

Yes, she knew they called her the Ice Queen. Rachel had been right, there was no fire in Belinda's life. Her clothes, her home, her office all showed her passionless life – cool blues with black and gray and white, calm, controlled. However, in the past two years, quite a few men in the St. Louis legal community had discovered that the Ice Queen was Venus in bed.

The first time she'd given her body willingly, she'd done it in the hope of driving out the memory of what had happened two months before. Even though the man was nothing to write home about, it had seemed to help. So she'd looked for someone else who might help more.

Belinda hadn't found anyone who could completely drive the memory of her shame away. Her frantic desire to find that place where the past was buried for a moment made her a fervent bed partner. Whenever it became clear that her current man wasn't going to bury the past forever, she would start looking for another.

Now Abe Lawrence and Rachel Wolfe were making her question her methods. Which was why, this third Sunday in January, she found herself on the way to the church she hadn't attended since Christmas a year ago.

As Belinda had reviewed her life and her options for changing it, the one thing she kept coming back to was the God question. Why had she rejected

God? Had she misjudged him just as she had misjudged Abe? There was only one way to find out.