



ANNA  
SUGDEN

A PERFECT  
PUMPKIN

**Anna Sugden**

# **A Perfect Pumpkin**



A New Jersey Ice Cats short story

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## A Perfect Pumpkin

The first sign that Logan Halliday's sister, Jess, was having another bad day was his seven-year-old niece, Molly, sitting halfway down the front steps of their townhouse.

Expression stoic, Molly waited for him to park and get out. As he walked towards her, he could see her red, puffy eyes. At her feet, lay the scrunched remains of a tissue.

Molly's outfit was another clue. She always wore her New Jersey Ice Cats jersey, with his name on the back, for comfort. Like when her father had walked out three years ago. That also sported her favourite, red, spangly tulle skirt, instead of jeans, sealed the deal.

"Damn it, Jess," he muttered under his breath. "Not today."

They'd arranged to visit the pumpkin festival weeks ago, to make up for him not being around on Halloween to take Molly trick-or-treating; the Cats were playing the Lightning in an evening game. It had been planned when Jess was in an 'up' phase. Clearly, she'd taken a downward turn while he was away on a road trip.

As much as he loved playing professional hockey, there were times Logan cursed the gruelling NHL

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schedule. Especially, when he couldn't be around to take care of his family.

Stopping at the foot of the steps, he said lightly, "Looking good, Molly-moo."

She rushed down the steps and threw her arms around him. Logan hugged her tightly, his heart squeezing at the silent sobs wracking her body.

His niece lifted her head and gave a hiccupping sigh. "I guess we should go inside and try to wake Mommy. Do you think we'll still have time to go, after she gets ready?" Her resigned tone said she already knew what the answer would be.

The hell with that. Jess was unlikely to be in a fit state to go out for hours. Molly had really been looking forward to today's pumpkin-carving class. No way would he let her down. "You know what? I think we should let your mom sleep a while longer."

Molly's grey eyes, so like her mother's, widened. "You mean it?" she whispered, as if she dared't speak any louder.

"For sure. I bet the jack o' lanterns we'll make for her, will make her feel much better."

"Oh-kay!" She fist-pumped, before pulling out of his arms and hurrying into the house.

Logan winced as screen door slammed. He doubted Jess would stir, but he should send a text to let her know where they'd gone. The sight of Molly skipping down the steps, grinning, was worth any crap Jess might give him when they got back.

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“This is going to be the best Halloween treat ever,” his niece said, as he strapped her in.

“You bet it will.” He’d make damn sure of it.

\* \* \*

“I haven’t got an artistic bone in my body,” Frankie Ellerton reminded her sister, Olivia, as she set a pumpkin at each place on the wooden trestle tables which had been laid out in the barn for the upcoming class. “How can I inspire the kids, when my carving will be worse than theirs?”

“They’ll love it.” Olivia placed tools beside each pumpkin. “You’ll give even the most self-conscious child the courage to have a go.”

“Yeah, right. You’re just getting your own back because I wouldn’t wear a pumpkin costume today,” Frankie grumbled.

“Uh huh. I deliberately broke my wrist, so I could embarrass you.” Olivia rolled her eyes, as she tapped her pink cast. “Anyway, stop putting yourself down. You’re creative. You’re a writer.”

“I’m a sports’ journalist, Liv. I report scores and stats and plays.”

“Anyone who sees magic in a bunch of guys chasing a puck and beating each other up is creative.”

Olivia didn’t get her sister’s obsession with hockey or New Jersey’s successful NHL team. Her idea of aggressive play was tackling an overgrown rose bush with secateurs.

“I keep telling you, they don’t really fight

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anymore. If you'd come to a game with me, you'd see for yourself. I bet you'd be a fan before the end of the first period."

"I'll pass." Liv wrinkled her nose. She covered the demonstrator's table with a Halloween-themed tablecloth, then put an enormous pumpkin in the centre. "I've sketched a simple design for you, in case you need inspiration."

"Thanks. With all those eyes on me, I'd probably freeze and have no idea what to carve."

"No way. You're not a stage-fright kinda gal. Your 'daily face-off' videos for your blog are watched by Ice Cats' fans around the world."

"That's different. I control those, and I get do-overs if I make mistakes. This is more like a reality TV show with everyone waiting for you to burn the cake or hit a bum note."

"All these kids will care about is that you're not embarrassed to make a less-than-perfect jack o'lantern."

Frankie laughed. "That I can definitely do."

A few minutes later, they lifted the cordon, allowing people into the barn. The good news for Olivia was that the class would be full. The bad news for Frankie was that there was a big audience to watch her make a fool of herself.

There was nothing to do but suck it up.

Frankie owed Liv, who'd stepped up to the plate to take care of her when their parents had passed away. It hadn't been easy, but they had forged a strong

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relationship because of it. So when Olivia had needed Frankie's help, carving pumpkins, however badly, was the least she could do. Thankfully, there was no-one here she knew.

She went to stand behind her pumpkin, ready for the start of the class. As she surveyed the eager students, her gaze clashed with a very familiar pair of blue-grey eyes.

Her stomach dropped to her Halloween-themed Doc Martens.

Of all the Ice Cats players, why did it have to be Logan, with his sculpted cheekbones, rugged jaw and tousled dark hair? She'd bet he didn't pay for those sun-kissed highlights. His grey sweater emphasised the colour of his eyes, as well as his broad chest and well-worn jeans, faded in all the right places, fit his powerful legs perfectly. No wonder all the women were shooting him predatory looks worthy of *Desperate Housewives*.

"Have you seen McDreamy in the third row?" Olivia murmured.

"Uh ... yes," she stammered, as Logan raised an eyebrow, his expression both curious and amused.

"Oh my. He seems to have noticed you."

"Only because he plays for the Ice Cats," Frankie said through gritted teeth.

"I may change my mind about hockey, if he's an example of the how well those guys clean up. Do you really get to interview them while they're half-naked?"

The last thing Frankie needed was to think of

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Logan half-naked. It brought back memories of the most unprofessional night of her life.

“He’s Mr Cup Celebration,” Frankie hissed.

“Holy moly.” Liv’s jaw dropped. “No wonder you broke your rule about sleeping with players. I’d walk on the wild side myself, if a man like him was the prize.”

“Would you get on with the class already?”

Coughing, to mask what sounded suspiciously like a laugh, Liv strode to the front and welcomed everyone. Frankie smiled and waved as she was introduced.

Olivia started with the important safety information, then got straight into the demonstration. Focusing on her sister’s instructions, meant she didn’t have to look up at the audience again until she was done. Naturally, her eyes were drawn to Logan.

And the young girl by his side. The one who looked enough like him to be his daughter.

\* \* \*

The self-deprecating woman joking with the audience was a far cry from the intense, focused journalist Logan knew.

Not in looks, obviously. Frankie was stunning, even when she tucked that mass of brown hair beneath a ball cap and hid her curvy figure beneath an oversized jersey. Those dark, exotic eyes and lush lips had bewitched him the first time she’d interviewed him, at preseason training camp, last September. That she’d been unmoved by his normally infallible charm had both intrigued and challenged him. By Christmas,



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they'd settled into the kind of bantering relationship that siblings had.

Only his feelings for her were definitely far from brotherly.

By the end of the regular season in April, there had been signs that she might not be immune to him after all. Still, she'd continued to play her cards close to the vest.

Until the night the Ice Cats had won the Cup.

A wave of heat washed over him as memories flashed through his brain. X-rated images of one amazing night -- a celebration to end all celebrations.

His body hardened instantly.

A sharp tug on his sleeve reminded Logan that this wasn't the time or place to be remembering that night. Shifting to ease the discomfort in his jeans, he imagined himself plunging into an ice bath, like he had after most of the playoff games.

"The eyes are wonky." His niece scowled at her pumpkin.

"They're not meant to match, Molly-moo," Logan tried to reassure her, pointing at his own. "Mine don't."

"But I want them to be the same. And the mouth is crooked." She tossed down her knife. "This is horrible. I want to go home."

Even though he knew that it wasn't her pumpkin that was bothering her, Logan tried to talk up her carving. He was about as successful as he had been with Frankie, when he'd tried to get her to go out with him

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after that incredible night.

Jeez, some women were a hard sell.

“That’s not as bad as mine,” a husky voice said, over his shoulder.

His groin tightened. So much for getting his wayward body under control.

Refocusing his mind on that damn ice bath, Logan turned to see Frankie leaning over his niece’s pumpkin. Her sweater was the colour of autumn leaves and brought out the amber highlights in her hair. Her slim-fitting skirt, black hose and over-the-knee, black suede boots, emphasised her mouth-watering curves and her long, shapely legs. Reminding him -- as if he’d forget -- that he’d explored every inch her that night. Several times. Discovered all the sensitive places that made her gasp and moan. Like the soft skin at the back of her knees and the hollow behind her ears.

Forcing the erotic memories aside, he gave up on the mental ice-bath. There was no controlling his reaction to Frankie.

She picked up Molly’s knife and began to tinker with the pumpkin. “Look, if we take a piece off here and shave a bit there, then ... voila!”

“It’s the perfect pumpkin. Thanks.”

Logan cleared his throat. “I wouldn’t have figured a rising star, sports’ writer for a pumpkin carver.”

“I wouldn’t have figured a hotshot hockey player for a babysitter,” she shot back, her dark eyes glittering.

He grinned. Damn, but she kept him on his toes.

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“I’m not a baby,” retorted Molly loftily.

His grin widened. *That’s my girl, Molly-moo.*

Frankie took his niece’s affront in her stride.

“You’re right. I’m sorry. *You’re* the babysitter.”

“Oh, so now you’re ganging up on me.” While he pretended to be insulted, he enjoyed watching Molly and Frankie high-fiving each other.

“For a big guy, you’re a soft target.” Frankie ruffled his niece’s hair.

“Not a complaint you’ve had before.”

Logan cursed silently, even before he’d finished the sentence. Caught up in the banter, he’d strayed into the minefield they’d both avoided since that night.

Frankie stiffened, her smile fading. “You were knocked off the puck too easily in Montreal and Ottawa. Size only counts if you can use it well. You need to up your game.”

He inclined his head, acknowledging her jab. Before he could come up with a suitable reply -- let alone an apology -- she stepped back.

“Nice to meet you, Molly. Enjoy the rest of your day at the festival.”

“Thanks for your help.” His niece’s face fell momentarily, then she brightened. “Hey, Uncle Logan promised we could get pumpkin pie and hot chocolate when we’re done. You wanna join us?”

Frankie’s gaze narrowed. “Uncle?”

“My sister is Molly’s mom.”

She nodded. “You have the same eyes.”

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“Yeah. They’re a family feature, along with the Halliday stubbornness.”

She nodded again.

“So are you coming?” Molly hopped from foot to foot, her skirt sparkling.

“You could have spiced apple cider, if you’d prefer.” Then, he added quickly, not wanting her to feel pressured, “Although your sister probably needs you.”

“Only to help with the clean-up, which shouldn’t take long.” Olivia joined them. After the introductions, she continued, “This is my last class. As long as Frankie doesn’t forget her shift on my stall later, I’m good for a while.”

He didn’t miss the fiery glare she sent her sister, but when Frankie spoke there was no sign that she resented being outmanoeuvred. “I’d love some pie and I did want to take a look around at the various activities.”

Molly clapped excitedly. “There’s some way cool things to do, like pinning the broomstick on the witch, tossing balls at zombies and bobbing for apples.”

“Sounds good. I’ll come find you when I’m done with cleaning up.”

“We could help,” he offered.

Frankie shook her head. “There’s no need.”

“The sooner you finish, the quicker we get our pie,” Molly wheedled.

“Can’t argue with that, sis,” Olivia laughed. “The more hands the merrier.”

“Then, let’s get to it.” Frankie’s sweet smile

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belied the frustration in her eyes ... almost.

With all of them working together, the barn was ship-shape in no time. Even though Frankie tried to ensure she was at the opposite end of the cavernous space from him, he deliberately moved closer at every opportunity. Despite her attempts to appear unmoved by the little game of cat and mouse, the pretty flush in her cheeks gave her away.

“Thanks for your help,” Olivia said cheerily. “You can leave your pumpkins with me and collect them at my stall later. And if someone brings me a slice of pie, with extra whipped cream, I’ll be your friend for life.”

“We can do that.” Molly tugged on his sweater. “Come on, Uncle Logan. Let’s go!”

“You’re sure you don’t need me?” Frankie asked, clearly trying not to sound like she wanted a reprieve.

“Absolutely.” Her sister shooed them away. “Have a great time. Just remember ...”

“Yeah, yeah. Pie. Extra cream. Got it.” Frankie turned to Molly. “Let’s get out of here before she changes her mind. What would you like to do first?”

“Throw balls at zombies.” Molly dashed towards the barn’s double doors, her excitement bubbling over.

Logan shoved his hands into the front pockets of his jeans. “Thanks for agreeing to spend time with us. Molly’s having a tough time right now with her mom, and I want her to have a fun day.”

“No problem.” Despite the curiosity in her eyes, Frankie didn’t press. “At her age, she shouldn’t have to

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worry about anything but how much fun she can have.”

Another side to the tenacious journalist that he hadn't seen before. At the rink, she was normally the one pushing, asking the awkward questions. Blunt, but fair and balanced, she wasn't afraid of marching into difficult territory or writing what needed to be written. She always got her story and she always told it.

On the flip-side, that she did her job effectively, without stepping on toes, made her popular with everyone in the locker room. The guys could trust her, because she juggled carefully the need for providing fans with news against invading players' privacy.

For sure, she hadn't mentioned their night together to anyone.

Today, he was grateful that she was circumspect.

“Plus she's a cool kid.” Frankie added, as Molly skipped back towards them.

“The line's too long,” his niece complained. “We should bob for apples first. There's less people there.”

He arched a querying eyebrow at Frankie, who nodded. “Okay.”

“I'm game.” Frankie ruffled Molly's hair.

“Uncle Logan is the apple bobbing champ,” Molly said proudly.

“Really?” Frankie gave him a challenging look. “Care for a little wager?”

“You're on. What's the stake?”

“Loser buys dinner.”

He grinned. “Hope you brought your purse.”

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“Why?” Frankie shrugged. “You’ll be paying.”

“In your dreams, Ellerton.”

“You wish you could be in my dreams, Halliday.”

There was no answer for that, at least not one he could give in front of his avidly watching niece, so he motioned with the forefingers of both hands in a ‘bring it’ gesture.

Molly clapped delightedly. “Ooh. Tough contest.”

“Be sure to cheer for the right side, Molly-Moo.”

\* \* \*

Thank goodness for waterproof mascara.

Frankie’s hair was a tangled, curly mess and the front of her sweater was wringing wet, but at least she didn’t have panda eyes.

And, she’d won.

Dinner with Logan. She watched him shake his head, sending water droplets flying. Her mouth went dry, as he used the hem of his faded, black Ice Cats’ t-shirt to wipe his face, revealing the enticing six-pack that had been haunting her dreams since she’d kissed her way down it ... oh no. She was so not going there.

Of course, dinner was out of the question. She’d have to find an excuse. Or suggest an alternative. A burger at the arena. Something more public -- and less intimate -- than a table for two at a restaurant. And where she wouldn’t be thinking about a repeat performance of that damn Cup celebration.

“Don’t worry, Uncle Logan. I bet you’ll win the next game,” Molly said, as they walked to the next stall.

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“Yeah.” He grinned, shrugging into his sweater, clearly not bothered about the defeat. “I reckon my best chance is hitting zombie heads with a ball.”

Glad of the distraction, Frankie cleared her throat. “I don’t know. Shooting a puck and throwing a ball are two very different skills.”

“Both require great hand-eye co-ordination.” He winked. “I have that in spades.”

“Uh huh.” She rolled her eyes. “You certainly have a whole load of something that needs to be shovelled. Isn’t that right, Molly?”

“Definitely.” Mimicking his earlier action with her fingers, Molly said, “Bring it on, Uncle Logan.”

Stretching his arms forward, he interlocked his fingers and cracked his knuckles. “Prepare to watch a master at work.”

Despite heckling and repeated attempts to put him off his throw by Frankie and Molly, Logan lived up to his boast. Molly was delighted when he presented her with the stuffed toy prize of a black cat holding a pumpkin. And then she beat both Frankie and her uncle in the ‘pin the broomstick on the witch’ battle. At which point, Molly claimed she was starving and they made their next stop the food area for pie and hot chocolate.

After they’d eaten, Molly yawned, clearly tiring. Logan suggested they return to Liv’s stall, collect their pumpkins and then head home.

Frankie was surprised by the twinge of disappointment. She’d enjoyed his company more than



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she'd expected. She'd always suspected that he was more than a pretty face, a hot body and awesome hockey skills. This afternoon proved it conclusively.

Unfortunately, it made no difference. Given their professions, it couldn't work. Bummer.

While Molly delivered the promised pie with extra cream and hot chocolate, Frankie got out the carved pumpkins and then helped Logan carry them to his car.

As they walked back, he asked, "When would you like to cash in your dinner?"

Her pulse jumped. "Uh, there's no need," she said quickly. "It was just a bit of fun."

"I don't welch on my bets."

"You bought the food and drink just now. That's paid off your dues."

He stopped in front of her, forcing her to stop too. "The deal was for dinner."

"Look, we both know nothing is possible between us. It's a conflict of interest."

"Is that why you ran away after that night?"

"I didn't run away. I had to work. Besides, that night was a mistake."

"It sure as hell didn't feel like a mistake to me." He sounded offended. A tad hurt too.

"What I meant was that it was the result of over-exuberance and too much champagne. Under normal circumstances, it wouldn't have happened." At his snort, she added, "And it can't happen again."

"I don't see why you're making it out to be such a

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big deal. We're not lawyers on opposing sides of a case." He cocked his head. "Are you telling me that you couldn't write an objective story about the Cats, or me, if we started dating?"

Her stomach's funny flip-flop forced a retort out of her, before she could stop it. "Of course not." She puffed out a breath. "That's not the point."

"So, what is?"

"It wouldn't work."

"Why not? Plenty of other people have managed it. Just look around the team at all the couples who are doing great, despite apparent conflicts of interest."

"It's okay while things are good, but what happens when we split up? I love my job and I don't want to have to leave it because things turn awkward."

"You could give us a chance to go on one, actual date, before you split us up."

He stroked her arm, sending heat zinging through her. Deep in her belly, desire tugged. The jade sparks in his eyes told her he felt it too.

"There's something more between us than over-exuberance and too much champagne."

She couldn't deny it. Not with her skin still tingling from his touch. Instead she walked towards her sister's stall.

"We're both adults," he continued, keeping pace with her. "We can handle it. Especially if we start slow. Dinner. Nothing more. If that's okay, we take it from there. Play it by ear."

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Molly came rushing towards them, brandishing a posy of autumn flowers, preventing Frankie from saying anything. "Look what Liv gave me for mom."

"That's great, Molly-moo. Let's go and give them to her. But first, say thanks to Frankie for hanging out with us."

His niece's enthusiastic thanks and warm hug, helped Frankie find her voice. "My pleasure. Hopefully I'll see you again soon."

"Definitely. At the next afternoon game. Bye." She tugged impatiently at Logan's hand. "Come on."

Logan leaned over and said softly, "I'm willing to give us a shot. Are you?"

Then he and Molly walked away.

\* \* \*

*What have you got to lose?*

Liv's question had been playing over and over in Frankie's mind, like one of their mom's old, scratched records, since last night. It had apparently been obvious to Liv that there was something between them too. As much as she'd understood Frankie's concerns, Liv had also thought she was crazy not to even try.

"You've beaten all kinds of odds -- the first woman to cover the Cats -- so why are you being chicken about Logan? More importantly, what will you lose by not trying?"

Frankie sighed, as she started her car and headed towards the arena for the Cats' practice. Her sister had a point. What *did* she have to lose? Her heart skipped as

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she considered what she might gain.

*One date. Play it by ear.* Logan's deep voice in her head was seductive. Enticing.

"All right. You win. I'll give it a shot."

She flicked on her indicator and turned right. She had a detour to make.

\* \* \*

Was Frankie avoiding him?

She'd talked to everyone after practice, but him. Had he pushed too hard at the pumpkin festival? He knew he hadn't imagined what was between them. Even Molly had noticed.

Logan strode into the locker room, trying to act like he didn't care, and made his way to his stall. Stripping off his sweat-drenched jersey, he noticed something on the top shelf.

A cellophane-wrapped, pumpkin-shaped cookie from Sweet Treats.

Picking it up, he read the single word iced on the jack o'lantern.

*Dinner?*

His heart pounded heavily. That could only mean one thing.

Whipping his head around, he spotted Frankie leaning against the wall, outside the locker room. Their gazes met.

Uncertainty shadowed her eyes. She expected him to say no.

Not a chance.

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Without dropping her gaze, he picked up the cookie and ate a bite.

Her eyes widened, but she didn't smile. She was still unsure.

He sauntered towards her, stopping when they were toe-to-toe.

She tilted her head, maintaining eye contact.

"Once again, you've created the perfect pumpkin." He offered her a bite of the cookie.

After a brief hesitation, she nibbled the edge. A crumb caught at the corner of her mouth.

Tempted to lick it off, but knowing she wouldn't appreciate that with the guys only a few feet away, Logan brushed it with his thumb and held it against her bottom lip. "I'll pick you up at seven."

Her smile broke through. Her tongue flicked out and cleaned the crumb off, sending heat spearing to his groin. "I'll be waiting."

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Welcome to the world of the New Jersey Ice Cats!

Books in the series:

[A Perfect Distraction](#)

[A Perfect Trade](#)

[A Perfect Catch](#)

[A Perfect Compromise](#)

[A Perfect Strategy](#)

[A Perfect Selection](#) (Anthology of short stories)

Short Stories:

[A Perfect Party](#)

A Perfect Lucky Charm

A Perfect Disguise

A Perfect Reunion

A Perfect Storm

A Perfect Bouquet

A Perfect Plan

A Perfect Picnic

A Perfect Contest

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# A Perfect Pumpkin

## [A Perfect Selection](#)

Can you read just one?

A mouthwatering selection of six holiday-themed, bite-sized romances featuring players from the New Jersey Ice Cats.

Contains:

[A Perfect Party](#)

A Perfect Lucky Charm

A Perfect Disguise

A Perfect Reunion

A Perfect Storm

A Perfect Bouquet

## **A Perfect Distraction**

### **A face-off—head vs. heart**

For Jake Badoletti, this year is all about his career. He has a rare second chance to make the most of being a pro hockey player, so no parties, no scandals. Too bad he's met a woman who could sideline those plans. Maggie Goodman is not his usual type—right down to being a single mom. Still, the sizzling connection with this gorgeous brunette can't be ignored.

With a little juggling and a lot of focus, Jake manages to have the game *and* Maggie. Then his performance on the ice suffers and a scandal erupts. Now he can't afford the distraction of Maggie...even if she is perfect for him.

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## **A Perfect Trade A win-win negotiation?**

Truman "Tru" Jelinek's life is pretty much off the rails. With his professional hockey career on thin ice, and his personal life falling apart, he's ready to implement some serious changes. Helping Jenny Martin—the only girl he's ever loved—make her dreams a reality is a good place to start.

There's just one problem: Jenny doesn't want his help. She barely wants to speak to him. But Tru is prepared to negotiate a deal that even Jenny can't refuse. As trading favors turns into sharing passion, he has to face the truth that when it comes to Jenny, the game is far from over.

## **A Perfect Catch He's the perfect catch...for now!**

When it comes to romance, Tracy Hayden is *not* looking for a rematch. She's had epic passion—and problems!—with professional hockey player Ike Jelinek. Brilliant on skates and magic in bed, his too-traditional-for-her views were like a bucket of ice water on their affair.

Then an injury takes Ike out of the game, and everything changes. Suddenly he needs her services-providing business—even though he once claimed it was their biggest problem. Tracy's determined to be professional, despite the sizzling attraction between them that won't go away. Maybe they need a second fling to fix that!



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### **A Perfect Compromise Theirs is a game of give-and-take...**

Schoolteacher Issy Brandine has a plan to build a stable, secure future for herself. No settling for second-best. Anything more than a sultry Caribbean fling with hotshot hockey star Jean Baptiste Larocque isn't part of the plan. A New Jersey Ice Cat with the ultimate hockey trophy in his sights won't fit into her low-key lifestyle. Except a surprise pregnancy changes everything.

Issy knows her child deserves more than a part-time dad. With JB's eyes on the championship that will redeem his career, compromise is out of the question. But love—and the baby between them—might prove that nothing is impossible.

### **A Perfect Strategy Is there really life after hockey?**

If there's one thing Scotty Matthews knows, it's hockey. Unfortunately, the former New Jersey Ice Cats captain isn't proving successful at life after hockey. His wife's left him and he's lost his post-ice job as a media commentator. All he's got now is a big empty show house.

If there's one thing Sapphire Houlihan knows, it's that she never wants to be tied down to anyone or anything ever again. Unfortunately for her, a wonderful one-weekend distraction with Scotty turns into something much more complicated... Because he's a guy who wants way more than one weekend.



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*No tricks—just a treat!*

When sports' journalist, Frankie Ellerton, agrees to help her sister at the pumpkin festival, the last person she expects to see is the sexy hockey player with whom she had a one-night-stand. Ice Cats' forward, Logan Halliday, knows the Stanley Cup celebration he shared with Frankie was special, but she insists their relationship must now be strictly business. With his niece as chaperone, maybe he can carve more than the perfect jack o'lantern—a fresh start with Frankie.

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