



*Smokescreen*  
SMOKESCREEN

HAVEN ROSE

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*Sweetville, Season Two, Book Two*

# HAVEN ROSE



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“The song is ended but the melody lives on.”  
-- Irving Berlin

After discovering the illness that stole my mom could rob me of my life, too, I began taking risks. Admittedly, some were over the top, but I refused to miss out on anything. Except a relationship. That's not for me. Now if I could just convince Kellan Pace of that, I'd be happy. Wouldn't I?

This woman is out of her ever loving mind. If Lana Dawson doesn't stop putting herself in peril, drastic measures will need to be taken. Such as locking her in my house and ensuring she doesn't want to leave. I mean, can't. You know, for her own good. It's definitely not because she's meant to be mine and I can't exactly get my forever if she isn't here to share it with me.



# *Chapter One*

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## KELLAN

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February 13th...

As the Fire Chief, I consider it my responsibility to keep an eye on not only the residents, but also their homes and livelihoods. While that's more under the purview of my counterpart, Landry Collins, the Chief of Police, but things run smoother when he and I work in tandem.

Besides, it isn't like he and I can't use the extra duties. Not that either of us are complaining about the lack of crime and/or fire in Sweetville. It's just that a little excitement wouldn't be bad at times. As long as no one gets hurt, of course.

Which is why, as I make my way home from a late shift rife with the never-ending paperwork my job seems to entail, I cruise the main drag. All the businesses along it should be dark, save the Tap That Pub. Honestly, it's more of a delay tactic because going home to an empty house yet again does not hold any appeal.

So, imagine my surprise when I notice the lights on inside Ella's Eats, which closed at least five or six hours prior, and somebody inside running around. Yeah, that's not suspicious.

Technically, I don't have the power to arrest anyone, but I do have authority on my side and, if it's a teenager, I can probably use that to scare the shit out of them. They may not exactly go straight, but at the least, they might second guess themselves next time.

I don't like lording my position over others, preferring they follow my leadership out of respect, but it can come in handy here and there. Case in point, the increased frantic movements of the person in a place they shouldn't be, as if they spotted my SWVD vehicle and are currently freaking out. Might

be the first smart thing they've done in a while.

The second clue something is off is the knob easily twisting under my hand. Now, it could be unlocked because, as I said, this is a pretty safe town. But I'm leaning toward the other option. The perp didn't expect to be caught and therefore didn't foresee this possibility.

It's hard to tell in the lights provided overhead whether the area around the keyhole is scratched, but that's something to check once this matter is settled. I start to grab my cell, figuring I should call dispatch to have them send a cop over, but I don't want to bother them on the off chance I might've misread the situation.

I am known to be wrong on occasion. Not often, but it does happen.

Grabbing my baton, a personal weapon not standard issue, I quietly enter the establishment, not expecting the intruder to whirl on me and accuse me of trespassing, demanding to know what I'm doing there. "That's my question."

"I'm allowed to be here."

I scoff. "I highly doubt that."

In response, she holds up a keyring and jiggles it, laughing when I reach for it as a baby or toddler would. She moves them out of the way and I have the sudden urge to chase her. And not because she might be stealing from the owner. "Wanna bet?" She retorts.

"Are we really doing this? I can have you arrested."

"I suppose you'd expect me to stay here like a good little girl so you can?"

"It'd be appreciated," I admit. I stay in shape, a requirement as I do still fight fires as needed, but I'm also not as young as I used to be. Recovery takes longer nowadays.

"Never really been much for following rules," she admits.

Blowing out a breath in mock frustration to cover how much I'm enjoying this, I ask, "Where'd you get the keys?"

"My Aunt Ella," she answers so matter of fact that I want to believe her. However, having seen some of the worst of humanity when I worked in a big city, I don't have that luxury.

"Ahh, I see. She and your dad are siblings then?" It's a trick question because Ella is an only child. As is her husband, Warren.

"Nope." Fall into my trap, my pretty.

"Your mom then." At that, she looks as if she's about to cry and I want to take it back, after I get my foot out of my mouth that is.

“Might as well have been. They were as close as sisters when they were younger and stayed that way throughout adulthood.” Gut punch. Past tense. This girl is hurting and I unknowingly made it worse. I should’ve pieced it together, having heard all about Warren and Ella’s “nieces” moving here after losing their mom. I’ve seen Molly around, mostly hanging with Corbin, but this is the first I’ve met the other. Lana, I think it is.

Ooh-la-la Lana.

“I’m sorry,” I sincerely whisper.

She nods. “I see you know my back story,” she murmurs.

I want her to know she’s more than her loss. “Just that. I’d like to know the rest.”

Lana’s mouth drops open, as if my overture is completely unexpected. Granted, I was initially here in an official capacity, but since that’s no longer an issue, I don’t feel guilty about the implication. At least, not enough to apologize. Unless I’ve offended her. Then I will. “Such as?” Okay, good. Phew. I still intend to tread lightly.

“Can I ask why you’re here after hours?”

“You can.”

Her grin gives her away, so I amend my question. “*May* I?”

“And they say you can’t teach an old dog new tricks,” she teases.

“That was ruff,” I respond in kind.

Then the really unexpected happens.

Lana snorts and I fall in love.

**\*\*Lana\*\***

I’m settling in, though perhaps not as well as my older sister, Molly. What felt like within hours of us arriving, she’d found the love of her life. Not that she’s admitting that. To her, he’s just a friend and will stay as such. He won’t, and everybody but her knows that. I’m happy for her, truly. But the Dawsons have gone from a trio to a duo, and I can already see the headlines declaring me a solo act. It...aches.

She and I were hanging at the house earlier with Uncle Warren, Aunt Ella, their sons, Thomas and Declan, and Tommy and Dec’s respective wives, Loretta and Nora. Tommy and Loretta’s kids were with their friends, so it was just the adults. After dinner, we’d decided to play Monopoly, and for some reason, I had to get out of there. I did so rather abruptly, which I

feel bad about and will apologize for later, but in the moment, there was no other option.

I needed to breathe and sadly, though I was surrounded by family and those I consider to be so, I couldn't do it there. We were all there, but we weren't. It just brought home that mom was gone. A fact I'd had to accept as I watched them lower her casket into the ground, yet it still sneaks up on me at times and smacks in the face, demanding I remember the pain, the grief. As if I could ever forget that part of my heart is missing.

Gone forever.

The walls had closed in on me, the air became stagnant, and my vision had started to blur. I stumbled my way out, mumbling that I was okay – I wasn't – as I hit the door running. I'd grabbed my keys off the hook, not realizing until after the fact I'd accidentally snagged Aunt Ella's, too.

Admittedly, getting behind the wheel in that condition wasn't the brightest idea, but the second I stepped outside, the vise-like grip on my chest eased and my eyes cleared. While I still couldn't breathe as deeply as I preferred, I was able to draw some, which was a plus.

My first instinct had been to seek something dangerous to do, another adventure to add to the list I'd already accomplished – skydiving and learning defensive driving being two of them. I discovered, rather by chance actually, that as ironic as it sounds, the adrenaline that followed was the only thing that could help me settle down and get out of my own head.

Yet my car, as if it was in control not me, steered me toward the diner. I know I could've changed course, and thought about it a couple times, but I didn't. Upon arriving here and letting myself in, I instantly wished I'd adhered to that choice instead.

As much as I love my Aunt Ella, and she this place, I hadn't stepped foot in here once until now. I couldn't. And the second I did, another panic attack hit. This one worse and harder to defeat.

I started pacing, trying to outrun my memories, my loss...and my need to create. To make a dish, to cook. I hadn't done that since mom passed. It hurt too much. Doing it without her felt like I was betraying her. And yet, I yearn to get back to it.

It's in my blood, but I have to deny it. Me.

I'm torn and I feel as if it's literally tearing me apart.

So when the stranger interrupted my internal debate, I eagerly focused on him.

And it calmed me.

*He* calmed me.

He also saw too much.

After the initial banter, he gently states, “With how fast you were moving, and seeing no one else inside, it was like you were being chased by a ghost.”

An apt assessment, and I tell him so. Sort of.

“In a way, I was.” He doesn’t push for more, which I’m grateful for. Admitting even that little bit was hard enough.

He watches me carefully, taking my measure. “I mean, I’m no Egon Spengler, but perhaps I can help.”

I walk around him, not only to keep this playfulness going, but also because I want to see more of him. Tsking, I point out, “I don’t see a proton pack.”

He – I really need to find out his name – shrugs. “It’s at the shop.”

“Not very Ghostbustery of you.”

“Slimer, you know? It was this whole thing. He’s been reprimanded, though. Not that he’ll listen.” Despite myself, and the memories haunting me, I laugh. An honest to goodness laugh. It seems to start at my toes, work its way up through my legs, into my belly, and wrap around my heart as it chugs along to my throat. It just pours out of me. I don’t stop it. Too surprised I can still do it to even try.

“So, how are you going to save me?” I ask, wondering if he can sense that I’m no longer talking about our joke.

I think he does, because he says so solemnly I have no choice but to believe him, “By being whatever you need.”

## *Chapter Two*

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## KELLAN

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February 15th...

I didn't want to walk away the other night, which is exactly why I needed to. Lana, as she confirmed her identity, gathered her stuff under my watchful eye and let me see her to her car. I was no longer worried she had nefarious intentions for being there, but I could tell whatever reasons she had, they were deep-seated and painful.

Having some experience with that, though perhaps not in the same manner, I gave her space, figuratively. Literally, not so much because I couldn't resist asking her out.

Thankfully, she accepted.

Seeing as how she's related to the owners of both food related establishments here, I thought she might enjoy going elsewhere. As in, a different town. I wanted privacy with Lana, a chance to get to know her without any, however well-meaning they would be, interested family members interrupting our time together. Lana seemed relieved by my suggestion, leading me to believe she wanted that, too.

We're having dinner tonight, with her offering to meet me there. I may not have dated in a decade or so, making me more than rusty at it, but I will never forget how to be a gentleman. My dad drilled that into me, said it was what made a guy a man. Mom had chimed in once, stating that was how he'd won her, then dad had blushed and kissed her. Making me get the hell out of there before it got out of hand. They did that a lot. True partners in every sense of the word. It was, looking back on it, probably why I never bothered with a relationship of any sort after high school. And I didn't do one-night stands.



Becoming a firefighter required all my focus, leaving me no time to bemoan, or even care to, my single status. I was quite happy with being by myself. Preferred it even. If I couldn't have what my dad and mom did, it wasn't worth it.

One could say I wouldn't find it if I wasn't looking, but I disagree. I would just know. And I was right. It happened with Lana.

But I have to be careful. Ease her in to what we are meant to be.

**\*\*Lana\*\***

I feel like a teenager trying to sneak out of the house. I've already learned where the creaky spots are on the steps and floor, so I know to avoid those. I didn't set out to discover the tattletale areas. Just made a mental note of where they were located when I did.

Molly isn't here, out with her 'friend.' However, Uncle Warren and Aunt Ella are. I'm not sure which of them is worst at ferreting out information. That's saying a lot considering her ears are always listening.

I hate the thought of lying to them, abhor it as a whole, yet I don't want them to make more of this than there is. And if they knew I was having dinner with Kellan – such a great name, it suits him – I'd face an interrogation the likes of which would put the Feds to shame.

It's not that I'm ashamed of Kellan. That would be completely ridiculous. The man is tall, gorgeous, and has a grumpy countenance that makes me want to do anything to cause him to smile or laugh. I want him happy; I just doubt my ability to make him so.

That's why I want to avoid anyone knowing we're doing this. Knowing I can't give him that and accepting it are two different things. Until I can, I want to enjoy being with him. I know that's unbelievably selfish on my part, and it's something I'll eventually have to answer for, but I had to say yes.

Did so before I could even think about my response. Just like with my car taking me to the diner, it was as if I had no choice. I jumped at his offer to go outside of Sweetville, and not only for the secrecy factor.

Doing so meant it would just be me and him. No interference from people who know either of us. I was pleased for his compromise in meeting at his place as opposed to the restaurant, and for him not pushing in regards to collecting me at Uncle Warren and Aunt Ella's.

I really need to find my own apartment soon, but for now, I'm enjoying

staying with them. Reconnecting. Maybe when Molly moves out I'll take that step forward. She has been mentioning that Ashton, Corbin's twin, might be interested in a roommate. Not that Molly has any plans to. I simply know it's coming. I've seen how Corbin looks at her and vice versa.

Following the directions Kellan gave me, it doesn't take long to get there and I sigh upon seeing his home. It's gorgeous and exactly the type I can easily picture living in.

Complete with him standing at the entrance.

Snap out of it, Dawson. He's not for you.

*Bullshit.*

I want to growl at that voice, but it would just egg her on and I don't have time for that as Kellan comes to my door and opens it for me.

He's a GG. Gorgeous Gentleman.

The way his eyes seem to smolder as he scans my body in the little black dress as he takes my hand to help me out have me wondering if that causes problems in his job. I'd think starting fires with his gaze would negate the reason for his presence. And then I get a bit jealous at the thought of him looking at anybody else in the same way. I'm so all over the place where he's concerned I feel like a yoyo. But instead of making me dizzy, I'm exhilarated and curious to see what's next.

Temporarily, of course.

*Yeah, sure.*

The weird thing is, I'm not sure if that was me or that irritating inner voice.

Either way, I think it's right.

"Hi," he greets me, which I return. "Would you like to come in before we go?"

Wanting to see if the inside matches the exterior, I tell him yes. "I love your house," I say as he shuts the door behind us.

"This old thing?" He teases as he begins a tour. The whole time, I'm keeping my eyes peeled, so sure I'd find it, and when I don't I'm bummed. Noticing my disappointment when we're done, he wants to know, "Didn't live up to the hype?"

"It's not that," I reassure him. "It's beautiful."

"Then why do you look sad?"

"You don't have a Dalmatian."

He laughs for longer than I think is warranted, but I realize he's not doing

so at me, but because I took him by surprise. Which I have a feeling doesn't happen often. "I've failed as a firefighter, huh?"

"I mean, there's this whole image and the dog is part of it. Now I've got to rethink everything."

"Would a present help you forgive me?"

Not wanting him to assume I'm materialistic, yet wanting to shout "gimme" at the same time, I pretend to mull it over. "Is it a good one?"

He grins, torturing me by not responding, leaving me clueless. Instead, he holds out a little box and, for just a second, my heart stops at what could be inside it. It's small enough, but I mentally shake myself. Nah, he wouldn't. And I couldn't. "Should I open it for you to find out?"

"Is this gonna be like a *Pretty Woman* moment where I reach for it and you smack the lid closed on me? Minus the whole hooker thing, of course."

"Of course," he confirms with a sly smile. When you first see this man, he's big, imposing, and almost oozes authority, but there's a playful side to him and I wonder how many he lets see it.

Am I special?

Gosh, I want to be to him. He's already becoming so to me.

*Danger.*

Extending my hand, I go for it, and as he opens it, I hold my breath. Not because I'm waiting for him to Richard Gere me, but at what's in there. It may not be a ring, but I find that it's just as valuable. At least to me.

And the fact he knows that...

*Double danger.*

"It's a proton pack keychain. Yay for prime shipping." Kellan seems worried since I'm not saying anything, so he continues, as if he feels the need to explain himself. "I figured this way you can protect yourself. You know, if I'm not around." I look at him. "I'm not saying you need me to..."

He trails off as I place my hand on his chest and rise to my tiptoes to drop a kiss on his cheek. "I love it." And I do. I'm not just saying that to ease his mind. "It's one of the sweetest, if not *the* sweetest, gifts I've ever received.

Relieved, he begins showing me that it actually works. "If you push this button, a 'stream' comes out, like you're really trying to wrangle a ghost."

"That is so cool."

"I thought so, too," he admits, a tinge of pink to his cheeks as he holds up his own keyring with a matching pack. The fact he not only bought one for me, but another for himself...swoon.

*Triple Danger.*

A kernel of an idea begins forming, so I casually inquire, “Are you allergic to dogs? Scared of them? Or just not like them in general?”

“None of the above,” he responds. “Honestly,” he continues with a thoughtful expression, “I don’t know why I don’t have a furry companion.”

“I’d love to have a dog,” I say.

“Same three questions,” he mutters with a wink.

“My mom was, no, and adore them.” Again, he doesn’t push. But this time, unlike the last, I’m able, ready, to expound. “Molly, that’s my older sister,” he nods encouragingly, “and I lost her not that long ago.”

“I’m sorry, sweetheart.” Normally, endearments from men, especially those I haven’t known but a minute, creep me out. They feel icky, too slick, too manipulative. Too casually tossed about. Kellan’s, however, feels like a caress.

“Thank you,” I respond as sincerely as I know he meant his condolences. Having heard a lot of them since her diagnosis and passing, I’ve gotten quite good at weeding the honest sympathies from those said because the giver believes it’s expected.

Apparently, I’m not the only one in a sharing mood.

“It’s, uh, not the same, I know.”

“Grief doesn’t have to be,” I remind him.

A sad chuckle follows as he mumbles, “Almost feels as if I’m about to brag.” Curious, and already knowing that goes against his character, I wait for him to proceed. “Mom had a sudden heart attack a few years ago, completely unexpected as there’d been no warning signs. She,” he stops, chokes up, “coded in the ambulance. The EMTs worked frantically for what seemed like forever before they were able to revive her.” I stand there, frozen, my hand having risen of its own accord to rest on his arm, and pray there’s a happy ending. “There were some scary moments after arriving at the hospital. Ones we didn’t think she’d make it out.”

“But she did,” I say with absolutely surety.

“She did. Some lingering effects that have faded for the most part. Thankfully, she doesn’t remember any of it.”

“That’s a blessing.”

Having watched as his lids closed while he struggled with his memories, I see one pop open now. Kellan eyes me warily. “You aren’t mad.”

“Because your mom survived and mine didn’t?” I should be upset he

thinks so little of me, yet it's a legitimate question. A sort of survivor's guilt that could lash out when least expected. Even at my lowest, those hours immediately after saying good-bye, I could never do that. Not because I think I'm better than that, but because my mom thought I was. Wanting him to see the truth, I stare directly at him as I let him know I'm so happy she did.

A relieved sigh expels from deep within Kellan, as if the weight of my possible anger was almost too heavy for him to bear. Seeming as eager to leave this heavy topic behind, he indicates the door, silently asking if I'm ready to go.

I nod, then we step on the porch and walk to his truck, his personal vehicle. Kellan helps me in, his hands gripping my waist as he lifts me inside. I don't bother mentioning that I could have used the running board nor did he to point them out.

He drives with a purpose, yet still as if he has precious cargo that requires the utmost care. And he continues to treat me as such for the remainder of the night.

I go to sleep many hours later, a smile on my face, and hope in my heart. No panic attack to be seen.

## *Chapter Three*

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## KELLAN

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March 14th...

Spending almost an entire day meeting with other local fire chiefs would put anyone in a bad mood. Which could be why, instead of continuing home where a cold beer and my bed waits for me, I put on my work vehicle's flashing lights and execute a u-turn to follow the driver that just blew past me.

The car is a bit nicer than I'd expect from a kid, but it's not a stretch to say it probably belongs to their dad or mom. I watch as they pull over and I get behind them. Walking toward the driver's side, I rap my knuckles on the window and wait.

Once I can see inside, I quickly realize it's not a joy-riding teenager, but a grown woman. And a beautiful one at that.

"License and registration, ma'am."

A strangled cry greets my ears. "Do I look like a ma'am to you?"

"No, ma'am," I respond.

The same noise comes from her, this time clearly more frustrated. "Then why do you persist in calling me that?"

"Because I don't know your name? Out of respect? It's the polite thing to do? Take your pick."

"I choose option d, as in don't do it again," she mutters. Not laughing is hard, but I manage to contain it. It'll only egg her on. Which might not be a bad thing. "Can you even write a ticket? Don't really see any fires out here."

"You were burning rubber," I point out and get a fleeting grin for my efforts.

"Fine?"

Assuming she isn't referring to her fine self, I answer, "Well, you were going twenty over in a thirty-five zone. That's about seventy dollars."

She reaches for the glovebox, a sudden movement that would normally put me on edge in a situation like this, but she's no danger to me. At least not physically. I find a wad of cash in my hand and her smirk staring straight at me. "There's a hundred and forty. That'll cover me for two tickets." Then she takes off, dirt flying up as her tires spin, and I do the only thing I can...

I eagerly give chase.

**\*\*Lana\*\***

He's coming for me. Talk about an adrenaline rush.

I don't know whether I'm more excited at the chase or what will happen when he catches me. And he will. I'll make sure of that.

The flashing lights reflect off my rearview mirror. Not that I really needed it to see that he was behind me, yet I wanted the visual confirmation it provided. Proof that I'm needed, even if it is just to pay a speeding ticket. A deserved one at that. The fact I wasn't paying attention to the posted limit, or perhaps I saw it and didn't care, is my fault.

I lift my foot off the gas pedal, but before it can even make a difference, the SUV passes by me and executes a turn, blocking my path. He steps out of the vehicle, not in the least concerned that I may not stop. He fully expects me to adhere to his authority.

And oh hell, I want to, and not just in this.

"You've got me," I say as I pull to a stop, my door aligned with his.

"I do," he murmurs, the tone making me think he's hinting at more than right now. "The question is, what am I gonna do with you?" I have some ideas, I want to blurt out, but I decide to wait and see if he has any first.

"Really not in the mood to deal with all that paperwork," he admits. "We're the only two on the road, so you weren't creating a hazardous environment or putting lives at risk."

"What do you have in mind?" I want to know as I let my eyes scan him from top to bottom, leaving no question as to what's on mine.

"Are you bribing me, ma'am?" Back to that again?

I shrug. "Depends on how amenable you are to it if I am."

I swear I hear him mumble, "Nice answer," but I shake it off when his face becomes stern. As if disapproving. I don't like that. "It's against the law



to try, ma'am."

Going for broke, and a bit punch drunk at the mere thought of him encasing my wrists in handcuffs, I say, "Good thing no one else is out here, huh?" At his grin, I start feeling cocky. Stepping from my car, and feeling bolder when he doesn't tell me to stay in it, I get really close to him. Then wait.

"Shouldn't do this," he curses as he leads me toward his backseat. "Not only is it unprofessional, this is a company vehicle."

I turn to face him, mimic sealing my lips, and eagerly lay on the leather, ass in the air. Thank goodness I decided to go with a skirt. The temps are still a little chilly, but I figured I'd be surrounded by heat while driving.

Looks like I'm about to be outside of it, too, this time by a man in uniform.

My hem is hiked up to my waist and my left cheek vibrates with a resounding smack, the right doing the same a second later. I moan and start pushing my panties down, wanting this. Needing this. *Him*.

Metal on metal hits my ears, presumably the belt buckle I saw, and I listen, panting as the rasp of a zipper follows. A ripping noise is next, and I'm thankful that he's able to think clearly enough to use protection.

Then I no longer care as I feel his fingers grab my wrists – sans cuffs, damn it, though his hand makes a lovely substitute for them– securing them behind me. The tip of his hard cock presses against my entrance and I moan.

**\*\*Kellan\*\***

"Fuck, baby," I rasp in Lana's ear. "That's probably your best idea yet." She giggles, her walls clenching around my dick that's still somehow hard inside her despite coming. "I am a genius," she boasts.

Can't argue with her there. When I'd called earlier to let her know I was officially free and on my way home, she was undeniably excited. Clearly missing me as I had her. But there was a shakiness to her voice that I couldn't ignore.

Especially as I knew what it meant.

She hasn't outright said she suffers from panic attacks, but the signs are there. I know because at the first inclination she might have them, I Googled the shit out of them. I wanted to know what to look for, how to react if she was starting to have one, or already in the midst of it.

I'm no expert on them by any means, though I'm proud to say I've been able to help her stave off a few. At the least, I've lessened their impact on her. I don't know if she's even realized that or she has and isn't sure what to do with it.

I do know she has other ways of coping with them, ones I don't care for as they put her at risk. Yet I worry I don't have the right to tell her that despite us dating for a month. She still hasn't publicly acknowledged, nor does she seem apt to do so anytime soon, that we're a couple.

And yes, we are. Despite her delusions that we're, essentially, friends with benefits.

That's how she sort of treats us and it hurts like hell. A fact I keep to myself as I want to prove to her that I can be whatever she needs me to be.

Knowing one was bearing down on her, and that she tends to seek danger when that happens, I subtly suggested a compromise. Which is how our chase scenario came about.

I gotta say, though my initial motive had been to help her, and I succeeded, the role play was fucking hot.

"We must," I pant, "do that again."

"But I have other options we could try instead."

I don't hesitate. "We'll circle back to a repeat then."

Parroting my earlier statement, Lana says, "Nice answer."

Reluctantly, we separate and I tuck myself back in my khakis while she discreetly uses wet wipes from the package I'd left on the armrest for her.

Once we're both presentable again, though I'm not against her leaving that ass uncovered...as long as it's only for me.

I wrap my arms around her, feeling complete when she rests her head on my chest, and stare at the stars. It's the perfect night, even more so because of who I'm with. "Thank you," I say proudly. "I'd bow, but that'd mean letting go of you."

A giggle leaves her. "I love..." she pauses and my pulse starts racing. Only to plummet when she adds, "it out here."

Forcing a smile on my face when she looks up at me, I pretend my heart didn't just crack.

## *Chapter Four*

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## LANA

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March 21st...

I think I broke Kellan. And therefore, us. He's been distant since our night on that deserted road. Oh, he kissed me bye and followed me until I reached the turn off to Uncle Warren and Aunt Ella's, then continued on his way to his own home.

He even texted to let me know he'd gotten there. Same with messaging throughout the week as if nothing is wrong.

But it is. I can feel it.

He's there, yet he's not. Right in front of me, and still distant.

Wanting to make sure we're good, while doubting we are and will be again, I decide to visit him, give him a present. It's risky, but I can find some reason to explain it if asked.

*Maybe that's part of the problem.*

He knew what this was from the beginning.

*Things change. Perhaps he wants more.*

Way to make me have a panic attack.

*Because he wants more or that he might not?*

Shut up.

*Mature. You can't see me, but I'm sticking my tongue out at you.*

Despite never being here, I unerringly find Kellan's office.

He looks so sexy behind his desk and I shiver at the imposing figure he makes. It's only fitting that he rules here considering he does the same to my body.

"Hey, Kellan," I say, not missing the surprise on his face at my voice nor my presence. As I walk inside, I see his head tilt to the left, then the right, as

if he's trying to see around me. "Your assistant wasn't there, so I hope it's okay that I came in."

He nods, seeming speechless. Not a good sign. Finally, as if he's remembering his manners, he gets to his feet and walks forward to greet me. "Hey, back."

Testing the waters, I rise and place a kiss on his cheek. Unlike his usual move when I do that, he doesn't turn his head, giving me his mouth instead.

"I brought you a gift."

"That's sweet of you. Unnecessary, but I'll still take it." My knees weaken a bit at the Kellan I know reappearing.

Thrusting the bag at him, I watch as he withdraws the stuffed Dalmatian, the smile he gives me in response letting me know he recalls that conversation. Fondly. "Hope you don't mind I took the liberty of naming him."

"Let me guess, Spot?" He teases.

"I'm more original than that," I scoff.

"Felix? Rupert? Bingo?"

Laughing, I put us both out of our misery, though I'm happy for the first time since we parted ways, and tell him, "Solid." Clearly perplexed, he repeats the name as if he misunderstood me. I inform him he didn't, then explain why. "Because I'm doing you a solid by ensuring you have a Dalmatian as any legit firefighter should."

Kellan grins, shoves Solid at me, then wraps his arms around me and picks me up. I don't even care that we might get caught. I'm too freaking thrilled that he's touching me again. That we might be good after all.

**\*\*Kellan\*\***

She cares about me; I know she does. Maybe even loves me, and that scares her. But knowing, believing, that and hearing her stumble to correct her almost confession, hurt. It's been hard to put some space between us, yet I felt it was the right thing to do.

I'm not playing games, despite it sounding as if I am. I just want her to miss me like I do her. Crave me like I do her.

Love me as I do her.

Absence makes the heart grow fonder, so they say.

We need to talk, and soon, except in this moment, all I want is to hold

her. To let her know we're worth fighting for. That she's not alone. That she doesn't need danger to feel alive. That I can help her cope instead. Or at least let me be there as she explores her limits.

Wanting to tell her this before we lose more time, I open my mouth only to slam it shut when I hear Trent, my assistant, whistling as he returns from lunch. Seconds before he knocks on my half-closed door, I reluctantly set Lana on her feet. She may have come here, but I don't know how far she's willing to take it in front of others.

Seeing her frown as I stride behind my desk, I'm tempted to urge her to join me, to plop her on my lap and let everybody know – that would happen within two minutes of Trent seeing us – that she's mine and I'm hers.

“Hey, boss,” Trent calls out, his gaze darting between me and Lana. I can almost see his gears whirling. She wasn't on the calendar, therefore he's unsure what's going on. But, as nobody in this town has ever seen me date, because I haven't, his mind doesn't veer that direction. “I'm sorry to interrupt. I didn't realize you had a meeting.”

I wave him off, not wanting him to feel bad. “What's up?”

“You told me to remind you of Greta's visit.” He knows that's because I've been dreading it. Event planning is the last thing I want to do.

“Thanks,” I say instead of cursing as I want to.

“I-I'll go,” Lana stammers. “Wouldn't want to be in the way,” she tacks on as she makes a beeline for the door and hurries through it. I hear her mumble an apology, then a woman I presume to be Greta appears.

“Chief Pace,” she greets me, hand extended.

I rush past her, knowing full well my parents would scold me, and rightfully so, for ignoring her, and shout over my shoulder.

“Sir,” Trent hollers, but I don't even risk stopping, knowing it won't take Lana long to vamoose from the property.

“I trust you to handle everything as you see fit. Unless you need my approval, funds, permission, or signature, I don't want to know about it. Anything else, Trent will be happy to assist you.” I race to the parking lot and scan it for Lana, cursing when I don't see her.

I'm not sure what she thought after hearing Trent say what he did, though I can guess if the roles were reversed. I want to search for her, but she may not want me to broadcast what we are yet. “Fuck it!” I declare as I storm toward Ella's Eats, knowing even if Lana isn't there, Ella will be.

“Kellan,” she greets me. “Here for lunch?” I shake my head, then tip it to

indicate the back where I know her personal space is. She frowns, no doubt wondering if this is regarding a fire department concern, so I give what I'm sure is a cross between a smile and a grimace. She leads me down the hall and points at a chair she has in front of her desk. I sort of throw my body on it, not missing her frown when it groans under my weight. "Is everything okay? I know we're up to code and our inspection isn't due for another few months."

"It's not business related," I explain. Seeing her confusion, I simply blurt out, "I'm in love with your niece and that scares her. Hell, me, too."

"Yes, I imagine it would," she agrees, not even attempting to hide her pleased grin at my declaration.

I knew she'd be on Team Kellan, which means I can't lose.

## *Chapter Five*



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## LANA

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March 23rd...

“Lana,” Aunt Ella says, sounding frantic when I answer my cell.

Instantly alert, I grab my purse, prepared to do whatever she needs me to. Something tells me this isn’t like when she got the scoop the Mayor, Jeff Bronson, might retire this summer. That wasn’t the interesting part, though. Who might take his place is. Residents are already torn between which side they’d choose – Lewis or Camille. Add in that they’re essentially enemies and the race might require some popcorn. “What’s wrong, Aunt Ella?”

“Eddie had to go home sick and I’m catering a lunch for the fundraiser. I need you.” Remembering my earlier assertion to do whatever she needed, even if that means cooking, I tell her I’m on my way.

In my car, my hands are shaking so hard it takes a few tries to get the key in the ignition. I can feel a panic attack brewing and I ruthlessly attempt to push it down. On instinct, I reach for my phone, knowing that Kellan’s voice alone will calm me.

But I clench my fingers into a fist and set it on my steering wheel instead. I lost that right. Or perhaps he took it from me. Whichever fits. Either way, I no longer have him and the thrill from doing something dangerous, *stupid*, holds no appeal. Can get more idiotic than having the perfect man for me and losing him.

I want Kellan and I can’t have him.

Not that I blame him. I choked that night during our sexy encounter. I was on the verge of telling him I love him, even said the first part, but I got scared and flubbed it. He, we, were different after that. I know that he’s fully aware of what I was going to say.

Perhaps I wanted to fix that – better late than never, right? – when I decided to deliver Solid. I didn't get the chance to, yet I know we were getting there. Until that guy interrupted us. Until *she* appeared.

Would've been nice to know I'd already been replaced.

*Stop being so dramatic. He was at work. It had to be a professional meeting.*

Hope shimmers inside me, eradicating the lingering effects of the almost panic attack. But what if we're – and yes, I know that sounds insane – wrong?

A thought for later. Aunt Ella needs my help. I'm not sure what good I'll do considering I haven't cooked in so long, but the desire to do it is there.

That has to mean something, right?

One step at a time, Dawson.

—

“You can do this, Lana,” Aunt Ella comforts me as she leads me to the kitchen and tells me what her guests need. The meals are simple, nothing too fancy, but it might as well be as my mind blanks. I currently doubt if I can even make toast.

“I don't know if I can,” I confess.

“Your mom wouldn't want you to stop because she's not here with you.”

“It feels wrong without her.”

“Penelope used to rave about your food, said you were brilliant in the kitchen and she was so proud of you. Said that she was so thankful she got to be a part of that.”

“She did?” I ask as I swipe at my eyes. Darn onions in here are messing with me.

Aunt Ella nods. “Honey, when you cook, you're not only keeping her memory alive, you're doing what you were born to.”

A sob leaves me. “I miss her so much.”

“I know. So do I, so does Molly and your Uncle Warren. But we have to go on. She'd be pissed if we simply gave up. She never did.” No, she did not. Even though the doctor basically said there was no hope, she fought with all she had. Unfortunately, it wasn't enough to save her. “Lana, you need to talk to somebody about this...and your anxiety. Everybody copes in their own way, but yours scares me. I can't handle losing you, too, and I'm terrified my

phone will ring one day and I'll find out that I did."

"I found something that helps me combat them. It's even better than the other." A satisfied smile crosses her face, but I don't read too much into it, figuring it's because my answer made her happy.

"Do what you can, okay? We'll work around it."

I hug her, unable to resist, and make sure she knows how much I adore her. "Of course, you do," she sasses, lightening the mood, "I'm a delight." Twenty minutes later, the plates are full, my heart is, too, and I let Aunt Ella know the orders are up.

"Can you help me take them out?" Feeling as if I can do anything in this moment, I wash my hands, fill a tray with the dishes for her and another for myself, then head to the front.

As we set them down, receiving thanks for each, my eyes latch on to the woman from Kellan's office and my ears register what she's asking.

"Wonder if we can convince Chief Pace to pose for the calendar?"

A bit disappointed I've already given this lady her plate so I can't slam it in front of her, I snarl, "You can't."

"And why not?"

"Because his fiancée would be pissed."

Gasps follow my announcement, echoing around me. "I didn't know he was engaged."

"It's new," Kellan's welcome voice confirms from the door. His eyes lock on mine as he casually strolls toward me, then he dips me and plants a kiss on me that leaves no doubt I'm the lucky woman.

So focused on the feel of him again, especially as I wondered if I'd ever get the chance to experience it once more, I barely register cool metal circling my finger. He got me a ring?

This can't be happening. I'm in my room, asleep in my bed at Uncle Warren and Aunt Ella's, and my dreams are merely giving me what I want most.

Kellan.

**\*\*Kellan\*\***

Ella belongs to Mensa and, if she doesn't, they're not as smart as they think they are. The woman worked magic in mere days.

She's like a genie granting me the one wish my heart desires.

Lana claiming me as hers. Not privately either. Loud and clear for anyone to hear.

When I let her up for air, I tune out the cheers, and the chatter, behind me and stare at her. Unable to look away, and not wanting to, I twist the engagement ring on her finger. “It’s real?” She whispers.

“As real as you and me, baby. I bought it the day after I met you.”

—

Hours later, with the majority of Lana’s stuff moved into my, our, house, we’re in bed. I’m pushing the damp strands of hair off her face after our latest round of celebrating and she’s staring at me, affection in her eyes.

Which turns to a glare as she informs me, “You are not posing for that damn calendar. Only I get to ogle your body.”

“You love me, right?”

“More than anything.”

“You’ll marry me as soon as we can make it happen.”

“Sounds like my kind of adventure,” she promises.

“I would have never been in it, by the way. I already knew I was yours.”

“And I’m yours.”

“Damn straight.”

“Small or large wedding?”

“Fast.”

“Maid of honor?”

“Molly. Best man?”

Tipping my head at the nightstand, I tell her, “I was thinking of asking Solid.”

Loving the sound of her laughter, I soak it in, then flip her over and proceed to worship every inch of my soon-to-be wife.

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## **EPILOGUE ONE**

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## Lana

Five years after meeting...

“It’s coming,” I promise as I rub my hand over my belly. A kick lets me know I need to hurry up. Our growing son is craving cupcakes and I’m not moving quickly enough for his liking. I can already tell he’s going to be a handful and I smile at the mere idea of the trouble he’ll get into.

My days of danger are behind me and honestly, I wasn’t sad to see them go. Being a wife and soon-to-be-mom is all the adventure I need. And, if it wasn’t, my job fulfills the rest.

Aunt Ella had confessed, after gloating about her part in ‘reuniting’ Kellan and I, that she and Fred might’ve played fast and loose with their definition of sick. Meaning, she told him to take the day off and assured him that she had it covered. Knowing her, he was fully aware she was up to something and wanted the details. Which she gleefully provided as she wanted to share her upcoming shenanigans.

I wasn’t even upset. I couldn’t be. Their interference, err help, allowed me to get my head out of my ass. In more ways than one. Because of it, I’m married to the man of my dreams, I’m about to be a mom, and I have a career I adore.

Being forced – or coerced as Aunt Ella prefers to say – to cook again made me realize how much I’d missed it. And, despite my mom not being here anymore, I felt close to her once I was back in the kitchen. Thankfully, Molly had ignored me when I’d told her to donate the moving boxes containing everything pertaining to the craft that I had. She’d gleefully dropped them off at Kellan’s after learning of Aunt Ella’s successful trick.

There are many perks to Sweetville and I wouldn’t want to live anywhere

else, but the downside is the limitations in regards to businesses that require my field. For those that do, the positions were already filled.

I didn't care for the thought of working outside the town, neither did Kellan, so we brainstormed other ideas. His, and the winner, was to start a YouTube channel. It took a bit to gather the necessary items to make it happen and to figure out my schtick.

Then it hit me one night as I was trying to sleep. The gist is that I want people to know meals don't have to be gourmet. Comfort food, some of the simplest dishes there are, is called that for a reason. But, I also offer the option of fancying up every day things. A grilled cheese can be easily be enhanced with pesto and a tomato, the regular variety or sun-dried. It's ever present sidekick, tomato soup, requires nothing more than some fresh basil.

My motto is also the title of it, and a play on my name. Men and women already have so much on their plate at any given time, why add to it? I remind them that all they need to do is Pace Yourself.

Kellan is still the Fire Chief, though he took three weeks off for our honeymoon with his volunteer firefighters graciously pitching in to cover him. Our ceremony was simple, attended by those closest to us, with Uncle Warren giving me away. He'd bared his teeth at Kellan and warned him, "We're sharing her," before letting him take me. Kellan, knowing my uncle and aunt thought of me and Molly as their daughters, took it for what it was. A man scared of losing me. He said that, having been in Uncle Warren's position for a short amount of time, he'd agreed, then warned him he was getting a son, too.

They'd hugged and I'd stood there, giving them their moment, not even surprised when Aunt Ella had joined in. That, of course, was followed by Corbin and Molly. We'd had a sob fest right there in the middle of the church and everyone let us. Nobody was upset that it delayed things, or that we made them tear up as well. It's one of my greatest memories.

Kellan had asked to be in charge of the honeymoon while I handled the wedding. I was more than fine with that knowing I'd love whatever it was. And I was right. He arranged for us to visit a few places from my dream vacation list on Pinterest. Shocked the heck out of me he even knew what that was, let alone how to navigate it. He wasn't done surprising me either. The day of our first outing, he'd pulled Solid out of his duffle bag and proceeded to carry him with us for each adventure, even taking pictures with him at certain landmarks.

It was awesome.

As are Kellan's parents, Leo and Lucy. When they broached the subject of moving here to be closer to us, and any future grandchildren, I started looking up availabilities with the real estate company right then and there.

They, like Uncle Warren and Aunt Ella, are relationship goals.

After meeting them, I thanked them for raising Kellan to be the man he is. They tried to brush it off, saying that was all his doing, but I reminded them he built on the firm foundation they instilled in him. After that, I could barely breathe because they were hugging me so tightly.

Kellan and I chose to wait a while before starting our family, wanting time together first. Thanks to Corbin and Molly – who finally admitted he was the man for her – we got our baby fix with their son and daughter, Dawson and Penelope. I had to tease her that she stole the best names, but I'm quite happy with what Kellan and I came up with. Leo Warren Pace has a nice ring to it. Leo is for Kellan's father while Warren is for the man I've always thought of as my own dad. Needless to say, the two went through at least half a box of tissues when we'd had the families over for dinner to announce our decision.

As I taste the treats I made for little Leo, I swear I can hear him sigh with happiness. Or maybe that's just me because not only are they delicious, but the sound of our other dog, Roscoe's, barking lets me know my husband is home.

Goody.



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## **EPILOGUE TWO**

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## Kellan

Ten years after meeting...

“Who wants a burger?” I call to the crowd, not surprised at the yells I receive in response. It is a hungry bunch of men and women after all. If I don’t feed them soon, I might need my wife to protect me.

She’s not intimidating in the least. However, she does control the desserts and they’re scared of missing even a crumb. She almost literally has them eating out of the palm of her hand.

We’d decided to throw a cookout for the SVFD firefighters, and while they’re all here, so are many others. Word spread, as it does in small towns, and our yard soon began overflowing with visitors.

Of course, we’re feeding each and every one of them. Corbin is about to leave to get more food, drinks, etc., but until then we’re making do with some help from Aunt Ella, as she insists I call her. She and my mom have grown close, often stirring the pot and sharing equal duties in matchmaking for the residents.

Uncle Warren and my dad just watch them, pleased as punch smiles on their faces. They’re besotted, not that I can talk. My wife and children are my world.

Speaking of, “Hey, handsome. Got any sausage for me?”

“And we’re out,” Molly declares with a snicker as she snags Corbin and they go check on the kids before hitting the store.

“Quite the entrance, wife,” I say through my laughter.

“I thought so,” she responds with a curtsy. “So, do you?”

“Always,” I remind her, using the grill to hide the pump of my hips.

“You and me, tonight.”

“Does that mean...?”

“Leo and Lulu,” that would be our three going on thirty-year-old daughter, Lucille, “have conned Grampy and Grammy into a sleepover.”

“Something tells it might be the other way,” I correct her, making her giggle because she knows I’m right. Grampy and Grammy are my parents, and Pops and Nana as our kids, as well as Corbin and Molly’s, are Warren and Ella. It was a decision the four of us encouraged because they are, essentially, Lana and Molly’s parents. That doesn’t take anything away from their mom, Penelope, and all the kids have been told about her, but it does allow us to honor the role Warren and Ella have in our lives.

“Could be,” she admits. “Might also have to do with the fact I let it slip we were thinking about trying for a third.”

“That’ll do it.”

She smirks and chimes in with, “Hopefully literally.”

Spoiler alert...it does.

Be sure to look for Lewis and Camille’s book, *Suited for You*, releasing June 22nd.

If you liked Kellan and Lana’s story, please take a moment to leave a review. Not only are authors happy to know they’ve brought enjoyment to someone’s life by providing an escape from reality, even if only for a short time, but they are a way for others to decide if they’d also be interested. The greatest way to share your love for their work is by word of mouth, whether it’s literally, or through your own written word in a review.

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## STAY CONNECTED

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You can email the author, if you'd like, at [havenroseauthor@gmail.com](mailto:havenroseauthor@gmail.com). Haven has created a Facebook page for those interested in connecting with her or for updates on current works in progress and future books – [facebook.com/authorhavenrose/](https://facebook.com/authorhavenrose/). You can also follow her author page or on BookBub ([bookbub.com/authors/haven-rose](https://bookbub.com/authors/haven-rose)). Her website is [havenrosebooks.com](https://havenrosebooks.com), and she has created a closed reader group on Facebook. If you're interested in becoming a member, please visit The Rose Garden at [facebook.com/groups/227103614772999/](https://facebook.com/groups/227103614772999/).

Thank you for taking the time to meet this couple, and those near and dear to them, as well as characters you may see in future books.

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## ABOUT THE AUTHOR

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Haven Rose spends her days high atop the world in a tower overlooking a beautiful meadow, waiting for her prince to find her. No? That's a different story? Okay. In real life, the author, who prefers to remain a mystery, met her true love at a very young age and the two have been enjoying their lives together ever since. Has it had its ups and downs? Yes, but their love for one another has endured it all and only grown stronger. He is the foundation upon which her Heroes are created. She knows things can never be perfect in a relationship, at least not outside of books, which is why the pen name of Haven Rose was created, allowing readers, such as herself, to escape into a world where problems are easily solved, love is instant and true, and the story is always safe.



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## MORE BY HAVEN ROSE

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### A Tangled Web Series

Grave Secrets ([books2read.com/u/bzPVA2](https://books2read.com/u/bzPVA2))

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Just Right (TBD)

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The Perfect Position (TBD)

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Collaborations

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Snow One Like You by Haven Rose (releasing 10/19/22)

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...Shirt

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Blending with Boone by Haven Rose (releasing 12/12/22)

Love at First Bark Series

Doggone Cute by Haven Rose (releasing 06/20/22 –  
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Spelling Bea (Mates & Mischief #2) by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetBiteMe](http://mybook.to/GetBiteMe))  
Monster Bait by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3tjI8nv](http://amzn.to/3tjI8nv))

Signed, Sealed, Yours Series  
(series page - [amzn.to/3h3oeH7](http://amzn.to/3h3oeH7))  
Desperate Measures by Annelise Reynolds  
His Forever Bride by M.K. Moore  
Wild, Wanton, & Wed by Barbra Campbell ([amzn.to/2SqzVPU](http://amzn.to/2SqzVPU))  
Class Act by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetClassAct](http://mybook.to/GetClassAct))  
Farmer Takes a Wife by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3w5NQsF](http://amzn.to/3w5NQsF))

Steamy in Sweetville Series  
August 2020  
Measured Love by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetMeasuredLove](http://mybook.to/GetMeasuredLove))  
Put a Ring on It by Pixie Chica  
Postcards in the Sand by Brynn Paulin

Christmas 2020  
Count on Me ([mybook.to/GetCountonMe](http://mybook.to/GetCountonMe))  
Cuddle Up Buttercup by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3j7OEHE](http://amzn.to/3j7OEHE))  
Stranded Christmas by Pixie Chica ([amzn.to/30c07yk](http://amzn.to/30c07yk))

February 2021  
All Fired Up ([mybook.to/GetAllFiredUp](http://mybook.to/GetAllFiredUp))  
Pants on Fire by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3nXHQxZ](http://amzn.to/3nXHQxZ))  
Ring of Fire by Pixie Chica ([amzn.to/39KDntb](http://amzn.to/39KDntb))

April 2021  
Cross my Heart ([mybook.to/GetCrossmyHeart](http://mybook.to/GetCrossmyHeart))  
No More Running by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/2PTmIhj](http://amzn.to/2PTmIhj))

September 2021

In my Rearview ([mybook.to/InmyRearview](http://mybook.to/InmyRearview))  
In Plain Sight by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3g90GSn](http://amzn.to/3g90GSn))

January 2022 (last of original series)  
His Sugarplum Kisses by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3gCHJrz](http://amzn.to/3gCHJrz))

Sweetville Season Two

January 2022  
Between the Lines ([mybook.to/GetBetweentheLines](http://mybook.to/GetBetweentheLines))

March 2022  
Smokescreen ([mybook.to/GetSmokescreen](http://mybook.to/GetSmokescreen))  
Paws for Love by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/34KgpDK](http://amzn.to/34KgpDK))  
Good Cop Bad Girl by Pixie Chica ([amzn.to/35TdkT3](http://amzn.to/35TdkT3))

June 2022  
Suited for You by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/SuitedforYou](http://mybook.to/SuitedforYou))  
Amaze Me by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/34JEDOQ](http://amzn.to/34JEDOQ))  
Opposites Attract by Pixie Chica

September 2022  
Booked Solid by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetBookedSolid](http://mybook.to/GetBookedSolid))  
Something So Sweet by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/3JgYLaC](http://amzn.to/3JgYLaC))  
Falling for the Enemy by Pixie Chica

December 2022  
Tickled Pink by Haven Rose  
Mistlefoes by Brynn Paulin  
Homeward Bound by Pixie Chica

Sweet Obsession Anthology  
[amzn.to/3KZBPNT](http://amzn.to/3KZBPNT) (releasing 04/12/22)  
Set in Stone (Stone Siblings, Book One) by Haven Rose

Tarpley VFD (a part of Susan Stoker's World)

Series page - [amzn.to/3uJgBfg](http://amzn.to/3uJgBfg)

Fighting for Elena by Silver James ([amzn.to/38lGeGL](http://amzn.to/38lGeGL))

Fighting for Carly by Deandra Hall ([amzn.to/375rH1I](http://amzn.to/375rH1I))

Fighting for Calliope by Haven Rose ([amzn.to/2TpvL8p](http://amzn.to/2TpvL8p))

Fighting for Jemma by MJ Nightingale ([amzn.to/2TEQdTn](http://amzn.to/2TEQdTn))

Fighting for Brittney by TL Reeve ([amzn.to/2R7iOPI](http://amzn.to/2R7iOPI))

Fighting for Nadia by Nicole Flockton ([amzn.to/2NGOZmK](http://amzn.to/2NGOZmK))

Series page - [amzn.to/3uBmo6x](http://amzn.to/3uBmo6x)

Fighting for Amanda by TL Reeve ([amzn.to/3b0wTZ1](http://amzn.to/3b0wTZ1))

Fighting for Marcy by MJ Nightingale ([amzn.to/3bIO7tc](http://amzn.to/3bIO7tc))

Fighting for Bree by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetFightingforBree](http://mybook.to/GetFightingforBree))

Fighting for Lorna by Deandra Hall ([amzn.to/3uI8LSQ](http://amzn.to/3uI8LSQ))

Fighting for Justice by Silver James ([amzn.to/3kBbBEz](http://amzn.to/3kBbBEz))

### The Law Trilogy

Multi-author series featuring myself, Sylvia Kane, Brynn Paulin, Barbra Campbell, May Gordon, and MK Moore)

Beyond the Law Series Page - [amzn.to/2QszgsR](http://amzn.to/2QszgsR)

Collateral Damage, Beyond the Law, Book One by Haven Rose  
([mybook.to/GetCollateralDamage](http://mybook.to/GetCollateralDamage))

In His Sights, Breaking the Law, Book One by Haven Rose  
([mybook.to/GetInHisSights](http://mybook.to/GetInHisSights))

Settle the Score, Book One by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetSettletheScore](http://mybook.to/GetSettletheScore))

### Valentine's Sucks Series

Bite Me (Mates & Mischief #1) by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetBiteMe](http://mybook.to/GetBiteMe))

Vampire Bait by Brynn Paulin ([My Book](#))

My Vampire Mate by Pixie Chica ([amzn.to/327lphd](http://amzn.to/327lphd))

### XOXO Series

(Christmas 2019)

Ex Scrooge Me by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/37RukoB](http://amzn.to/37RukoB))

Mistletoe Magic by Haven Rose (Meant to Be #1)

([mybook.to/MistletoeMagicBook](http://mybook.to/MistletoeMagicBook))

Candy Covered Kisses by Loni Ree ([amzn.to/2OYFqQ6](http://amzn.to/2OYFqQ6))

His Christmas Delivery by Pixie Chica ([amzn.to/2LfjEm](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B08LJFEM))

(Valentine 2020)

Sweet Surprise (Meant to Be #2) ([mybook.to/SweetSurprise](https://www.mybookto.com/SweetSurprise))

(Spring Love 2020)

Billionaire Bunny by Brynn Paulin ([amzn.to/2yA51dP](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B082YA51dP))

A New Start by Haven Rose (Meant to Be #3) ([mybook.to/ANewStart](https://www.mybookto.com/ANewStart))

Mr. Boss Man by Loni Ree ([amzn.to/2UHcyQg](https://www.amazon.com/dp/B082UHcyQg))

A Royal Payne by Pixie Chica ([mybook.to/ARoyalPayne](https://www.mybookto.com/ARoyalPayne))

Yours Everlasting Series (YES!)

Brynn Paulin, Dakota Rebel, Haven Rose,

May Gordon, Pixie Chica, and Rachelle Stevensen

Learning Curve by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetLearningCurve](https://www.mybookto.com/GetLearningCurve))

A Place for Daniel by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetAPlaceforDaniel](https://www.mybookto.com/GetAPlaceforDaniel))

Something Borrowed by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetSomethingBorrowed](https://www.mybookto.com/GetSomethingBorrowed))

Step Above the Rest by Haven Rose ([mybook.to/GetStepAbovetheRest](https://www.mybookto.com/GetStepAbovetheRest))

May 2022

Count the Ways (releasing 05/21 – [mybook.to/GetCounttheWays](https://www.mybookto.com/GetCounttheWays))

November 2022

Take a Chance by Haven Rose (releasing 11/16 -  
[mybook.to/GetTakeaChance](https://www.mybookto.com/GetTakeaChance)) (Bastion Defense #4)

Upcoming Standalones

Final Countdown (TBD)

Pardon Me (TBD)

Future Series (with more planned):

Aftereffects Series

Deadly Acts (TBD)

Deadly Intentions (TBD)

Deadly Hope (TBD)

City of Angelis Trilogy (subject to change)

Titles to be Decided

Coming Home Series

Titles to be Decided

Danger Duet

Cuts Like a Knife (TBD)

The Key to His Heart (TBD)

Perilous Love Series (subject to change)

Running from Peril (TBD)

Hidden Peril (TBD)

Triple Peril (TBD)

Reluctantly Royal

Reign Interrupted (TBD)

Other Titles to be Decided

Saints & Sinners MC Series

Dangerous Curves (TBD)

Other Titles to be Decided

Shadow Men Series

Titles to be Decided

The Four Seasons Series

Titles to be Decided

Weathering the Storm Series

My Sunshine (TBD)

A Touch of Frost (TBD)

Other Titles to be Decided