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# **Girls Night**

Single Moms, Second Chances  
*Book One*

by

Stef Ann Holm  
*USA Today Bestselling Author*

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GIRLS NIGHT
Awards & Accolades

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Desert Isle Keeper Award  
*Romance Reviews Today*

"...for an outstanding read, pick up Girls Night."  
*Romance Review Today, Jennifer Bishop*

"Stef Ann Holm will make you laugh and cry and fall in love  
again."  
*New York Times bestselling author Jill Barnett*

"Single working moms will be drawn to the fairy tale element of  
Stef Ann Holm's Girls Night."  
*Publishers Weekly*

"Warm, fun and real."  
*New York Times bestselling author Jennifer Crusie*

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She'd barely taken a step, when Vince appeared, heading directly for her.

Against her will, she faltered and a slow smile took possession of her face. Who had she been kidding about not caring? The second she saw him, her heart came alive.

He looked so handsome in a short-sleeved pale blue shirt, the collar a pleasant contrast next to his tan. He wore dark jeans. Worn and soft at his thighs.

He'd had a haircut. The fringe across his forehead was more spiked and the sides above his ears were tapered back in a neat trim. The wind had blown a healthy color on his cheeks as if he'd been out boating. He slipped his sunglasses from his nose and stuck them into his pocket. His eyes were blue, so clear and cloudless she swore it almost seemed as if whatever darkness had colored them had disappeared. Or maybe not.

"Hi, Jillene."

She hated how he said her name like that. Silken and drowsy as if they'd just...

She loved how he said her name.

"Hello—"

Vince's lips burned into hers, his mouth widening to take in all of her. His tongue swept through her, slick and gliding. The kiss was fast and volatile. Stolen and hot. He knit his fingers through hers, raising her arms over her head. She felt herself being backed against the wall, his body fully covering hers.

With their arms high and locked together, her breasts thrust against his chest. She'd been fantasizing about him, but nothing she'd conjured in her mind had come close to this.

The kiss was over just as abruptly as it began.

When he pulled back, his breath came out in a hot, ragged gasp. "I'm not the kind of man you're used to."

Completely stunned, all her words fled.

He took her by the shoulders, turned her toward the dining room and gave her a nudge. Woodenly, she walked back to Hannah with her entire consciousness rocked off-kilter.

Vince drew up to the counter seconds after her, his face and body so unshakably composed she had to wonder if what had just happened between them was something she'd fabricated in her head.

"I'll try a mocha today," he said, reaching for his wallet.

The riotous jump in her pulse couldn't be quelled. It felt as if the wind had been knocked out of her and she couldn't get enough air into her lungs. Her lips were parched, and licking them didn't help moisten the dryness because each time she did, she tasted Vince on her mouth. Then her rampant heartbeat went crazy again.

Jillene poised her hand over the cash register key. "A-and how would you like that?"

"However you think I would."

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