

Beating Heart

I wasn't looking
for love,



until it moved
in next door...

LAURA PAVLOV
INTERNATIONAL BESTSELLING AUTHOR

Beating
Heart

About the Author

Laura Pavlov is the *USA Today* bestselling author of sweet and sexy contemporary romances that will make you both laugh and cry. She is happily married to her college sweetheart, mom to two amazing kids who are now adulting, and dog-whisperer to one temperamental yorkie and one wild bernedoodle. Laura resides in Las Vegas where she is living her own happily ever after.

Also by Laura Pavlov and Published by HQ

The Magnolia Falls Series

Loving Romeo

Wild River

Forbidden King

Beating Heart

Finding Hayes

Beating Heart

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ONE PLACE. MANY STORIES

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*To all the women who have had their hearts
broken . . . don't give up.
Sometimes heartache leads to happiness.
Sometimes love shows up when you least expect it.
Sometimes everything you ever wanted is right
there in your grasp.*

Xo Laura

'His words were a balm on my tattered heart.'

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About the Publisher

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Nash

“I feel fine, Pops. I don’t know why we have to go back to see Doc Dolby,” Cutler said, as I pulled my truck into the parking space in front of his pediatrician’s office.

“It’s just a follow-up, buddy. And then I’ll drop you at camp. I want to make sure your breathing is back to normal this morning.”

My son had been rushed to the hospital after his baseball game this past weekend when he’d had the worst asthma attack he’d had to date. It had scared the shit out of me, and I was trying hard to keep it together so I didn’t scare him.

“But I am back to normal. And that was the best game ever, wasn’t it?”

I put the truck in park and came around to help him out of his booster seat. “Yeah. You killed it. That was an amazing hit.”

“And I still can’t believe the Ducks won the championship.” I took his hand in mine and led him to the entrance.

I had zero excitement about the Ducks winning the fucking championship because I’d watched my boy struggle for air, unable to speak after the game.

I’d never get that image out of my head.

I hadn’t slept much the last two nights because we’d spent the first night in the hospital as a safety precaution. Last night we’d come home, but I’d decided to sleep on the chair in Cutler’s bedroom to make sure nothing happened while he slept.

“It was a great game. You should be very proud of yourself. You worked hard this season, and you hit a home run in your final game. That’s something special,” I said, as I pulled the door open, and we stepped inside.

I’d been coming to Doc Dolby’s office since I was a kid, and not much had changed, aside from the few updates his wife, Rose, had made to the front office. There was a fresh coat of paint on the walls, and over the years she’d traded out the toys that were here for patients to play with while they waited.