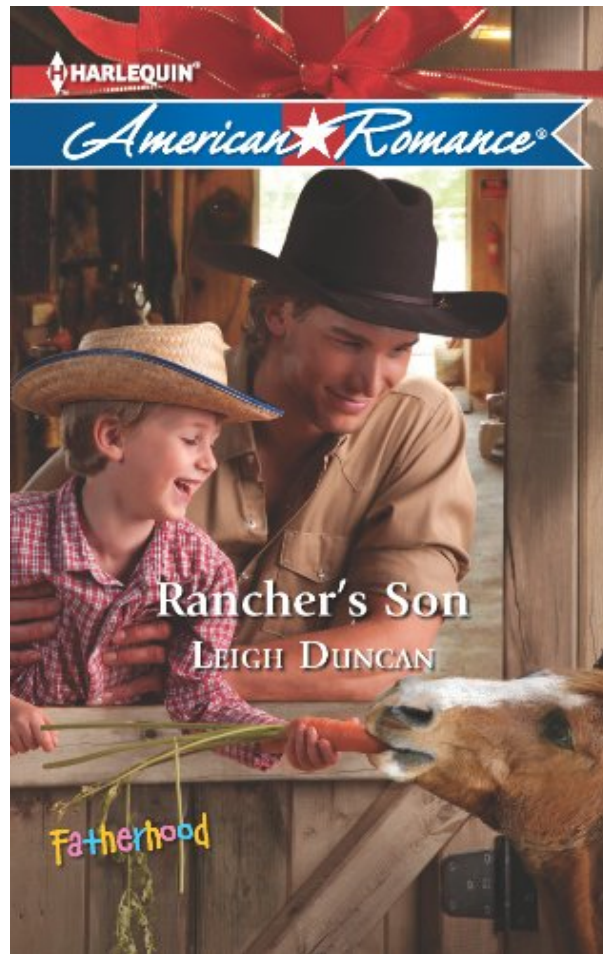
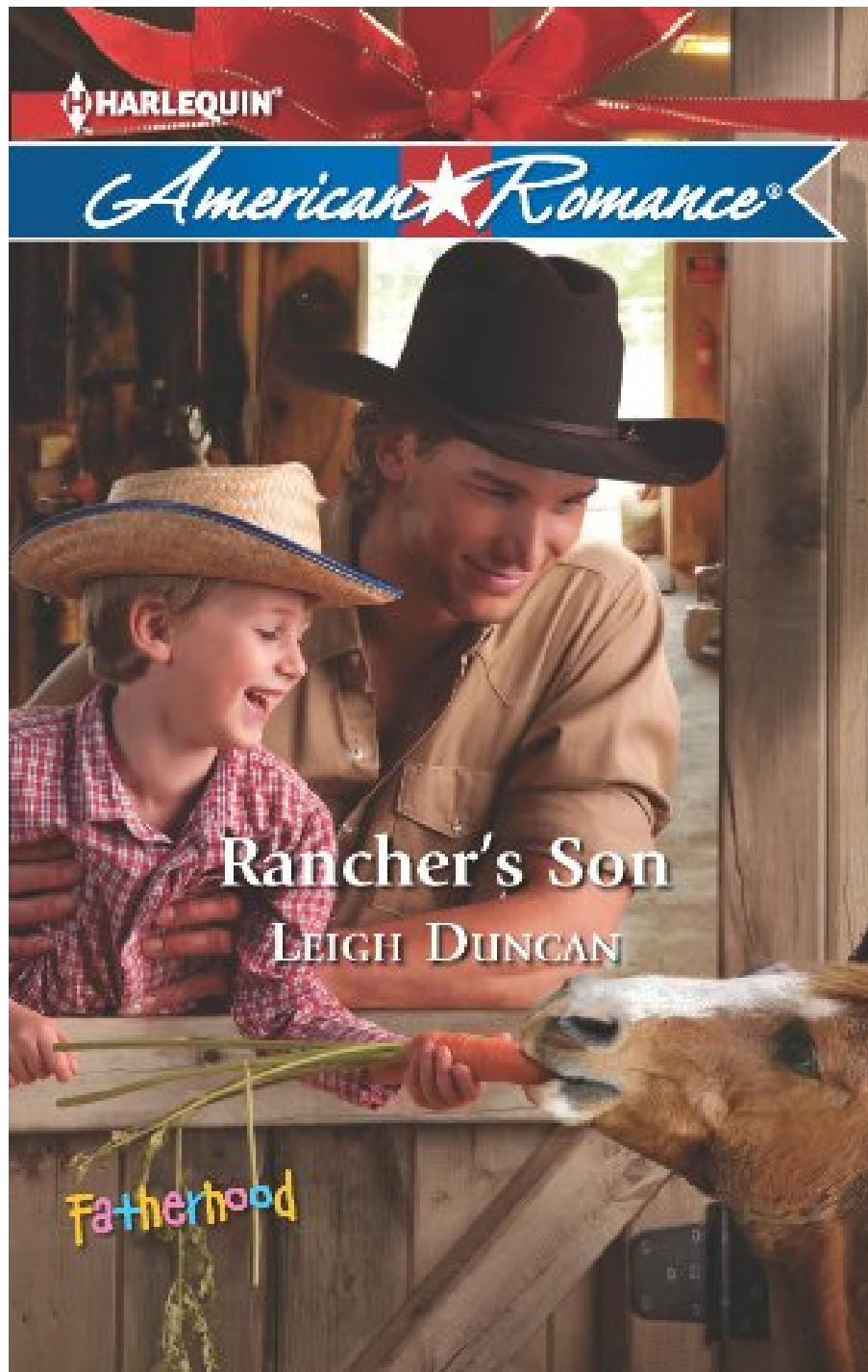


RANCHER'S SON (FATHERHOOD) BY LEIGH DUNCAN



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So's the rancher with the sexy smile who might be the boy's father. Still, Sarah has to be nuts to let Ty Parker sweet-talk her into a cattle drive across rugged Florida wilderness.

Ty can't believe he might have a son to carry on his legacy. Still, until the DNA results come back, he isn't making any plans. But a strange thing happens on the open road. Amid rattlesnake scares and cozy campfires, he's growing closer to the boy...and to Sarah, the fiery redhead Ty can't keep out of his arms. They could be a happy family, unless the truth tears them apart....

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- Format: Kindle eBook

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Most helpful customer reviews

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful.

Wonderful Read for Christmas!

By L. Jenkins

I enjoyed reading this heartwarming Romance. It flows at a good pace with enough descriptive detail so that a picture was easily painted in my mind while I was reading. The story is engrossing with several unexpected twists. Sarah and Ty have good chemistry, but I really thought the little guy, Jimmy, was just too cute and absolutely so adorable.

The little boy dumped on Christmas Eve at Social Services into the burned-out, bummed-out care of a disenchanted case worker is the catalyst that ultimately challenges both Ty and Sarah to become better people when they are forced, for the youngster's sake, to confront some residual issues of the past. This finely-structured story is a light, occasionally humorous read that is perfect holiday reading whatever your age.

This book was given to me by the author in return for my honest review. No other compensation has been received.

Reviewed by Laurie-J

2 of 2 people found the following review helpful.

Adorable Tear-Jerker!

By valarie

What a perfect story for this time of year! Mix a social worker with a heart of gold, a very hot reluctant cowboy hero, a cute-as-Christmas kid, a cattle drive road trip, and a case of questionable paternity and you get one completely charming story. Sarah and Ty are unforgettable characters who are perfect in this romance, with a very poignant twist that elicited some tears at the end. This is not my first book by Leigh Duncan, and it certainly won't be my last. (Would love to see something in a longer format from this author!) She gives the reader richly drawn characters, easy-to-read prose, and a quick pace that makes for a delightful afternoon of escape reading. Loved this one!

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I loved this book!

By Lovemysteries

The Rancher's Son by Leigh Duncan is as charming a book as I've read this year. Sarah works for DCFS and tries not to get involved with her cases but when a five year old is literally dropped off in her office over Christmas, she can't help but lose her heart. The search for Jimmy's father leads her to a rancher who runs a cattle drive for tourists and Sarah signs on with Jimmy so that Ty can get to know the child. The details of the trail ride are fun to read and make the story come alive. The heart of the story is the building love between Sarah and Ty and Jimmy and the hope that it will turn out well for all three. Don't miss this lovely book.

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"I think you and I should talk privately." Sarah motioned toward a nearby cubicle. "Jimmy, I need you to watch TV or play with some toys while Miss Candy and I chat for a few minutes."

Without waiting for a response, Sarah took the child's tiny hand in hers. His thin shoulders and bony frame raised troubling questions. When was the last time this kid ate? How long ago had his mother passed? Who had been taking care of him since then? And where?

Her tone softened. "I think we have some cookies in the break room. Would you like some?" When Jimmy

didn't answer, she called to Candy. "Does he have any allergies?"

The woman's gum snapped and popped before she shrugged a vague "Nope?"

As the child scrambled onto the couch near the bare Christmas tree, Sarah overlooked his soiled shirt and grimy fingernails, knowing that if she accused the parents of every unwashed youngster of neglect, the foster system would collapse under the load. Bruises or injuries were another matter, and she scanned the child for visible signs. Her breath eased at the sight of pale, but unblemished, skin. Relieved that the boy wasn't in immediate physical danger—and thus, not really her problem—she clamped a heavy lid over the urge to take him under her wing.

She couldn't get involved. Not now. Not when doing so would ruin her plans for the holidays and dash her hope to rest and recharge. And, after five years with the DCF in Melbourne and two more in Fort Pierce, it was either that or quit. No, she shook her head, this little boy was Candy's problem and he had to stay that way. At least until next week when her coworkers would be back in the office. Steeling her heart, she settled him in front of a cartoon video with a small plate of cookies and a juice box she took from the office refrigerator.

"Okay, what's this all about?"

With Candy lagging behind, Sarah led the way to a cubicle where a line of red X's across the bottom of the calendar marked the vacation days she had to use or lose according to DCF's policy manual. She waved her guest into the only other chair in the cramped space and swung to her computer. She stilled. Until the IT department completed their work, no one could access the DCF database. Or learn whether Jimmy Parker already had a caseworker to look after him.

With a sigh, Sarah pulled a yellow legal pad and a pen from a drawer and hoped Candy would quickly get to the point. Across the desk, the woman gave her a petulant look, her jaw jutting forward.

"Millie, Jimmy's mom, made me swear if anything ever happened to her, I'd bring the kid to Florida," she said, with an accent from considerably north of the Sunshine State. "She said his dad owns a ranch somewhere near Lake Okeechobee. Jimmy's named after him."

James Tyrone Parker.

Sarah pursed her lips at the memory of a tall, broad-shouldered rancher with sun-bleached hair. She brushed a speck of dust from the desktop, chasing the image away. Surely there were thousands of Parkers in the hundreds of square miles bordering the largest lake in Florida. There were probably a dozen Jims and Tys among them. The odds against this little boy's father being the same Ty Parker she'd run out of DCF's offices last spring were practically astronomical. Still, it wouldn't hurt to move the rancher's name to the top of the list.

"And where's home, Candy?"

"New York, of course." The brunette slid one slim leg across the other. "Me and Millie met at a casting call for an ad agency when Jimmy was just a baby. We was both trying to break into movies." She leaned forward, nodding the way people did when they had a secret to share. "It's tougher than anybody thinks. Anyways..." Candy thrust her shoulders back until the fabric of her T-shirt tightened. "I got the gig and Millie didn't, but we hit it off, you know? Millie, she didn't have much acting experience. And the kid only made it harder. I'd babysit when I could, but eventually Millie gave up and took a job waitressing. That's what got her killed. Some guy knifed her f' tip money."

Candy studied the floor. "After Millie died, it wasn't easy. I did my best by him, but it's been three months, and the kid still asks f' her. I took a job in Tampa over the holidays just so's I could bring him to you. I guess you'll take it from here." She shrugged and uncrossed her legs. "I got a life, too. You know?"

"Look." Sarah placed her hands flat on the desk. "The system doesn't work that way."

She scanned the notes she'd taken while Candy had rambled on. Like acting, there was more to transferring a child into DCF's custody than one might think. And nothing, absolutely nothing, could be done before the first of the year when the computer system was up again.

"I'd need proof Jimmy is who you say he is. His birth certificate. Millie's de..."

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