



*Seduction's  
Spell*



LYNN  
LAFLEUR





*Seduction's Spell*



LYNN  
LAFLEUR



HarperCollins e-books

*To the Book Babes:  
Char, Dorothy, Eloise, Linda, and Micqui.  
Thank you for your critiques and your support.  
Most of all, thank you for your friendship.*



# Contents

## Prologue

The large antebellum mansion sits on  
a bend of the... 1

Maggie and Isaac 5

## One

Isabella Patricelli stood inside the  
entrance to Belle On The... 7

## Two

Isaac locked gazes with the man standing  
by the bed. 16

## Three

Maggie opened the door and stepped  
into the suite. Despite... 25

## Four

Maggie slipped her hands into the  
front pockets of her... 32

## Five

Maggie sat on the blanket while Isaac  
unpacked the picnic... 42

## Six

A gentle breeze touched her face.  
Maggie sighed softly and... 52

Yvonne and Dolan 59

## One

“Oh, yeah,” he said, his voice raspy.  
“Oh, yeah. You... 61

## Two

Dolan peeked over Belle's shoulder  
at the piece of paper... 67

## Three

Tall, at least six two. Dark brown  
hair pulled back... 75

## Four

Yvonne adjusted the rolled-up towel  
beneath her neck and shifted... 83

## Five

Dolan started after Yvonne, but a  
hand on his arm... 90

## Six

Yvonne stepped out the back door  
and took a deep... 101

## Seven

His T-shirt hit her at mid-thigh.  
He'd given her one... 113

## Eight

The guilty look on her face proved  
what he'd suspected—she'd... 121

## Nine

Dolan opened his front door to find  
Belle standing beneath... 131

## Ten

Yvonne lay on her side, her hands  
beneath her pillow,... 140

## Eleven

Dolan stared at Yvonne. He couldn't  
possibly have heard what... 149

## Twelve

Opening his nightstand drawer,  
Dolan took out a bottle of... 158

Sara and Vince 167

## One

Sara Fletcher stared at the thick  
envelope in her hands. 169

## Two

The resort was as beautiful as  
Sara had imagined. No... 178

## Three

Vince slammed the car door.  
Hands on hips, he stared... 185

## Four

The White Rose was nothing like  
what Sara expected. Being... 194

## Five

Yvonne folded the paper and  
handed it back to Sara... 205

## Six

Sara slowly opened her eyes. She  
blinked, then frowned when... 216

## Seven

It wasn't easy to make it to  
the mansion when... 227

Belle and Mitch 235

## One

Belle looked up from her paperwork  
when Lottie set a... 237

## [Two](#)

Mitch had died and gone to football  
lovers' heaven. Not... 246

## [Three](#)

Her chin came up and she uncrossed  
her legs. "Nothing's... 256

## [Four](#)

Belle had enjoyed sex with dozens  
of lovers in her... 265

## [Five](#)

The sight of Belle propped up  
on several pillows made... 272

## [Six](#)

Mitch found Belle in her office,  
the phone next to... 280

## [Seven](#)

What did you expect? Belle asked  
herself as she poured... 290

## [Eight](#)

"How about there?" Belle asked,  
pointing toward a stand of... 300

[About the Author](#)

[Other Books by Lynn LaFleur](#)

[Credits](#)

[Cover](#)

[Copyright](#)

[About the Publisher](#)

## *Prologue*

The large antebellum mansion sits on a bend of the Rose River in North Texas. Belle On The Bend, built in 1844, has survived war, storms, drought, and other natural disasters to stand proudly among tall oak and willow trees. The current owner has remodeled the mansion to its original glory.

Now a successful resort surrounded by three-hundred manicured acres, visitors must make reservations months in advance to stay in one of the six luxurious suites or separate cabins. Isabella Patricelli—otherwise known as Belle—personally greets each of her guests when they arrive.

Belle is young and gorgeous. Her shoulder-length curly blond hair and voluptuous body would make any man long to run his hands along her generous curves—

LYNN LAFLEUR

“You can’t write about generous curves in a travel article, Mitch.”

Mitchell Cavanaugh jerked at the sound of his editor’s voice. Turning in his chair, he looked into John Brady’s eyes. Warmth crept up the back of Mitch’s neck when he saw the amusement in John’s gaze.

“Hey, John,” he said, quickly shutting his notebook.

“Hey, Mitch.” He gestured toward the closed computer. “Whatcha’ doing?”

“Working on an article.”

“Hmm.” John perched on the edge of Mitch’s desk. “I don’t recall you ever writing about a gorgeous woman in any of your travel articles.”

*Damn. What a time for John to show up.* “I was just . . . fooling around.”

The amusement lingered in John’s eyes. “Fooling around. Okay.” He tapped the top of the notebook with one long forefinger. “How about being serious and getting your article on Belle On The Bend to me?”

“I’m working on it. I’ve never missed a deadline, you know that.”

“Yeah, I know that. I also know you had to leave the mansion before you wanted to. Did you get enough information about the area to write your article?”

Mitch shook his head. “No. I need to go back as soon as things . . . calm down.”

A look of sympathy crossed John’s face. “How’s your dad doing?”

“The same.” Leaning back in his chair, Mitch ran a hand over his face. “He’s stubborn. Being in the hospital is hard on

## *Seduction's Spell*

him. He can't tell the nurses what to do and that eats on him." He chuckled. "He told me last night since only the good die young, he'll be around until he's at least eighty."

"If he can joke with you, then he really will be all right."

"I hope so." Mitch had to swallow the lump that suddenly formed in his throat. "I can't lose my dad."

"You won't," John said firmly. "Your dad isn't going to let a little thing like a stroke get the best of him."

"He's lucky it only affected his left side and not his speech. His doctor says with physical therapy, he'll be able to walk again as well as before he had the stroke."

"So you're staying around to make sure he does what he's supposed to do?"

Mitch nodded. "Mom's tough, but he won't mind her. If I have to physically carry him to his therapy, I'll do it."

"Take as much time as you need. You're my best writer, but I have other writers on staff who can cover for you while you take care of your father."

Knowing he was lucky to have such an understanding editor, Mitch smiled at John. "Thanks, man."

"No problem." John stood and looked down at Mitch. "But as soon as your dad is better, I expect your article on Belle On The Bend."

"Will do, boss."

Once John left, Mitch opened his notebook again. The last sentence he'd typed jumped out at him.

Her shoulder-length curly blond hair and voluptuous body would make any man long to run his hands along her generous curves.

LYNN LAFLEUR

He'd barely started his tour of Belle On The Bend when he'd received the phone call about his father. He'd only been blessed with a glimpse of Isabella Patricelli while snapping pictures of the grounds. That glimpse wasn't nearly enough. He had a job to finish first, then he had every intention of getting to know the beautiful blonde better . . . *much* better.

*Maggie and Isaac*

---





# One

Isabella Patricelli stood inside the entrance to Belle On The Bend and watched the couple emerge from a silver BMW. They were in their early- to mid-thirties and quite attractive. Their luxury car along with their designer clothes shouted that they were well-to-do if not wealthy.

She watched the man straighten the cuffs of his gray jacket. She guessed Armani. Why he would be wearing a suit on a vacation, she couldn't imagine.

She sighed. They didn't look happy. Even from fifty feet away, she could feel the sadness seeping from their souls.

She had her work cut out for her with this couple.

Summoning a bright smile, Belle stepped out on the wide veranda. "Good morning. Welcome to Belle On The Bend."

The couple climbed the five steps toward Belle. She couldn't help but notice the man didn't take the woman's hand or arm to help her up the steps. Simple common courtesy dictated that he at least offer to assist her.

LYNN LAFLEUR

“Good morning,” he said, still unsmiling. “I’m Isaac Oliveira. This is my wife Maggie.”

Belle turned toward Maggie. Petite, short red hair, huge green eyes, ivory skin. She was the perfect companion to her husband’s dark hair and olive coloring. “I’m so pleased to meet you. Please come in.”

“Our bags?” Maggie asked.

“Dolan will get them for you,” Belle said as she led the way inside the mansion. “He’s officially my maintenance man, but he does a little of everything around here. Sometimes I wonder how I ever got along without him.”

Belle stopped and faced her guests when she heard Maggie’s soft gasp. Eyes wide and lips parted, the lovely redhead turned in a slow circle. Belle smiled to herself. Visitors to the mansion often stared at the antique furnishings. Stepping into Belle On The Bend was like stepping back in time one hundred and fifty years.

“It’s incredible,” Maggie whispered. She clasped her husband’s arm. “Oh, Isaac, isn’t it beautiful?”

“Yeah.”

Belle’s eyes narrowed at Isaac’s bored tone. This one would definitely take a lot of work. She looked at Maggie in time to see the hurt in her guest’s eyes before Maggie released her husband’s arm and lowered her gaze.

A chirping sound from Isaac’s pocket produced the most response Belle had seen from him since he arrived. He slipped his hand into his slacks pocket and drew out a thin wireless phone.

Maggie frowned. “Isaac, you promised no business.”

“This won’t take long.” He turned and headed toward the

## *Seduction's Spell*

entrance, opening the flip-phone as he walked. "Yeah . . . No problem. I wanted you to call . . . Did you get . . ."

The rest of his words were lost when he stepped outside. Sympathy welled up inside Belle. Maggie looked so lost and alone.

Isaac wasn't the first husband who'd brought his wife here, then put business first.

"Why don't we go into the parlor for something to drink while your husband finishes his call?"

Maggie gave her a weak smile. "Thank you."

Belle led the way through the foyer and into the parlor. "I have regular or raspberry iced tea, soft drinks, or I can serve you lemonade if you'd prefer it."

"The raspberry tea sounds wonderful."

"Please sit down and make yourself comfortable while I prepare your drink. Sugar or lemon?"

"Just lemon."

"I have to drink my tea sweetened. I'm definitely a sugar-holic. I detest any artificial sweetener."

Her teasing earned Belle another small smile from her guest. Out of the corner of her eye, she saw Maggie perch on the edge of a pale blue wingback chair in one of the sitting areas. The redhead continued to study her surroundings, as if trying to absorb the different colors, textures, and styles of the furniture and furnishings.

"The mansion is beautiful, Belle."

"Thank you." Belle added a plate of her cook Lottie's Snickerdoodles to the tray. "I enjoy living here very much. And I enjoy sharing it with others." She joined Maggie in the sitting area, placing the tray on the small round table between the two chairs.

LYNN LAFLEUR

“How long have you lived here?”

Taking the second chair, Belle crossed her legs before handing Maggie her tea. “Longer than I want to admit.”

Maggie sipped her drink. “Mmm, very good. I don’t think I’ve ever drunk raspberry tea.”

“Try the Snickerdoodles. My cook is incredible. No one goes hungry around here.”

Biting her bottom lip, Maggie eyed the cinnamon-topped cookies on the tray with longing. “I shouldn’t. I’ve put on some weight and I’m trying to lose it.”

Belle saw a lovely woman with shapely curves, not someone overweight. Maggie didn’t say it, but Belle sensed it was Isaac who wanted his wife to lose weight.

The jerk.

“You’re on vacation. You have to eat things you wouldn’t normally eat. It’s a law.”

Maggie giggled. The sound made her appear much younger than thirty-something. “Well, I wouldn’t want to break any laws.” She chose a small cookie from the tray and bit into it. A look of bliss crossed her face. “Oh, my.”

Belle smiled. “Lottie’s desserts are legendary. Wait until you taste her peach cobbler.”

“You’re determined to make me gain back the seven pounds I’ve lost.”

With a shrug, Belle picked up a cookie. “I have almost three hundred acres of gardens and walking trails if you want to exercise.”

“I’d rather exercise another way,” Maggie muttered, looking into her glass of tea.

Belle heard her, but pretended she didn’t. “Excuse me?”

## *Seduction's Spell*

A lovely blush bloomed in Maggie's cheeks. "Nothing." She raised her gaze back to Belle's face. "Tell me more about the mansion. Is all the furniture Rococo Revival?"

Recognizing the obvious change of subject, Belle sat back in her chair. "You know antiques."

Maggie shrugged. "I work part-time in an antique store in Dallas."

"Do you enjoy it?"

An excited light filled her eyes. "Very much. I love antiques. All the incredible curves and carvings, the wood, the simple beauty of the pieces. Isaac . . ." The mention of her husband made the light disappear. "He doesn't care for antiques. He's more into modern things."

"There's no reason why you can't have a mixture of both. I do. Yes, most of the furniture is Rococo Revival, but I also have pieces from different eras, including modern." She grinned. "I like to be different."

Maggie returned her grin. "I think that's called 'eclectic.'"

"Or 'wishy-washy.'"

Maggie's laughter delighted Belle. She sensed there was entirely too little laughter in the lovely redhead's life.

Belle planned to do everything in her power to change that.

After setting down her glass of tea, Maggie looked at her watch. "I wonder what's taking Isaac so long."

"Business sometimes takes longer than one expects."

"That's true." She sighed deeply. "Business *always* takes longer than I expect." An anguished look crossed Maggie's face, as if she knew she'd said something she shouldn't have.

"I'm sorry. I didn't mean to say something so personal."

"Sometimes it helps to talk."

LYNN LAFLEUR

Maggie shook her head. “Thank you, but I’d rather not.”

“Then I won’t push. But please know I’m here if you need me for anything. I’m a very good listener.”

“I appreciate your offer.”

Knowing she’d get nothing further from her guest now, Belle set her glass on the table. “Would you like me to show you to your suite? I’m sure your husband will be back shortly.”

“Yes, please. I’d like to get settled.”

Belle led the way out of the parlor and up the wide, curved staircase. “I’ve put you and your husband in the General Suite. It’s my largest room. The view of the gardens is breathtaking.”

At the end of the hall, Belle opened the double doors to the suite and stepped aside so Maggie could enter the room first. Her guest’s “Oh, my!” made Belle smile.

“Do you approve?”

“What’s not to approve?” As she had done in the foyer, Maggie turned in a slow circle. “It’s simply beautiful.”

“I’ll give you the chance to look around. Please let me know if you need anything.”

“I will. Thank you.”

“I’ll bring your husband up when he comes back in the house.”

Maggie dipped her head and smiled. Belle left the room, closing the doors behind her.

Maggie’s smile disappeared as soon as Belle closed the doors. She sighed heavily. She’d managed to get her husband to Belle On The Bend, but she’d lost him to his business within two minutes of getting here.

She hated that damn business a bit more each day.

She couldn’t help but be proud of Isaac for turning a failing