



# Simply STARSTRUCK

ASPEN HADLEY

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## Chapter 1

It's funny in life how you never recognize a big moment when it's actually happening. It takes time to realize that there was a fork in the road, that something seemingly normal about your day ended up changing the entire course of your life. The real brain squeezer is wondering how you would have done things differently if you had known that you were about to stumble into a pivotal moment. Take me, for example; I probably would have put on something, anything, other than sweatpants that afternoon.

Although I wasn't terribly picky about my outfits, I wasn't without standards. But about every fifth Wednesday, I'd get this gripping desire to exercise. So I'd bunch up my hair in a messy bun high on my head, dig those sweats out of the laundry basket, and sort of meander for an hour or so around the hills backing my aunt Cassandra's property.

And while I'd never spent that much time worrying over what size pants I wore, or how short my legs were compared to other women's legs, all that changed the day that Jess Sullivan—famous actor, model, and all-around media darling—appeared in the hallway outside the kitchen of Aunt Cass's house.

As I was returning from one of those rambling hikes, I noticed a sporty little car parked on the side of the house. Other than the fact that it was a car rather than the usual trucks and SUVs that Aunt Cass's friends and associates drove, I didn't think much of it as I entered the kitchen through the back door. I was looking for my son, Ethan, who always managed to leave our cozy little guest cottage the minute I turned my back and was most often found digging in Aunt Cass's treat stash. I was hoping to catch him before he got to the point where I'd be up all night giving him sips of ginger ale and doses of children's Tums.

When I entered the kitchen, it was empty, but signs of both Ethan's raid and some sort of rushed food prep were in evidence. Candy wrappers near the garbage can, but never quite in, were enough to confirm my suspicions about where Ethan had been. But the rest of the mess was a mystery to me. Aunt Cass usually told me when she was having guests over. She acted like she did this to be polite and considerate of the fact that I lived on her property. I believe, however, that she did it as a warning for me to keep Ethan out of the big house on those nights. She'd mentioned no gathering when we'd had lunch that day, so I mentally shrugged and used one of my feet to ninja-kick open the swinging door leading into the hallway. It didn't matter how many times I'd been asked to open it gently—ever since I'd been a child, I'd gotten an extreme amount of satisfaction out of karate chopping it open at lightning speed. I considered it an all-out success if I could kick hard enough for the door to hit the wall behind it. The tough hinges didn't let it happen often, but that didn't stop me from hoping.

As the door swung open, I raced through it. It was another game of mine to zip through before the door started to swing closed. This time, things didn't go as smoothly as they normally did. I'm not entirely sure how it happened, but as I hurried through the door—all the while watching its progress—I felt something solid slam into me. The slam was followed by a loud crashing sound and then I was wet. I looked down in confusion to see that the front of my shirt and top half of my sweats were getting darker as some mystery liquid seeped into the absorbent material. The next thing I noticed was a gasp and

then mumbling, frustrated sounds coming from somewhere in the puddle on the floor.

I looked down to see Aunt Cass's housekeeper, Zinn, doing her best to pick up pieces of shattered glass while simultaneously mopping at the mess with her apron.

"Oh, Zinn, I'm so sorry!" I immediately knelt beside her and began picking up pieces of what used to be glass—I was praying not crystal—goblets. "I didn't know you were out here." I was focused on not cutting my fingers and double focused on not attracting Cass's attention as I slipped and slid on my hands and knees.

"Okay, okay, get away." Zinn swatted at my hands as I fumbled to help her. "You'll cut yourself and just make it worse." Then Zinn mumbled something under her breath about me being a dumb karate-chopping infant. At least that's what I was choosing to hear, because the reality of what she was mumbling was most likely worse.

"Seriously, Zinn, I'm so sorry! Let me help you. Where were you headed?"

"I was trying to serve drinks, but I forgot the lemons. I was coming back to get some," she grumbled. "If I'd known you were coming, I would have just kept going and gotten the lemons later."

"You go get new drinks and I'll clean this up. I'm already a mess. Look at me." I drew her attention to my less-than-stellar outfit, which was now sopping wet.

Zinn gave me a once-over and then rolled her eyes. "You're right. You couldn't look much worse," she agreed.

I bit my tongue to keep a sarcastic retort from flying out and gave her a grimace, which I was hoping would pass for a smile, as I nodded. "Yep. So you'd better get going before Cass comes to see what all the commotion is about."

That seemed to be the right thing to say, because Zinn looked behind her, toward the parlor, and straightened back up. She said nothing more as she stepped around me and the jumble of glass before pushing the swinging door and letting herself back into the kitchen.

I took a second glance at the mess before deciding I'd need a mop and a bucket to properly deal with the destruction. I pushed back up from my knees and was about to follow Zinn into the kitchen when I heard a soft chuckle behind me. I froze in place.

In that moment, I knew two things. First, the person behind me was a man. The chuckle was low and soft. Second, the person behind me was a stranger. Any of Cass's typical friends and associates would be familiar enough with her ditzzy niece to ignore loud crashing noises. And they certainly wouldn't take the time to stand in the hallway chuckling about it.

I didn't want to turn around. I wanted to take my soggy self into the kitchen and stay there until Zinn got back out with the drinks and I knew that this stranger with the sort of gravelly chuckle was gone. But I've never been one to do what's smart, and I've always been horribly curious.

I turned slowly, feeling the weight of my sticky, soggy, used-to-be-light-pink sweatpants clinging to my thighs. And there, standing in the hallway with a grin the size of Texas on his handsome face, was Jess Sullivan.

It was my greatest dream turned nightmare. Handsome man, in my home, straight from the cover of *Hunky* magazine, laughing at me standing in a puddle of broken glass and—I glanced down—some mystery liquid. Have I mentioned I was wearing sweats?!

My baby-blue T-shirt didn't even have the decency to match my pink sweats, and my hair, which badly needed a day at the salon, was pulled up on top of my head like Pebbles from *The Flintstones*. My shoes squished as I shifted my feet. I couldn't even bring myself to think about the status of my makeup, or the fact that tweezing hadn't been a priority since I'd moved in with Aunt Cass the year before. Perhaps the whale-sized blush that crept up my neck and into my face was enough to take the focus off my unibrow. A girl can dream.

Speaking of dreams, I pulled my eyes off the floor and back up to his. Green. They were green. He had crinkles around his eyes and smile lines around his mouth. Darn it if he wasn't even more gorgeous in person. It was awful!

Luckily, I was saved by Zinn slamming the kitchen door into my back as she plowed through with her tray full of new drinks. No one could say Zinn didn't

work quickly. I caught my balance by slamming my body into the wall and remaining there, eyes closed, praying that if I couldn't see him, then he couldn't see me.

"Oh, Mr. Sullivan, if you'll follow me, I have more drinks now, sir," Zinn chirped cheerfully.

"Sure thing, Zinn. Thanks," he replied in his deep voice. Even deeper than on TV.

Oh my heavens. He had to be the most attractive man I'd ever seen. Why hadn't someone, anyone, mentioned that a hunk of this magnitude would be gracing the big house with his beautiful presence?

I heard footsteps retreating down the hall, and when I cracked open my eyes to see if they'd gone back into the parlor, I was just in time to see Mr. Sullivan glance back and hold up his glass in a salute. Then he winked.

The wink was a little much, I told myself as I pushed away from the wall and scowled back at him. In my confusion and embarrassment, I decided he had to be a conceited man. I clung to that thought like a lifeline. No one who looked like that and made fun of women in distress deserved an adoring fan in me. He could have at least asked if I was okay!

Mumbling to myself about his obvious case of narcissism as I gathered cleaning supplies and got to work on the mess in the hallway made me feel marginally better. I refused to think about the fact that I was being childish. All that mattered was that it took the focus off the entire ridiculous situation being my own fault.

I'd completely forgotten about Ethan until I heard the sound of feet running down the hallway above my head and then pounding down the grand front staircase. Lovely. Leave it to Ethan to make an entrance. In his defense, my entrance had been even more grand.

He slid around the corner, followed closely by Aunt Cass's German shepherd, Wade, who upon seeing me began to bark in greeting and passed Ethan in an effort to continue the tradition of slamming me to the ground. I was the only one Wade seemed interested in squishing.

"Wade, sit!" I commanded sharply, worried that he'd step into the glass and cut his foot. Wade, trained by the best, stopped and sat on his haunches, his

tongue lolling out and his head cocked to the side. “Good boy.” I smiled and then glanced to where Ethan was standing slightly behind Wade.

“Hey, Mom,” he said and gave me a toothy smile.

“Hey, yourself,” I replied. “What brings you to Aunt Cass’s house tonight?”

Ethan had the decency to look at his toe and smudge it around on the floor while softly saying, “Uh, I got lonely while you were on your walk.”

“Uh-huh.”

“And so I came over to visit Auntie Cass, but she had friends over. Mom, did you see who her friend is?” At this Ethan’s head popped up and his eyes shone with excitement. “It’s that guy who was in that movie about the lost treasure in Africa! He’s so much bigger when he’s talking to you than he looks on the TV.” He was gushing. My eight-year-old son was gushing. “He shook my hand and called me ‘Big Guy.’ But then Auntie Cass said I could play with Wade in her upstairs TV room while I waited for you to get back from your wanderings.”

“My wanderings?”

“Yeah, that’s what Auntie Cass calls it when you go on your sometimes exercise.”

I could just picture Jess Sullivan’s face when Cass announced that her niece was out wandering on her occasional exercise while her eight-year-old son was left alone wolfing down every sugary sweet in the house. Great. Just how chubby did my short little legs look in the now-skintight sweats? But back to the task at hand . . .

“Right, well, how much candy did you eat before barging in on Aunt Cass’s guest?” I decided to change the subject.

“Not much,” Ethan shrugged. “What happened here?” In his own effort to change the direction this conversation was about to take, he pointed to the mess that I was about halfway done cleaning up.

I sighed for what felt like the hundredth time since I’d innocently entered Cass’s house that night, and then I began mopping again. “Zinn spilled some drinks,” I dodged.

“Zinn?” Ethan sounded surprised. Probably because Zinn had never spilled a drink in the thousand years that she’d been walking this earth. She was meticulously clean and graceful. It was the reason she and Cass had such a

great working relationship. I often felt clumsy in comparison and knew that they both tolerated me, their complete opposite, with exasperated affection. At least, I liked to tack the word *affection* on at the end and hope that it was the truth.

“Yep.” I refused to let him know what exactly had caused Zinn to spill the drinks. I preferred that he maintain some respect and admiration for his dear old mom. “But I knew she had a visitor to attend to, so I offered to help her clean it up,” I explained. Ethan nodded, because it made sense and also because little boys don’t like to overthink things. “Will you take that garbage bag around back while I finish up with the mop? Be careful with it; it’s full of glass. I’ll meet you at home.”

Ethan didn’t argue, for what may have been the first time in his entire life, as he gave Wade a farewell pat, grabbed the garbage bag, and hefted it back through the swinging door. I waited until I heard the back door slam before I quickly finished mopping.

After washing out the mop and putting it carefully back in its place, I exited the big house and followed the rock path to the guest cottage that Ethan and I called home.

Ethan was sitting in the main room with his sneakers up on the coffee table, flipping through channels on the TV. One of the advantages Ethan most loved about living with Aunt Cass was that she had satellite television and an endless supply of channels to flip through but never actually settle on. He could have made an Olympic sport of it. It was honestly surprising that the pointer finger on his right hand, the finger he used to flip channels, wasn’t all bulked up and muscled after so much use.

“Homework all done?” I asked as I stepped out of my slightly soggy hiking boots and placed them by the door.

“Yeah.” Ethan didn’t even glance away from the television.

“Chocolate hangover coming on?”

This time he just shrugged. Super. That meant he’d taken down quite a bit and we’d have to wait it out to see what the aftermath would be. Next time I was taking him with me rather than seeking solitude. I knew better than to attempt to get Zinn and Cass to curb his enthusiasm for sweets.

“I’m getting in the shower, and then it’s time for bed.” I ruffled his hair as I walked by.

“Ah, Mom, it’s only eight,” he whined.

“Yep. And you’re only eight. And it’s a school night.” I shot him my biggest, cheesiest smile, designed to let him know arguing was pointless. “You have fifteen minutes before it’s TV off.”

Ethan grumbled something designed to let me know that he was arguing in his mind. I smiled to myself as I walked down the short hallway to the bathroom we shared.

The cottage was small. One main area was kitchen, dining, and living space. Down a short hallway were two bedrooms and one bathroom. That was it. But it was all we needed, and I was grateful that Aunt Cass had offered its use during a time when I really needed a refuge.

Ethan and I had quickly grown to love the slower pace of the small community, and Cass and Zinn had been even quicker to love having Ethan’s young presence around the place. Even though I understood the time was quickly coming when I’d need to make more permanent decisions, I was pretty sure they loved having me around too. But Ethan, well, everyone loved Ethan. He was a good kid. As I scrubbed the sticky liquid and sweat off my body, I thought again about how lucky I was to have him. I definitely did not think about Jess Sullivan and his green eyes. Not at all.



The next morning, after getting Ethan off at the bus stop and walking back to the big house, I decided to drop in on Zinn for breakfast. She seemed to be expecting me. Odd. I tried not to make a habit of bumming breakfast off her too often. Maybe I was slipping up and it was becoming the norm. I’d have to reevaluate my actions . . . over breakfast.

“Kate,” she said before the door had even closed behind me. She didn’t look up from whatever she was stirring. Just my name. Nothing more.

“Morning?” It came out as more of a question than a greeting, as if asking, Is it indeed a good morning? Is your mood okay? Should I back out quietly, or

perhaps play dead? I opted for not fully entering the kitchen until Zinn looked up and I could see if she had a crazed look in her eye. I had, after all, caused her to spill for the first time in her 105 years of life on this earth.

Okay, in all fairness, she may not have actually reached the age of 105. But I wasn't exaggerating about her lack of spilling. The woman was amazing. And ageless. I really wanted to ask her how old she was, because she'd been gray and wrinkly since I'd met her when I was five years old. But I wanted her to keep feeding me even more than I wanted to know her age, so I lived with the gnawing question hovering in the back of my mind. She'd probably outlive me either way, so it didn't really matter. It just kind of annoyed. Like a mosquito bite.

When I was ten and had visited Cass a few times, I finally worked up the guts to ask her about Zinn. All I'd gotten was a raised eyebrow and this little nugget of information: "What could you possibly want to know about Zinn? We're lucky to have her." Huh. Not nearly enough information for an inquiring mind like my own, but I'd recognized a losing battle and had kind of given up after that. Also, Cass had mentioned my "interrogation" to her sister, my mother, and I'd been told in no uncertain terms to stay out of Zinn's business in the future. It was weird.

One summer when I was fourteen, I made up a life history for Zinn. I'd been tweaking and perfecting it over the past fifteen years, and the current version was that she was a refugee from Ireland who had emigrated in order to survive the Great Irish Potato Famine. She and her new husband had stowed away on a crowded ship bound for America with hopes of a better future. Through hard work and perseverance, they had made their way west to a new place called Colorado. But upon arriving in their promised land, her young husband had saved her from a rabid wolf and was fatally wounded during the heroic rescue. Sadly, she was childless. And because of her deep and abiding love for her husband, whom I named Callum, she never remarried but instead dedicated her life to serving others.

The only real problem with this current biography was that the potato famine happened in the eighteen forties, which was about 170 years ago. I was willing to overlook that, though, considering I was also willing to overlook

lesser points such as her lack of an accent and the fact that I may have at some point heard Cass say something about Zinn's childhood in Utah.

Anyhow, until I got my chance to raid the attic storage area and dig for clues about Zinn, it was the theory I was operating under.

"You coming in or not?" Zinn, speak of the devil, speared me with a glance, pulling me out of my daydreams.

"Uh, yes?" Again, a question. I hadn't really gotten a good look at her eyes yet. Zinn kind of huffed and gestured at the countertop, where leftover breakfast items had yet to be cleared.

I shuffled slowly toward the food, all the time keeping Zinn in my peripheral vision. You couldn't be too careful around someone with a mystery past like hers. Maybe I'd rewrite her story to include a stint as a knife thrower in the circus. Better safe than sorry.

I grabbed a clean plate from the end of the counter, along with a knife and cup, and began perusing my options. Biscuits, muffins, some fruit. Clearly the best items were gone.

"No eggs or bacon today?" I questioned as I chewed my lower lip.

"No eggs or bacon,' she says," Zinn grumbled in reply. She was probably speaking to some Irish patron saint. "She wanders in at nearly nine o'clock and expects that I've just kept the food waiting for her."

"Yum. This muffin looks great, Zinn. I'll just have one of these." I turned, flashed her a winning grin, and waved the muffin in her general direction before placing it on my plate.

After pouring myself warmish orange juice and spreading butter on my mystery muffin, I sat at the table and began chomping away. I should have retreated to my cottage, but I had to know about last night's guest, and I knew that if I played it right, Zinn would be more forthcoming than Aunt Cass.

"Really great muffin, Zinn!" I enthused, even as I sprayed crumbs out of my mouth onto the table. Dry little devil. I took a swig of orange juice to choke it down before offering yet another smile.

"I'll make sure to tell the baker at the gas station that you like it," Zinn huffed.

“Oh, well, sure, that would be great.” I was confused. Zinn always, always, baked her own muffins. She was clearly still peeved with me. Did Zinn even drive? I was pretty sure there was no way that muffin had come from a gas station. Then again, it was dry as dirt and Zinn took pride in her food. I looked suspiciously down at the muffin . . . just how old was this thing? I knew that mentioning its age wouldn’t win me any goodwill from Zinn, so I chewed in silence for a few more minutes, planning out my best angle, trying to figure out where Zinn’s soft spot would be this morning.

I opened my mouth to offer up something about the lovely bun Zinn had pulled her flowing locks into when I was interrupted by Cass breezing into the kitchen and shooting me a glance. Sometimes no words are needed. She knew about last night. And she wasn’t pleased.

“Morning,” I mumbled into my orange juice.

“Morning, Katherine,” she stated in much the same way Zinn had when I’d entered the kitchen. And I’d gotten the “Katherine” treatment as well. This wasn’t looking promising. “How are you today?” Cass asked as she walked over to snag a plate out of the warming oven. A plate suspiciously filled with eggs, bacon, and even a pancake. And was that warm syrup that Zinn passed to her before Cass joined me at the table? I couldn’t keep my mouth from dropping open as my eyes flew to Zinn’s face. Zinn smirked at me and returned to washing dishes.

“Uh, I’m good, Aunt Cassandra.” Two could play at the name game. But I was nervous playing that card when I was already in trouble, so I managed to turn my gaze to Cass and offer a small smile.

“I’m glad to hear it. And how is Ethan?” At this Cass’s gaze warmed a bit. Lovely, lovely Ethan. He’d saved me from more than one spot of trouble with Aunt Cass.

“He’s good. Off to school this morning. I believe he’s doing his report on caterpillars today.”

“Such a smart young man,” Zinn offered up from the sink.

“Yes, he is a fine boy,” Cass agreed before putting a forkful of fluffy, delicious pancake in her mouth, syrup dripping off the edges. I licked my lips. Cass must have noticed because she quirked her lips while she chewed.

As Cass and I ate, the kitchen was quiet other than the clanking of silverware on plates and dishes in the sink. Stalemate. I knew I should apologize. It was what they were waiting for. But it wasn't as though I'd purposely slammed into Zinn and caused the mess to happen. After spending large chunks of my childhood summers with Cass and Zinn, and then living with them for the past year, silences had grown comfortable. But this wasn't comfortable. I squirmed a bit. Cass threw me a glance. I tried to hold still. I took another bite of muffin and worked my throat to keep from choking. Zinn threw me a glance. Good grief.

"Okay! Jeez!" I swallowed my muffin and threw my hands in the air. "I'm sorry, okay. I had no idea Zinn was behind the door and I was trying to find Ethan!"

At my outburst Cass and Zinn shared a satisfied little look across the kitchen. Zinn dried her hands and turned to lean against the sink's edge while Cass swallowed her last bite of sinful-looking pancake and cleared her throat.

"We know it was an accident, dear. Don't worry about it. Just be more careful in the future." Cass smiled at me.

"Really?" That may have sounded more sarcastic than questioning. "After this awkward little punishment this morning, this horrid gas-station muffin and the smirks? You're just going to tell me not to worry?" I looked back and forth between the two of them. "No lectures on how to properly open doors or on my outfit choices?"

"Kate, it's just that your timing last night was stressful. We had an important visitor," Cass replied. I was back to being Kate. So that was good, I supposed.

"And I pride myself on running a smooth and clean home," Zinn added, still in a bit of a huff.

"Yes, I know, Zinn. You've never spilled in your life," I grumped.

Zinn smiled softly. "Quite right."

"Mr. Sullivan told me what happened. He found the entire thing amusing and wasn't at all upset about it," Cass added.

"Oh, well, goody then. Wouldn't want Mr. Sullivan to be upset about your spastic niece in the back hallway," I said softly. I looked up at Cass and she had

flatlined her lips, letting me know that she didn't appreciate my thoughts on Mr. Sullivan. "Why was he here anyway? I didn't know you knew him."

"I didn't, until yesterday. Mr. Sullivan has decided to purchase the property next door. He's moved into a trailer and is looking to build a home where he'll live between projects. For now he's taken it upon himself to visit the neighbors and make an effort to be a part of the community." Cass's previously flat lips now flushed out into a soft, happy little smile, her eyes looking at nothing in particular. It looked as if she had fallen into the category of groupie where Jess Sullivan was concerned. Wasn't she a bit old and experienced to be falling victim to movie stars? In her career she'd known a few, and I'd never seen that look on her face when she spoke of them.

"It sounds like you enjoyed your evening with him," I said.

"Well," Cass started, and then cleared her throat and went back to her breakfast. "Yes, I did. He's a very nice man who works hard and needs a place where he can relax and enjoy a slower pace. I think he'll be a nice addition to the community. Better yet, he has the money to really make some improvements to the land he's purchased. I told him that we'd be happy to help with anything he needs."

"How neighborly of you. It must be terribly draining to smile at a camera and dance in clubs all over the world for a living." I'd seen the magazine covers. From where I was sitting, life as a star didn't look too exhausting.

"Kate, please. Stop being so sarcastic. Just because he's famous doesn't mean he isn't like any other man looking for a place to call home." Cass speared a piece of bacon and chomped on it in irritation. Cass didn't appreciate it when I accused famous people of being lazy. She'd known famous people, had been somewhat famous herself as a lawyer and judge in Denver and then Aspen, and she knew how hard they worked.

I sighed to myself. She was probably right, and I said so. "Right. Well, in that case, I wish him luck." I pushed my chair back and carried my half-eaten muffin to the garbage can before placing the plate, cup, and knife in the soapy sink water next to Zinn. "Now I'm off to do some work of my own."

"Oh, and Kate?" Cass called as I put my hand on the doorknob. I turned back to face her. "I let Mr. Sullivan know that if I'm ever not around and he

needs something, he can come see you at the cottage. I'm sure you'll be pleasant and helpful. After all, we *all* need help sometimes." Cass had made her point. I was living in her cottage on her beautiful property because I had needed help and she had offered it. She expected that I would do the same thing in return.

"Of course," I replied.

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