Her tongue ran over the head, dipped into the slit, traveled down the large vein to his balls. She circled each tight orb, then made the return journey back to the head. She repeated the journey once, twice, three times.

The pleasure climbed higher and higher. Bain lifted his hips, driving his cock farther into Ally's mouth. She accepted every inch. It would be easy for Bain to let go and let the orgasm take him. Not yet. He wanted Ally to experience so much more first. He wrapped her hair around his hand and gently pulled. "You have to stop. I'm close to coming."

She bathed his balls with her tongue. "I want you to come."

"I want to lick your pussy first."

She smiled, slow and sexy. "Sounds good to me."

Bain stood and helped Ally to her feet. Grasping her waist, he lifted and set her on his desk. She gasped. "It's cold!"

"Sorry." He quickly removed his shirt so she could sit on it. "Better?"

"Much."

"Lie back."

He tugged her hips to the edge of his desk. Returning to his chair, he rolled it close to her. He used his thumbs to spread her labia. The moist flesh glistened beneath the light from his desk lamp. Her clit peeked out from its hood, hard and swollen. Bain rubbed it with his thumb. "Like this?"

Ally moaned softly. "Mmm, yes."

Replacing his thumb with his tongue, Bain licked her pussy from her clit to her ass. "How about this?"

She answered his question by hooking her hands behind her knees and spreading her legs wider.

"Oh, yeah." He licked her again, running his tongue up and down her feminine lips. "You like having your pussy licked, don't you?"

"Yesssss. Do it more."

All too happy to grant her wish, Bain tugged her a bit closer to the edge of the desk and feasted. He licked her clit, her labia, her anus. He repeated the path several times, paying special attention to her anus. He speared her with his tongue, wishing it was his cock in her ass instead.

Next time. Now, he wanted her to come on his tongue.

Bain returned to her clit, licking it slow, then fast, then slow again. Ally's breathing became heavier. She pulled her legs apart another inch. "Right there. Lick my clit. Yes! Like that."

He pushed one finger in her pussy and his thumb in her ass as he suckled her clit. Ally released a loud keening moan and her body shuddered. Bain felt the contractions pulse around his finger and thumb. He kept licking her pussy, gently, until her body stilled.

Ally released her legs and let her hands fall to the desk. Wow. Bain definitely knew what to do with his tongue. She'd suspected he would be an incredible lover, but he had surpassed all her expectations.

Lucky me.

He stood and braced his hands on either side of her. His hard cock nestled in her labia. He slid it back and forth through the wet folds, fanning her desire to life again. "I don't suppose you have a condom with you."

"In my left shoe."

"Your shoe?"

Ally nodded. "I didn't have a pocket in my dress."

She grinned when he laughed. "Hey, a gal has to be prepared."

"Absolutely." He slipped off her shoe and removed the square packet. Dropping her shoe to the floor, he ripped open the packet and prepared himself. He leaned over her once again, resting his weight on his hands. "Are you ready for me?"

"I've been ready for two weeks."

He entered her with one long stroke. Ally gripped his biceps and held them tightly. Bain slowly picked up speed as he moved inside her. He pumped, circled his hips, pumped again. Propping her feet on the desk, Ally lifted her hips and met every thrust.

"I can't believe I'm finally fucking you." He leaned forward and kissed each nipple. "I've dreamed about this. My God, you feel so good."

"So do you." She slid her hands up his arms and into his thick mane of hair. "I don't want this to ever stop."

"Then it won't."

He continued to fuck her...long, easy strokes, then short, quick ones. Ally stared into his eyes the whole time he moved inside her. She felt the connection between them, actually *felt* it.

It couldn't be anything but love.

The muscles across Bain's chest and shoulders tightened. His jaw clenched. Ally opened completely to him, letting him take from her whatever he needed. "Come inside me, Bain," she whispered.

Grabbing her hips, he pushed his cock all the way inside her and moaned loudly.

Ally welcomed his weight when he leaned forward to kiss her. His kiss was sweet, loving, tender. Love filled her heart and threatened to overflow. She longed to tell him of her feelings, but knew she couldn't yet. Bain was still recovering from a nasty divorce. He needed more time to get to know her, to realize they were perfect together.

He kissed her again, then took her hands and pulled her to a sitting position. His softening cock remained nestled inside her. "Even better than my dreams."

Ally smiled. "Mine too."

He cradled her jaw, rubbing her cheek with his thumb. "So where do we go from here?"

"Umm, how about my house?"

He frowned, but Ally could see the humor in his eyes. "That's not what I meant."

"I know." She took his hand from her face and kissed his palm. "I...care deeply for you and I want to be with you. Exclusively. But I won't put any pressure on you. Please believe that."

"I can't see where being with you exclusively would be any hardship on me."

"So do you want to give us a try, see what happens?"

Bain nodded. "Yeah, I'd like that."

Ally's heart soared with happiness.

He dropped a gentle kiss on her lips. "How about if we get dressed and go out to dinner? You've mentioned O'Sullivan's several times. Maybe we can find a corner table where I can steal a kiss every few minutes."

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"I have a better idea." She wrapped her arms around his neck. "Let's call in an order to go and take it back to my house with the champagne. We'll eat in front of the fireplace. Then we'll make love again. You can steal all the kisses you want."

Bain smiled. "That is a better idea. You're on."

The End

## About the Author

Lynn LaFleur's writing career has included winning several writing contests. She was a semi-finalist twice in the prestigious Golden Heart Contest of Romance Writers of America. She served on the board of the RWA Chapter in Sacramento, California, for four years, as secretary and activities director.

Lynn can't imagine ever writing anything except romances. "I love writing about a man and a woman falling in love. If you enjoy the story I tell enough to smile in places, shed a tear at times, or get a warm and fuzzy feeling, that is my greatest reward."

After living on the West Coast for twenty-one years, Lynn is back in Texas. She works for her small-town newspaper during the day and writes books of romance at night.

Lynn welcomes comments from readers. You can find her website and email address on her author bio page at www.ellorascave.com.

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