

ALL BAGS GO TO CLEVELAND by C.S. Hale EXCERPT

“You owe me.”

Angela glanced up from her computer screen. Dave Ford stood in front of her. The blood drained from her face. “Do I?” She raised her “helpful” smile.

“Yes.” Dave handed over his passport and put the Louis Vuitton garment bag on the scale. “Last time, you sent my bag to Cleveland.”

“The system isn’t perfect,” Angela said, punching Dave’s information into the computer. “Things do happen sometimes.”

“You control the system. I think you owe me a glass of wine for having to find a tailor at six a.m. I had a nine o’clock business meeting and just my jeans and sweatshirt.”

“Hmm. By that reckoning, I think I’d owe the tailor for having to get you a functional suit so quickly at that early hour.”

“I tipped him £100. Least you can do is buy me a glass of wine in return.”

Angela lifted her gaze. Dave—all six feet of him with his fabulous hair—had a hopeful expression on his face.

“I’m not in the habit of buying strange men alcohol.”

Dave stuck his hand out. “Hi. Dave Ford. Business traveler.” Angela laughed. “All I’m asking for is a glass of Malbec. Or maybe pinot noir. Small price to pay in comparison to my having to fight off jet lag via acupuncture.”

“Acupuncture?”

Dave shrugged. “It was early for the tailor. His aim wasn’t quite what it could have been.”

Angela dipped into Dave’s mind. The tailor had stabbed him a couple of times. And Dave was playing with her. He wanted to see what she’d do.