

Willow sighed when she heard Sue's voice call out that Flynn had just pulled in. They had just gotten caught up on their schedule and now whatever animal he'd brought in would probably throw them off again. Well, shoot. Running her hand over her belly she smoothed her shirt. It didn't matter what she looked like right now—considering he was probably bringing in an emergency—but she always wanted to be pretty for him, and six months after having the baby it was a little harder. Between running around like a chicken with her head cut off keeping her business running, taking care of little Raven and trying to be a present wife, she was run ragged.

Automatically, she smiled when Flynn walked in the door. Her big, handsome husband still had his shades on, but when he looked at her his hard, bearded face softened into a smile. That small connection had only gotten stronger in the time they'd been together, and she truly cherished it. Maya, the mixed breed German Shepherd mutt paced around him, prancing anxiously.

Willow's gaze fell to the towel wrapped bundle in his arms. A black nose peeked out of the folds.

"You brought me a raccoon?" she asked incredulously.

Flynn flashed her an even broader grin and leaned over for a quick kiss. Willow wanted to linger but forced herself to pull away. She looked down at the animal. Flynn turned the bundle until he could show her the back end. "Looks like he's been hit by a car, maybe. I chased him across three lanes of traffic before I could catch him."

She scowled at the knowledge. "You be careful doing that. Denver drivers can be crazy."

Reaching out she probed at the hanging back leg. "Yes. I would say you're right. I'll dose him up with pain medication and splint this leg, then we can call the wildlife rehab center to come pick him up. They have their own vet that specializes in exotic animals. He doesn't look very old so he should recover fairly well as long as he gets this fixed soon."

Flynn nodded, manipulating the animal as she needed him moved. When she glanced up she realized he'd been staring at her for several long moments.

"What?" she asked defensively.

He'd shoved his shades to the top of his head. His dark gray eyes were lit with wonderful softness. "Nothing. I'm just peeking down your shirt. I can't believe how beautiful you are."

Willow grinned up at the love of her life. A year ago she never would have imagined she could be in this position, but things had seriously changed. Flynn had gone from a frequent client in her veterinarian's office bringing her strays to her hero then her soulmate. He was everything she could imagine having. And he'd already become the amazing father she had imagined him to be.

The raccoon fought a little, trying to get free, but Flynn restrained him like a professional, biceps pumped. Willow worked quickly, giving the animal a light sedation before lightly splinting the back leg. Then she let Flynn carry the animal to one of the portable carriers in back.