



## Excerpt:

**BABY'S OWNER WAS A LOST CAUSE.** But the malamute...she had potential. Baby had all the looks, poise, control, and intelligence needed to be a great show dog. A first-class winner.

Too bad he couldn't say the same about Ms. Meadows.

Usually, Justin made it his business to separate that particular breed of humans—the kind that didn't care—from their dogs. But given his soft spot for blondes, he'd already decided to give Baby and her human a wide berth. Still, there was something about Ms. Meadows blue eyes...a softness, an innocence...

*OK Make that a soft spot for blondes with big, naïve-looking blue eyes.* Shaking his head, Justin purposely turned away to focus his gaze on Mrs. Jones and her Great Dane. Bertie was doing a great job of leading her owner. But Mrs. Jones was deftly, if somewhat timidly, applying Justin's technique on the leash.

*Good to know someone's paying attention.* A yelp caught his attention. He turned around just in time to see Baby circle his owner. The leash wrapped around the blonde's ankles.

"Baby, stop!"

"No. Don't say that!" Justin saw the accident in the making but spoke too late.

Baby immediately obeyed Ms. Meadows' command. She stopped, turned, raised on her hind legs, and placed two huge front paws on her owner's immaculate white, ruffled top. With the leash still tangled around her ankles, the lovely Ms. Meadows' arms flailed as she sailed backwards and landed flat on her back in a puff of dust.