



SILVER SPOON
FALLS FALCONS

Lana's WINGER

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

LONI REE



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ONE

JENSEN



I CAN'T BELIEVE I agreed to spend one of my only two nights off with my new goddamn business partner. Fucking hell. I push open the restaurant door and feel the warm air blast against my face. "I'm meeting Zane Costa," I tell the

hostess. Since the team had a game in Seattle last night, I decided to kill two birds with one stone and arranged to meet my new business partner while I'm in town. Hopefully, we can iron out the last-minute details so I can get my mind back on hockey.

"Follow me, please." She gives me a professional smile and heads through the darkened restaurant as I follow behind her. When she stops at a table in the back, I blink several times, staring down at the most stunning fucking woman I've ever seen in my life. Her dark blonde hair hangs in curls around her delicate, heart-shaped face, tempting me to wrap my hands in the thick curls and hold on tight while I pound into her from behind. My cock turns to stone as I consider blowing off my business meeting for a night with her instead.

"You've made a mistake." But I'll happily have dinner with this goddess instead of the boring ass lawyer any day.

Before the hostess is able to respond, the goddess tells me, "There's no mistake, Mr. Sparks. My brother couldn't make it tonight, and he didn't want to cancel last minute since you're only in town for a couple nights." Then she stands and holds out her hand to me. "So, I'm here in his place. I'm Lana Costa, Zane's law partner."

As our palms meet, my heart jumps in my chest while my cock nearly tears a hole through the front of my dress pants. As I stare down into her violet eyes, I notice specks of gold running around her irises and wonder if she's real. Maybe I've taken a few too many hits on the ice and my mind is conjuring up my perfect woman.

She stares at me with a raised eyebrow, and I give my head a shake before reaching for her hand. "Nice to meet you." The manners my mother drilled into my brain over the years kick

in as I bring her hand to my lips. The air around us heats, and I fight to resist the urge to throw her over my shoulder and get the fuck out of this stuffy ass restaurant. I'm not sure where these insane feelings are coming from, but I can't seem to control the fuckers.

In an attempt to get my fucking body under control, I sit down and take a healthy swig of the ice-cold water on the table in front of me. When the waiter appears, I order a strong drink. I don't usually drink alcohol during the hockey season, but I figure finding the love of my life is a good enough reason to make an exception.

Once the waiter leaves, my goddess turns to me. "Zane tells me you own several apartment buildings in Silver Spoon Falls." Her fake professional smile causes my back teeth to snap together as I picture all the ways I could wipe the smile from her face. I'd start with fucking her sweet pussy until we're both too tired to do anything. My cock loves my idea and urges me on.

I ignore the fucker and pull my head out of my ass. "Yes," I answer, telling myself I'll let my goddess have her small talk until I figure out how to handle this crazy situation. I've never had the urge to knock up a business acquaintance before. "My hockey career won't last forever." Boy, is that an understatement. It feels like every game takes an even bigger toll on my thirty-six-year-old body, and I've found something that I want way the fuck more than playing hockey.

I see desire flash through her violet eyes a second before she masks it. "That's a very smart attitude to have." The professional wall she's attempting to throw up between us is intolerable to me, so I reach across the table and cover her hand with mine.

“Thank you.” I smile and bring her soft hand to my lips. “Why don’t you tell me about yourself.” I want to fucking know everything there is to know about my future wife.

“There isn’t much to tell, and this meeting isn’t about me.” She pulls her hand away. “I’m here to see if you have any questions before Zane has the final papers drawn up.”

“My lawyer and Zane have taken care of all of that.” It’s why I had no idea why Zane insisted on this dinner.

“Oh.” That seemed to take a little air out of her sails. “Then I’m sorry to waste your time with this unnecessary dinner meeting.”

“Spending the evening with you isn’t a waste of my time.” I plan to spend every available second with my goddess once I convince her to give me the time of day. From the stubborn set to her shoulders, I figure she isn’t going to make it easy on me.

I grit my back teeth when she gives me the fake professional smile again. “Sure.”

“I’d like to get to know you.” I’m determined to crack the ice-queen shell my little goddess has wrapped tight around her luscious body.

She stares at me silently for a few seconds before sighing. “I’ve been a lawyer for six years. I specialize in corporate law.” She reels off her experience like we’re in a fucking job interview, and that just won’t work for me.

“What do you do for fun?” Her eyes widen at my question.

“Fun?” Her mouth opens and closes silently for a few moments. “I don’t have much time for fun.”

That’s not going to work for me. I plan to change that real fucking soon. “Me neither,” I admit. “Between my hockey

schedule and keeping up with my rental properties, I find myself going nonstop.” But I can see that’s going to change soon. For the first time, I finally realize what it feels like to meet the one person who will change everything in my entire world.

I spend the rest of the evening dragging every tiny bit of information from her that I possibly can. When the waiter brings the check, I realize my time is running short. Before she’s able to pay, I hand him my credit card and turn to her. “Would you have dinner with me tomorrow night? One of my teammates told me about a great little Italian place not too far from here.”

“Oh.” She frowns, and I’m tempted to kiss the tiny lines that appear between her gorgeous eyes. “Do you have more questions?”

“No.” I smile at her. “Tonight was a business dinner. Tomorrow night will be a date.” I spell it out for my goddess.

“I don’t date clients.”

“I’m your brother’s business partner, not a client,” I remind her. “And I want to take you out and get to know you.”

“Look.” Lana takes a deep breath. “I don’t really have time to date anyone right now.”

“I’m not asking you to marry me.” Not tonight at least. I’ll wait at least until our second date before I propose. I can see she’s about to refuse so I pull out the big guns. “Please,” I beg. “What could one date hurt?”

She blinks several times, and I furiously think of how to convince her. “Okay.” Shock fills her violet eyes as the word slips past her lips. “I have meetings until six, so the earliest I can be ready is seven. Where should we meet?”

“I’ll see you at Mario’s on Twelfth Street at seven tomorrow,”
I quickly agree. I’d rather pick her up, but I don’t want to give
my little goddess more ammunition to refuse to see me.

TWO

LANA



IT FEELS like this day is zipping by at the speed of light. I lay my head back against my desk chair and close my eyes, hoping to wake up tomorrow. “Happy Friday Morning,” Debra, the assistant I share with my brother, comes breezing into my office and places a cup of coffee on my desk.

I open one eye and glare at her. “Please don’t remind me what day it is.” I’m not going to lie; her perpetual perkiness isn’t helping the situation.

“I won’t, but I do need to remind you to email your mother back before she freaks out.” Freaking hell. I pull up my calendar and realize it’s been three days since I received my mother’s last email, and I haven’t responded yet.

“Good God.” I pull up the email and hit reply. “She’s going to give me hell for this.”

“She already sent Zane a message, asking what’s going on with you.” Debra bites her bottom lip to keep from laughing, and I roll my eyes at the absurd situation.

When my dad arranged a three-month-long cruise for their fortieth anniversary, my mother tried to refuse to go. She was worried that Zane and I couldn’t survive three months without them.

It took a lot of promises on our part to convince her to go on the trip. In the end, I promised to keep in touch with her, no matter what, and she agreed to go. Now, I’m failing to keep my promise, and my mother isn’t going to let me forget it.

“I’ll email her right now.” At least, having something to do will help occupy my mind. I’m typing out the message when a thought occurs to me. I glance up and glare at my assistant. “Don’t you dare tell her I have a date.” We both know how that would go over. “She’ll cut out on Dad and head home right away if she even suspects I have a date.” Ever since my brother married Celine, my mother has been dying for me to find my soulmate, and she’s getting impatient to see me settled.

“Your mom just wants you to be happy like Zane and Celine are,” Debra reminds me.

“I know, but she’s driving me nuts.” That’s an understatement. If my mother had any idea I was going out with Jensen Sparks, she’d flip out.

My assistant sits on the edge of my desk and asks, “How can I help you get through these trying times?” I ignore my friend’s snarkiness and make an impossible wish.

“Make me somehow time travel to tomorrow morning.” It’s not a reasonable request, but I’m desperate. I can’t believe I’m in this predicament anyway. I must’ve temporarily lost my mind. That’s the only excuse I have for falling for my brother’s client who happens to be a freaking hockey player.

When my brother-slash-law partner asked me to meet with Jensen Sparks for dinner, I readily agreed. It’s not anything unusual, especially since my brother met and married his soulmate.

Then I walked into the restaurant and lost my mind and possibly my heart. Me, Miss I Don’t Have Time to Deal with a Man, took one look at the smoking hot, muscular hockey player and lost all my freaking marbles.

“Most women would give a kidney to go on a date with Jensen Sparks.” As Debra fans herself, I wonder how I can fix this situation before things get out of hand.

“This isn’t a real date.” I have no idea how the drop-dead-gorgeous hockey player convinced me to go out with him a second time. Oh yeah. He stared down at me with hunger shining from his dark brown eyes, and I folded like a cheap suit. I opened my mouth to refuse his invitation, and the word “Okay” came out instead. My agreement seemed to shock him

as much as it shocked me, but he wouldn't allow me to backtrack.

I tell myself I'd rather spend the evening like I usually do, curled up on my sofa with Rufus snoring happily next to me, but I know I'm lying to myself.

I take a deep breath and pull myself together. It's time to quit acting like a scared teenager. I'll just tell him I've changed my mind. "I need you to call Mr. Sparks and inform him a business emergency has come up and I'm unable to make dinner."

"Oh, heck no." Debra shakes her head vigorously. "You aren't getting me to do your dirty work."

"Then I'll do it myself," I growl.

"You'll regret it if you don't go and see what happens." I hate it when she uses her reasonable tone with me.

"I can't believe I agreed to this." I have a hard time admitting the real reason I don't want to go on this stupid date. "I get tongue-tied on dates, and things go downhill from there." It's really embarrassing. I can make a grown man cry in the courtroom, but the moment I find myself in an even slightly romantic situation, my inner teenager takes over and things go to hell real fast.

"It's time for you to get over this crazy aversion you have to dating." Debra isn't helping. "You're too young to settle for nights at home with your dog."

"And you really think dating my brother's client is the way to get into dating?" There are so many things wrong with this scenario. I'm too freaking old to start trying to learn how to date. Ever since my first few fumbling attempts at dating in college, I decided I'd be better off alone.

“You don’t need to learn how to date.” Debra shakes her head, ignoring the real issue. “Just be yourself and everything will be fine. Plus, Jensen Sparks is a business partner, not a client.”

That’s really splitting hairs, but Debra is right. It’s not against the rules to date a business partner, but it still isn’t a good idea. I can’t believe this is happening. When my brother invested in rental property in Silver Spoon Falls, Texas, I thought he’d lost his mind. Then I did a little investigating and realized the small Texas town is a freaking gold mine. The millionaire-slash-billionaire ratio of residents is unbelievable. It’s like the universe has decided to smile upon the entire Silver Spoon Falls population.

And I agreed to dinner with one of the millionaires. Oof.



AT SEVEN ON THE DOT, I step into Mario’s, telling myself I’ll have a quick dinner with the hot hockey player and then get the heck out of here.

I spot Jensen standing next to the bar and take a deep breath before walking over to him. “Good evening,” I tell him.

“Hello, goddess.” He smiles down at me before leaning over to kiss me. My brain completely shuts down as his warm lips move over mine. When he pulls my body against his hard muscular frame, my girly parts tingle. My mind turns to mush, and I forget everything except him.

When he pulls back and leans his forehead against mine, I attempt to pull myself together. “I was worried you’d stand me

up.”

“I almost did.” I can’t believe I said that. “But my assistant wouldn’t call for me.” Oh my God, I can’t believe I said that. Closing my eyes, I pray for the ground to open up and swallow me, but nothing happens.

“I’m glad you didn’t.” He takes my hand and leads me through the dark restaurant. “I reserved the private dining room for us.”

Oh, man. Private? Like just the two of us alone in a dark room? I’m in so much trouble.

“You didn’t have to go through all that trouble and expense.”

“It wasn’t any trouble and you’re worth it.” He pulls out a chair for me and I drop into my seat.

When he hands me a glass of wine, I take it and smile. “Thank you,” I tell him before taking a huge sip, hoping it helps me get through this date without humiliating myself, much.

The first part of our date actually goes by surprisingly smoothly. It turns out, Jensen Sparks isn’t some dumb jock. He’s an intelligent, accomplished businessman as well as a professional athlete.

Somewhere along the way, we really hit it off. I lose what’s left of my mind and my heart and turn off my doubts. It’s the only excuse I have for not resisting when he pulls my chair closer to his.

He winds his fingers through my hair and pulls my head close for his kiss. “Fuck. I can’t resist you.”

THREE

JENSEN



THIS GIRL OWNS ME, heart and soul. A little voice in the back of my mind is shouting to slow things down before I scare her off, but I ignore the fucker.

Before I'm able to stop myself, I pull her out of her seat and drag her across my lap then cover her lips with mine. The

goddamn voice grows louder as I run my tongue along the inside of her mouth.

I slide my hand up her side and slip it under her silky shirt. When my palm brushes against the front of her silky bra, her nipple hardens, and I slowly run my finger around it. Lana sighs my name, and I finally find the strength to pull back, telling myself that I want more than one night. I lay my forehead against hers. “We have to stop now or I’m going to fuck you in this goddamn restaurant.”

She stiffens in my arms and pulls away. “What in the world is up with me?” she asks and stands up. As I watch, she paces around the table, straightening her clothes. “I can’t believe I acted like an idiot.” She continues grumbling to herself, “Of all the stupid, idiotic moves.”

“Wait a minute, goddess.” I interrupt her little spiel. “I want you more than my next breath, but I don’t want to rush things between us.”

When I reach for her hand, Lana steps away from me. “There isn’t anything between us.” I feel like I’ve been hit between the eyes with a two-by-four as she continues. “I’m sorry I let things get out of hand, but this isn’t going to happen.”

“I’m not going to let you get away.”

“You don’t have any choice.” Lana grabs her purse and straightens. “Thank you for dinner, but I don’t think we have any reason to see each other anymore.”

Oh, you are so wrong, goddess. I think to myself as she turns for the door. But I know I want more than one night with Lana, so I’ll let her leave tonight. Tomorrow, though, I plan to throw myself into wooing my goddess.



OVER THE NEXT WEEK, I send flowers, fancy-ass chocolates, and even a diamond bracelet, but my goddess sends each and every gift back. Each time she returns something, I get a little more pissed off.

“Who the fuck pissed in your Wheaties?” Atlas, our goalie, grumbles as we head to the locker room after a painful fucking practice. I’m making rookie mistakes since my mind isn’t on my job. As one of the oldest and most reliable guys on the team, I’m usually unflappable, but things have changed.

“Fuck off.” I’m not in the mood to worry about hockey right now. My mind is too occupied with trying to find a way to win over my goddess.

“He’s PMSing,” Colter pipes in, and I turn to flip off the motherfucker.

“I want to see you.” Grayson Marrow, our head coach and one of my best friends, points at his office door. “We need to discuss what the fuck is going on with you.”

We step into his office, and Gray slams the door shut. “What in the fuck, Jensen?”

“I’m having an off day.” I’m not ready to admit to my friend that my soulmate wants absolutely fucking nothing to do with me.

“More like an off week.” He sits behind his desk and stares at me silently for a few minutes.

“Why don’t you take the rest of the week off? I’ll make up some bullshit reason to put you on the Injured Reserve List.” It’s nice that my friend has my back, but I refuse his offer.

“I’ll get my head out of my ass,” I tell him. “I just need some sleep.” And to convince my goddess to give me the fucking time of day.

“This is your last warning.” We might be friends off the ice, but Gray is still my boss and he doesn’t pull any punches. “If you aren’t in a better headspace, don’t bother showing up tomorrow.”



I END up at the Park Avenue Bar drowning my sorrows over my girl. Not my brightest moment.

I’m attempting to order another whiskey when Gray shows up. “What the fuck is up with you?”

I’m too drunk to deal with the asshole. “That’s none of your goddamn business. Go home and worry about your woman and leave me the fuck alone.”

The meathead bouncer from the front door walks up to stick his nose in my business. “Told you he was being a fucking menace,” he tells Gray.

“Can you help me get him out of here?” These two assholes are talking about me like I’m some fucking kid.

“It’s a good thing Razor pays me so well.” The burly asshole walks around me. “If you swing at me again, I’ll knock you on your fucking ass.”

I'm not scared of the asshole. I flip him off and push back from the bar. The room goddamn swims around me as I sway on my feet. "Come on." They each take hold of one of my arms. "It's time to get you home before you get into trouble."

"Whatever." My stomach rolls as all the fight drains from me.

In my last act of defiance, I let the two assholes carry-drag me the two blocks to Gray's car.

"You could've parked closer," the bouncer grumbles to Gray.

"There are no parking spots any closer." My coach struggles to hold me up with one hand while reaching into his pocket to grab his keys.

"You fucking owe me," Gray growls as the bouncer shoves my ass into the passenger seat.

"Good riddance," the burly asshole growls before slamming the door in my face.

I bang on the window and yell, "Fuck off, you ugly motherfucker." I don't care if I sound like a spoiled little kid. "The bar sucks."

"Then don't come back, asshole," the bouncer yells back through the window then glances around me. "Make sure he doesn't show his face around here for a few nights."

"I'll try," my coach mumbles as my vision blurs.

The next thing I know, I wake up on my sofa sweating my ass off with one of my wool blankets pulled up over me. I sit up and kick the goddamn blanket off, and a sheet of paper slides to the floor.

I reach down and grab the note. It takes me a few tries to blink and clear the blurriness from my vision.

Hangovers aren't excused reasons for missing practice. Either take me up on my offer of a few days off or drag your ass in for practice.

G.

I BREW myself a strong cup of coffee then sit on my back deck to debate my options. In my heart, I know there's no way I'll give up on my goddess, so I guess I'll have to find a way to make sure she feels the same way about me.

After packing a bag, I send Gray a message.

ME

I'm going to take your offer.

ASSHOLE BOSS

Go figure out your shit and come back with your head on straight.

ME

I might not come back to the team.

ASSHOLE BOSS

Fuck me. Not you too?

MY FRIEND just found his own soulmate, so he should understand where I'm coming from.

ME

Yes, me too.

ASSHOLE BOSS

Keep me up to date on what's happening. We'll make it work.

ME

I owe you.

ASSHOLE BOSS

And I'll collect from you one day.

I HAVE no doubt he will. As I drive to the airport, I make a mental list of everything I need to do to win over my girl. My little goddess is going to find out she can't get rid of me easily. Worst case, I can always resort to kidnapping. At least I have options.

FOUR

LANA



I'M STARING BLANKLY at my computer screen when Debra sticks her head in my office door and announces, "Your daily delivery is here." I'm not going to lie; relief cuts through me when I realize Jensen hasn't given up on me. For the first week after our date, he sent some sort of gift every single day,

but then the deliveries stopped coming two days ago and I started to worry that he'd finally listened to me and was giving up. God. I'm losing my freaking mind over the hot hockey player.

"Would you please send it back?" I ask, even though I'm not sure I'm going to let her return whatever it is. A little voice in the back of my mind keeps urging me to take a chance and see where things go between us. I'm terrified to jump into something with him, but I know I'll regret it forever if I don't at least try.

"I don't think this is returnable." Debra shrugs and glances over her shoulder.

I look up from my computer and frown. "What do you mean?"

"She means I'm not leaving until you agree to have dinner with me again." Jensen steps past my assistant and strolls into my office like he owns the place.

A combination of happiness at seeing him again mixed with the urge to slap the arrogant smirk off his face rushes through me. "I thought I made myself clear when I returned all your presents." What can I say? I'm happy to see him, but I'm not going to let him walk all over me.

He's still freaking gorgeous. My eyes roam over his massive body, and I notice that he's cut his thick brown hair a little shorter than it was a week ago, and he's got the beginning of a beard covering his square jaw. Today, he's wearing a light blue polo shirt stretched tight across his muscular chest and faded jeans. Wow. I have no idea how, but he's gotten even hotter. I barely resist the urge to fan myself as he stares into my eyes.

"It's getting warm in here," Debra mutters and steps out into the hall. "I'm going to get something to drink. Can I get you

anything?”

“No, thank you.” Jensen never takes his eyes off me as he answers my assistant. “I have everything I need right here.”

“Are you here for another meeting with my brother?”

“Are you being difficult on purpose, or do you just want to see me squirm?” Jensen raises his eyebrow.

“I’m an attorney. Being difficult is a job requirement.” What can I say? Growing up with a pain in the rear brother and overprotected parents caused me to learn how to hold my own in an argument at an early age.

“And determination is a job requirement of mine.” He steps close and reaches for my hand. “I’m not giving up, goddess.” It sounds more like a promise than a threat. “You stole my goddamn heart the first night we met, and now you’re stuck with me.”

My heart melts at his words, and I’m tempted to jump in with both feet, but he needs to know something first. “I’m horrible at relationships.” I swallow and admit the whole embarrassing truth. “In fact, I’ve never really tried to have a serious relationship.”

“Well, that makes two of us. I guess we’ll have to figure out things together.”

“Hold up.” I can’t believe what I’m hearing. “You can’t convince me that you haven’t had tons of relationships.”

“I haven’t had the time to dedicate to a relationship.” Jensen places his fingers under my chin and lifts my face so I’m staring into his eyes, and it’s easy to see the honesty shining from his eyes. “And you’re the first woman I’ve ever been interested in enough to try.”

“Okay. Let’s give this relationship thing a go.” I only hope I don’t end up with a broken heart.



WE AGREED to have dinner at my apartment, and I ended up leaving work early to rush out and buy the supplies for our meal. Of course, things aren’t going as planned since I can’t actually cook anything edible, so I pull out my trusty stack of menus and order dinner for us. At ten minutes to eight, I’m rushing around straightening up when the doorbell rings.

“You better be a good boy,” I tell Rufus, and my one-hundred-and-thirty-pound Rottweiler rolls his eyes at me before lying across the entire sofa.

I open the door and glare at Jensen. “You’re early.”

“I couldn’t wait another moment to see you.” For someone with no experience with relationships, he certainly knows the right words to say to make me swoon. “These are for you.”

He hands me a huge bouquet of daisies and I melt. “They’re my favorite flower,” I tell him and take the flowers to the kitchen to find a vase.

“I know. I did a little research on you.” Jensen follows me into the kitchen.

“Oh?” I glance over my shoulder and raise an eyebrow. “Who blabbed my secrets?” There are only a handful of people who know me well enough to know I love daisies, so the possibilities are limited.

“I’m not revealing my sources.” He smiles and pulls me into his arms. As his lips cover mine, I melt against his hard body and feel his erection grow steadily harder against my stomach. Oh, man.

FIVE

JENSEN



I SLIDE my tongue past her sweet lips, and her taste flows through me. I hope moving this fast isn't a mistake, but I need a taste of her to keep me going while we figure things out. Yesterday, I flew out here worried she wouldn't give me the time of day, but I knew I had to try since living without Lana

isn't an option. I plan to take things slow and enjoy our first real date, but my fucking cock isn't cooperating, and I'm having a hard time keeping the fucker under control.

Pulling back from her is the hardest thing I've ever done. I lay my forehead against hers and groan against her soft lips. "We need to slow things down."

"I know." She smiles, reaches up to wrap her soft hand around the back of my head, and tugs my head down. "After you kiss me one more time."

One kiss turns into way the fuck more, and I end up devouring her sweet mouth like a starving man. When we finally come up for air, I step back and take several deep breaths, hoping to calm the urge to throw her luscious little ass down on the sofa and fuck her until we're both too tired to fight this anymore.

Out of nowhere, pain shoots through my foot and I jump back to find a huge, black and gold animal snarling at me. "Rufus! Stop being mean," Lana growls. Holy shit. The massive animal is actually a fucking dog. My goddess glances up at me and smiles. "I'd like you to meet Rufus, the other man in my life."

Fuck me. It's easy to see my goddess adores her ugly ass dog, so I guess I'll have to play nice with the fucker. "Nice to meet you, Rufus," I grit out and give the hairy asshole a little pet on the head. I can see I'm going to need to have a long talk with my furry rival. Only one of us can be the head dog around here, and it isn't going to be him.

After I spend the next few hours attempting to keep the furry asshole from cutting into my time with my goddess, I realize I'm going about this all wrong and decide to change things up.

I kiss my girl goodnight before I'm tempted to stay and head back to my hotel to investigate making friends with dogs.



OVER THE NEXT FEW NIGHTS, I bring the furry asshole a new treat each time I come to see Lana. By the end of the week, I have Rufus eating out of my hand. Literally.

“I’m so glad you guys became friends.” Lana sits next to me on the sofa, and we both turn to watch Rufus tear the hell out of the new dog toy I just gave him.

“I’ll do whatever it takes to make you happy. Even if it means playing nice with your overgrown furball.” I pull her into my arms and run my tongue along the vein pounding at the side of her sweet neck. “Now that he’s occupied, I have the opportunity to do this.” I cover her lips with mine, and my cock turns rock-hard in my jeans.

Lana groans and shifts until she’s straddling my lap. As her soft core rubs against my erection, fireworks explode behind my closed eyelids and I feel my control slipping fast. I wrap my hands around her curvy hips and drag her sweet body down to press her softness tighter against my aching erection. We both groan as I slip my hand under her t-shirt and slide it up her side until I find her sweet, braless tit.

I run my thumb over the hard bud as Lana digs her sharp fingernails into my shoulders. The bite of pain mixes with the intense pleasure coursing through me, and I almost come in my jeans. I’m about to pull back and slow things down when she reaches between us and unzips my jeans.

“You’re messing with fire,” I groan as my cock orders me to shut the fuck up and let her have her way with me.

“I know.” My goddess whimpers when I pinch her nipple between my thumb and forefinger. “I can’t wait any more.”

I lean my head back against the sofa and stare up into her serious violet eyes. “Are you sure?” What the fuck am I doing? Why the hell am I trying to talk her out of this?

“I’m positive.” Lana gives my cock a hard squeeze to prove her point. “Now, stop stalling and fuck me.”

The dirty words coming from my goddess’ mouth nearly do me in. “Once we do this, I’ll never let you go.” I need her to know I’m all in.

“Good. Because I’d kick your rear end if I found out you’ve been toying with me.” My kickass goddess isn’t messing around. She runs her thumb across the head of my cock, and I have to run hockey stats through my mind to keep from coming in her soft hand.

I pull her t-shirt over her head and sit back to stare at her perfect curves. “Fuck. You’re so beautiful.”

My goddess helps me drag my shirt over my head before smiling down at me. “You’re not so bad yourself.”

I lean over and wrap my lips around one of her nipples as she slowly slides her hand up and down my hard cock. Fuck. Her soft touch nearly drives me out of my mind as I kiss my way across her chest and give the other side the same attention.

Before I completely lose control, I lift her curvy body up into my arms and kiss her lips. “We’re going to take this to the bedroom.” I refuse to make love to my soulmate for the first time on an uncomfortable sofa with an overgrown fur ball watching.

“Just hurry,” my goddess groans and kisses the base of my throat as I stumble down the hall. My goddamn pants slip down around my hips, making it hard to move. “I need you.” Fuck. I almost trip over my own feet kicking the bedroom door closed.

I set Lana on her feet and step back to drag my jeans and underwear off before kicking them away. “Wow.” Her violet eyes grow huge and almost swallow her delicate face.

I kneel in front of her and pull her stretchy yoga pants down her silky legs. I give my goddess a little push, and she drops back onto the frilly bed. “I wouldn’t have pictured you as a pink lace kind of girl.” I smile against her soft skin and place kisses up the inside of her silky thigh.

“I’ve always been a girly girl.” She sighs as her legs tremble around me. “I just hide it at work. I don’t want anyone to think I’m soft.”

“You are soft.” I touch her silky skin. “And sweet.” I lean over and softly bite the skin on her upper thigh. “And so fucking gorgeous.” I run my tongue up the center of her lace-covered pussy. “And all mine.”

She digs her nails into the back of my head and drags me closer to her body. I rip away her panties, and my goddess sits up on her elbows to growl, “Those were expensive.”

“I’ll buy you more. Hell, I’ll buy you the whole goddamn factory.” I’d promise just about anything right now to make her happy. I close my lips around her clit and suck until she drops back on the bed and arches her back.

As she trembles, I sit back on my knees and spread her legs wide. I kiss and nibble my way up the inside of one of her silky thighs then down the other side. By the time I make my

way back to her luscious center, my girl is begging me to touch her.

Since I can't resist her, I press one finger knuckle-deep into her wet pussy while I devour her sweet clit. My cock grows impossibly harder as I slide a second finger in next to the first. I slide my fingers a little deeper with each thrust until my girl comes screaming my name. I press my tongue deep into her pussy to taste her orgasm. Her inner walls flutter around my tongue as I work another smaller climax from her delicious body.

While her luscious body trembles, I kiss my way up her luscious curves, lightly nipping her soft skin along the way. When I reach her sweet tits, I kiss and nibble on each berry-hard nipple. "Please," she begs.

"Please what?" I run my tongue along the soft skin at the base of her neck.

"Please fuck me," she growls and reaches between us to wrap her hand tightly around my cock. As she slowly slides her hand up and down, I fight the urge to come in her hand.

Knowing I've hit the limits of my control, I place my cock at her opening and stare down into her eyes while slowly thrusting into her sweet pussy. Her silky inner walls stretch around my hardness as I press deeper with each thrust.

She digs her nails into my shoulders and holds on tight as I thrust faster.

SIX

LANA



OH MY. My eyes cross behind my closed eyelids as he reaches between our bodies to rub my clit. It isn't long before I'm lifting up my hips to meet each of his thrusts.

I'm about to come for the second time when he slows his thrusts. "Don't stop," I beg as I dig my fingers into his

muscular butt cheeks.

“I’m not stopping.” He kisses the spot at the base of my neck that drives me wild. “I’m just slowing things down a little.”

“I don’t want to slow down.” I clench my inner muscles around his hardness to get my point across to him.

“Fuck,” he growls against the side of my neck.

“That’s right. Fuck me.” I decide it’s time to take things into my own hands and catch my hot hockey player off guard as I spin us around so I’m straddling him.

The new position allows him to slide a little deeper into my pussy. As I slowly lift myself up and down, his hard shaft rubs a spot deep inside me that sends sparks of electricity shooting down my spine.

I slowly increase my pace as he reaches up and caresses my boobs. He runs his thumbs over my nipples, and I feel another climax tingling its way up from my toes. The room turns dark around me as a massive orgasm roars through my body.

Jensen shouts my name as warm wetness fills my pussy. I slump across his chest while my body recovers from all the pleasure. He wraps his hand in my hair and lifts my head so I can stare into his eyes. “I fucking love you.”

His words should scare the hell out of me, but I’m already too deep in this relationship. “I love you, too.” I don’t care that this is happening so fast. My brother met and married his soulmate within a few weeks, so I know love at first sight does exist. I just never thought it would happen to me.

“Thank God.” He smiles and pulls me down for his kiss. “I didn’t want to have to resort to plan B,” he tells me when we come up for air.

“Plan B?” I’m not sure I want to know what his back-up plan was.

“You’re probably better off not knowing.” He laughs and hugs me close to his muscular body.

My eyes are drifting shut when I hear Rufus scratching at the door. “He won’t stop until we let him in,” I groan against Jensen’s chest.

“Don’t tell me the fur ball sleeps in here,” he grumbles and slides out of the bed. “We’re going to have to train him to sleep on the sofa from now on.” When he opens the door, Rufus rushes in and hops up on the foot of the bed. “Or better yet, I’ll buy him a fancy dog bed to sleep on.” I’m not sure my spoiled pooch is going to accept either option, but I’ll let Jensen figure that out for himself.



THE NEXT MORNING, I wake up snuggled against Jensen with my spoiled dog snoring softly at the foot of the bed.

“Good morning, goddess.” Jensen pulls me close for a kiss as Rufus wakes up and whines loudly.

“Good morning.” I smile up at him. “I’d love to stay here with you, but Rufus needs to go outside.”

Jensen sits up and glares down at my dog, then turns back to me. “You stay here and keep the bed warm while I take the furball outside.” I can’t turn down the offer to stay under the warm covers while he takes care of my spoiled dog. Plus, I get to watch him walk across the floor naked. My ovaries nearly

explode as he leans over and grabs his jeans off the floor. I bite my lip to hold back my groan and watch as he pulls on the jeans. He leaves them unbuttoned and calls Rufus. “Come on, furball.” My spoiled pooch hops down off the bed and follows him out the door.

“We’re going to discuss your schedule and a few other things,” I hear Jensen grumble as they head down the hall.

I call in sick for the first time ever and spend the day with Jensen and Rufus. The only cloud in my otherwise sunny sky is the thought of Jensen returning to his team. I know it’s coming, and I’m preparing myself to deal with a long-distance relationship, but the thought of being away from him for weeks at a time is scary.

When I call for the third day in a row, my brother shows up at my apartment unexpectedly. “What are you doing here?” I keep him standing in the hallway.

“That’s what I want to know.” Zane pushes his way into my apartment. “You’ve left me to deal with two new clients and a shitload of paperwork.” I don’t really feel bad since I remember him doing the exact same thing to me when he met and decided to pursue Celine.

“I’ve been busy.” I don’t plan to keep my relationship with Jensen a secret. If my brother has a problem with it, he can get over it. Or not. I don’t really care.

“Busy?” My brother glances over my shoulder as I feel Jensen walk up behind me. “With my new business partner?”

“Yes,” Jensen answers for me. “And I plan to be your brother-in-law soon.”

I spin around and stare at him, wondering if I heard him correctly. “What?” I forget all about my brother watching

intently as I poke my finger into the center of Jensen's muscular chest. "I don't remember you asking me to marry you," I remind him.

"You're right," Jensen agrees and drops to his knees. "I love you more than anything else in the world, and I'm not going to let anything stand in my way. Not even your brother." Oh, my. My heart and ovaries melt at the same time. "Will you marry me?"

Of course, I'm going to marry him, but I don't plan to make things easy on him for the next fifty or so years. I see my brother intently watching out the corner of my eyes and decide to kill two birds with one stone. "I'll answer you once I get rid of my nosy brother."

"What?" Zane roars as I push him toward the front door. "I'm the one who set you up with him in the first place," my brother sputters. "I should get to see you respond to his proposal."

"You'll find out soon enough." I slam the door in his face and turn back to find Jensen standing right behind me. "Since he went through all the trouble of setting us up, you don't have to worry about my brother having a problem with our relationship."

"Good to know." Jensen pulls me close. "But you still haven't answered my question."

"Oh." I tap my finger on my bottom lip slowly. "I guess I'll think about it."

"Fuck that," Jensen roars and throws me over his shoulder. "I know how to convince you."

I'm not stupid. I'll see how he plans to persuade me before I agree.

SEVEN

JENSEN



I KNOW my goddess is fucking with me, but I don't care. I kick the door closed to keep the furball out and drop her gorgeous ass on the bed before stepping back to rip away my clothes.

When she sits up and slowly undresses, I almost swallow my goddamn tongue. I'm not sure how I got lucky enough to find her. "I love you." I want her to know she means everything to me. "And you're going to marry me."

"We'll see." She's determined to drive me out of my fucking mind. "Why don't you attempt to convince me?"

"Hold on, goddess." I crawl over her luscious body, and my cock slides across her soft skin, leaving a trail of wetness. "I'm about to blow your fucking mind."

"Promises, promises."

"That's right." I lean over and kiss the side of her neck before dragging the delicate skin between my teeth, making sure to leave my mark on her milky white skin. Her breathing accelerates as I slowly explore her luscious body. She clenches the frilly pink comforter in her hands as I ignore my rock-hard cock and concentrate on showing my goddess all the reasons she should accept my marriage proposal.

When she grows impatient and reaches between us to wrap her soft hand around my cock, I almost forget my objective. As she slowly strokes my erection, I pull my head out of my ass and double down on my efforts. I cover her soft lips with mine and kiss her until we're both breathless.

I take my time exploring, kissing, and nibbling on nearly every inch of her luscious body before my control begins to slip. Once I have her trembling beneath me, I line my cock up with her wet opening and thrust once until I'm balls-deep.

It suddenly occurs to me that this is going to be over too fast if I don't slow things down. I drag my cock slowly along her tight walls while running my tongue along the inside of her mouth, tasting every inch. Each time I press deep, her inner

muscles clamp down around my cock. Every drop of blood in my body flows straight to my erection as the sound of skin smacking against skin fills the room around us.

I fight my way through two close calls as I hold off my own orgasm to make sure she comes several times.

Her silky walls clench tight around my cock, and I'm pretty sure the pressure is going to leave one hell of a bruise, but I don't fucking care. I reach between us and rub her clit hard, hoping to wring one more orgasm from my goddess.

When she throws her head back and screams my name, I release my hold on my control and come with her. As my come jets deep inside her pussy, I picture little blonde angels who look just like their mother running around the house.

"I love you," I growl against her sweaty skin and roll onto my back. After I pull her against my side, she drops her head on my chest.

"I love you, too. And yes, I'll marry you." I wasn't worried she would refuse me, but the words still settle something deep in me I didn't even know was out of whack.

"Are you sure?" I glance up and paste a fake look of concern on my face. "Because I have no problem trying to convince you if you're not sure."

"Oh." My goddess blinks the exhaustion from her violet eyes and gives me a calculating smile. "It might not hurt for you to give it a second try. Just to be sure."

"I definitely want you to be sure," I growl and flip us over. I take my time kissing my way down her luscious body. By the time I close my lips around her hard little clit, my cock is rock-hard and ready to do more convincing.

I rub the fucker against the soft sheets and concentrate on blowing my goddess' mind. Her sweet taste nearly drives me to my knees, and as I slide my tongue deep into her pussy, I rub my thumb in small circles around her clit, teasing her until she comes.

Her luscious tits call to me, and I stop to suck on each of her nipples before guiding my cock to her dripping wet opening. I slowly slide into her sweet pussy an inch at a time, torturing both of us. Her intimate muscles hug my cock so tight, I have to pause and count backward from a hundred to keep from coming too soon.

I intend to make this time last, but my goddess has other ideas. She digs her sharp nails into my ass cheeks, and the bite of pain drives me crazy. It only takes a few thrusts for us to come together.

I drag her against my body and stare up at the ceiling, waiting for my breathing to return to normal. "I'm one hundred percent sure," my goddess mumbles against the side of my neck.

"Are you? Because I can keep on trying if you need more convincing," I tease. There's no way I could manage to move right now.

"I need a little time to recover, and then you can convince me again." She lays her head on my shoulder and almost instantly falls asleep.

EIGHT

LANA



A COUPLE of days after accepting his marriage proposal, I'm sitting on the sofa next to Jensen watching a movie when I finally get up the nerve to ask him what he's planning to do about his hockey career. "When are you planning to rejoin your team?"

“I’ve been working on things.” He sighs. “The team’s head coach is one of my best friends.” I already know about his close friendship with Grayson Marrow. “He’s planning to give up the head coach job to stay in Silver Spoon Falls with his woman.” That’s all news to me. The last I heard, the popular head coach was single. “So, the negotiations have been a little unusual, but the owner has decided to release me from my contract at the end of this season.”

“You’re quitting hockey?” I sit up and shake my head. “You can’t give up your career for me.”

“I’m not giving anything up for you. I’m making plans for our future.” Jensen hugs me close. “I’m getting up there in age, and hockey is a young man’s sport. It’s time for me to leave hockey in my rearview mirror. Plus, I have much more important things to concentrate on from now on, like knocking up my gorgeous goddess.”

“Are you sure you aren’t going to miss the excitement of professional hockey?”

“I’m positive I’m not going to miss something I didn’t really love in the first place,” he insists. “I appreciate all the opportunities playing hockey gave me, but I always knew it was just a job.”

I lay my head against his shoulder and sigh. “I love you.”

“I love you, too, goddess. Why don’t we sneak off to the bedroom and work on our new project?”

“I love the way you think.” I laugh as Jensen stands and pulls me into his arms.



A FEW DAYS LATER, Jensen leaves to catch up with his team on the road, and both Rufus and I miss him like crazy. It doesn't take me long to realize how much loving him has changed me. My job used to be my life, but now it's something I have to do to pass the time. When Zane married Celine, he cut back his hours significantly and I stepped in to pick up the slack. Our law firm is very successful and profitable, but it isn't my main focus anymore.

It doesn't take my brother long to notice the change in me. He comes strolling in my office and sits in the chair across from my desk. "How long do you plan to mope around here?"

I look up from the contract I've been staring at for an hour without really reading and glare at him. "Excuse me?"

He glances down at the contract on my desk before looking into my eyes. "What do you think about the offer?"

"I haven't finished reading it."

"You've been staring at the fucker all morning long. You should've memorized it by now." He isn't wrong, and I'm so frustrated with myself.

"My heart isn't in it." No use lying to my brother. He's like a freaking human lie detector.

"I already know that." He isn't pulling punches today. "Why don't you take a few days off and decide how you're going to handle things."

My first instinct is to refuse, but deep in my heart, I know my brother is right. “I think that’s a good idea,” comes out of my mouth, surprising both of us.

“I’m going to meet Jensen in Silver Spoon Falls when he gets home from his road trip and see the town firsthand.” Relief cuts through me when I make my decision.

“I think that’s a great idea.”

“We need to hire a couple new attorneys to help with our caseload,” I blurt out before I can change my mind.

“I totally agree.” My brother rubs his bottom lip. “Why don’t you plan your trip to Silver Spoon Falls, and I’ll start looking for new associates.”

“Thank you.” I stand and walk over to hug my brother.

“You’re welcome.” Zane smiles at me and turns to walk to the door. He pauses with his hand on the doorknob and turns back to me. “By the way, you need to reassure Mom that you’re okay before she has fit.”

Oh, man. I’ve been missing Jensen so badly, I totally forgot about my parents. “Do you think Mom and Dad are going to freak out when they find out about Jensen?”

“Of course, they are.” Zane smirks at me and walks out the door. “Especially if you move to Silver Spoon Falls.



SINCE FLYING commercial with a large Rottweiler is next to impossible, I end up begging Zane to keep Rufus for me. I

walk up to Zane and Celine's front door, pulling my big baby behind me. "Come on, Rufus. I won't be gone long." He instinctively knew something was up when I led him out to my SUV at the crack of dawn.

My brother throws the door open and grumbles, "You owe me big fucking time."

"I know." He glances over his shoulder at the small Miniature Schnauzer sitting on the bottom step. "And you owe Bennie. You know Rufus tortures my poor dog."

I wouldn't call it torture. My spoiled baby just doesn't share anything well. "I'll bring Bennie a whole bag of his favorite treats when I come home." I give Rufus a quick kiss on his furry head and look up at Zane. I don't have much time to make my flight.

"You better." My brother hugs me. "And fucking call me when you get to Silver Spoon Falls."

"I will," I promise as I rush back to my SUV.

NINE

JENSEN



IT'S BEEN the longest fucking road trip of my life. I head straight for my home, planning to shower and pack. I have four days until I have to be back in town, and I plan to spend all four days with my goddess.

I pull into my driveway and get the shock of my life when I find a small blue SUV parked in front of my two-story log cabin, and I don't even bother parking in the garage. I pull up next to the vehicle and jump out.

I reach the front door, ready to kick ass if someone has broken into my home, but my goddess pulls the door open, shocking the hell out of me. "Surprise." She smiles and throws herself into my arms.

"What are you doing here?" I hug her luscious body close and feel my heart settle for the first time since I left her. God, I have no idea how I'm going to survive the rest of this fucking hockey season.

"I wanted to surprise you." She leans back, smiles up at me, and rambles on, "And I wanted to see Silver Spoon Falls for myself." I follow her into my home. "I hope you don't mind, but I used the extra key you left at my apartment to let myself into your home."

"Of course, I don't fucking mind. This is your home, too." I kiss her soft lips and kick the door shut with my foot. "I'm going to give you a very extensive tour of our bedroom, and then we can talk."

"I love your plan." Lana smiles as I lift her curvy body into my arms and rush up the stairs.

When I step into my bedroom, I set my goddess on her feet, and she reaches for my waistband. "There's something I want to explore." She quickly pushes my sweatpants and boxers down my legs, and I kick them away as she drops to her knees in front of me.

"Explore away," I manage to croak past my dry lips.

My goddess wraps her soft hand around my cock and slowly slides her thumb across the head. I throw my head back and growl her name when she leans forward to wrap her soft lips around the tip.

“Fucking suck me.” I’m not above begging. My goddess listens to my plea and sucks my cock to the back of her throat. I rock back on my heels and lock my knees while she runs her tongue down the front of my cock before slowly wrapping her soft hand around the base. When she gives me a tight squeeze, I almost come.

My goddess slowly strokes my cock while her soft lips close around the tip. “Are you torturing me on purpose?” I shiver as she sucks my erection to the back of her throat. She shakes her head and groans around my cock, and I fucking lose control. I stand and lift her against my chest. “I wasn’t finished,” she grumbles as I lay her back against the covers.

“I’m not coming down your throat until I’ve knocked you up,” I growl and watch as she tears away her t-shirt and yoga pants. “I’m a lucky motherfucker.”

“Yes, you are. Now, get down here so I can show you how lucky you are.”

She doesn’t have to ask me twice.



WE SPEND the entire night making up for the days we were apart. The sun is rising over the horizon before we finally exhaust ourselves.

The sound of my phone vibrating on the bedside table wakes me up sometime later.

I grab the fucker before it wakes up Lana and swipe the screen to see an early morning message and a new missed call from my goddess' brother.

ZANE

Please have my sister call me.

ME

She's sleeping right now.

ZANE

It's 3:00 in the afternoon.

ME

I can tell time.

ZANE

Fucking hell. Please just have her call me.

ME

I will when she wakes up.

I DROP the phone back on the nightstand and slip out of bed to go make my goddess some breakfast.

I'm standing at the stove cooking eggs when her soft arms wrap around my waist from behind. "Good morning."

I turn in her arms. “Good afternoon is more like it.” As I kiss her soft lips, she melts against me, and I forget all about the eggs cooking on the stove.

“Fuck,” I growl and quickly stir the eggs before they burn. “I hope you like your eggs slightly overcooked.”

“I’m so hungry, I could eat just about anything.” She pours us each a glass of orange juice while I finish the eggs and bacon.

It suddenly hits me that something is missing. “What did you do with the furball?”

“I had Zane and Celine babysit him.” When she mentions her brother, I realize I forgot to have her call the asshole.

“That reminds me.” Better late than never. “Your brother wants to hear from you.”

“Shoot.” My goddess jumps up and rushes to the front hall. A few moments later, she returns, digging in her purse. “I got here and threw myself into getting ready for you to come home and totally forgot to call him.”

“I’m glad I’m more important than your brother.”

“You’re more important than anything.” I sit back and pull her onto my lap while she calls her brother. I’m able to make out the entire conversation pretty much from her side alone.

Once she hangs up, I carry my goddess upstairs and practice knocking her gorgeous ass up.

TEN

LANA



WHEN WE FINALLY COME UP FOR air, I decide it's time to tell Jensen about my plans. "We need to discuss a few things."

He sits back on the sofa and pulls me onto his lap. "What do you want to discuss?"

“Our plans for the future.” I lean back and stare into his dark eyes. “I can’t stand being away from you, so I talked to my brother. We’re going to hire a couple new attorneys to pick up the slack at the office. That will free me up to travel with you until the end of the season. If you want me to.”

“Of course, I want you to travel with me, but I don’t want your career to suffer.”

“I’ve been thinking long and hard, and I decided I’m ready for a little change in my career path.” Yesterday, I arrived in this adorable Texas town and instantly knew why Jensen loves it so much. “I want to stay in Silver Spoon Falls with you.” I haven’t worked it all out, but I’m hoping Zane agrees to us opening a new law office in town. I can handle all of Jensen’s rental businesses, and the new associates we hire back home can take over my clients.

“Are you sure you want to do that? How will it work?” Jensen doesn’t appear to be convinced I’ve thought this through.

“I’m going to take over dealing with your rental properties, and you’re going to figure out what you want to do after hockey.” It might not be as easy as it sounds, but I know we’re going to make it work.

“I love you so fucking much.” He pulls me close for his kiss, and I completely forget all about our discussion.

“I love you, too.”



JENSEN LEAVES for another week of away games, and I stay behind to finish implementing our plans. Then I head home to supervise the movers while they pack up my apartment.

Once everything is packed up, I load up Rufus and head back to my new home in Silver Spoon Falls. My poor spoiled baby doesn't handle the trip too well, and we end up stopping at nearly every rest area to let him run around.

We finally make it to our new home at two o'clock in the morning, and I don't even bother unloading the car. I take Rufus on a quick walk around the huge backyard then drag his pouting rear up to the bedroom. My spoiled pooch resists when I attempt to convince him to sleep on the brand-new doggie bed Jensen bought him.

"You should try out your new bed. Daddy is going to make you sleep there when he gets home," I grumble, and the large Rottweiler ignores my warning. He jumps up on the bed and rolls over to stretch across the mattress. He easily takes up three-fourths of the massive bed while I cling to the edge all night long.

The sunlight peeking through the heavy drapes wakes me up way too freaking early. I roll over to fuss at my dog for taking up the whole bed and get the shock of my life. "Good morning, goddess." Jensen smiles at me. "You were dead to the world when I got in last night, so I let you sleep, but I made the furball sleep in his new bed." He points at Rufus who's pouting in the corner. "I might need to buy him a few treats to make up for the injustice of it all."

"How did you get him to sleep on the dog bed?" I'm pretty impressed he managed the feat.

"I just reminded him who's the top dog here."

“I bet that went well.” I snuggle against Jensen’s side and ask, “What are you doing home? I thought you would be gone for two more days.”

“I wanted to make sure you made it to Silver Spoon Falls, so I caught the last flight out last night.” He runs his nose along the sensitive spot under my ear. “I have to fly to Dallas tonight to meet the team. We have an early practice tomorrow before our game.”

I hate the thought of him leaving again, but I remind myself I’ll be able to travel with him once I get things settled here.

It ends up taking me much longer than I expected to get things settled. By the time I get our things settled in Jensen’s home, set up a temporary office, and find a doggie daycare for Rufus, the season is coming to an end.

I’m feeding my pouting dog when my phone rings, and Jensen’s smiling face flashes across the screen.

“Hello, hunny bunny,” I answer.

“Good morning, goddess. How is your day going?” His warm voice wraps around me.

“Great. I have an appointment with the lawyer who’s representing the apartment complex on Park Avenue after lunch.” It took some maneuvering, but I managed to find the holding company that owns the abandoned building we’re interested in buying. The three-story building with fifteen units would be the perfect investment for our new company.

“Did you get Giant to investigate them to make sure it’s safe?” Jensen is overprotective to the max. He freaks out if I try to meet anyone without his friend checking them out. Giant Carmichael, a member of the Silver Spoon MC, owns one of the best security firms in the country. I’ve worked with his

company a few times in the past, but I hadn't actually met the man in person until Jensen introduced us.

Evidently, there is an impressive amount of love matches in this small town. In fact, there's a rumor going around that the water in town is responsible for all the happy endings, but I don't really believe in fairy tales, so I just smile and nod anytime someone brings up the subject.

"Giant did a full report, and the lawyer is on the up and up. The building's owner died with no heirs, so the county is selling it. If everything goes well with the lawyer, I'll arrange for an inspection and appraisal, then we can make an offer."

"Sounds good, goddess." Hearing his voice makes me miss him more. "Fuck," Jensen growls, and I can hear him talking to someone on the other side of the line. "I have to go. The new coach called a goddamn team meeting. I love you." My heart melts every time my hot hunny bunny says those words.

"I love you, too. I'll call you once I check out the building."

ELEVEN

JENSEN



AFTER THE LONG ASS MEETING, we have an extra practice and it's after nine before I get back to the hotel. I head straight to my room and call Lana. My heart drops when I get her voicemail. I leave a message for her to call me and hurry to type out a message to her.

ME

Where are you?

I WAIT SEVERAL MINUTES, but no little dots appear on the screen. Fuck. After what feels like a goddamn eternity, I undress and hop in the shower, telling myself she's probably in the bathroom or out walking the dog and hasn't seen my message yet. I take the quickest shower on record then hop out and dry myself. My heart squeezes in my chest as I stare at my blank phone screen. Fuck.

I pull up the security feed from my cabin and see the house is completely dark. When I check the movement logs and see no one has been there since this afternoon, I instantly know that something is wrong.

After calling her phone again and letting it click over to voicemail, I dial her password and listen to the messages. Fuck. She's got six new voicemails. Two are bullshit, one is from Zane, and the last three are from the Pooch Parlor wanting to know why she hasn't picked up Rufus.

Knowing I need help, I breathe through the panic flowing through my soul and dial Giant's number.

"It's fucking late. This better be a fucking emergency."

"Lana isn't home," I blurt out the only words I'm able to get past my dry throat.

"I can't believe you're calling me after ten o'clock because you can't find your fucking woman. She's a grown-ass

woman. Maybe she went out to dinner or something.” He doesn’t realize why I’m freaking the fuck out.

I take several deep breaths to bring myself under control so I’m able to explain the situation reasonably. “She hasn’t been home since she left for her afternoon meeting with the lawyer representing the county, and she didn’t pick the goddamn furball up from doggie daycare.”

Now, I’ve got his attention. “Are you sure?”

“I checked my security system and listened to her voicemails.”

“Okay.” Giant takes over. “You’re going to calm the fuck down because freaking out won’t help anything. I’m going to call the lawyer and see what happened this afternoon. As soon as I know something, I’ll call you back.”

“What am I supposed to do in the meantime?” I hate the fucking helpless feeling coursing through me right now.

“Get your ass on the first flight back to Silver Spoon Falls and call the Pooch Parlor’s after-hours line to let them know something came up. I’ll call you back soon.”

The asshole hangs up on me, and I jump into action. It’s nearly impossible to find a flight to Houston this late at night, so Giant comes through in a big way. He calls in a few favors, borrows his MC President’s private plane, and sends it to Dallas to pick me up. Each member of his MC is extremely wealthy, and the President is no exception. He’s CEO of the largest investment bank in Texas, who not only owns a private plane but the MC owns a private airfield so we don’t have to fly all the way to Houston.

I’m sitting on the runway waiting for our turn to take off when my phone rings. I see Giant’s face and feel my heart drop.

“Tell me you know where she is.” I don’t care that I sound desperate.

“The lawyer had to cancel the appointment with Lana. He sent her the key to the building and told her to go check it out.” Giant doesn’t beat around the bush. “I’m sending someone to the apartment complex now.”

“Keep me updated. I should land in less than an hour.” Thank God it’s a short flight between Dallas and Silver Spoon Falls.

I’m a nervous wreck by the time we land in Silver Spoon Falls. As soon as the flight attendant opens the main door, I rush out into the chilly Texas night air.

A black SUV pulls up next to the plane, and my goddess hops out the passenger door. Fucking hell. I almost drop to my knees as relief flows through me. “What the hell happened? Are you okay?” I drag her soft, curvy body against mine and kiss her before she’s able to answer my questions.

“I’m fine.” She wraps her soft arms around my waist and clings to me.

“The lawyer canceled our meeting but offered to let me go see the complex by myself. I didn’t want to waste time, so I went there by myself.” If someone fucking laid a hand on her, I’ll kill the goddamn asshole. “I was so distracted, I accidentally left my cell phone in the car when I went in.” I look over her head and see Giant standing on the driver’s side of the SUV. “Everything was going fine until I got stuck in one of the downstairs apartments.”

“How did you get stuck?” I blink several times, trying to absorb what she’s saying.

“The door jammed when I shut it, and no matter what I did, it wouldn’t open. I tried all the windows, but they had bars on

them and I couldn't find a way out." Fuck. That sounds terrifying.

"I pulled up outside the apartment building and saw her car, so I busted in the main door. She heard me and started hollering until I found the apartment she was trapped inside," Giant explains.

"Are you okay?" I run my hands over her soft curves, making sure she's in one fucking piece.

"I'm fine. A little freaked out that I spent six hours locked in an empty apartment, but nothing happened to me." Thank God. I know there's no way I'd live if something happened to my goddess. Having her in my life is necessary for my survival.

I hug her tight and look over my shoulder. "Thank you," I tell Giant. "I owe you big fucking time."

"Just take care of your woman. I'll collect from you later."



AFTER REASSURING her that the Pooch Parlor owner is going to take good care of Rufus until tomorrow, I spend the rest of the night reassuring myself that Lana is alive and well. Once we're both too tired to move a muscle, I lie back and pull her tight against my side. "I fucking love you." Her delicate scent wraps around me while I run my hands through her soft hair. "And you have to promise you'll never scare me like that again."

“That is one promise I’m happy to make.” She places her chin on my chest and smiles at me before taking my hand and laying it against her soft stomach. “But I can’t promise our little one won’t give us both a few scares.”

It takes my mind a few seconds to absorb what she’s telling me. “You mean?” I glance down at her stomach, envisioning our child growing inside her. Unbelievable happiness flows through my soul.

My goddess smiles at me and nods her head. “Yep, you managed to knock me up.”

Fucking hell. I almost fist-bump the air as satisfaction roars through me. “I knew all that extra practice would pay off.” I laugh and roll her over. Leaning over, I kiss the spot under her ear that drives my goddess wild.

She digs her nails into the back of my head while a shiver runs through her curvy body. I run my tongue along her collarbone, and she asks, “Why don’t we practice a little more? Just to make sure.” My smart, sassy, gorgeous goddess is a mind reader. And she’s all fucking mine.

EPILOGUE

LANA

FIVE YEARS LATER



“MOMMY!” Eleanor screeches and runs over to me when I walk in the back door. I lean over and kiss our oldest on her cheek as she launches into a play-by-play of her day. “Mary Elizabeth stoled my pink marker, and Mrs. Harper made her give it back.”

“Stole, baby girl, not stoled.” I shake my head as my husband turns from the stove and gently corrects our hardheaded daughter.

“Oh. Okay.” She shakes her head and goes on with her story. “Then Tommy ate a yellow crayon and puked it up onto Jana’s desk.”

“Yuck.” Jordan, our four-year-old daughter, shudders as she listens to her older sister. “Remember, crayons are to color with, not eat.” She points her finger at Eleanor, and my husband turns away so the girls can’t see him laughing. At eleven months apart, the girls act like twins.

He pulls silverware out of the drawer and lays it on the countertop. “Why don’t you girls go set the table while I talk to Mommy.” After the girls grab the silverware and head to the dining room, he pulls me into his arms. “Hello, goddess. How was your day?”

“Busy.” That’s an understatement. I spent the morning with our accountant going over our late rent payments, and then I arranged for a babysitter so I can take my husband to the grand opening of the new restaurant we invested in. “Don’t forget, we have Silver Spoon Brewery’s grand opening Friday night.”

“How could I forget? I get to take my gorgeous wife out for a night on the town.” He wiggles his eyebrows. “Maybe we can start working on our next project after the opening.”

“Maybe.” We both know I’m going to give in and try for the little boy my husband is dying to have. “If you’re a good boy.”

“I’m always a good boy.” He smacks my rear end, and I almost self-combust. Our two girls come running back into the room and interrupt us before things get too hot and heavy. My

husband gives the girls tasks to do for dinner while I head upstairs to change into comfortable clothes.

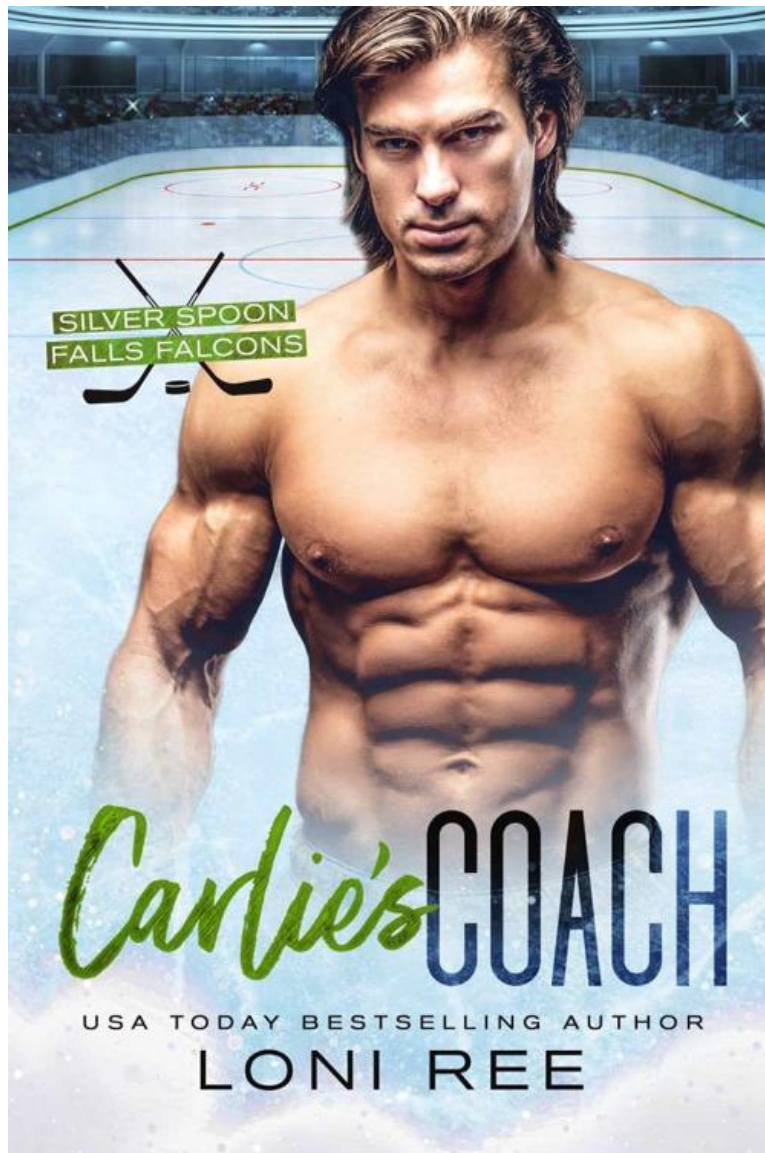
After his last season in the AHL, Jensen threw himself into remodeling our home to get the former bachelor pad ready for our first child. He even had a large office added behind the garage so we can work from home but still have privacy when we need it. Once Eleanor was born, he volunteered to be the main caregiver while I run our business.

Somehow, we've made the unusual situation work. My husband loves being a house husband and taking care of the girls, and I love my work.

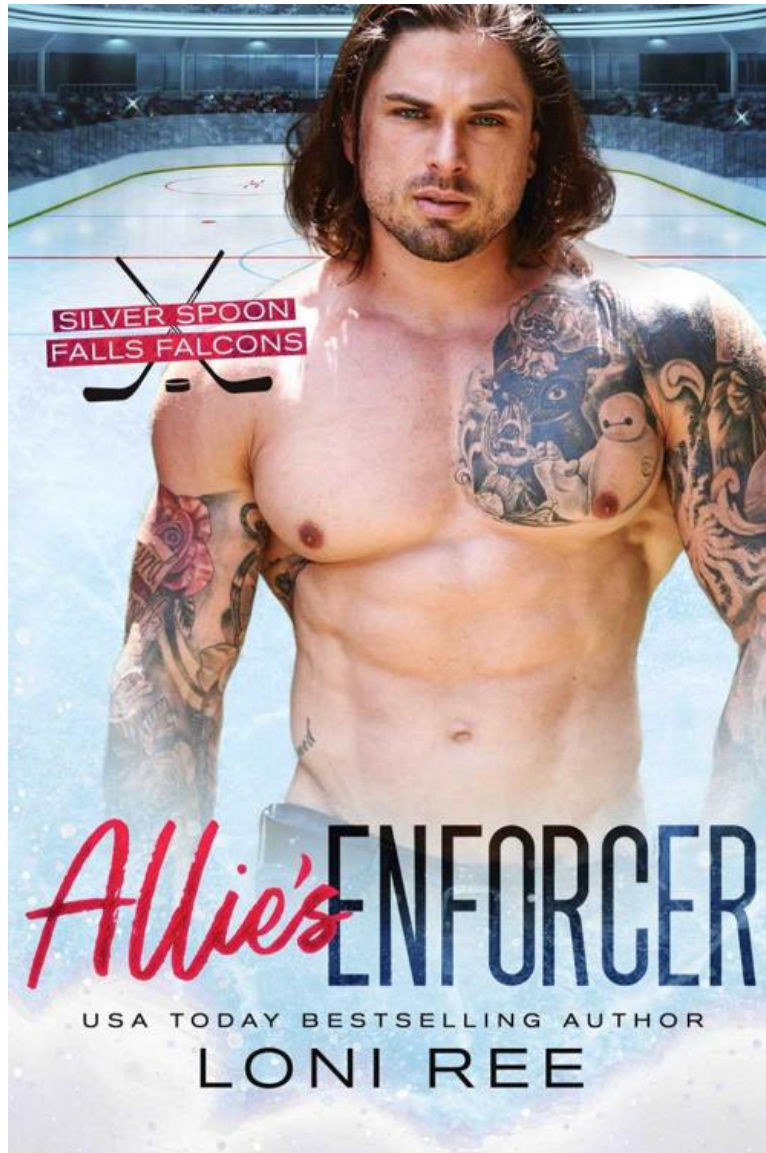
It's a win-win for both of us and life couldn't get any better.

THE END OF
Lana's **WINGER**

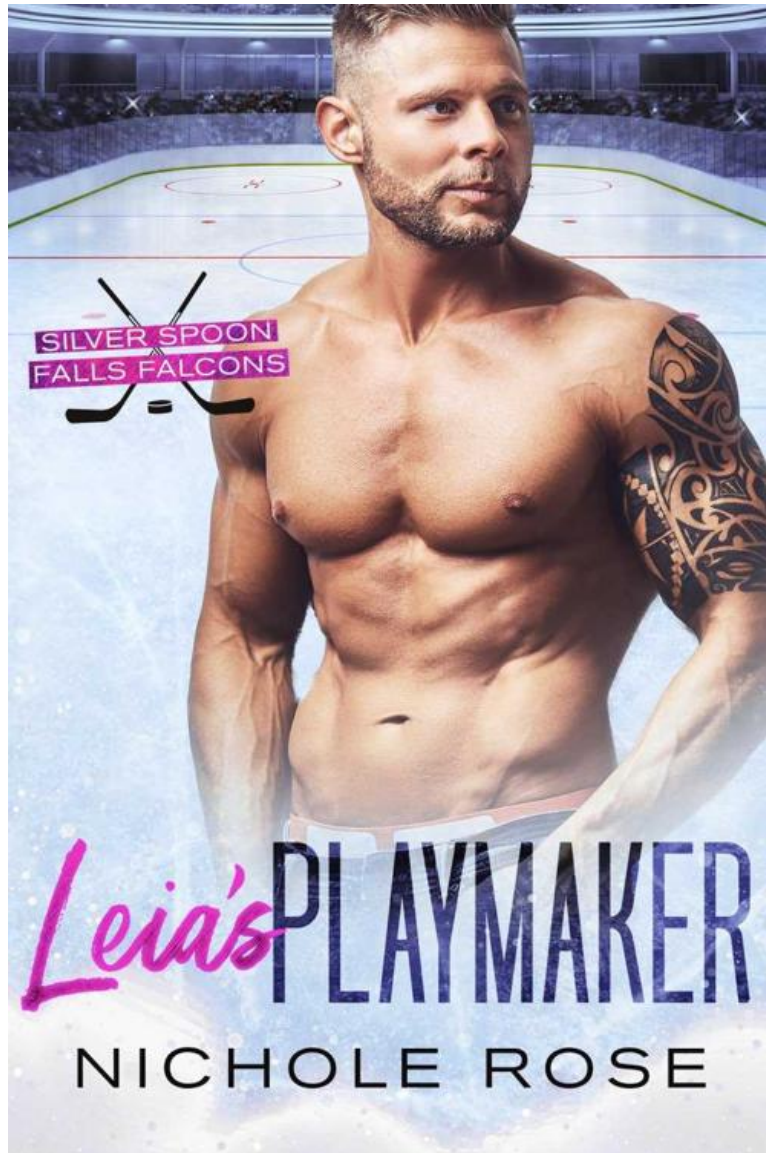
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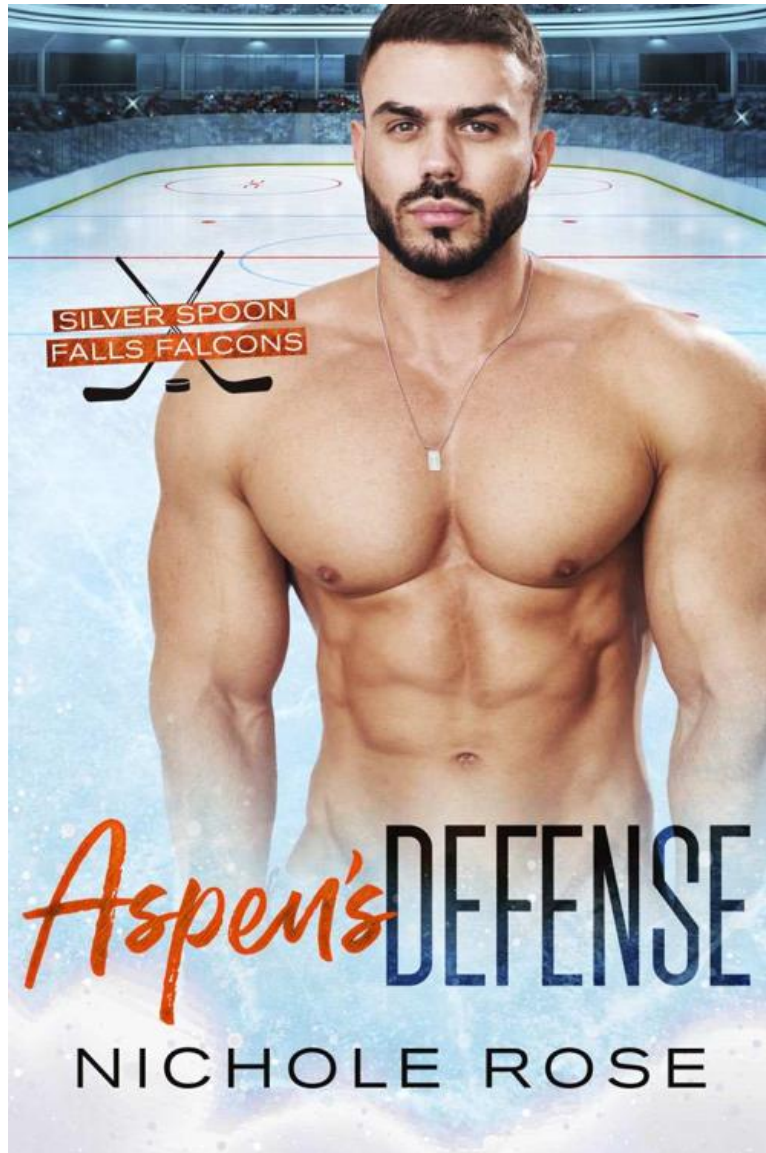
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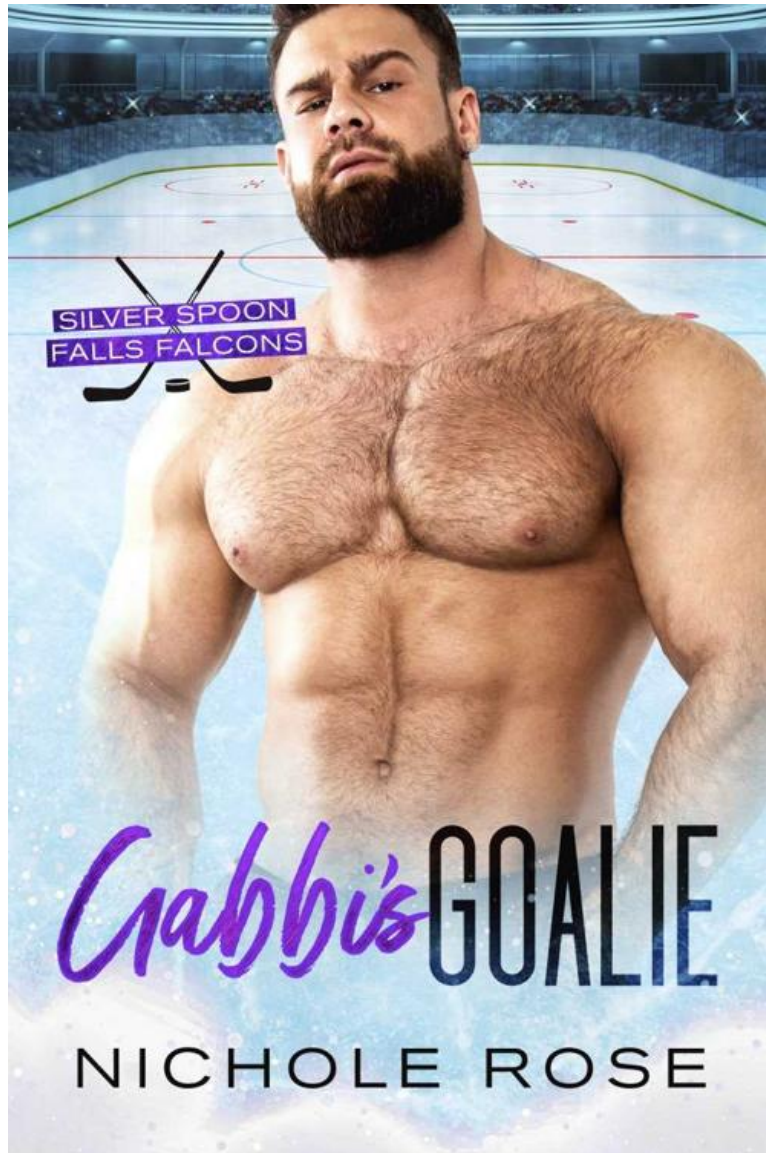
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Check out the Silver Spoon MC on audiobook.



SILVER
SPOON MC



AVAILABLE
IN AUDIO

SILVER SPOON FALLS



Welcome to Silver Spoon Falls, TX. The men here are known for having it all. Except there's a shortage of eligible ladies in town to share it with. These determined men won't let that slow them down. Like the MC brotherhood who calls this small-town home, their best friends, brothers, and neighbors will turn the town on its ear looking for their curvy soulmates in this spin-off series of sweet and steamy instalove romances from Loni Ree, Nichole Rose and Loni Nichole.

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LONI NICHOLE

Xavier's Kitten
NICHOLE ROSE

Callum's Hope
NICHOLE ROSE

Drizz's Passion
LONI NICHOLE

SILVER SPOON FALLS

Quinn's Obsession
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ABOUT THE AUTHOR



USA Today Bestselling Author

USA Today Bestselling Author Loni Ree is a busy mom of six who spends her free time writing steamy stories about over the top heroes who find the right curvy woman to tame them. Her stories are a little over the top because she believes reading should be an escape from real life.

She lives in the Midwest with her wonderful husband, the last child at home, and a zoo of animals, including Beau, her beloved French Bulldog.

Loni also has an alternate pen name L. Ree. If you like clean, sweet romance, check out her L. Ree books.

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