



HARLEQUIN®

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AMERICAN *Romance*®



MILLIONAIRE, MONTANA

Jackpot Baby
MURIEL JENSEN



Shelly and Connor in red frosting. Two large entwined hearts crowned by a diamond ring were drawn above the words.

Dev came to stand behind the table, while her friends crowded around—Dean, Finn and Henry, Jack Hartman, Amanda Bradley, Gwen Tanner and all the ladies from the boardinghouse, Luke McNeil, Ruby Cade and Honor Lassiter. The mayor was there with his wife, but there was no sign of Paula Pratt.

"Sorry about the mayor," Dev said quietly as the conversation rose to a deafening roar. "He just happened to be here." Then he clapped his hands for quiet.

"Let's have your attention," he said. "Dr. O'Rourke has invited us all here because he has something important to say. And he wants witnesses."

There was a roll of laughter, then quiet when Connor reached into the breast pocket of his jacket. He held up a sparkling round-cut diamond in a simple gold setting. "Shelly," he said with a gravity that made her focus on his eyes. "Will you marry me?"

"But I just asked *you*," she pointed out in a whisper.

"As Dev said," he whispered back, "I want witnesses."

"Yes," she replied as their friends laughed.

He took her left hand and slipped the ring on her third finger. Then he took her in his arms, dipped her sideways with theatrical flair and kissed her.

Cheers rose and shook the rafters of the Heartbreaker.

"When's the wedding?" Amanda asked as Dev began to slice and serve the cake.

"Valentine's Day," Connor replied.

Shelly hugged him tightly at that. "You certainly have all the answers," she said.

"Where you going on your honeymoon?" Nathan asked.

Shelly looked up at Connor, wondering if he had an answer to that, too.

He reached into his breast pocket again and withdrew an envelope that he handed to her. "You can answer that one," he said.

She opened the envelope, pulled out two round-trip tickets and gasped when she read their destination.

"Tuscany!"

Breathless, she opened a brochure for an Italian cooking course at Casa Ombuto included with the tickets. Pictures showed a beautiful villa, a swimming pool, students eating around a candlelit table.

"Learn pasta to pastries," she read. "'Fifty kilometers south of Florence. Saturday to Saturday. Four hands-on cooking sessions, a visit to the vineyard, to a local producer of olive oil and a shopping trip.' Connor!"