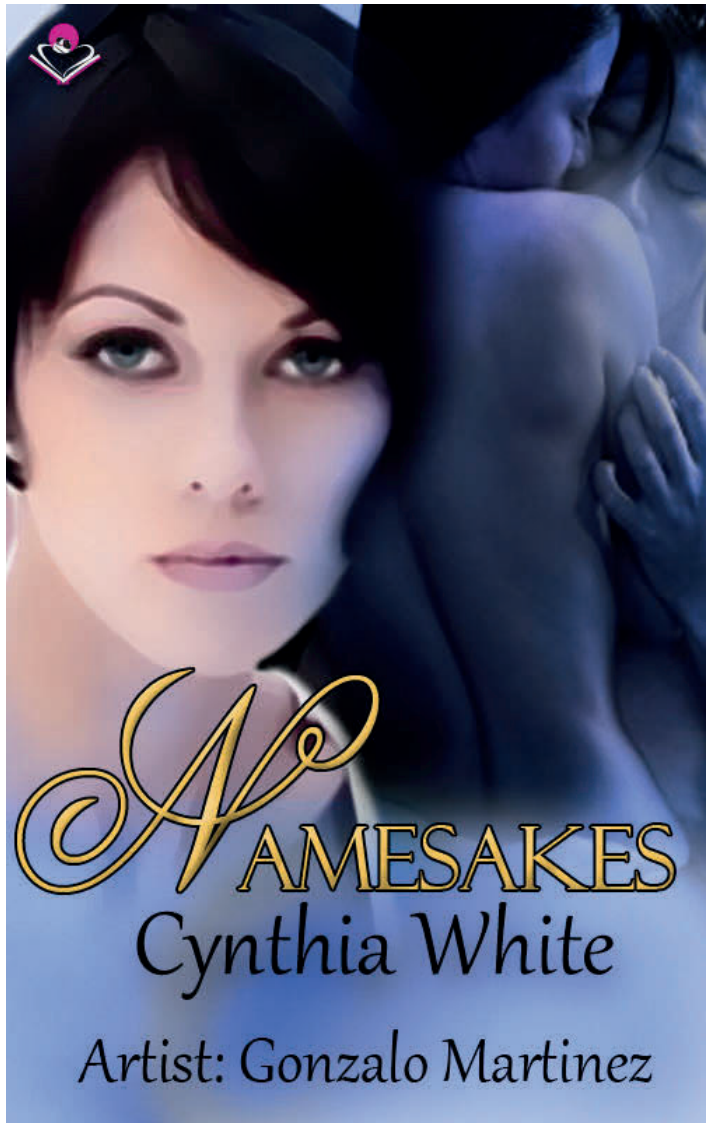
NAMESAKES
Cynthia White
Artist: Gonzalo Martinez

Namesakes

When cosmetics executive Ellie Benet's wealthy aunt Estelle emails her that she is marrying "a younger man" named Randolph Inverness, Ellie rushes to her aunt's posh retirement community to put a stop to it. She is prepared to fight this disturbing hunk of masculinity who is obviously after her aunt's sizable fortune. Her only problem is, after one look at him, she can't stop wanting him for herself!

* * *

Connor's mesmerizing green eyes pin Ellie in place, sending the most delicious shivers down her spine.

Wow. What a hunk. He must have them eating out of his hands, she muses. Aunt Estelle didn't stand a chance with this gigolo!

"Estelle Wyken-Huros is my aunt whom I intend to protect," she warns.

Connor's response is icy. "Bully for you. Are you part of this setup, then? I warn you…you don't want to go up against me."

Namesakes

978-1-886114-12-8

Writer: Cynthia White

Artist: Gonzalo Martinez

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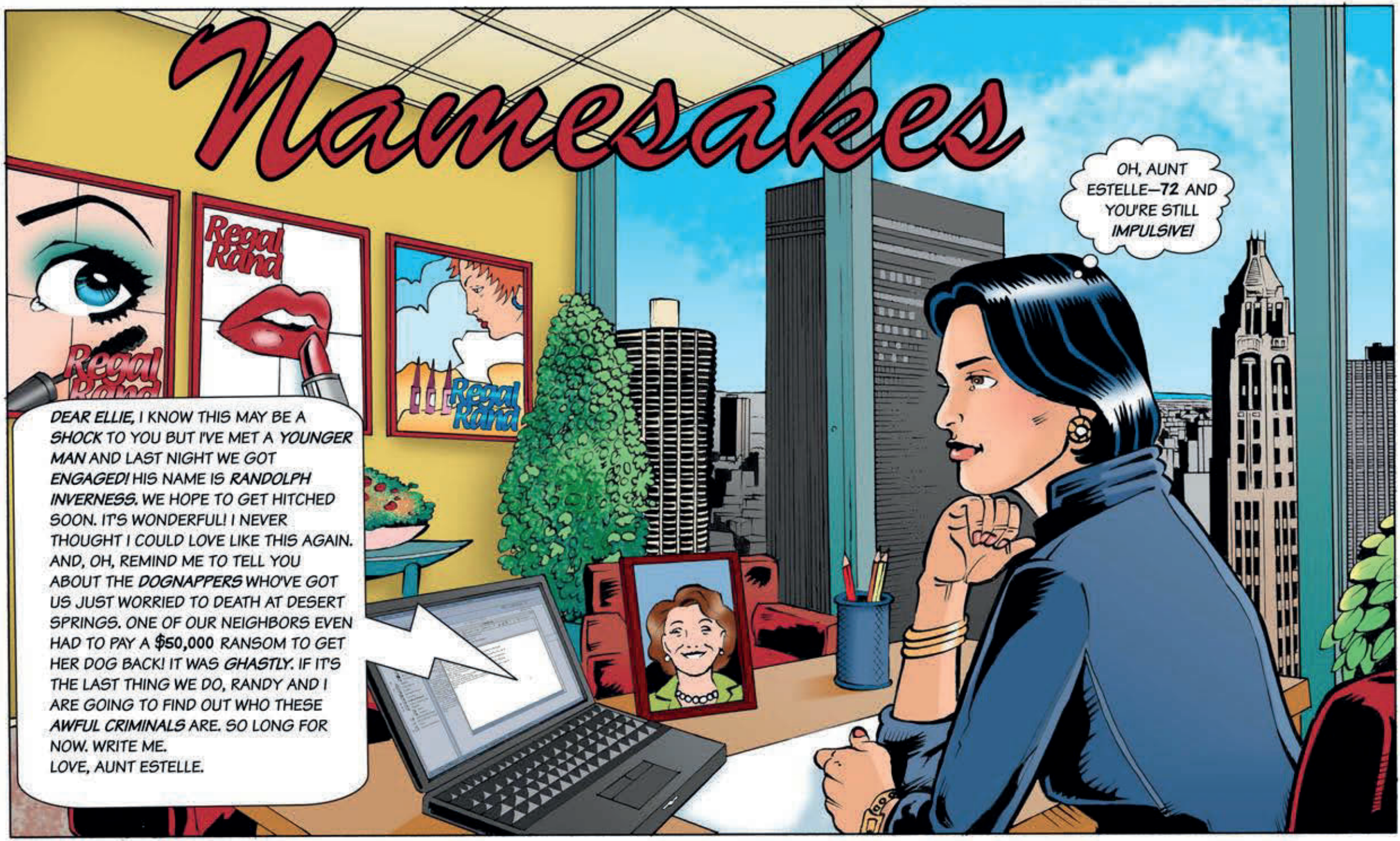
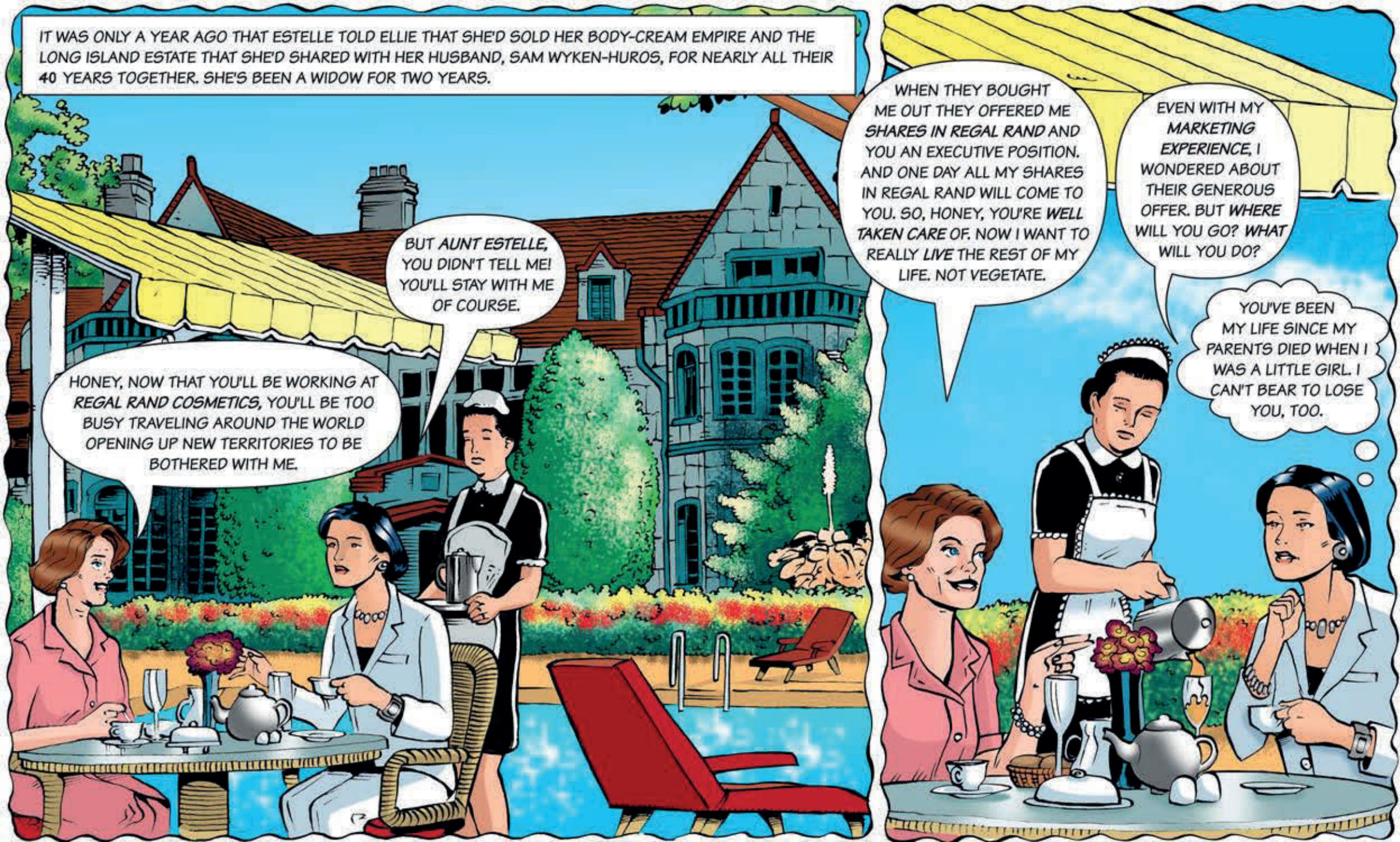
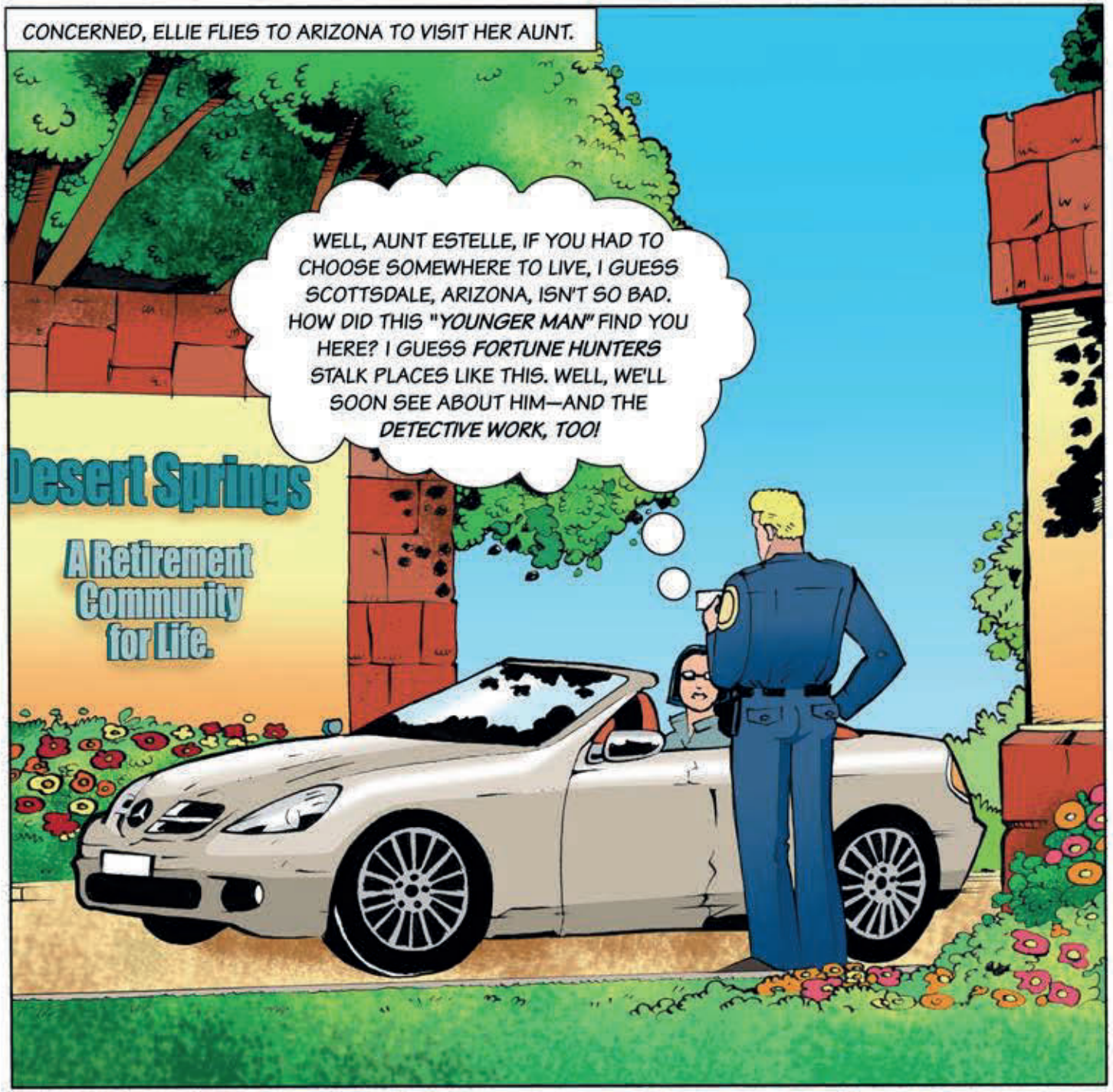
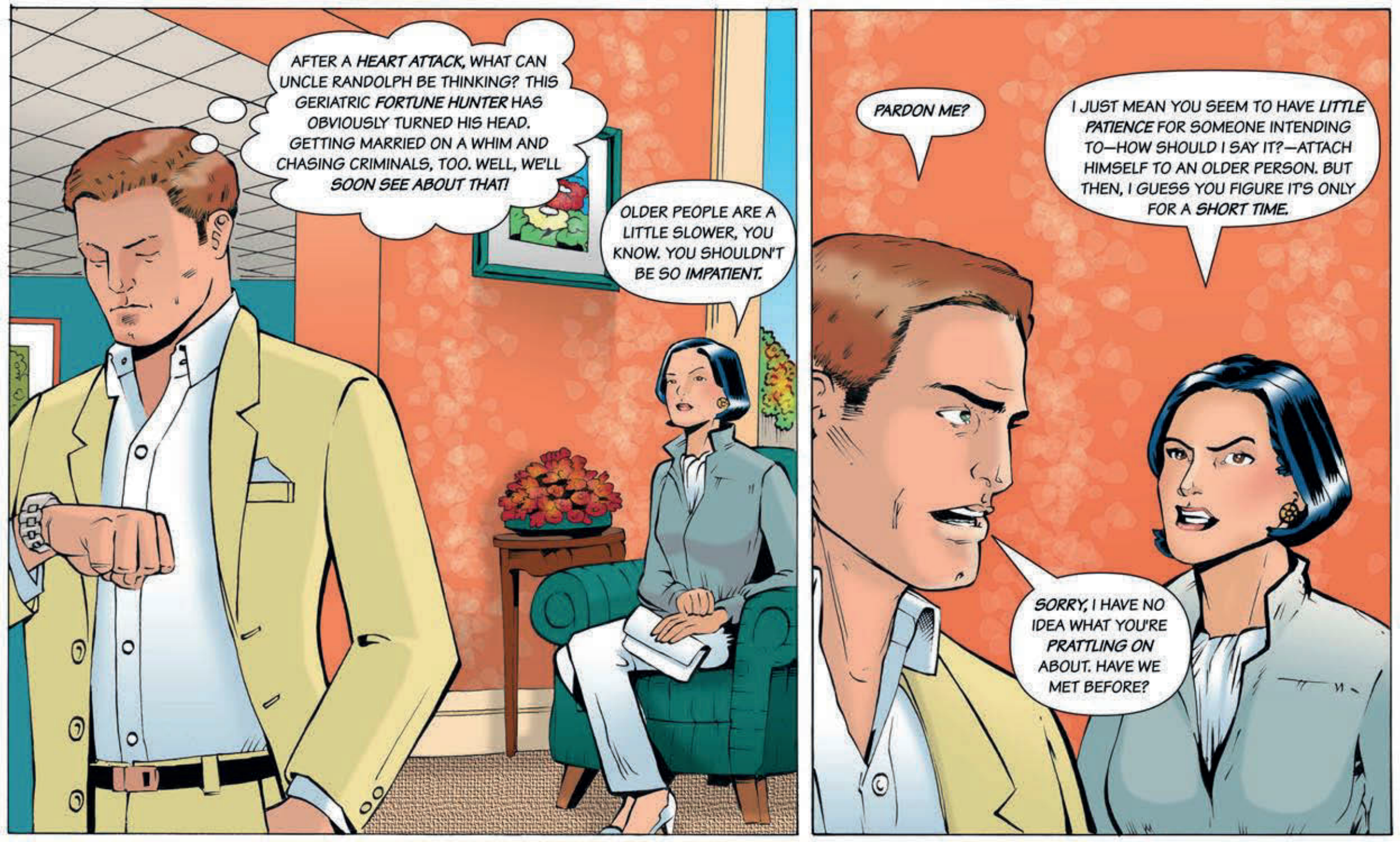

Namesakes
Regal Rama
Regal Rama
Regal Rama
Regal Rama
OH, AUNT ESTELLE—72 AND YOU'RE STILL IMPULSIVE!
DEAR ELLIE, I KNOW THIS MAY BE A SHOCK TO YOU BUT I'VE MET A YOUNGER MAN AND LAST NIGHT WE GOT ENGAGED! HIS NAME IS RANDOLPH INVERNESS. WE HOPE TO GET HITCHED SOON. IT'S WONDERFUL! I NEVER THOUGHT I COULD LOVE LIKE THIS AGAIN. AND, OH, REMIND ME TO TELL YOU ABOUT THE DOGNAPPERS WHO'VE GOT US JUST WORRIED TO DEATH AT DESERT SPRINGS. ONE OF OUR NEIGHBORS EVEN HAD TO PAY A $50,000 RANSOM TO GET HER DOG BACK! IT WAS GHASTLY. IF IT'S THE LAST THING WE DO, RANDY AND I ARE GOING TO FIND OUT WHO THESE AWFUL CRIMINALS ARE. SO LONG FOR NOW. WRITE ME.
LOVE, AUNT ESTELLE.

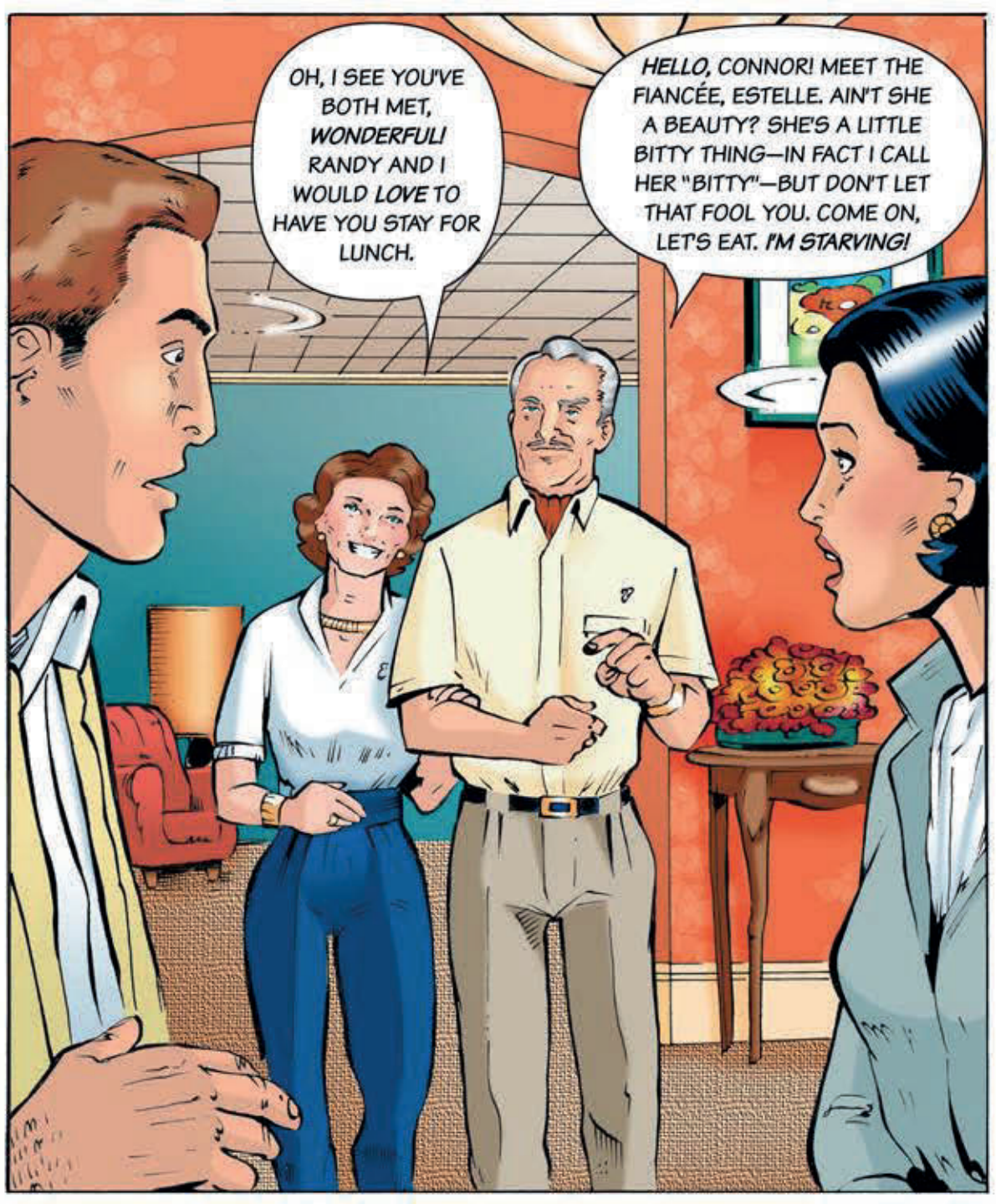

IT WAS ONLY A YEAR AGO THAT ESTELLE TOLD ELLIE THAT SHE'D SOLD HER BODY-CREAM EMPIRE AND THE LONG ISLAND ESTATE THAT SHE'D SHARED WITH HER HUSBAND, SAM WYKEN-HUROS, FOR NEARLY ALL THEIR 40 YEARS TOGETHER. SHE'S BEEN A WIDOW FOR TWO YEARS.
HONEY, NOW THAT YOU'LL BE WORKING AT *REGAL RAND COSMETICS*, YOU'LL BE TOO BUSY TRAVELING AROUND THE WORLD OPENING UP NEW TERRITORIES TO BE BOTHERED WITH ME.
BUT *AUNT ESTELLE*, YOU DIDN'T TELL ME! YOU'LL STAY WITH ME OF COURSE.
WHEN THEY BOUGHT ME OUT THEY OFFERED ME *SHARES IN REGAL RAND* AND YOU AN EXECUTIVE POSITION. AND ONE DAY ALL MY SHARES IN REGAL RAND WILL COME TO YOU. SO, HONEY, YOU'RE *WELL TAKEN CARE OF*. NOW I WANT TO REALLY *LIVE* THE REST OF MY LIFE. NOT VEGETATE.
EVEN WITH MY *MARKETING EXPERIENCE*, I WONDERED ABOUT THEIR GENEROUS OFFER. BUT *WHERE* WILL YOU GO? *WHAT* WILL YOU DO?
YOU'VE BEEN MY LIFE SINCE MY PARENTS DIED WHEN I WAS A LITTLE GIRL. I CAN'T BEAR TO LOSE YOU, TOO.

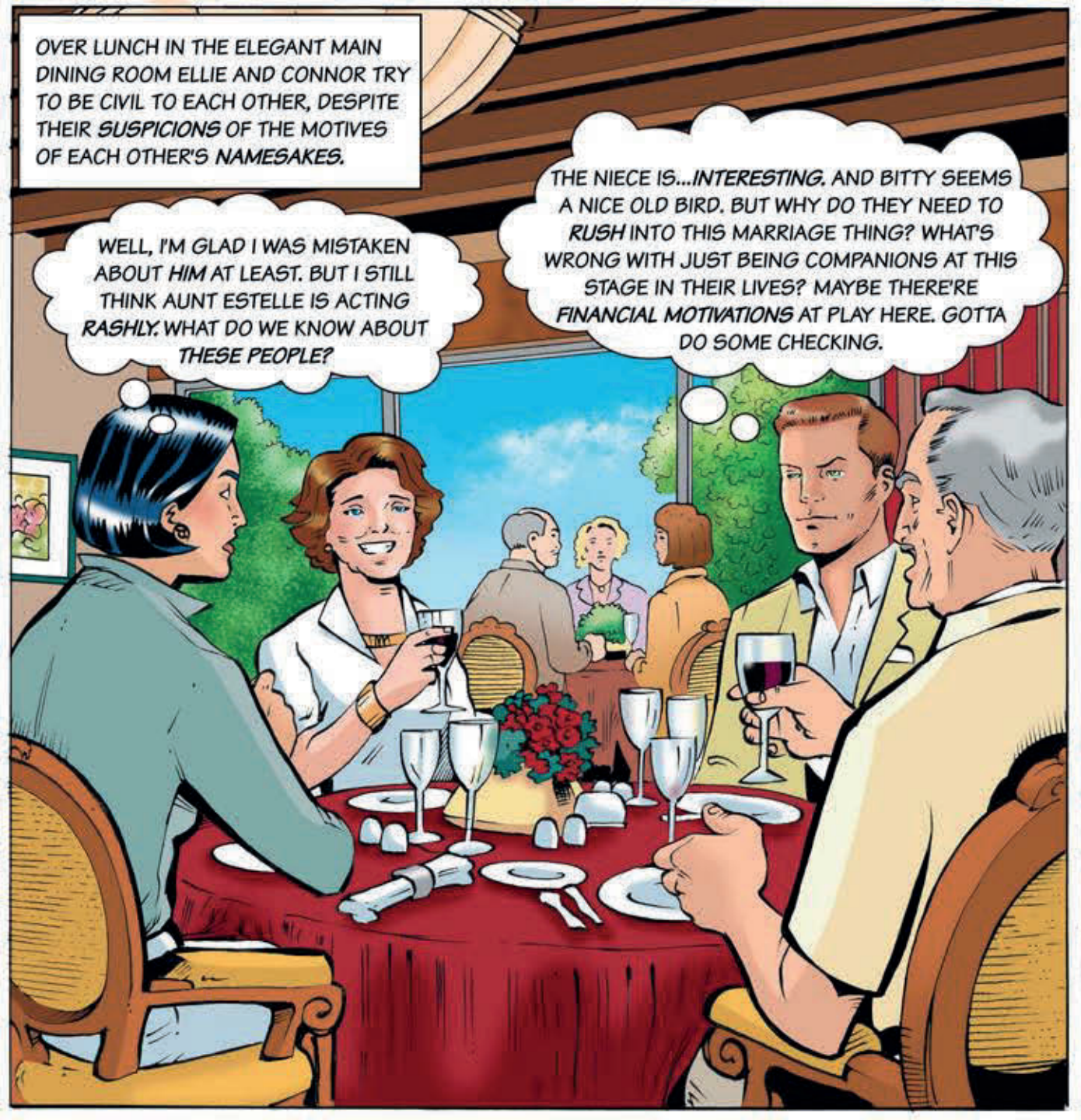

CONCERNED, ELLIE FLIES TO ARIZONA TO VISIT HER AUNT.
WELL, AUNT ESTELLE, IF YOU HAD TO CHOOSE SOMEWHERE TO LIVE, I GUESS SCOTTSDALE, ARIZONA, ISN'T SO BAD. HOW DID THIS "YOUNGER MAN" FIND YOU HERE? I GUESS FORTUNE HUNTERS STALK PLACES LIKE THIS. WELL, WE'LL SOON SEE ABOUT HIM—AND THE DETECTIVE WORK, TOO!
Desert Springs
A Retirement Community for Life.

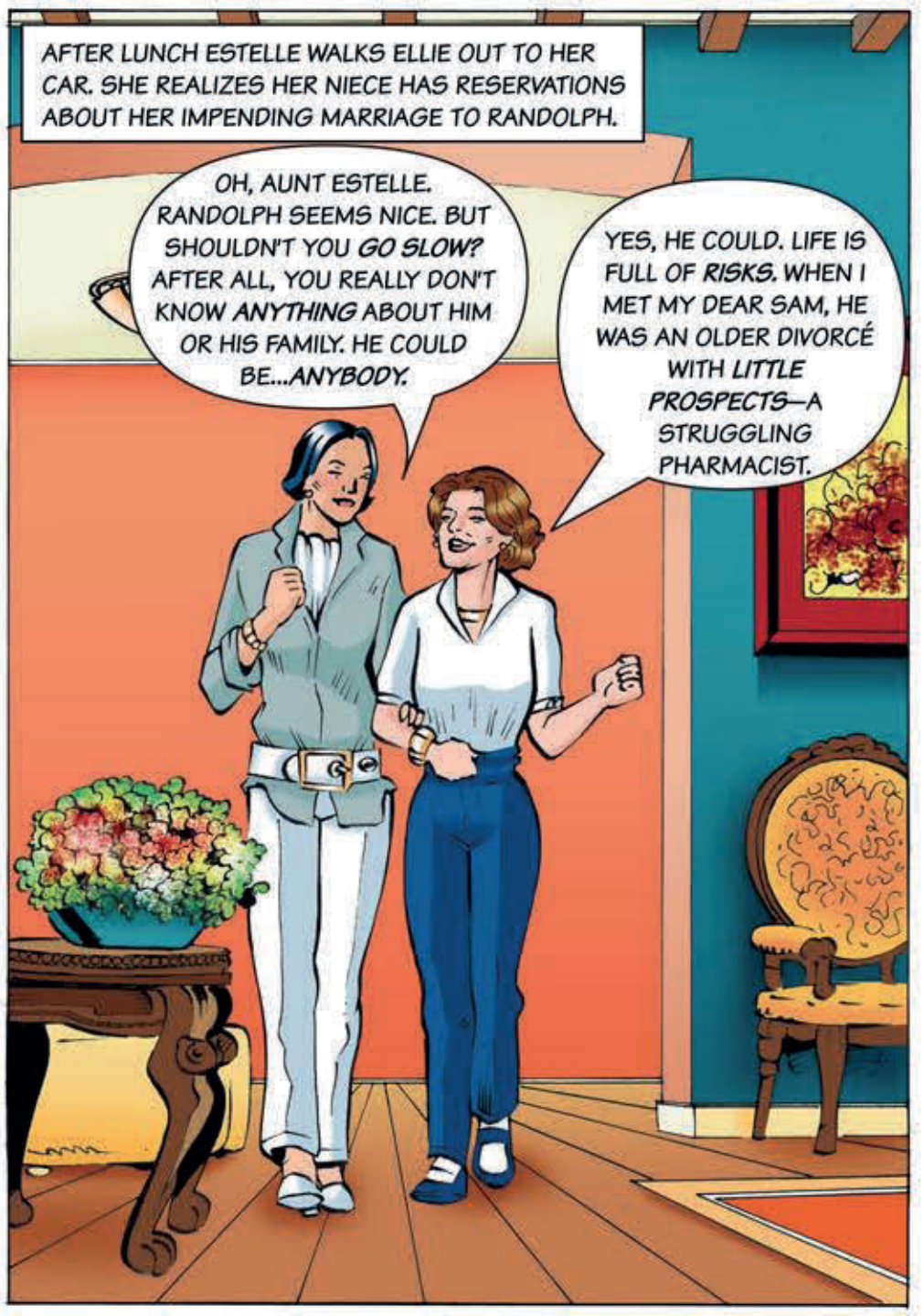
RANDOLPH CONNOR INVERNESS TO SEE MRS. WYKEN-HUROS.
OF COURSE, SIR. WILL YOU HAVE A SEAT IN THE WAITING ROOM? I BELIEVE MISS ESTELLE IS ON THE GOLF COURSE. I'LL PAGE HER.
RANDOLPH INVERNESS! WHY, HE CAN'T BE MORE THAN 40! A GIGOLO IF EVER I SAW ONE. WELL, I'M HERE NOW.

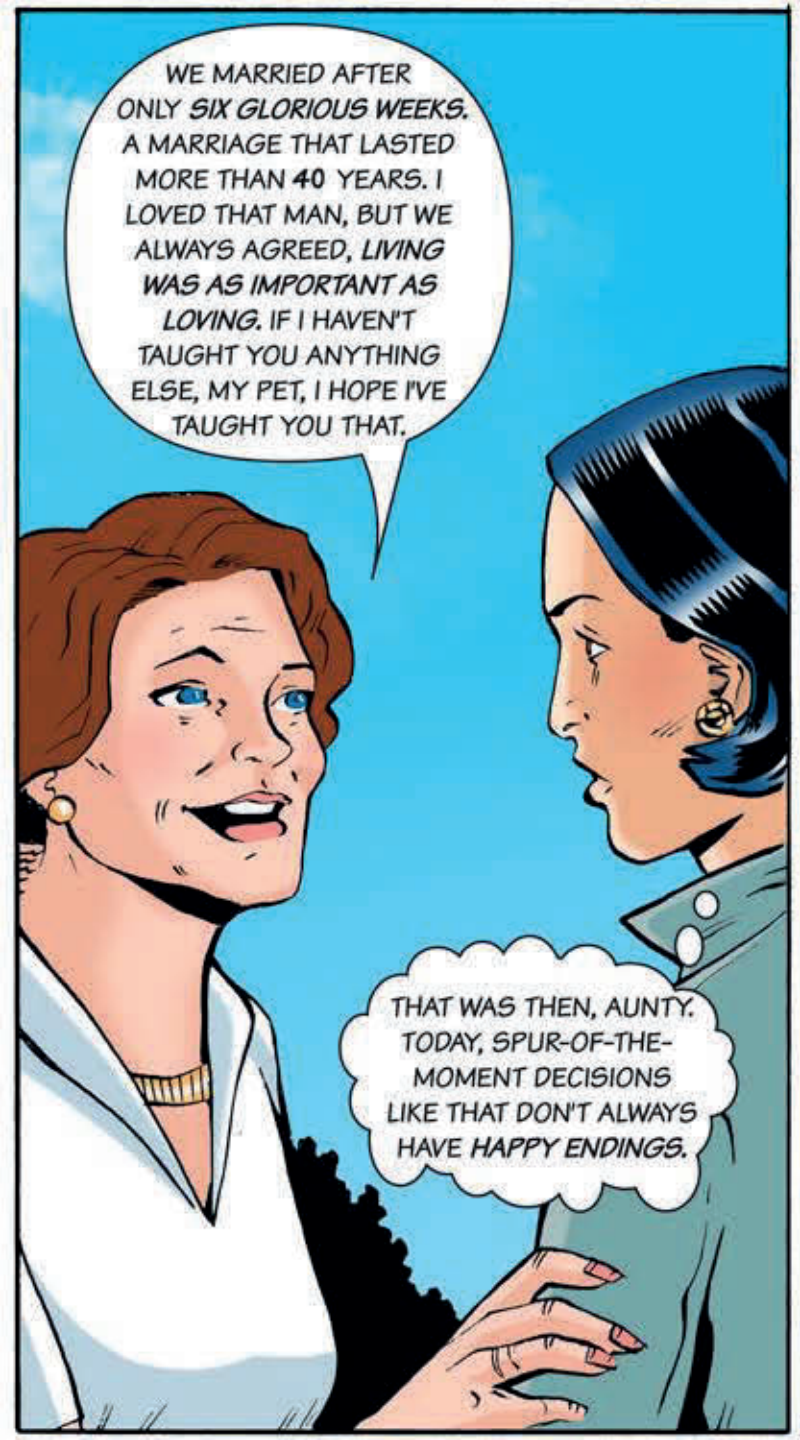

AFTER A *HEART ATTACK*, WHAT CAN UNCLE RANDOLPH BE THINKING? THIS GERIATRIC *FORTUNE HUNTER* HAS OBVIOUSLY TURNED HIS HEAD. GETTING MARRIED ON A WHIM AND CHASING CRIMINALS, TOO. WELL, WE'LL *SOON SEE ABOUT THAT!*
OLDER PEOPLE ARE A LITTLE SLOWER, YOU KNOW. YOU SHOULDN'T BE SO *IMPATIENT.*
PARDON ME?
I JUST MEAN YOU SEEM TO HAVE *LITTLE PATIENCE* FOR SOMEONE INTENDING TO—HOW SHOULD I SAY IT?—ATTACH HIMSELF TO AN OLDER PERSON. BUT THEN, I GUESS YOU FIGURE IT'S ONLY FOR A *SHORT TIME.*
SORRY, I HAVE NO IDEA WHAT YOU'RE *PRATTLING ON* ABOUT. HAVE WE MET BEFORE?

ELLIE BLUSHES AS CONNOR'S MESMERIZING GREEN EYES SEEM TO PIN HER IN PLACE. SENDING THE MOST DELICIOUS SHIVERS DOWN HER SPINE.
WOW. WHAT A HUNK. HE MUST HAVE THEM EATING OUT HIS HANDS.
I'M ELEANOR ESTELLE WYKEN BENET. ESTELLE WYKEN-HUROS IS MY AUNT—WHOM I LOVE AND INTEND TO PROTECT, FOR YOUR INFORMATION.
BULLY FOR YOU. ARE YOU PART OF THIS SETUP THEN? I WARN YOU, I'LL FIGHT THIS RIDICULOUS MARRIAGE, AND YOU DON'T WANT TO GO UP AGAINST ME.

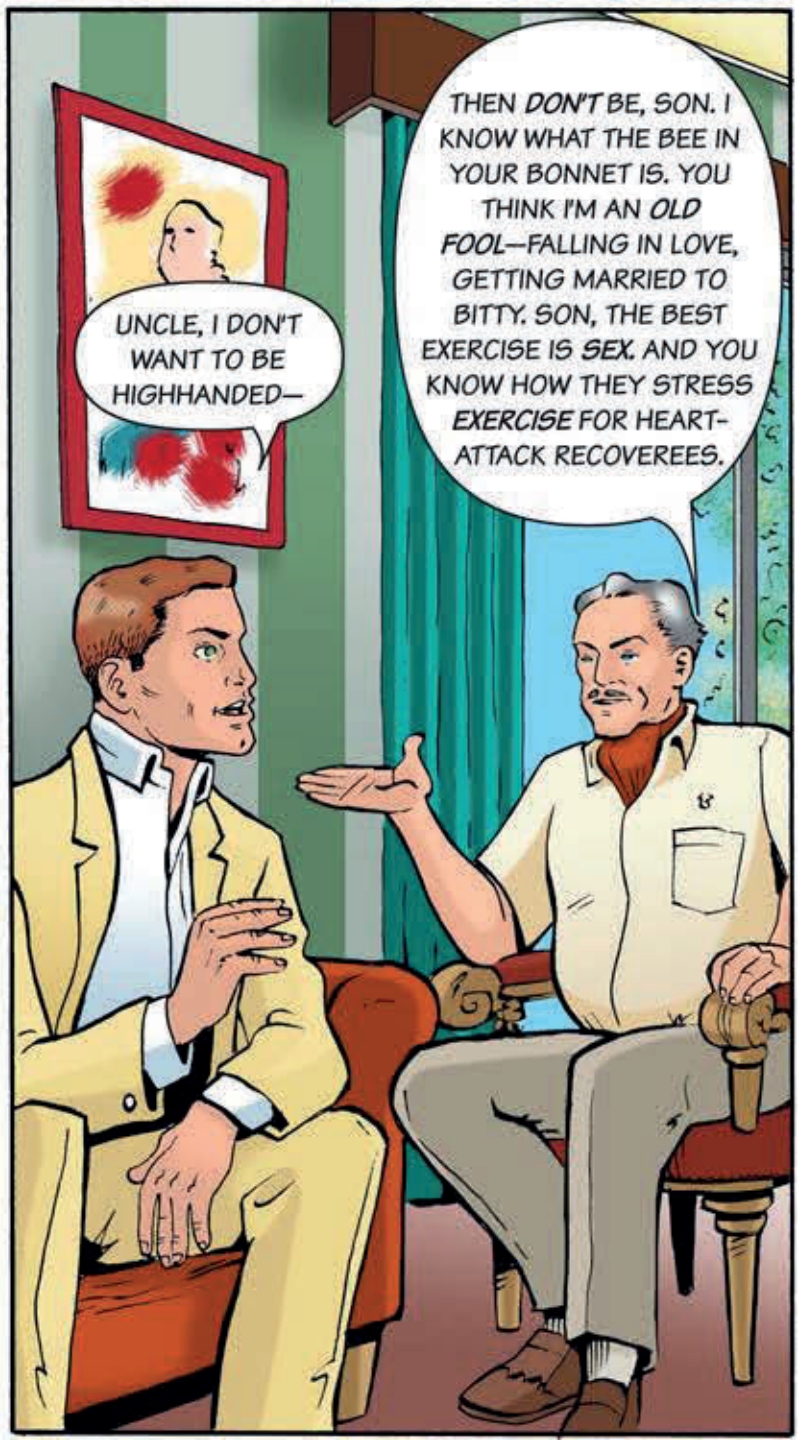

OH, I SEE YOU'VE BOTH MET, WONDERFUL! RANDY AND I WOULD LOVE TO HAVE YOU STAY FOR LUNCH.
HELLO, CONNOR! MEET THE FIANCÉE, ESTELLE. AIN'T SHE A BEAUTY? SHE'S A LITTLE BITTY THING—IN FACT I CALL HER "BITTY"—BUT DON'T LET THAT FOOL YOU. COME ON, LET'S EAT. I'M STARVING!


OVER LUNCH IN THE ELEGANT MAIN DINING ROOM ELLIE AND CONNOR TRY TO BE CIVIL TO EACH OTHER, DESPITE THEIR *SUSPICIONS* OF THE MOTIVES OF EACH OTHER'S *NAMESAKES.*
WELL, I'M GLAD I WAS MISTAKEN ABOUT *HIM* AT LEAST. BUT I STILL THINK AUNT ESTELLE IS ACTING *RASHLY.* WHAT DO WE KNOW ABOUT *THESE PEOPLE?*
THE NIECE IS...*INTERESTING.* AND BITTY SEEMS A NICE OLD BIRD. BUT WHY DO THEY NEED TO *RUSH* INTO THIS MARRIAGE THING? WHAT'S WRONG WITH JUST BEING COMPANIONS AT THIS STAGE IN THEIR LIVES? MAYBE THERE'RE *FINANCIAL MOTIVATIONS* AT PLAY HERE. GOTTA DO SOME CHECKING.


AFTER LUNCH ESTELLE WALKS ELLIE OUT TO HER CAR. SHE REALIZES HER NIECE HAS RESERVATIONS ABOUT HER IMPENDING MARRIAGE TO RANDOLPH.
OH, AUNT ESTELLE. RANDOLPH SEEMS NICE. BUT SHOULDN'T YOU *GO SLOW?* AFTER ALL, YOU REALLY DON'T KNOW *ANYTHING* ABOUT HIM OR HIS FAMILY. HE COULD BE...*ANYBODY.*
YES, HE COULD. LIFE IS FULL OF *RISKS.* WHEN I MET MY DEAR SAM, HE WAS AN OLDER DIVORCÉ WITH *LITTLE PROSPECTS*—A STRUGGLING PHARMACIST.

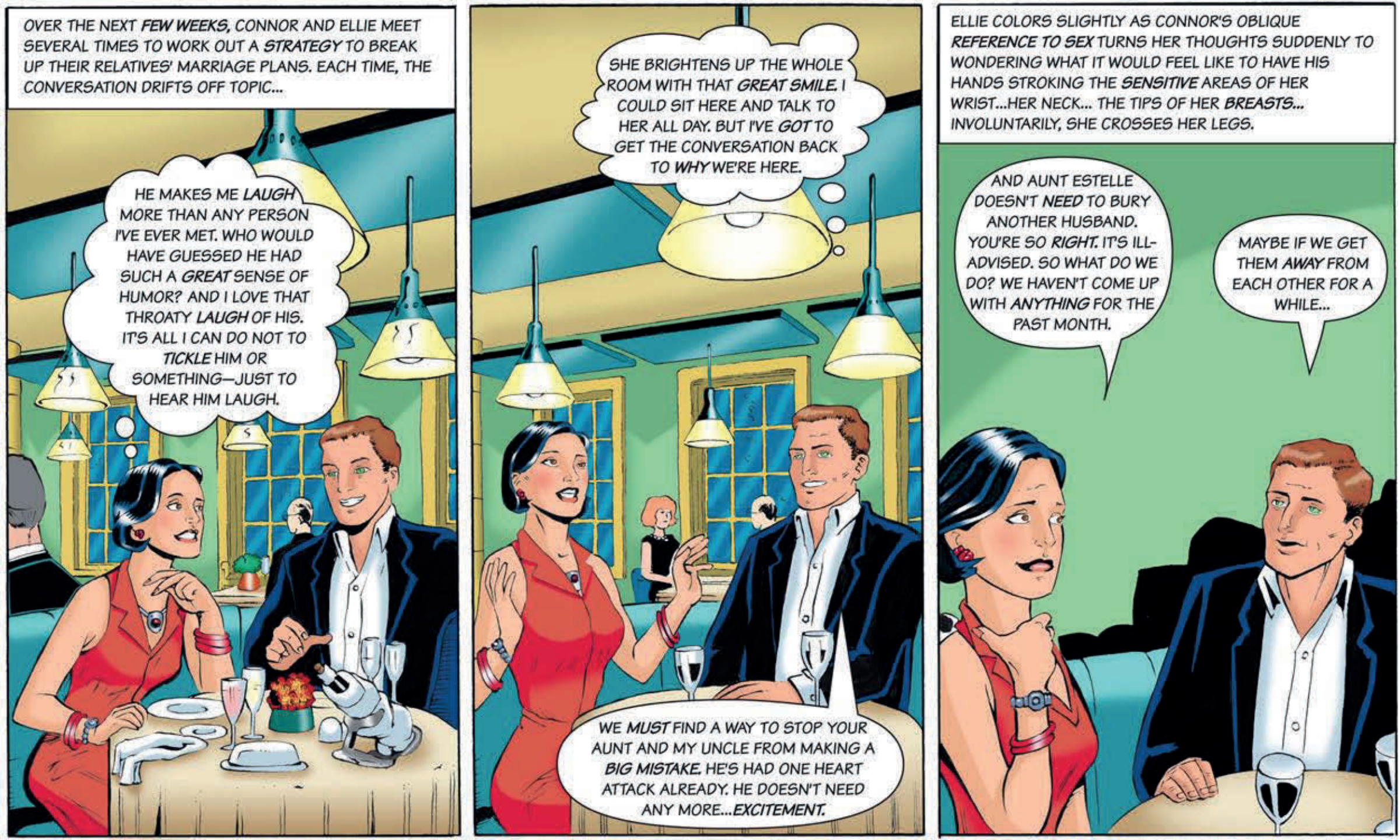

WE MARRIED AFTER ONLY *SIX GLORIOUS WEEKS.* A MARRIAGE THAT LASTED MORE THAN **40** YEARS. I LOVED THAT MAN, BUT WE ALWAYS AGREED, *LIVING WAS AS IMPORTANT AS LOVING.* IF I HAVEN'T TAUGHT YOU ANYTHING ELSE, MY PET, I HOPE I'VE TAUGHT YOU THAT.
THAT WAS THEN, AUNTY. TODAY, SPUR-OF-THE-MOMENT DECISIONS LIKE THAT DON'T ALWAYS HAVE *HAPPY ENDINGS.*

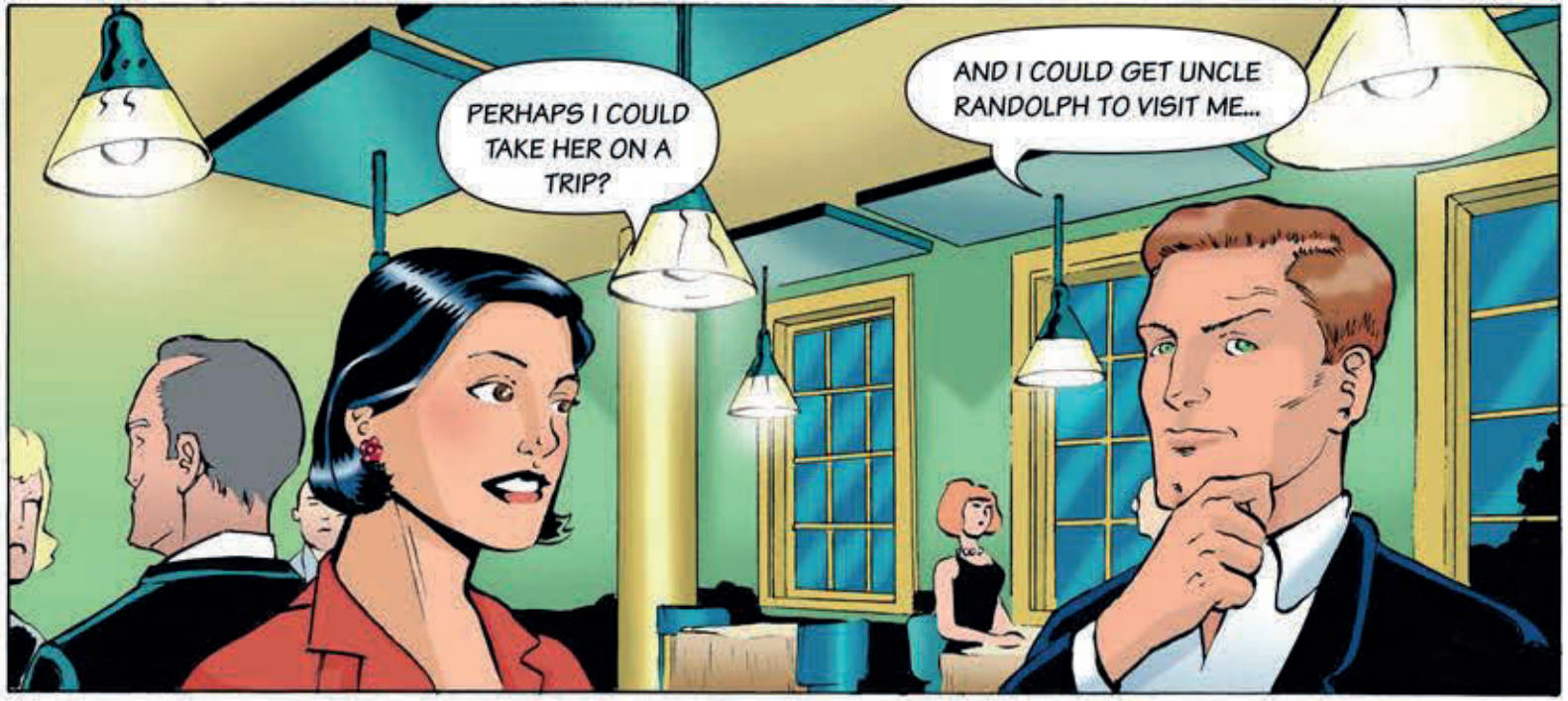
CONNOR FEELS AN *OBLIGATION* TO HIS UNCLE. AFTER RANDOLPH'S HEART ATTACK, HE TURNED HIS *REAL ESTATE* DEVELOPMENT BUSINESS OVER TO CONNOR, AS HIS MARRIED DAUGHTER, SARAH, WAS NOT INTERESTED IN MANAGING THE LARGE FIRM. CONNOR, NOW A *MAJOR STOCKHOLDER* IN THE COMPANY, IS DEVELOPING A MULTI-BILLION-DOLLAR LAKESIDE PROPERTY IN CHICAGO.
SIT DOWN, SON.

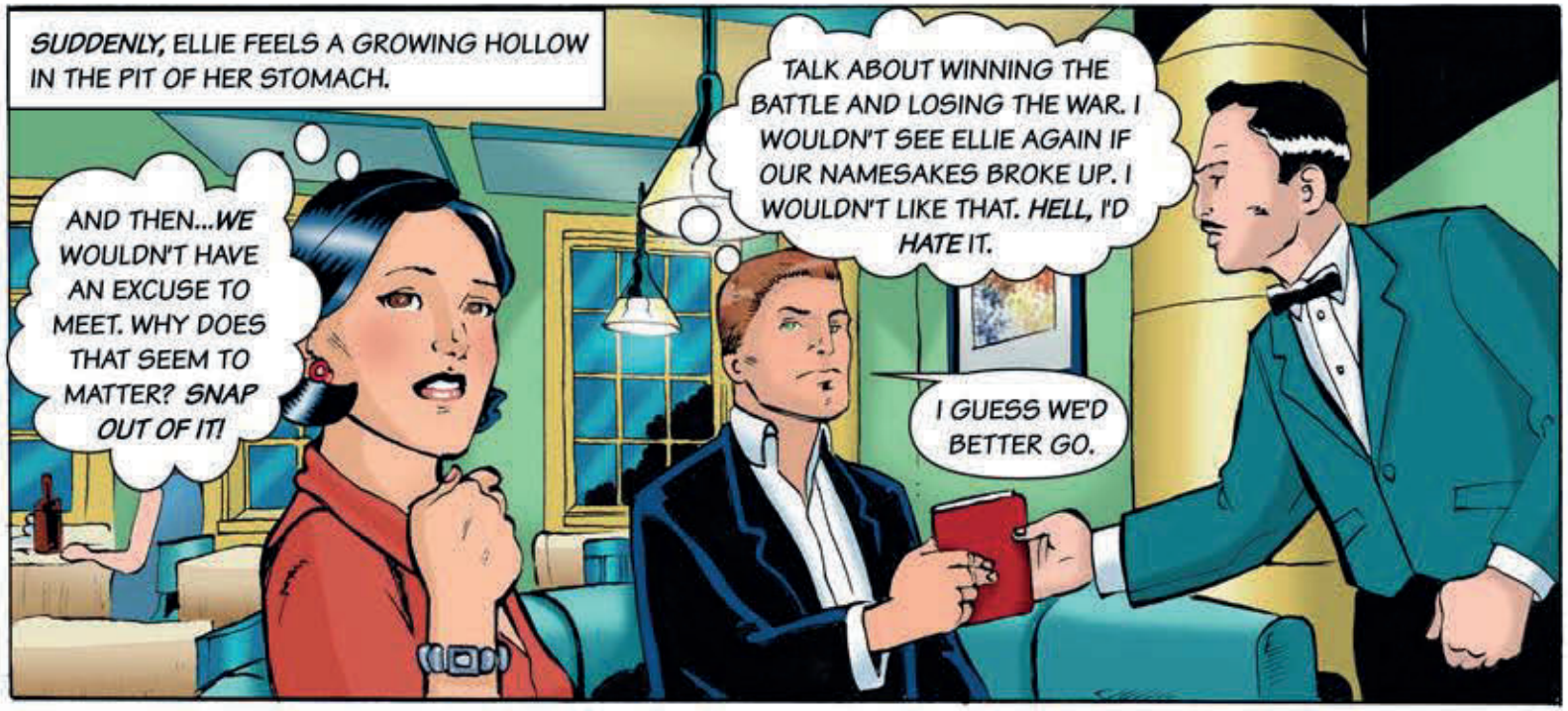

UNCLE, I DON'T WANT TO BE HIGHHANDED—
THEN *DON'T* BE, SON. I KNOW WHAT THE BEE IN YOUR BONNET IS. YOU THINK I'M AN *OLD FOOL*—FALLING IN LOVE, GETTING MARRIED TO BITTY. SON, THE BEST EXERCISE IS *SEX.* AND YOU KNOW HOW THEY STRESS *EXERCISE* FOR HEART-ATTACK RECOVEREES.

BUT DO YOU HAVE TO TIE YOURSELF DOWN WITH A *STRANGER* TO DO THIS?
ARE YOU SUGGESTING THAT AT **69** YEARS OLD I SHOULD *LIVE IN SIN?* I'VE BEEN A WIDOWER FOR FIVE YEARS. BITTY AND I WERE MEANT FOR EACH OTHER, CONNOR. *DEAL WITH IT!*

BACK IN CHICAGO, ELLIE GETS A CALL FROM CONNOR JUST AS SHE PUTS DOWN HER COMPANY'S *INVESTIGATIVE REPORT* ON THE INVERNESS FAMILY. LITTLE DOES SHE KNOW CONNOR HAS DONE A SIMILAR BACKGROUND CHECK ON *HER* FAMILY.
HI, MR. INVERNESS. WHAT CAN I DO FOR YOU?
Inverness Report
CALL ME CONNOR. CAN WE MEET? I THINK WE BOTH WANT THE SAME THING. MAYBE IF WE PUT OUR HEADS TOGETHER...
Wyken Report


OVER THE NEXT *FEW WEEKS*, CONNOR AND ELLIE MEET SEVERAL TIMES TO WORK OUT A *STRATEGY* TO BREAK UP THEIR RELATIVES' MARRIAGE PLANS. EACH TIME, THE CONVERSATION DRIFTS OFF TOPIC...
HE MAKES ME *LAUGH* MORE THAN ANY PERSON I'VE EVER MET. WHO WOULD HAVE GUESSED HE HAD SUCH A *GREAT* SENSE OF HUMOR? AND I LOVE THAT THROATY *LAUGH* OF HIS. IT'S ALL I CAN DO NOT TO *TICKLE* HIM OR SOMETHING—JUST TO HEAR HIM LAUGH.
SHE BRIGHTENS UP THE WHOLE ROOM WITH THAT *GREAT SMILE*. I COULD SIT HERE AND TALK TO HER ALL DAY. BUT I'VE *GOT* TO GET THE CONVERSATION BACK TO *WHY* WE'RE HERE.
WE *MUST* FIND A WAY TO STOP YOUR AUNT AND MY UNCLE FROM MAKING A *BIG MISTAKE*. HE'S HAD ONE HEART ATTACK ALREADY. HE DOESN'T NEED ANY MORE...*EXCITEMENT*.
ELLIE COLORS SLIGHTLY AS CONNOR'S OBLIQUE *REFERENCE TO SEX* TURNS HER THOUGHTS SUDDENLY TO WONDERING WHAT IT WOULD FEEL LIKE TO HAVE HIS HANDS STROKING THE *SENSITIVE* AREAS OF HER WRIST...HER NECK... THE TIPS OF HER *BREASTS*... INVOLUNTARILY, SHE CROSSES HER LEGS.
AND AUNT ESTELLE DOESN'T *NEED* TO BURY ANOTHER HUSBAND. YOU'RE SO *RIGHT*. IT'S ILL-ADVISED. SO WHAT DO WE DO? WE HAVEN'T COME UP WITH *ANYTHING* FOR THE PAST MONTH.
MAYBE IF WE GET THEM *AWAY* FROM EACH OTHER FOR A WHILE...

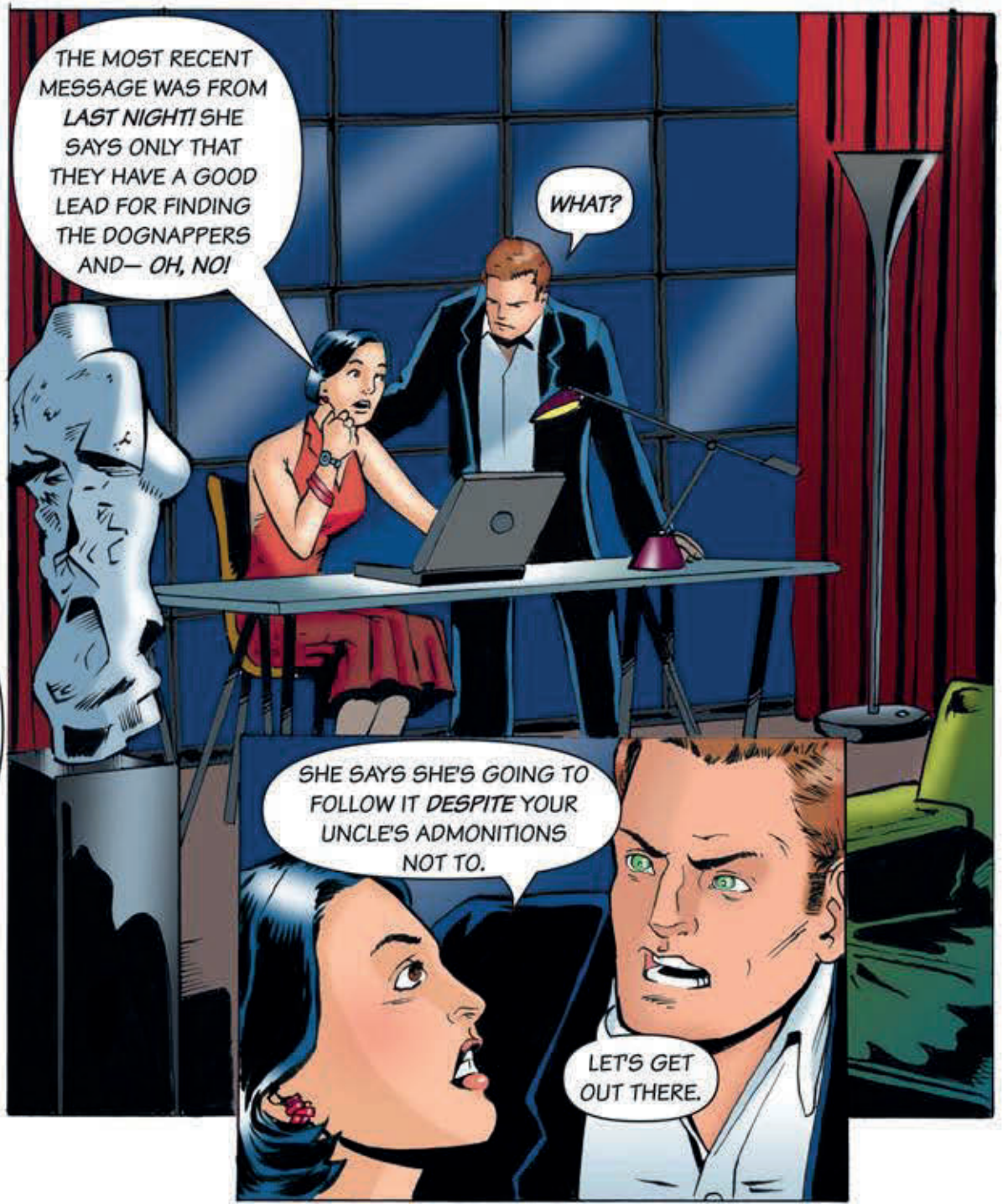




AS CONNOR SAYS GOODBYE TO ELLIE AT HER DOOR, HE FEELS HIMSELF GRAVITATING TOWARD HER. SO MUCH SO, HE IS SURPRISED HOW EASILY HE LEANS DOWN AND GENTLY COVERS HER LIPS WITH HIS. HE'S UNPREPARED FOR THE *SUDDEN FIRE* THAT COURSES THROUGH HIM AS THEIR LIPS PART AND THEY EXPLORE EACH OTHER'S MOUTHS.

EXCUSE ME, MISS BENET. AN URGENT MESSAGE FROM A MRS. WILLIAMS AT DESERT SPRINGS. YOU DIDN'T ANSWER YOUR PHONE SO I THOUGHT I'D BRING IT UP TO YOU.
TH-THANKS, BILLY.

WHAT IS IT?
IT'S A MESSAGE FROM MRS. WILLIAMS, THE NIGHT MANAGER. THEY—THEY'VE DISAPPEARED. AUNT ESTELLE AND YOUR UNCLE. I'VE GOT TO GET TO MY EMAIL. MAYBE THERE'S A MESSAGE FROM HER.

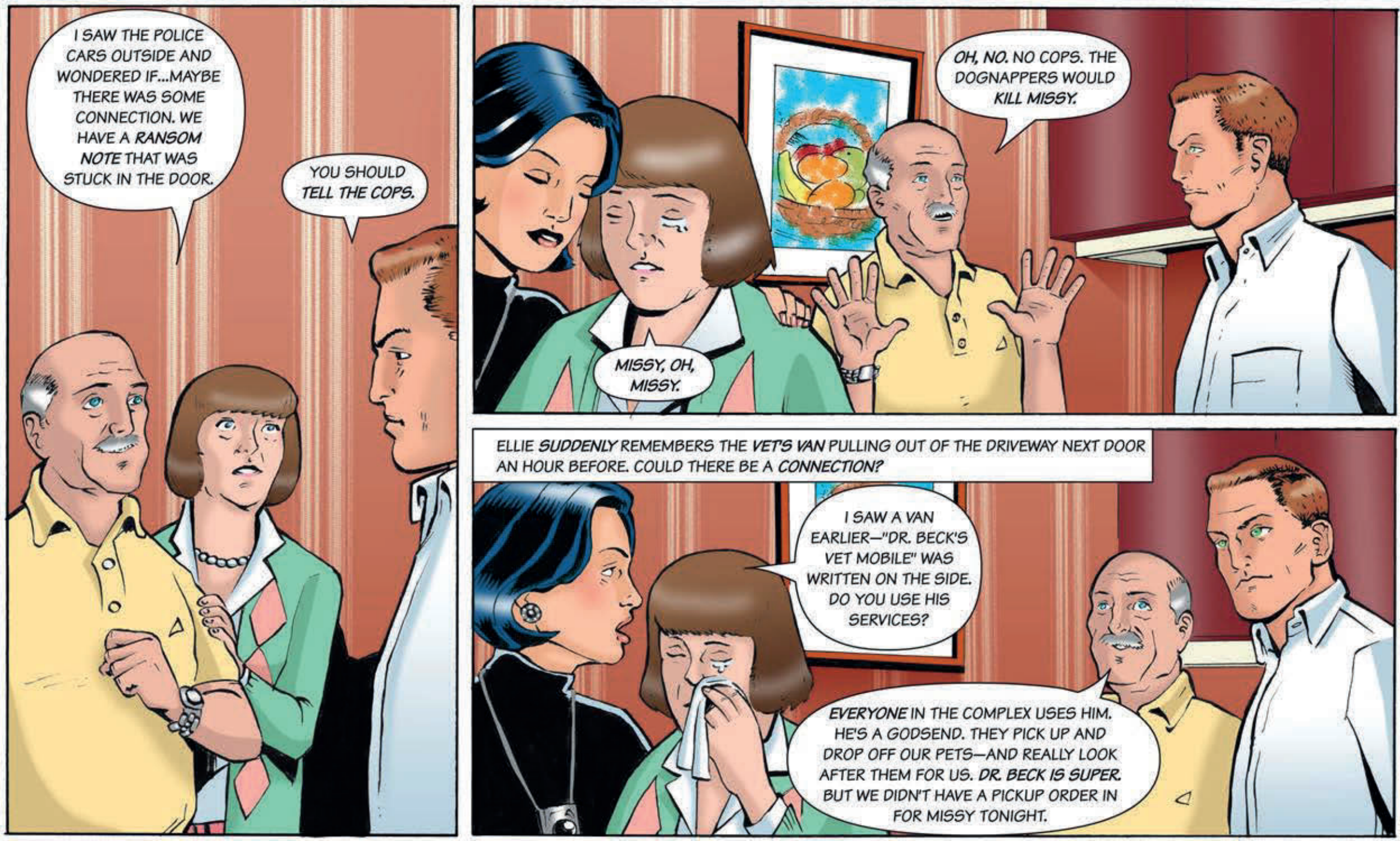

THE MOST RECENT MESSAGE WAS FROM LAST NIGHT! SHE SAYS ONLY THAT THEY HAVE A GOOD LEAD FOR FINDING THE DOGNAPPERS AND— OH, NO!
WHAT?
SHE SAYS SHE'S GOING TO FOLLOW IT DESPITE YOUR UNCLE'S ADMONITIONS NOT TO.
LET'S GET OUT THERE.

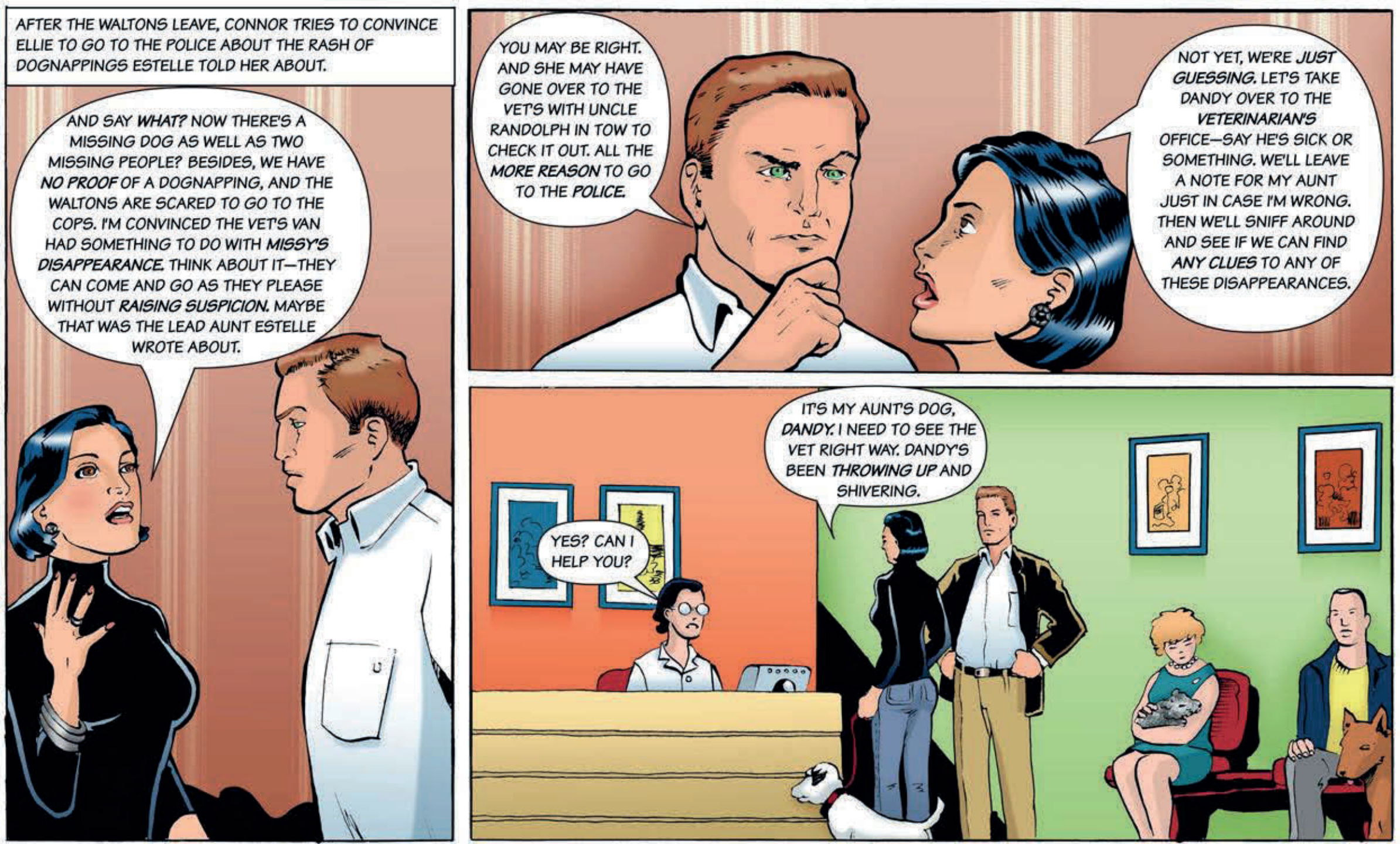
IN A MATTER OF HOURS, CONNOR AND ELLIE ARE IN ESTELLE'S KITCHEN AT THE RETIREMENT COMPLEX. CONNOR HAS ALERTED RANDOLPH'S DAUGHTER, SARAH, ABOUT THE DISAPPEARANCE, AND SHE HAS ARRIVED AT HER FATHER'S APARTMENT.

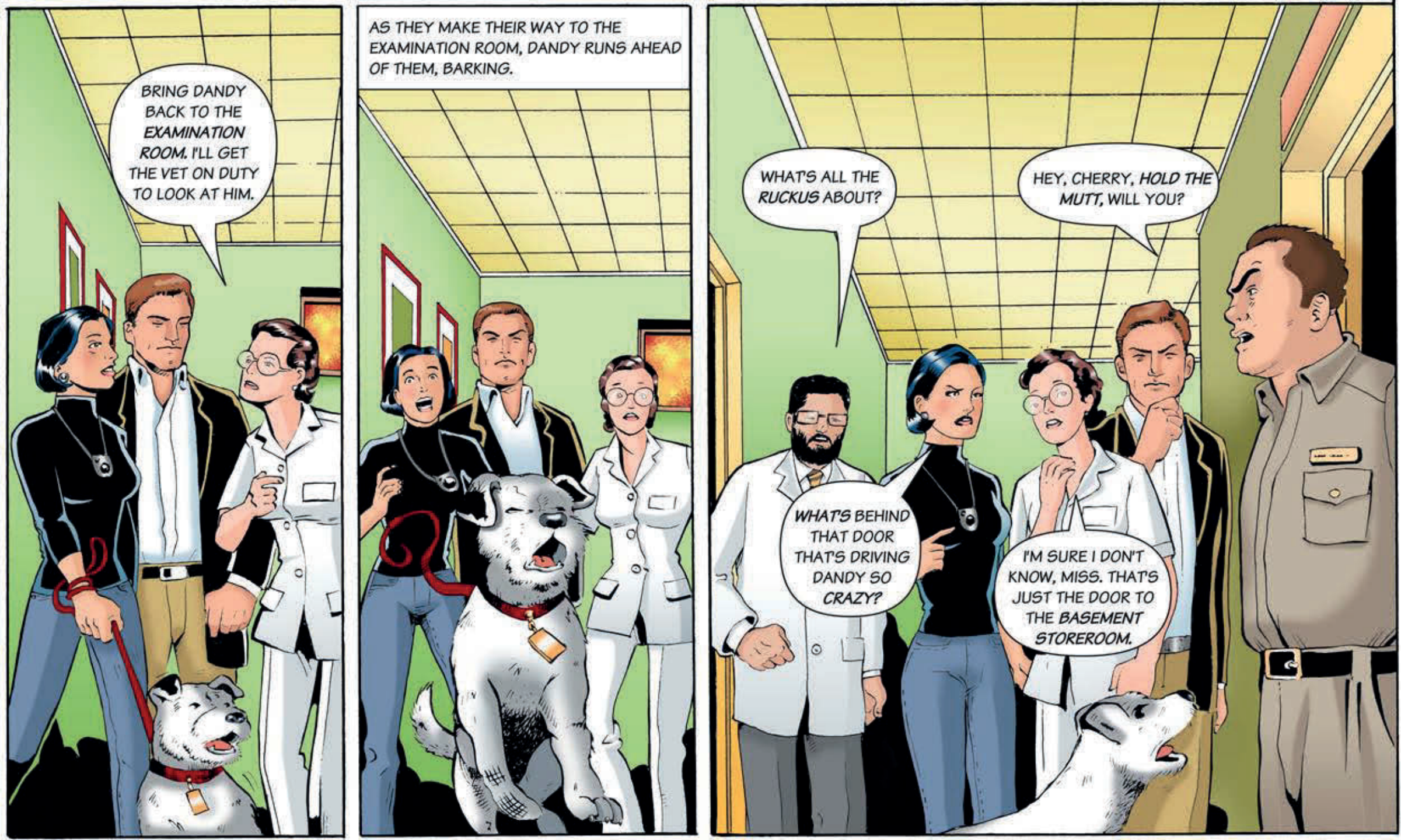
AS THE NIGHT WEARS ON, *POLICE* ARE CALLED IN TO FIND THE *MISSING COUPLE.* AT ESTELLE'S PLACE, ELLIE IS FEEDING HER AUNT'S TERRIER, *DANDY,* AND GIVING HIM HIS MEDICINE FROM THE VET JUST AS CONNOR ARRIVES.

AS CONNOR COMFORTS ELLIE, A CAR LIGHT SHINES IN THE KITCHEN WINDOW AND DANDY STARTS *BARKING FURIOUSLY.*

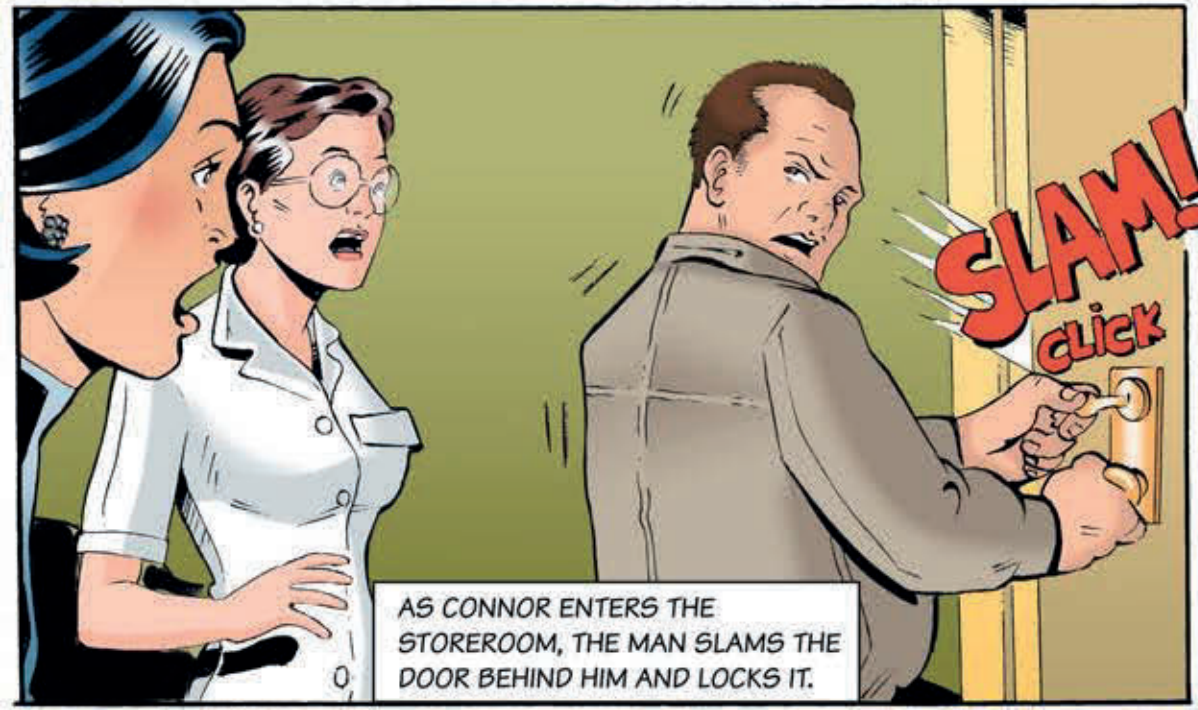
OH, IT'S ONLY THE VET'S VAN. PROBABLY DROPPING OFF OR PICKING UP A PET NEXT DOOR. SORRY, ELLIE. FOR A MOMENT I HOPED...
IT'S ALMOST MIDNIGHT WHEN THE POLICE MAKE THEIR LAST REPORT.
NOTHING MORE WE CAN DO TONIGHT, MA'AM. WE'LL LEAVE A CAR OUT FRONT FOR THE NIGHT—JUST IN CASE. GOOD NIGHT.
GREAT! WHAT GOOD IS THAT IF ESTELLE AND RANDY ARE ALREADY DEAD! OH, GOD, I'VE GOT TO STOP THINKING THE WORST.
THEN ONLY A FEW MINUTES AFTER THE POLICEMAN LEAVES, THE NEXT-DOOR NEIGHBORS PAY A SURPRISE VISIT.
JIM AND MARY WALTON FROM NEXT DOOR. I HATE TO BARGE IN LIKE THIS. BUT...BUT IS MISSY OVER HERE? A SMALL WHITE POODLE. SHE AND DANDY PLAY TOGETHER.
STOP IT, JIM. YOU KNOW THEY'VE GOT HER. OH, MISSY.


I SAW THE POLICE CARS OUTSIDE AND WONDERED IF...MAYBE THERE WAS SOME CONNECTION. WE HAVE A *RANSOM NOTE* THAT WAS STUCK IN THE DOOR.
YOU SHOULD *TELL THE COPS.*
MISSY, OH, MISSY.
OH, NO. NO COPS. THE DOGNAPPERS WOULD *KILL MISSY.*
ELLIE *SUDDENLY* REMEMBERS THE *VET'S VAN* PULLING OUT OF THE DRIVEWAY NEXT DOOR AN HOUR BEFORE. COULD THERE BE A *CONNECTION?*
I SAW A VAN EARLIER—"DR. BECK'S VET MOBILE" WAS WRITTEN ON THE SIDE. DO YOU USE HIS SERVICES?
EVERYONE IN THE COMPLEX USES HIM. HE'S A GODSEND. THEY PICK UP AND DROP OFF OUR PETS—AND REALLY LOOK AFTER THEM FOR US. *DR. BECK IS SUPER.* BUT WE DIDN'T HAVE A PICKUP ORDER IN FOR MISSY TONIGHT.

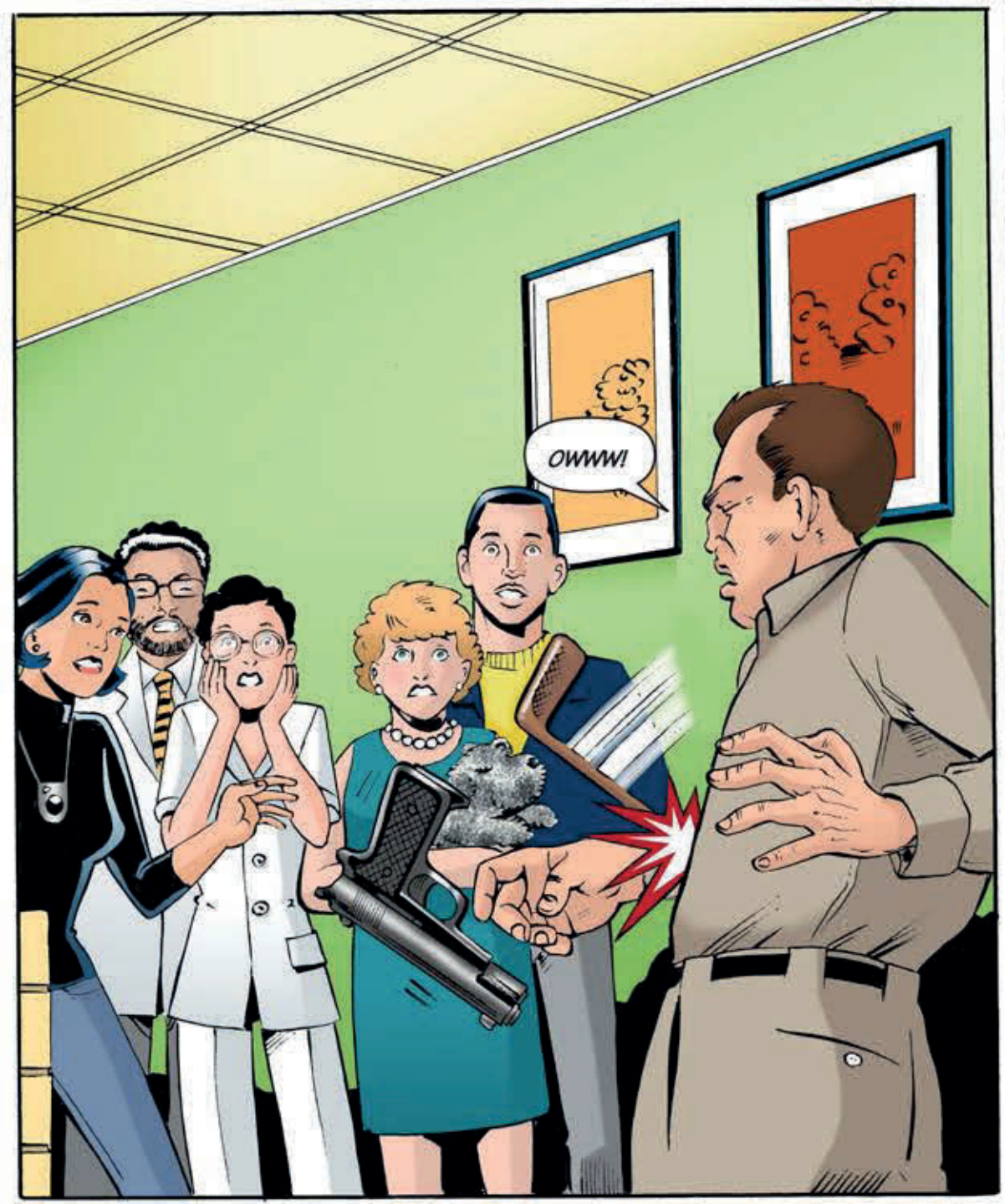

AFTER THE WALTONS LEAVE, CONNOR TRIES TO CONVINCE ELLIE TO GO TO THE POLICE ABOUT THE RASH OF DOGNAPPINGS ESTELLE TOLD HER ABOUT.
AND SAY *WHAT?* NOW THERE'S A MISSING DOG AS WELL AS TWO MISSING PEOPLE? BESIDES, WE HAVE *NO PROOF* OF A DOGNAPPING, AND THE WALTONS ARE SCARED TO GO TO THE COPS. I'M CONVINCED THE VET'S VAN HAD SOMETHING TO DO WITH *MISSY'S DISAPPEARANCE.* THINK ABOUT IT—THEY CAN COME AND GO AS THEY PLEASE WITHOUT *RAISING SUSPICION.* MAYBE THAT WAS THE LEAD AUNT ESTELLE WROTE ABOUT.
YOU MAY BE RIGHT. AND SHE MAY HAVE GONE OVER TO THE VET'S WITH UNCLE RANDOLPH IN TOW TO CHECK IT OUT. ALL THE *MORE REASON* TO GO TO THE *POLICE.*
NOT YET, WE'RE *JUST GUESSING.* LET'S TAKE DANDY OVER TO THE *VETERINARIAN'S* OFFICE—SAY HE'S SICK OR SOMETHING. WE'LL LEAVE A NOTE FOR MY AUNT JUST IN CASE I'M WRONG. THEN WE'LL SNIFF AROUND AND SEE IF WE CAN FIND *ANY CLUES* TO ANY OF THESE DISAPPEARANCES.
YES? CAN I HELP YOU?
IT'S MY AUNT'S DOG, *DANDY.* I NEED TO SEE THE VET RIGHT WAY. DANDY'S BEEN *THROWING UP* AND SHIVERING.


BRING DANDY BACK TO THE EXAMINATION ROOM. I'LL GET THE VET ON DUTY TO LOOK AT HIM.
AS THEY MAKE THEIR WAY TO THE EXAMINATION ROOM, DANDY RUNS AHEAD OF THEM, BARKING.
WHAT'S ALL THE RUCKUS ABOUT?
HEY, CHERRY, HOLD THE MUTT, WILL YOU?
WHAT'S BEHIND THAT DOOR THAT'S DRIVING DANDY SO CRAZY?
I'M SURE I DON'T KNOW, MISS. THAT'S JUST THE DOOR TO THE BASEMENT STOREROOM.

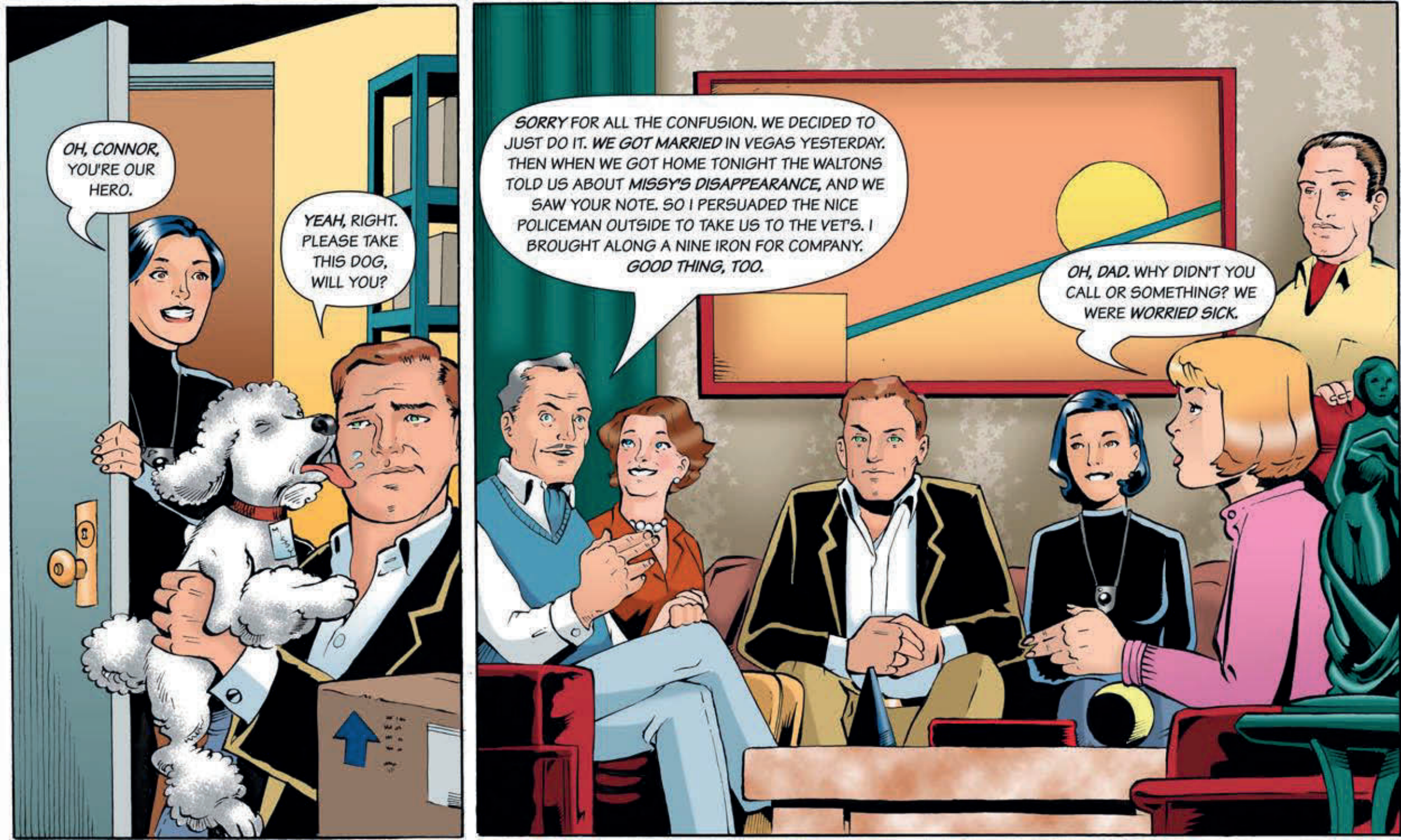
MAYBE WE SHOULD SEE WHAT DANDY FINDS SO INTERESTING BEHIND THE DOOR.
SURE, PAL. BE MY GUEST. I'M ONLY THE DRIVER HERE.

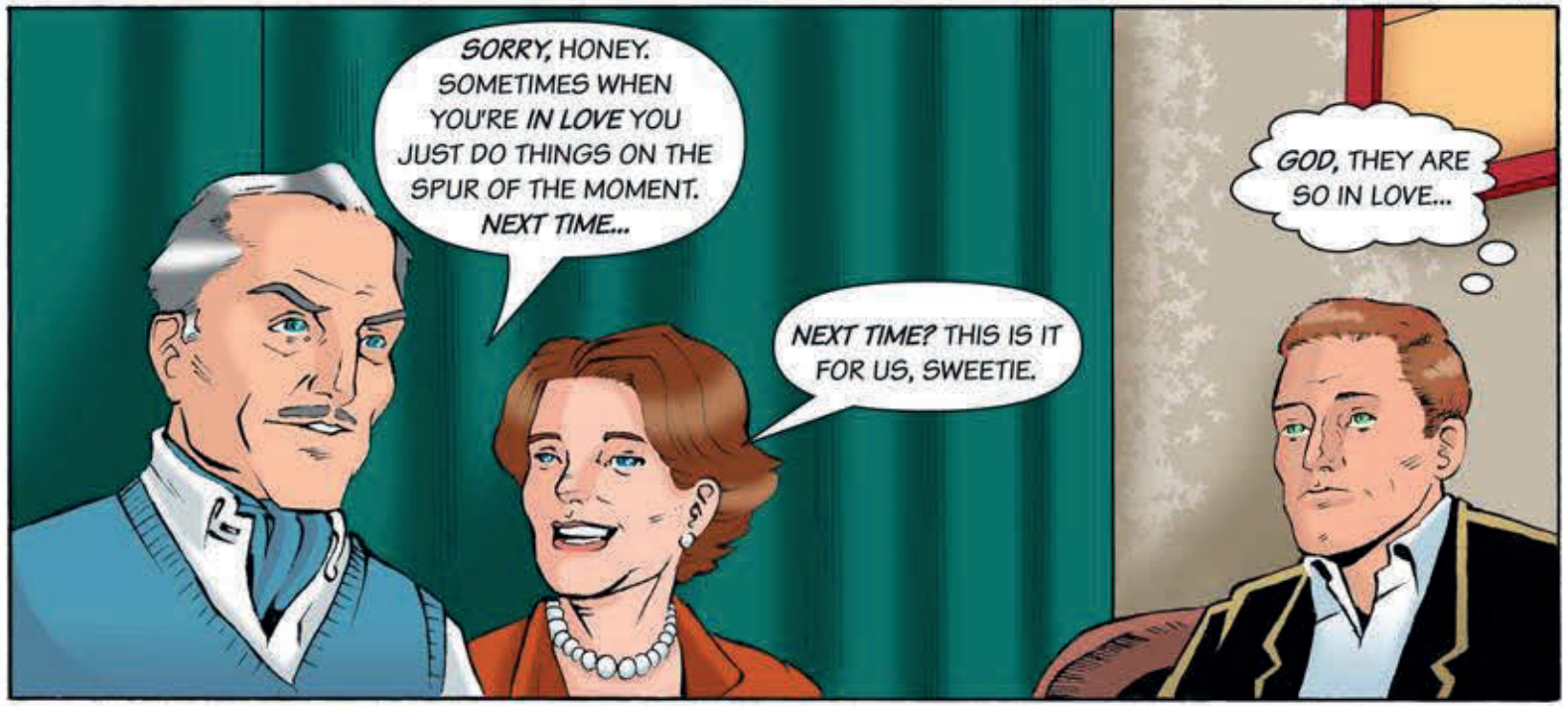

SLAM!
CLICK
AS CONNOR ENTERS THE STOREROOM, THE MAN SLAMS THE DOOR BEHIND HIM AND LOCKS IT.

OKAY—NO FUNNY MOVES NOW.


OWWW!

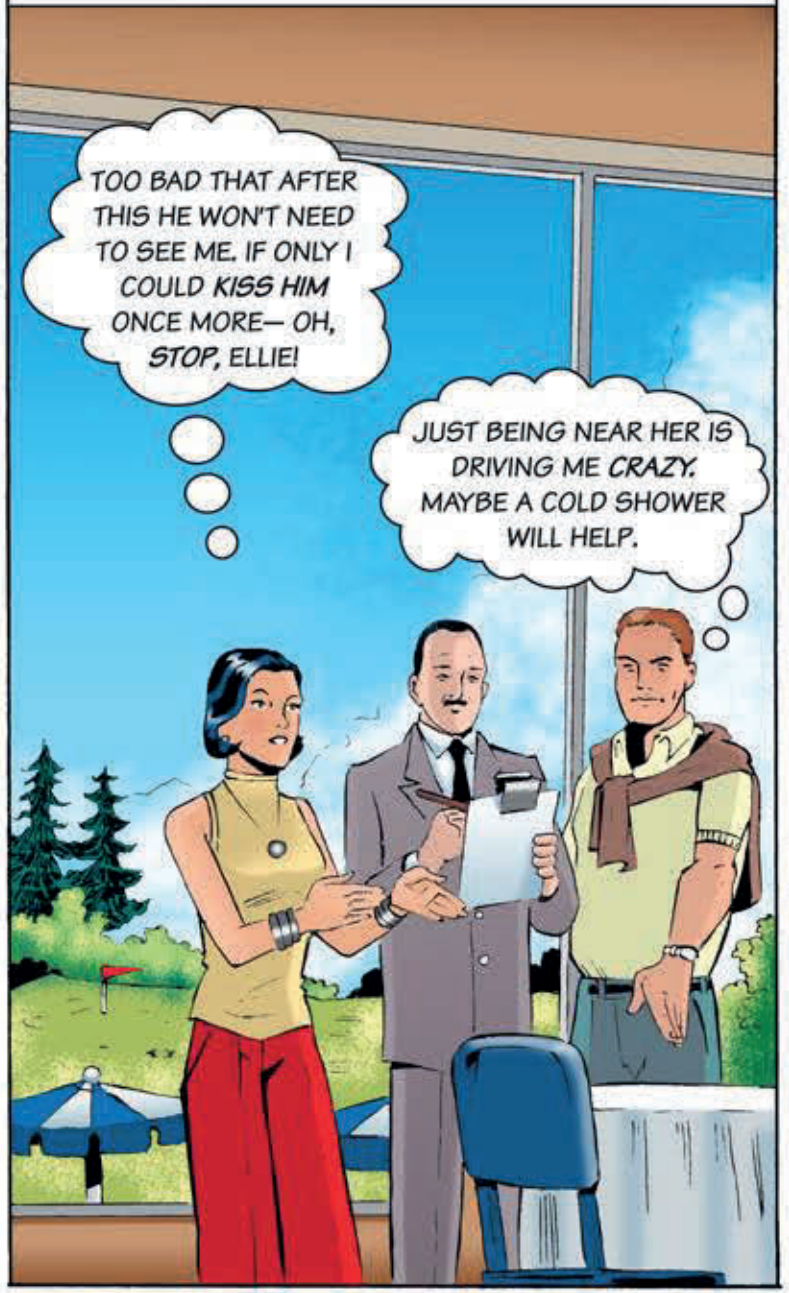
I GUESS WE GOT HERE JUST IN THE NICK OF TIME, BITTY. YOU WERE RIGHT ALL ALONG ABOUT THE VAN DRIVER.
YES, SWEETIE, HE ALWAYS SEEMED TO HAVE HAD THE MEANS TO DO THE DOGNAPPING. BUT WHERE ARE THE KIDS?


OH, CONNOR, YOU'RE OUR HERO.
YEAH, RIGHT. PLEASE TAKE THIS DOG, WILL YOU?
SORRY FOR ALL THE CONFUSION. WE DECIDED TO JUST DO IT. WE GOT MARRIED IN VEGAS YESTERDAY. THEN WHEN WE GOT HOME TONIGHT THE WALTONS TOLD US ABOUT MISSY'S DISAPPEARANCE, AND WE SAW YOUR NOTE. SO I PERSUADED THE NICE POLICEMAN OUTSIDE TO TAKE US TO THE VET'S. I BROUGHT ALONG A NINE IRON FOR COMPANY. GOOD THING, TOO.
OH, DAD. WHY DIDN'T YOU CALL OR SOMETHING? WE WERE WORRIED SICK.

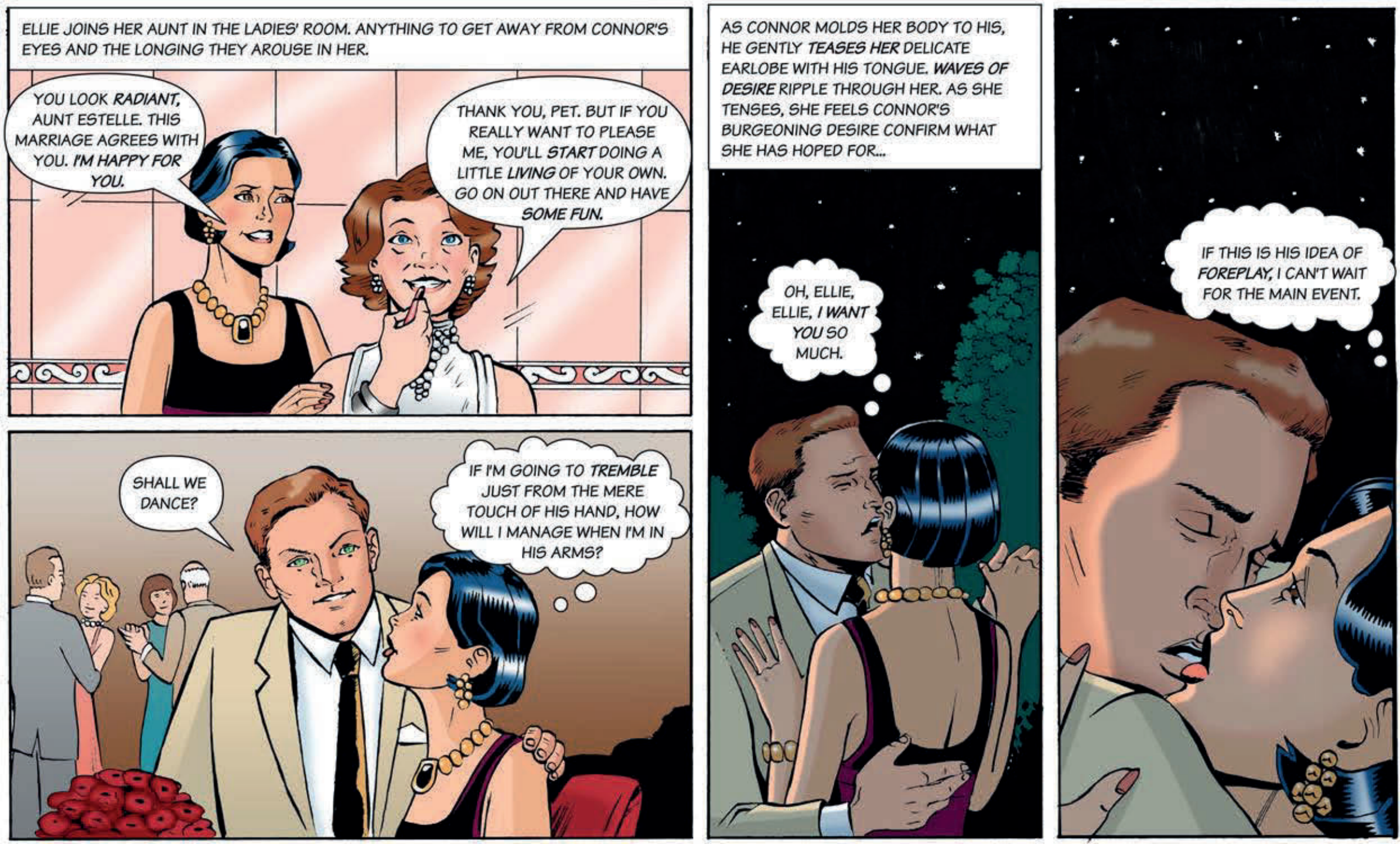


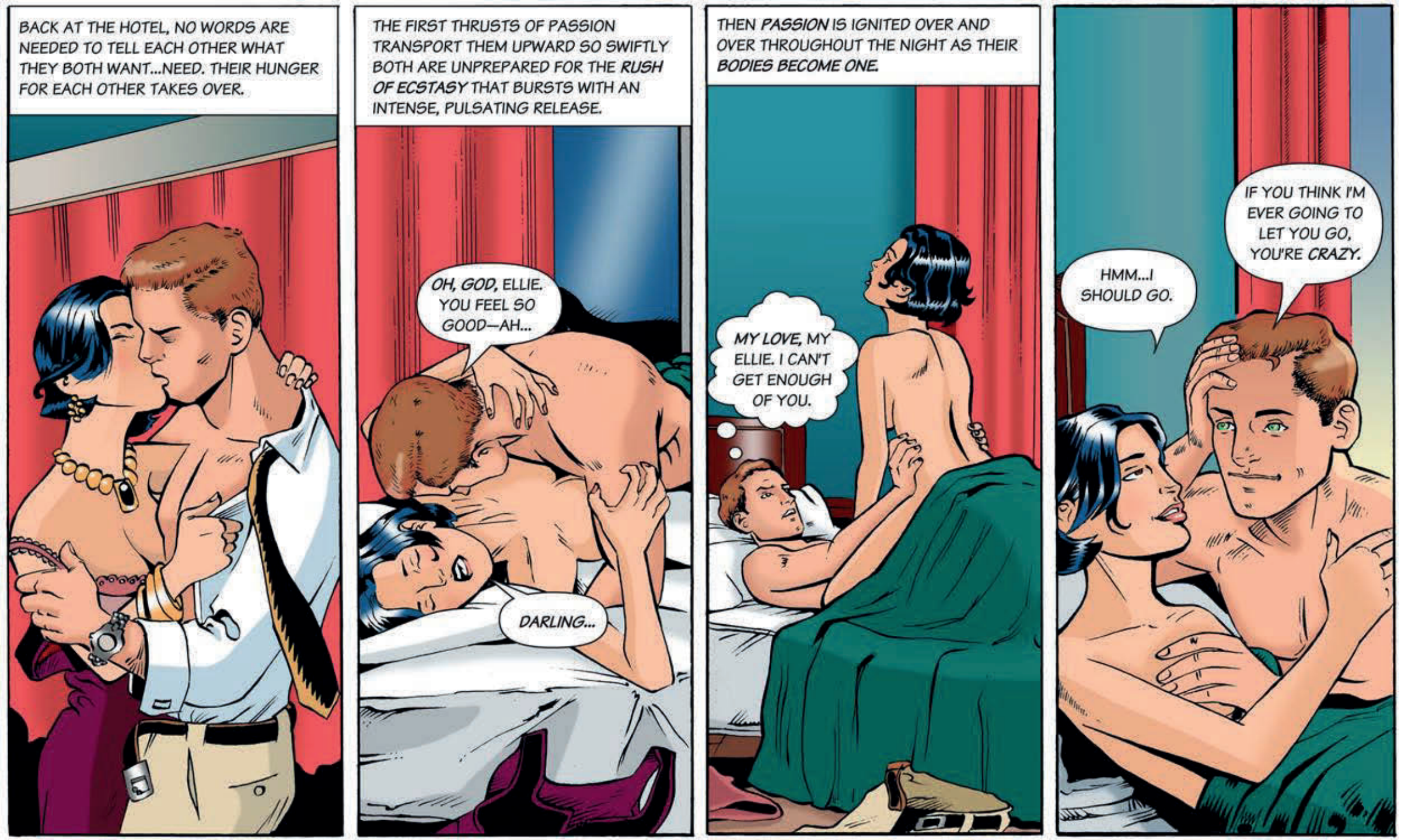
TIRED AND A LITTLE DEFLATED, CONNOR AND ELLIE MAKE IT BACK TO THE HOTEL WHERE THEY'RE BOTH STAYING.

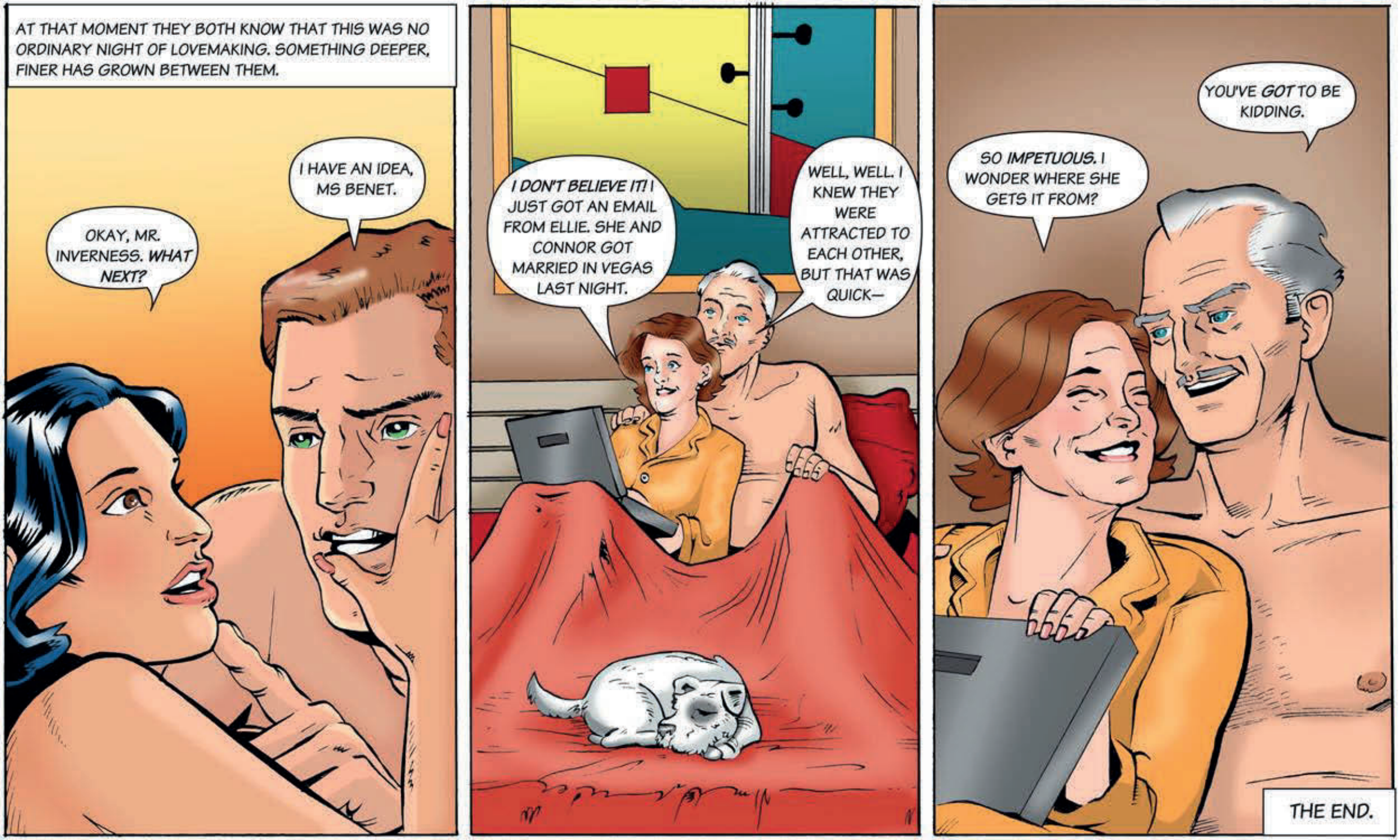
THE NEXT DAY CONNOR AND ELLIE SPEND A BITTERSWEET DAY PLANNING A WEDDING DINNER PARTY FOR THEIR RESPECTIVE UNCLE AND AUNT.



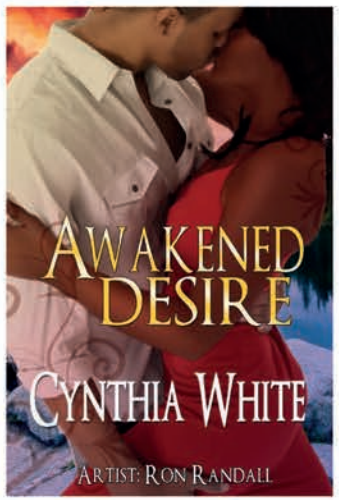
THE PARTY IS A SUCCESS, BUT ELLIE HARDLY NOTICES. TIME AND AGAIN SHE GLANCES AT CONNOR ONLY TO FIND HIS *GAZE FIXED ON HER*. SHE BLUSHES AS HER HEART BEATS FASTER. SHE HAS NEVER FELT SO MUCH *NAKED DESIRE* FOR ANY MAN BEFORE.


ELLIE JOINS HER AUNT IN THE LADIES' ROOM. ANYTHING TO GET AWAY FROM CONNOR'S EYES AND THE LONGING THEY AROUSE IN HER.
YOU LOOK RADIANT, AUNT ESTELLE. THIS MARRIAGE AGREES WITH YOU. I'M HAPPY FOR YOU.
THANK YOU, PET. BUT IF YOU REALLY WANT TO PLEASE ME, YOU'LL START DOING A LITTLE LIVING OF YOUR OWN. GO ON OUT THERE AND HAVE SOME FUN.
SHALL WE DANCE?
IF I'M GOING TO TREMBLE JUST FROM THE MERE TOUCH OF HIS HAND, HOW WILL I MANAGE WHEN I'M IN HIS ARMS?
AS CONNOR MOLDS HER BODY TO HIS, HE GENTLY TEASES HER DELICATE EARLOBE WITH HIS TONGUE. WAVES OF DESIRE RIPPLE THROUGH HER. AS SHE TENSES, SHE FEELS CONNOR'S BURGEONING DESIRE CONFIRM WHAT SHE HAS HOPED FOR...
OH, ELLIE, ELLIE, I WANT YOU SO MUCH.
IF THIS IS HIS IDEA OF FOREPLAY, I CAN'T WAIT FOR THE MAIN EVENT.


BACK AT THE HOTEL, NO WORDS ARE NEEDED TO TELL EACH OTHER WHAT THEY BOTH WANT...NEED. THEIR HUNGER FOR EACH OTHER TAKES OVER.
THE FIRST THRUSTS OF PASSION TRANSPORT THEM UPWARD SO SWIFTLY BOTH ARE UNPREPARED FOR THE RUSH OF ECSTASY THAT BURSTS WITH AN INTENSE, PULSATING RELEASE.
OH, GOD, ELLIE. YOU FEEL SO GOOD—AH...
DARLING...
THEN PASSION IS IGNITED OVER AND OVER THROUGHOUT THE NIGHT AS THEIR BODIES BECOME ONE.
MY LOVE, MY ELLIE. I CAN'T GET ENOUGH OF YOU.
HMM...I SHOULD GO.
IF YOU THINK I'M EVER GOING TO LET YOU GO, YOU'RE CRAZY.


AT THAT MOMENT THEY BOTH KNOW THAT THIS WAS NO ORDINARY NIGHT OF LOVEMAKING. SOMETHING DEEPER, FINER HAS GROWN BETWEEN THEM.
I HAVE AN IDEA, MS BENET.
OKAY, MR. INVERNESS. WHAT NEXT?
I DON'T BELIEVE IT! I JUST GOT AN EMAIL FROM ELLIE. SHE AND CONNOR GOT MARRIED IN VEGAS LAST NIGHT.
WELL, WELL. I KNEW THEY WERE ATTRACTED TO EACH OTHER, BUT THAT WAS QUICK—
SO IMPETUOUS. I WONDER WHERE SHE GETS IT FROM?
YOU'VE GOT TO BE KIDDING.
THE END.

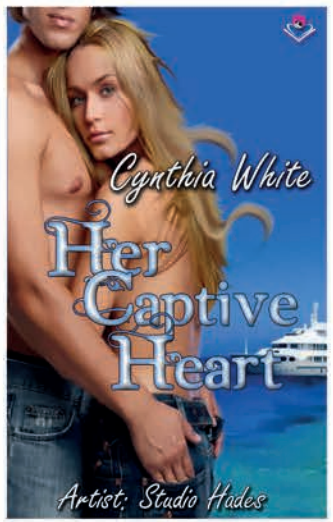
If you enjoyed this book, check out these other deliciously sexy romance graphic novels by Cynthia White from MyRomanceStory.com



Awakened Desire

Written by Cynthia White and illustrated by Ron Randall

Harrison Coulter is only looking for a quiet life in the small, out-of-the-way Maryland Eastern Shore town. A place to lick his wounds and mind his own business. That's before the rugged millionaire has his first run in with sassy, high-powered financial analyst, Charise Smith. Charise is also hiding out from a devastating business fiasco and an equally devastating broken engagement. From their first meeting, they get on each others' last nerves. Under each others' skins. So hell will freeze over before either will give in to the passion that soon starts to sizzle between them.

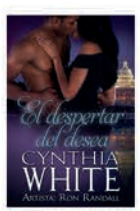


Her Captive Heart

Written by Cynthia White and illustrated by Studio Hades

Michelle Martin accepts a research-assistant job with billionaire hotel tycoon Harland Marks under false pretenses. She's really there to spy on him to help her fiancé regain the birthright Harland stole from him. She doesn't count on being sequestered on Harland's private Bermuda island with him. Or on the attraction that sizzles between them. How can she remain true to her fiancé when Harland's kisses thrill her and send her loyalty into oblivion?

También disponible en español



Amados rivales

El despertar del deseo

El manitas meticente

El partido de amor

Sargazo salvaje

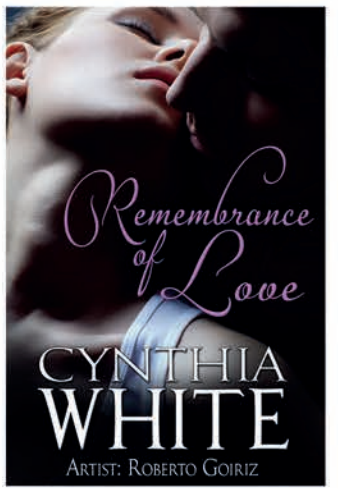
Su corazón cautivo

If you enjoyed this book, check out these other deliciously sexy romance graphic novels by Cynthia White from MyRomanceStory.com

A Complicated Affair

Written by Cynthia White writing as Amen Henriques and illustrated by John &Jason Waltrip

Since his disastrous marriage many years before, billionaire hotelier, Henreid Duval, vows never to be trapped in a serious relationship again. And so he dates shallow, nubile young women, seeking no more than fun and sex. Older women just make for complications—he avoids them like the plague. So when he finds himself in an advanced state of arousal around Sienna Renard, a voluptuous raven-haired fashion designer in her late 30s, he's convinced he can control his lust for her—it's only momentary and will pass. Now if he can only convince his body.



Remembrance of Love

Written by Cynthia White and illustrated by Roberto Goiriz

In twenty years of marriage to Mirabella, Duke Diego Sanchez, special Spanish envoy to the U.S., has never even looked at another woman. How then can he explain his growing sexual yearnings for their alluring neighbor and Mirabella's dearest friend, Dr. Eva Brinkman? And how can he come to terms with this desire in the face of the mortal illness of his wife?

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