

Sack Time: a Romantic Comedy

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Sack Time A Stand-Alone Romantic Comedy

A.M. Willard

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To Shari

My sleepy sunshine... Because of you and how you can disappear on me in text, Sack Time was

created...

I love you my little eggplant lover you...

Sherry

Do you ever fall asleep in the weirdest places? I'm not talking about on the sofa while binge watching Netflix on a Saturday night... No, I'm talking about on your desk at work, eating a nice dinner with your roommate (because who could date a walking zombie), or how about today when I fell asleep during my yearly OB/GYN appointment. Which, by the way, is happening now, and I'm going to leave this office mortified in more ways than one.

Let's rewind a few minutes, shall we? I mean, you totally need to get the FULL effect of this humiliation. Here I am, all five-feet-two-inches laying on the uncomfortable chair in the tiny room. Oh, let's not forget the thin paper blanket covering my body that's only dressed in an even worse paper-plastic gown. Seriously, why are we forced to wear this? Can't we get real robes in these places? I've been asking Dr. Davis Sr. this same question for the past five years that I've been coming here. You'll understand my dilemma here soon... Yes, you read the last sentence correctly, five years I've been coming here at least once every year. I mean, a woman who's twenty-five-years-old needs to have her check-ups and birth control filled, right? Not that I'm getting laid regularly; that would require me to stay awake long enough to make it out on time for a date.

Laying back I make myself as comfortable as I can and stare up at the dingy off-white ceiling tiles. I start to count them row by row, gridding them off one by one in my OCD way that I do when I count to stay awake. This is the only thing that I've been able to do over the last few years to stay awake. Seems the focusing on numbers keeps the sleepy side of my brain working. Time passes, and I stop counting; shifting on the temporary table, the thin fake blanket falls to the ground. I lay here contemplating if I want to actually move and pick it up, or just wait it out a little longer before moving; hell, I'm comfy. Deciding to forego picking it up, I adjust my robe and before I know it my eyes slide shut. Time is nothing to figure in at this point, because when I'm out, I'm out until I startle or hear voices.

"Miss. Wilde, I'm Dr. Davis Jr., and it's a pleasure to meet you." The deep, raspy voice booms throughout the tiny space causing me to fly up straight, halfway falling off the table. Lucky or not so lucky for me, I'm caught by a pair of arms that are totally not MY Dr. Davis' arms. Nope, those are not his frail older arms... And that voice isn't the voice of a man who's been doing this for over thirty years... My face comes level with his as he's bending down to push me back up. My throat's dry like I just swallowed a handful of sand from the beach as I stare into his graphite gray eyes. They resemble the ones I'm used to seeing, but they don't belong on this imposter's body.

Leaning back up, I wipe my eyes as I try to focus on what's going on and where I am. I don't recall making an appointment with anyone other than my doctor, so who's this person? I know for a fact that my Dr. Davis is the only doctor who works in this practice. It's only been him over the last five years. Just as I go to ask, I happen to notice that the light paper robe is wide open, and my goodies are on full display. I shouldn't let this bother me because what has an OB/GYN not seen before? Pretty sure they've seen a pair of boobies, and if they haven't—well hello, here's mine for you to stare at. Grabbing the side and crossing it over my chest, I gather my wits and clear my throat.

"Sorry, who are you again?"

"Dr. Davis, well junior, that is."

"Oh... Well, I made my appointment with your father...He's been my doctor for years, and I don't think this'll work," I say quickly as there is NO way he is looking at my tunnel of love.

"I assure you that you're in good hands, Miss. Wilde, and since I've taken over the practice, my father has turned over all his patients to me."

I sit here staring at him like he's grown a set of horns. How did they not alert me of this change when I scheduled my appointment? Or, for that matter, checked in? This has to be against some policy, law, or hazard to the general population. I liked coming here to see his father; he's old, and it's not weird when he's down in between my legs looking around the tunnel of love for issues. Or, what's going to happen when he has to push and grab the double lattes? My heart rate speeds up, and a tiny bubble of sweat forms on my forehead. Someone has stolen my ability to speak, or act like a normal human being because right now all I can do is stare at him.

Jumping down from the table, half of the stupid robe catches on the side of those foot contraptions and rips in half. Great, now my body is on full display. I ignore it and dash over to the corner, pulling the 80's style curtain closed so I can dress.

"Miss. Wilde, is everything okay?" he asks from the other side of the room.

"Yes.... Well, no it's not okay. You can't be old enough to stare at my goodies, and I refuse to allow you to touch me. I demand to see your father." My voice booms from behind my current shelter, and if I'm not mistaken, I swear I just heard a soft chuckle coming from him. I peek my head around and look at him. Yep, that smug ass is leaning against the counter, tapping his pen against my file with the sexiest smile I've ever seen on someone's face.

Quickly, I run through the reasons this appointment shouldn't happen.

Reason One: Never allow a handsome man to examine your lady parts.

Reason Two: Never let someone that you might be attracted to, to dig around in an area that should not be violated in that manner.

Reason Three: I can't remember when the last time I waxed was, so revert back to reason one.

Lord, this list could go forever, but at some point, I just have to pull this curtain back and face him. Dressed and satisfied that I'm covered, I slide the thin material back and square my shoulders at the imposter of a doctor. My voice is quiet and steady. "I'm sorry for the inconvenience, but I'll need to reschedule at a later time."

"Why?"

"Why, what?" I ask, scrunching up my face as I can't understand why he thinks this is normal.

"Do you care to explain to me why you're dressed and about to walk out without your exam?"

"Not really, just... just I don't feel like doing it right now, okay," I quickly respond. Grabbing my purse, I sling it over my shoulder and huff over to the door.

"My father is retiring; just thought you should know that you'll eventually have to see me or change doctors. If it would make you feel better, you can call me Greyson or Dr. Greyson."

I stop in my tracks with my hand on the handle to my escape. The room's heating up, and I feel like I'm someone just turned the heat on. "Guess I'm looking for a new older doctor," I state firmly before I head out into the hall. Briskly I make a dash to the check-out counter; plopping my purse up on the counter I stick my head through the window for a familiar face. Not seeing the usual receptionist behind the desk now, I slouch forward in defeat.

"What's happening," I say out loud to only be startled by the raspy sexy voice behind me.

"Panic attack, denial, afraid of change. It could be many things, but without examining you, or doing a Q&A session, I can't help you." Dr. Davis—or the junior, I should say—cracks his funny joke only to cause me to cut my eyes in his direction.

"All done, Miss. Wilde?" the peppy nurse's voice beams with excitement as my head spins back to her.

"No, no I'm not all done, and I need a new appointment with his father." I practically scream it at her, causing a snort from behind.

"Sorry, but he's no longer accepting appointments. Want me to reschedule you?"

"No, no I don't," I say, snatching my purse off the counter. I stop, turn toward him and go to open my mouth, but nothing comes out. How can I respond to him while those graphite gray eyes are staring back at me with a cocky grin? I leave frustrated and not to mention without my prescription because I couldn't let the tunnel be searched.

Greyson

Today definitely hasn't panned out like I thought it would. No, in fact, it's like the worse day in the history of first days. Yesterday, I showed up to allow Dad to show me around the office. It wasn't like the first time I'd ever been to his practice; he felt the need to show me the ropes, introduce me to the staff, and hand over his office. I'd expected him to be here this morning, especially since he never said anything to me about skipping out on my first day. When I called him this morning, his response was, "Son, you've gotta leap, and if I'm there holding your hand you'll do nothing but depend on me." He might've been right. It would've been good to know this beforehand as it would've given me time to prepare myself. The image of shadowing him while he introduced me to his patients must've been some foreign dream because today I'm going in blind and oblivious to them all. For the most part, they've all been understanding, and hell even accepting of me taking over the practice. I talked with our office manager about putting together some kind of flyer that can be mailed out to everyone. This should've been done months ago, but while I was packing up my apartment and finding a new one here in Miami, Dad forgot to let his roster know about my arrival.

I stand in the hallway just outside my next appointment, scratching my head as I read over her file before entering. Yes, it's what I do before each appointment today. Don't get me wrong, I'd do this on any given day, but today I'm playing catch up—scanning for something important before making a fool of myself. Stand, read, and walk-in while praying that the female behind the door is accepting; this is being repeated at every door.

"Miss. Wilde, I'm Dr. Davis, and it's a pleasure to meet you," I say while entering the room. My voice startles her, causing me to leap forward to catch her before we have a head injury added to the list of things today. When I take a chance to look at her, I'm taken back with how her skin looks to be made of porcelain, and her eyes resemble an icy blue crystal. I swallow before I speak, then

help her back up to the seat. It's then that I notice her gown has come open, and I try to avert my gaze from her perfect chest. This is the one thing you learn in medical school... Do not pay attention to any particular area of the women's body. Especially when you are the treating doctor. Miss. Wilde goes on and on about why she needs to leave and how I can't examine her today. She's flushed, and I can see tiny beads of sweat forming on her forehead. Her once pale, perfect complexion is now dressed with tones of pink filtering across her skin; even her neck has flared up to the point where I want to run my long fingers against her skin. I want to take her pulse to see if it matches mine at this moment.

I shake my head and go back to the cardinal rules...

Rule number one: Don't sleep with a patient.

Rule number two: Don't envision doing dirty things to your patient.

Rule number three: Don't sleep with a patient.

Leaning against the counter, I try to focus on something other than the woman before me who's now dressed and running from the exam room. My long legs move out into the hallway where I can listen to her beg the nurse for another appointment with my father. I can't help the small chuckle that emits from my throat as I grab the next file and read it. Before I enter the next room, I stop and turn back toward the counter where she's shifting from one side to the other, drumming her fingers against the laminate. I can't help but hope she comes back. I'll need to dig deep to fight the attraction. All I have to remember are the rules—that should be easy enough, right?

Pulling into my parking space at the condo, I throw my car into park before I run my fingers through my chestnut brown hair. Today was more than I bargained for. Ever since the cute blonde known as Sherry Wilde ran from my office like it was on fire, I can't stop thinking about her. Before leaving, I found out that she refused to make an appointment and said she'd call back. I don't know if she thinks the situation will change and Dad will be back, but either way, it's probably for the best. I need to be honest with myself, my self-control of keeping my dick in my pants isn't my strong suit. No, I'm not a man whore, I just appreciate a nice-looking woman. I'm a hot-blooded single dude, do you blame me? Just sitting here in my car thinking about her causes me to shift in my seat. I slide out my phone and scroll through my contacts. This is what I like about being single: I have options, and many of them still live in Miami just waiting to land Dr. Davis Jr.

My finger hovers over Suzanne's name; her long legs and bronze skin taunts me. With one tap, I'm sending her a message.

Me: Care to join me for drinks out by the pool and fun later?

Alarming my sleek black Lexus GS 350, I head toward the bank of elevators that'll lead me to my half empty condo. I've only been back for a week, and this place is twice the size of my apartment back in Savannah. That place was like a matchbox while I finished my residency. Dad helped me find this place as it's close to the water and not to mention the office and hospital. I toss my keys and wallet down on the dining table before checking to see if Suzanne responded. My night might be looking up.

Suzanne: See you in an hour.

Perfect, I've got enough time to shower, grab a beer, and relax for a moment. Once in the master bath, I turn the knob all the way to hot, heating up the water to adjust and wipe the tension from

the day away. Today was a slower day, no babies, only about thirty people; I think that's what I counted from the stack of files on the corner of my desk. I hear the faint ding from the phone, sliding it open I see it's from my father.

Dad: Hope your first day was easy. I'll come by tomorrow for lunch.

Me: It was interesting, and lunch sounds good.

He actually did pull a fast one on me. The more I think about it, I should've seen it coming. I mean, his office was empty the day I showed up for my walk-thru. That should've been my clue, but no, I was blind to the fact that my father was actually done. He's been counting down the days until I returned for the past four years. I tried to get out of it as I wanted to start fresh someplace else and not follow in his footsteps. With the determination of both my parents, I caved and agreed. Now, I just have to fight them on the settling down and starting a family conversation. That'll come later, much later. Right now, it's time to focus, find my release with the ones that I know can deliver, and, of course, the growth of the practice.

Dressed in khaki cargo shorts and a pale blue pullover, I pace the condo until Suzanne buzzes. I've learned from the past when she arrives you head out, or you'll never leave. At times this isn't bad, but tonight's a meet and mingle for the condo. Since I'm new, I already RSVP'd to the thing and need to meet my neighbors. Maybe I shouldn't have invited her, but at least this way I can watch from a distance, admire the ones worthy of looking at, and with her on my arm, it'll fight the needy people off. Tonight's still young, and anything can happen.

Sherry

I told Ava that I'd meet her out by the pool as I left her giggling so hard she was crying over my day. For the life of me, I don't know why we're friends. Of course, her response was, "Sherry, it's been so long since a man has seen your tunnel that you should've just allowed him in. I mean, at least the cobwebs would be wiped away." After that statement, I grab a tissue, since I've been sneezing since I arrived home, and my book. It'll be at least thirty minutes before she joins me. That'll give me time to read and relax. Well, that's if I can stay awake long enough. I refused to take an allergy pill when I arrived home just so I could keep my eyes open for our evening. Making my way out to the lounge chair, I cover the plastic with a towel before sitting. Adjusting the back, I cut my eyes around the place and notice that not many people are here yet. This thing will be another bust, but the food and drinks are good which keeps us coming back each month. Crossing my legs, I open my book and begin to read. I can feel my eyes growing dark, and as much as I try to fight it, I'm not going to win. Glancing at my watch, I notice that I have a few minutes before Ava will join me. Laying the book on my chest, I take this chance to rest a moment. It's not until I'm being shaken and yelled at by Ava that I quickly realize that just a moment turned into drool-worthy sleep. Sitting up, I wipe the corner of my mouth that's dripping like a Saint Bernard that just drinks from a water fountain.

With wide eyes, I glance toward Ava to get the nod of approval that I'm back to being human, leaving the canine species in the past.

"Can you ever stay awake?"

"I manage a few hours a day," I say, shrugging her off. It's not my fault that I need to sleep like twenty hours a day. Wait, I have two cats, so maybe they are rubbing off on me. You know how when you and your best friend sync up in cycles? Maybe me, Mr. Tinkerbelle and Miss. Peter Pan are twins. Don't snicker at his name... I thought he was a she when I adopted him. Hint to the reason

it's now Mr. Tinkerbell. It's also why his sister is Miss. Peter Pan. Apparently, not only do I have a problem with staying awake, but I also can't read the check box on the sex of my feline friends. It's not like either of them had balls or a penis sticking out saying, 'Hey look, don't call me Tinkerbell, I've got nuts.'

"Seriously, you need to see a doctor about this, Sherry. How did you manage to live alone before I moved back in?"

"Alarms, timers, oh and really loud alarms. Look, Ava, it's nothing new, and I can deal with this," I say while standing. Once I'm upright, I stretch and work out the kink in my neck from sleeping on the hard-plastic lounge chair.

"People are starting to show up, let's get a drink and eat so we can bust out this joint," I say before walking toward the reception section of the pool patio.

"I'll follow, don't need you sleepwalking again." Ava's snide remark causes me to laugh. I can't be upset with her, because I know she's right. It's happened in the past, and pretty sure I might repeat it in the future. I'm a sleeping time bomb... I question it myself daily.

Grabbing one of the small white ceramic plates, I lean over to get a napkin and a few utensils. It's then that I drop the plate and send it crashing to the brick pavers below us.

"What the hell, Sherry!" Ava's voice booms from beside me. Quickly I grab her arm and pull her closer to me to whisper, "That's him, Dr. Tunnel Love who wants to violate me."

"He's hot as sin, and I think I'm about to change doctors now."

"Ava Williams, do you hear yourself? Come on, we need to go, now."

"Calm down, he hasn't even seen you, and why would we pass up on these mini egg rolls," she says before popping one in her mouth. I take a chance to glance at him again, and sure as shit, he's spotted me. Dr. Davis is standing with his broad shoulders across the way, sporting that sideways smirk he was giving me in the office this afternoon, and I swear he just winked at me. Who does that with their girlfriend standing next to them? Oh, the man who has no morals, that's who.

"Oh, he sees me... Smug bastard," I say, snatching another plate from the stack as I give a sad smile to the guy cleaning up my mess.

Ava nudges me in the shoulder, causing me to snap my eyes back up at her. That's when I notice him walking toward us both with the model-like female following close on his heels.

"Evening, Miss. Wilde, and..." he questions as he thrusts his hand out to Ava. Of course, my best friend breaks all code as she takes his hand. "Ava Williams, it's a pleasure to meet you."

"It's a pleasure to meet you," I repeat to myself as I shove mini egg rolls and some Bruschetta on my plate. I don't hang around and listen to them make conversation, nope I hightail it out of that tiny space and make my way back to my lounge chair. Just as I take a bite of my egg roll, I notice them walking toward me. No, not just Ava, but all three of them. Heat rushes through my body. At this point, I'm not sure if it's because they're following Ava, or just the fact that he's here at our monthly party. With eyes wide, it dawns on me. Dr. Davis doesn't even have a chance to sit before I practically scream at him, "Do you live here? I mean, in this building or are you using your powers to follow me?"

"Sherry," Ava says as she knocks into my shoulder.

"No, I'm not misusing any superhero powers that you think I have. I live here, well, since about three days ago that is."

"Oh," is the only thing I can manage to say while I calculate how many months we have left in our lease. Shit, six months before I can move.

The arm candy sitting next to him glances between us, then pipes up with her mousey voice. "How do you know each other?"

"We don't know each other. Greyson happens to have taken over my doctor's job."

"You really have a hang up over that, don't you," he says while placing his hand on my knee, causing me to jerk it back from his light touch.

"So she's your patient," the girl with no name states. I can't help but glare at her. I mean, how did she not understand my last statement. Usually, if someone takes over your doctor's job, that means you have become a new patient to said new doctor.

"Who are you?" I ask.

"Oh, this is a friend of mine, Suzanne. We go way back to our high school days."

"How sweet," I say as I divert my attention back to my plate.

Silence overtakes our little foursome we've got going on over here. Ava sits next to me, looking at us all. Suzanne stares up at Dr. Davis with eyes of hunger. I, on the other hand, am trying to get the hell away from them all. It's bad enough that he got to see a peek at my goodies today, which by the look on his face right now, he's thinking back to them.

Standing, I almost knock the small table over that's situated between the two lounge chairs. "Alright, well it was great meeting you, Suzanne. Ava, I'll see upstairs."

"Aren't you going to tell me bye, welcome to the club, or something," he questions me. I turn, square my shoulders, and glare like no other stare down before, "Nope." And just like that, I walk away from the person who causes my body to tingle in areas that shouldn't be.

Once I'm in the lobby waiting for the elevator, my back slinks against the wall, and I let out a long breath of air that I've been holding since I spotted him. The ding from the doors opening causes me to push off and enter. Hitting the button to my floor, an arm blocks the two doors from meeting. Just as I go to move away, I see him enter.

"Seriously, are you kidding me right now? What is your problem?"

"I wanted to officially introduce myself since we're neighbors; you know, to see if we can be social."

"For the record, I am social, and this is totally not acceptable."

With his hand out to me, he prompts, "Hi, I'm Greyson, and I just moved here, and you are?"

I linger for a moment as I take a quick glance to the lit up floors above the door. I know the

eleventh floor is coming soon, and I give in.

"Sherry Wilde, pleased to meet you Greyson, and welcome to the building," I say with my hand in his. Even though I'm done, I can't seem to let go of his hand as the door opens for me to exit. Our eyes are locked together, not blinking, not making a move to redirect the other. The doors close and before I know it we're headed back down to the lobby.

"I think you missed your floor."

I gulp down the connection. "I guess you're right."

He steps closer to me, not breaking our hands apart but allowing them to fall in between us. "Does this mean we can be on talking terms, or are you going to hold being your doctor against me?"

"Technically, you never saw me, and I don't know how to answer that."

"Have dinner with me," he says, causing me to turn my head sideways as my eyes flutter up toward his. The one side of my brain is telling me to say no, while the other says yes. Then again, I know I have to say no because according to the five other offices that accept my insurance in this town, no one has any openings for new patients for at least four months or longer.

"I don't think so, Dr. Davis," I say, tugging my hand out of his grip before the doors open again. When I take a chance to look out, I see Ava and the one named Suzanne.

"That's a shame," he says low enough for only me to hear before stepping away from me. Now that there's space between us, I can finally breathe to slow my heart rate down and ignore the questioning eyes of my best friend. The elevator is so quiet that I can hear myself breathing. Which means everyone around me can too. When the doors open I practically race out and toward my apartment door with Ava fast on my heels.

Not wasting time, Ava starts in, "What was that in the elevator? I swear if those doors didn't open he was going to kiss you."

"You must be seeing things; it wasn't like that. We were just doing the official introduction of names and starting over. That's all."

"Oh you like him, don't you?" *

From a bestselling author comes a romantic comedy where ethics are thrown out the window, and the rulebook is forever changed...

Sherry

I'm going to die an old maid with ten cats; Oh wait, I already have two;

I'm never going to feel the arms of a man around my waist again; Well, that's what I thought until a pair caught me from face planting on the floor of my OB/GYN's office. I didn't even notice that my paper gown was open, showing off my double lattes to the man I was least expecting; Greyson Davis is the reason I need to set boundaries and rules; rules that I can't break.

Greyson

The first thing you're taught in ethics class is not to fall for a patient. They don't teach you how to not fall for one, just said that you shouldn't. Everything changed the second I walked in to see my sixth patient of the day. That's when I set eyes on the sexy blonde bombshell who would cause me to break every rule ever written.

Top Comedy Movies 2018 - The Independent Sack Time a Romantic Comedy by A.M. Willard - I love the long exposure shots where the photographer plays with the light like this. The first time that this ceremony took place was on Baisakhi, which fell on 30 March 1699 at. Enter for your chance to win trips, movie passes, DVDs and much more. A title that is also on the cover of her book on the warrior, Hari Singh Equalizer 2 On Demand Xfinity - Rumor has it is a quirky romantic comedy about a young woman named Sarah that her family inspired the making of the classic book and film "The Graduate. Bat - SH (2018), Camping Sleeping Bag with Compression Sack 4 Seasons Mummy Now its time for Wahoo to give Garmin a run for its money in the form of the All 10 John Mulaney & The Sack Lunch Bunch' Songs, Ranked - Decider All 10 John Mulaney & The Sack Lunch Bunch' Songs, Ranked - Rakuten One More Christmas - We've compiled a list of the best romantic comedies on Netflix including The film is a joy from start to finish, letting you relive a time when who Tomas from the orphanage - Bizitome - Rakuten Top 100 Romantic Comedies of All Time (English Only) - IMDb - BOOKS. BY. A.M.. WILLARD. The One Night Series: One Night Volume 1 FREE of Love Series: A Romantic Comedy Frosted Sweets Volume 1 FREE Sugary Titles: Love on the Screen Hearts in Florence Fading Memories Sack Time Tic Rockstar Romance Books 2018 - TV Guide The 30 best romantic comedy movies, ranked - BOOKS. BY. A.M.. WILLARD. The One Night Series: One Night Volume 1 FREE of Love Series: A Romantic Comedy Frosted Sweets Volume 1 FREE Sugary Titles: Love on the Screen Hearts in Florence Fading Memories Sack Time Tic 50 Best Christmas Movies Ranked - Sack Time: a Romantic Comedy Kindle Edition. Find all the books, read about the author, and more. From a bestselling author comes a romantic comedy where ethics are thrown out the window, and the rulebook is forever changed... I'm going to die an old maid with ten cats!

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