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# **Lucy Gets Her Life Back**

Single Moms, Second Chances

*Book Two*

by

Stef Ann Holm

*USA Today Bestselling Author*

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LUCY GETS HER LIFE BACK

Awards & Accolades

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"Hysterically funny... and readers won't soon forget mega-hottie  
Drew. 4 STARS!"

*Romantic Times BOOKreviews*

"...fresh, likeable characters who will have readers rooting for  
ahappy ending and relishing every step along the way."

*Booklist, Patty Engelmann*

"...storytelling is effortless and breezy... will leave you wanting  
to visit Red Duck yourself."

*Romance Reader Reviews, Cathy Sova*

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"Lucy. It was Lucy, right?"

Her chin lifted and she stared into Drew Tolman's face. She took a step back. The man was so tall, he filled her view and then some as she gazed at him.

When she'd first seen him in Opal's Diner, his good looks had definitely gotten her attention—until it became quite clear he was a hard-core charmer even though he was taken. That brunette he was with had laid one on him and clearly stamped his mouth as her private territory.

If it weren't for the fact she needed Jason to play Little League, Lucy wouldn't have given Drew another thought. But it was important her son be involved with sports right now, and unfortunately, Drew was the coach.

Gazing at him, she willed the wayward lustful thoughts out of her head immediately. Although with her standing this close to him, a few snuck back.

He was gorgeous... simply gorgeous.

The way his hair was mussed gave him a casual air that suited him. He still wore the sweats and Sunday-worn shirt he'd had on earlier. The ball cap was missing, which attested to the messy hair. But he still looked good. Too good.

And he knew it in a nonconceited way.

She'd come across his type before. Jock men who just thought they were too fabulous for words. Every woman under one hundred would throw herself at them if they held their arms

open wide. And Lucy was sure this man had held his arms open for quite a few ladies.

A former professional baseball player. She read magazines and all those tabloids. These guys usually had women in every state.

What was he doing in Red Duck, Idaho, of all places? She may have wondered, but she wasn't going to ask him. She didn't want to get personal with the man.

"You're right," she finally replied. Then she said something so stupid, even she cringed. "You're Drew and your girlfriend's name was Jacquie."

So much for staying impersonal.

For a scant second she wondered if he was going to counter her claim about the girlfriend.

Call it a woman's intuition, but suddenly Lucy recognized there was trouble in paradise for that couple.

Not that it was her business—nor did she care.

Thankfully, he let the comment pass. "So, how are you liking town so far?"

"I like it. It's different than Boise, but a good different. I'll be glad to get settled in."

"Where are you living?"

She paused, not sure if she should answer that. In Boise, she would have given a cross street as a general response. In Red Duck, when everyone proclaimed to know everyone's business, chances were that Drew could easily find out.

"Lost River Road," she said simply.

"Nice area."

Some of it was. Their teardown was in an offshoot of a ritzy neighborhood a half mile away.

Surrounding them was an overgrown horse pasture and rickety farm, with no sidewalks for skateboards. Bud kept a bunch of old Airstream coaches and dusty RVs on the adjacent property. It was surely no white picket fence scene. No wonder the boys were embarrassed. The idea of Drew seeing where she lived wasn't one she wanted to imagine.

"Doing some shopping?" he asked.

He held a handbasket with a thick steak, big russet potato and a bag of spring mix inside. His soft leather, black wallet and key fob were tossed inside. Her hands were empty.

"Actually, I just needed a break from unpacking. And I wanted to see if my notice was still up."

"Notice for what?"

"I'm a personal chef."

His stance changed and he grinned. "I like anything personal."

The big flirt. A real player, and not just at bat. Lucy held on to a frown. "It's nothing like you're thinking... whatever it was you were thinking."

"I only said I like things personal."

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