



Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5)

By RaeAnne Thayne

Download now

Read Online →

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne

Sometimes going back is the best way to start over

Candy shop owner Charlotte Caine knows temptation. To reboot her life, shed weight and gain perspective, she's passing up sweet enticements left and right. But willpower doesn't come so easily when hell-raiser Spencer Gregory comes back to Hope's Crossing, bringing with him memories of broken promises and teen angst. A retired pro baseball player on the mend from injury—and a damaging scandal—he's interested in his own brand of reinvention.

Now everything about Spencer's new-and-improved lifestyle, from his mission to build a rehab facility for injured veterans to his clear devotion to his preteen daughter, Peyton, touches Charlotte's heart. Holding on to past hurt is her only protection against falling for him—again. But if she takes the risk, will she find in Spencer a hometown heartbreaker, or the hero she's always wanted?

↓ [Download Willowleaf Lane \(Hope's Crossing Book 5\) ...pdf](#)

📄 [Read Online Willowleaf Lane \(Hope's Crossing Book 5\) ...pdf](#)

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5)

By RaeAnne Thayne

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne

Sometimes going back is the best way to start over

Candy shop owner Charlotte Caine knows temptation. To reboot her life, shed weight and gain perspective, she's passing up sweet enticements left and right. But willpower doesn't come so easily when hell-raiser Spencer Gregory comes back to Hope's Crossing, bringing with him memories of broken promises and teen angst. A retired pro baseball player on the mend from injury—and a damaging scandal—he's interested in his own brand of reinvention.

Now everything about Spencer's new-and-improved lifestyle, from his mission to build a rehab facility for injured veterans to his clear devotion to his preteen daughter, Peyton, touches Charlotte's heart. Holding on to past hurt is her only protection against falling for him—again. But if she takes the risk, will she find in Spencer a hometown heartbreaker, or the hero she's always wanted?

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne Bibliography

- Sales Rank: #23837 in eBooks
- Published on: 2013-07-01
- Released on: 2013-06-25
- Format: Kindle eBook

 [Download Willowleaf Lane \(Hope's Crossing Book 5\) ...pdf](#)

 [Read Online Willowleaf Lane \(Hope's Crossing Book 5\) ...pdf](#)

Editorial Review

Review

"Hope's Crossing is a charming series that inspires hope and the belief miracles are possible." --Debbie Macomber, #1 New York Times bestselling author

"Small-town sensibilities drive this very sweet romance in which two people learn that everything that makes them good friends makes them easy to love."

-Library Journal on Blackberry Summer

"Thayne's depiction of a small Colorado mountain town is subtle but evocative. Readers who love romance but not explicit sexual details will delight in this heartfelt tale of healing and hope."

-Booklist on Blackberry Summer

"Plenty of tenderness and Colorado sunshine flavor this pleasant escape."

-Publishers Weekly on Woodrose Mountain

About the Author

New York Times bestselling author RaeAnne Thayne finds inspiration in the beautiful northern Utah mountains where she lives with her family. Her books have won numerous honors, including six RITA Award nominations from Romance Writers of America and Career Achievement and Romance Pioneer awards from RT Book Reviews. She loves to hear from readers and can be reached through her website at www.raeannethayne.com.

Excerpt. © Reprinted by permission. All rights reserved.

Charlotte Caine considered herself a pretty good judge of character.

Being morbidly obese most of her life, until the serious changes she had made the past year and a half, had given her an interesting insight into human nature. She wanted to think she had seen the best and the worst in people. Some people pretended she was invisible; others had been visibly disgusted as if afraid being fat might rub off on them, while still others treated her with true kindness.

Given her skills in that particular arena, she liked to play a game with herself, trying to guess the candy preferences of the customers coming into her store. Jawbreakers? Lemon drops? Or some of her heavenly fudge? Which would they pick?

When Sugar Rush was slow, like right now on a lazy July day late in the afternoon, it made a pleasant way to pass the time.

By the looks of the skinny preteen with the too-heavy eye makeup, Charlotte guessed she would pick a

couple packs of chewing gum and maybe a handful of the sour balls the kids seemed to love for some reason Charlotte didn't understand.

But she could be wrong.

"Is there something I can help you with?" she finally asked with a smile when the girl appeared to dither in front of the long counter that held the hand-dipped chocolates.

The girl shrugged without meeting her eye. With all that makeup, the dark hair, the pale features, Charlotte was reminded of a curious little raccoon.

"Don't know yet," she answered. "I haven't decided."

She stopped in front of the fudge, her gaze going back and forth between items inside the display.

"The blackberry fudge is particularly delicious today, if I do say so myself," Charlotte said helpfully after a moment. "It's one of my better batches."

The girl looked from the silky fudge to Charlotte. "You made it? For real?"

Charlotte had to smile at the disbelief in her voice. "Cross my heart. The brand-name candy in my store comes from a distributor, but Sugar Rush produced everything in this display case."

She didn't try to keep the pride out of her voice. She had every reason to be happy at the success of Sugar Rush. She had built up the gourmet candy store from nothing to become one of the busiest establishments in the resort town of Hope's Crossing, Colorado. She had two other full-time employees and four part-time and might have to expand that in the future, given the rapid growth in her online orders.

"Wow. That looks like a ton of work."

"It can be." She loved the candy-making part but hated the inevitable accounting required in running a small business. "It's interesting work, though. Have you ever seen anybody dip chocolates by hand?"

Her young customer shook her head even as an older couple came into the store. They had probably come from the big RV she could see parked in a miraculously open spot. She smiled at them as they migrated instantly to the boxed jelly beans displayed against the far wall.

"It's pretty cool. My crew usually starts early in the morning and wraps it up by about noon, when it starts to get too warm for things to set up."

When she first opened the store, Charlotte had made everything herself but she inevitably ran out of inventory by the end of each day. Now she had three people who came to her back kitchen before 6:00 a.m. to hand-dip the sweets. She still made most of the fudge herself, prepared in the traditional copper pots with wooden spoons.

"You're welcome to come watch," she said. "Are you staying in town long?"

"I really hope not," the girl muttered fervently, her expression dark.

"Oh, ouch." Charlotte smiled. "Some of us actually choose to live in Hope's Crossing, you know. We like it here."

The girl fiddled with the strap on her messenger bag adorned with buttons and pins. "Sorry," she mumbled. "I'm sure it's a nice town and all. But nobody asked me if I wanted to move here. Nobody cares what I think about anything."

Sympathy welled up inside Charlotte. She knew very well what it was like to be this age, feeling as if her life was spinning completely out of her control.

Who was she kidding? She had spent most of her life feeling out of control.

"So you're moving here. Welcome! You know, you might discover you really like it. Stranger things have happened."

"I doubt that."

"Give it some time. Talk to me again after you've been in town a few weeks. I'm Charlotte, by the way. Charlotte Caine."

"Peyton," the girl offered and Charlotte had the strange feeling the omission of her last name had been quite deliberate. The fairly unusual first name struck a chord somewhere in her subconscious but she couldn't quite place where she might have heard it before.

"Would you like to sample a couple flavors so you can choose?"

"Is that okay?"

"Sure. We give customers sample tastes all the time. It's quite sneaky, actually. One taste and I've generally hooked them."

Small pieces of the different variations of fudge were arranged in a covered glass cake tray on the counter-top. She removed the lid and after a moment's scrutiny, separated a few flavors onto one of the pretty plastic filigree sample plates she kept for that purpose then handed it to the girl.

"These are our three most popular flavors. Blackberry, peanut butter and white chocolate."

She waited while the girl tried them and had to smile when her eyes glazed a little with pleasure after each taste. She loved watching people enjoy her creations, even though she hardly tried them herself anymore except to test for flavor mixes.

"These are *so* good! Wow."

"Thanks. I'm glad you like it."

"No. *Seriously* good! I don't know which to choose. It's all so yummy."

"See why the samples are a sneaky idea?"

"Yeah. Totally. Okay, I guess I'll take a pound of the blackberry and a pound of the peanut butter."

"Good choices." Two pounds of fudge was a large amount, but maybe Peyton had a big family to share it with.

"Oh, and I'll take a pound of the cinnamon bears. I love cinnamon."

Charlotte smiled. "Same here. Cinnamon is my favorite."

She enjoyed finding yet another point of commonality between them. Maybe that explained her sympathy for the girl, who appeared so lost and unhappy.

While Charlotte hadn't been uprooted at this tender age to a new community, she might as well have been. Her entire world, her whole perspective, had undergone a dramatic continental shift at losing her mother. She had felt like she was living in a new world, one where nobody else could possibly understand her pain.

While Charlotte cut, weighed and wrapped the fudge, Peyton wandered around the store looking at some of the Colorado souvenirs Charlotte stocked.

The husband half of the older couple clutched a bag with saltwater taffy while his wife had several boxes of jelly beans in her arms. The two of them moved to the chocolate display and started debating the merits of dipped cashews versus cherries.

Charlotte smiled politely, waiting for the argument to play out. When Peyton approached the cash register, Charlotte held out the bag of sweets.

"Here you go," she said.

"Thanks." Instead of taking it immediately, Peyton reached into her bag and retrieved a hard-sided snap wallet with splashy pink flowers on a black background. She pulled out a credit card and Charlotte spied several more inside the wallet.

She felt a moment's disquiet. Why would a girl barely on the brink of adolescence need multiple credit cards? Had she stolen them? Charlotte wondered fleetingly, but discarded the idea just as quickly.

She had certainly been wrong about people before. She would be delusional to believe her instincts were foolproof. History would certainly bear that out. She had instinctively liked Peyton, though, and didn't want to believe her a thief.

She probably had self-absorbed, indulgent parents—divorced, more than likely—who thought throwing another credit card at her would fix any heartbreak or trauma.

Charlotte slid the card back across the clear counter. "Tell you what. No charge. Why don't you consider this a welcome-to-Hope's-Crossing sort of thing?"

Peyton's mouth dropped open a little and she stared at Charlotte, obviously astonished by the simple kindness. "Seriously?"

"Sure. It's a gift for you and your family."

At her words, the look in Peyton's dark eyes shifted from incredulity to a quiet sort of despair before she veiled her expression.

"I don't have a family," she declared, her voice small but with a hint of defiance.

Was she a runaway? Charlotte considered. Should she be alerting Riley McKnight, the police chief of Hope's Crossing, so he could help reunite her with whomever she had escaped? With the vague idea of keeping the girl talking so she could glean as much information as possible, she glanced at the other couple and saw they were busy sampling every variety of fudge.

"Nobody at all?" she asked.

Peyton shrugged, the movement barely rippling her thin shoulders inside the T-shirt that looked a size or two too large. "I had a mom but she died last year."

Ah. Maybe that explained Charlotte's instant empathy, that subtle connection she felt for the girl.

"I'm sorry. My mom died when I was about your age, too. Sucks, doesn't it?"

Peyton made a sound that could have been a snort or a rough laugh. "You could say that."

"So who do you live with, then?" she asked with studied casualness.

"My stupid dad," Peyton said and Charlotte felt herself relax. Okay. The girl had a dad. One she wasn't crazy about, apparently. No need to jump to conclusions because she said she had no family.

"Where is your dad?"

She pointed out the door. "He stopped to take a phone call. I got bored waiting around so I came in here."

"No brothers or sisters?"

"No. Just me."

"So you and your dad are moving to Hope's Crossing together?"

"Yeah." Her mouth tightened. "He took a job here even though I told him I didn't want to move. I had to leave all my friends in Portland, my best friend, Victoria, this boy I like, Carson, and the mall and everything. This dumb town doesn't have any good stores."

Charlotte, for one, had hated clothes shopping when she was Peyton's age. Even before her mom died, she had been pudgy, with plenty of baby fat that stubbornly clung on. Afterward, the pounds just piled on until she couldn't find a single thing that fit in any store except what she had considered the fat old lady stores.

Now her favorite thing was to go into a clothing store and actually have choices.

"We have a pretty decent bookstore and a couple nice boutiques that specifically cater to teens. And a killer candy store," she added with a smile.

Peyton didn't look thrilled about any of those offerings. "Yeah. I guess. It's not the same as Portland. I could buy *anything* there."

Charlotte wasn't sure the shopping options were the measure of what made a good town, but she decided not to offer that particular opinion.

"The good news is, as long as you've got an internet connection, you can still find everything you like. And Denver's only a few hours' drive."

"I guess that's true."

Peyton still didn't look convinced of the wonders of Hope's Crossing. Charlotte couldn't blame her. Change could be tough for anyone, especially a young girl who had no control over her own circumstances.

"Thanks for the fudge," Peyton said.

"You're welcome. Come back anytime. Next time maybe I'll have cinnamon fudge for you."

"You make that? Really?"

"Sure. It's generally something I have only around the holidays but I'll see about a special order."

The small cowbell hanging on the door rang out. Charlotte looked up from Peyton, donning her customary friendly smile of greeting—then the smile and everything else inside her froze when she caught sight of the man who'd just walked through.

Oh, crap.

Her stomach dived like the time she accidentally wandered into a black-diamond ski run when her older brother Dylan took her up to the resort once.

"There you are." The man was gorgeous, with a square jawline, a slim elegant nose and hazel eyes fringed by long lashes.

Smokin' Hot Spencer Gregory. The cameras and sports magazines had loved him, once upon a time.

"Why didn't you tell me you wanted to leave? One minute you were there, the next I turned around and you were gone."

The curious girl who had tasted Charlotte's fudge with such appreciation disappeared, replaced by a sullen, angry creature who glowered at the man.

"I did," she muttered. "I said I wanted to come in here. I said it like three times. I guess you were too busy with your phone call to notice."

He frowned. "Pey, you can't just wander off. I was worried about you."

"What did you think was going to happen in this stupid town? I was going to die of boredom or something?"

Right now, Charlotte would give anything to be wearing something sultry and sleek. Black, skintight, with some strategically placed bling, maybe. Instead, after all these years she had to face him with little makeup and her hair yanked back into a ponytail, wearing jeans and a simple blue T-shirt, covered by an apron that had Sugar Rush emblazoned across the chest.

At least she wasn't wearing the ridiculous hairnet required while making fudge. Small favors, right?

She had barely registered the thought when the full implications of the moment washed over her like molten chocolate.

Peyton. *Peyton*. Why hadn't she figured it out?

That's why the name had seemed familiar—somewhere in the recesses of her brain, in the file marked Spencer Gregory that she had purposely buried as deeply as she could over the years, she suddenly remembered Spence had a twelve-year-old daughter. Named Peyton.

And the said Peyton had just mentioned that her father had taken a job in Hope's Crossing and they were moving to town.

Oh. My. Fudge.

Spencer Gregory, the only person on the planet she could honestly say she despised, was back in Hope's Crossing. Permanently.

Why on *earth* hadn't anybody bothered to tell her this particular juicy rumor? She had to think that, by some miracle, the news hadn't made the rounds yet. Otherwise it would have been the topic of conversation everywhere she went.

The bag with its silvery Sugar Rush logo still lay on the countertop. She picked it up and held it out.

"Here you go," she said to Peyton. Her voice came out cold and small and she widened her smile to compensate.

"Um. Thanks. Thanks a lot." The girl finally reached out and grabbed it and shoved it into her messenger bag.

"How much does she owe you?" Spence reached into his wallet with what one of the women's magazines had once declared the sexiest smile in sports.

If she had known Spence Gregory would be eating some of her fudge, she might have had second thoughts about tossing it around indiscriminately.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Jack Lumpkin:

What do you concentrate on book? It is just for students since they are still students or it for all people in the

world, the actual best subject for that? Only you can be answered for that query above. Every person has distinct personality and hobby per other. Don't to be forced someone or something that they don't desire do that. You must know how great as well as important the book Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5). All type of book is it possible to see on many resources. You can look for the internet solutions or other social media.

Anthony Anderson:

In this 21st one hundred year, people become competitive in most way. By being competitive at this point, people have do something to make these individuals survives, being in the middle of the particular crowded place and notice simply by surrounding. One thing that at times many people have underestimated this for a while is reading. Sure, by reading a reserve your ability to survive improve then having chance to endure than other is high. In your case who want to start reading some sort of book, we give you this kind of Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) book as nice and daily reading e-book. Why, because this book is usually more than just a book.

Lindsay Washington:

Are you kind of occupied person, only have 10 or 15 minute in your moment to upgrading your mind ability or thinking skill also analytical thinking? Then you are receiving problem with the book than can satisfy your small amount of time to read it because this time you only find guide that need more time to be go through. Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) can be your answer mainly because it can be read by a person who have those short free time problems.

Ernestine Biggs:

What is your hobby? Have you heard in which question when you got pupils? We believe that that query was given by teacher on their students. Many kinds of hobby, Every person has different hobby. And you know that little person such as reading or as examining become their hobby. You must know that reading is very important and book as to be the matter. Book is important thing to incorporate you knowledge, except your own personal teacher or lecturer. You discover good news or update with regards to something by book. Different categories of books that can you choose to adopt be your object. One of them is Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5).

Download and Read Online Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne #82TRWLAZF95

Read Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne for online ebook

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne Free PDF d0wnl0ad, audio books, books to read, good books to read, cheap books, good books, online books, books online, book reviews epub, read books online, books to read online, online library, greatbooks to read, PDF best books to read, top books to read Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne books to read online.

Online Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne ebook PDF download

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne Doc

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne Mobipocket

Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne EPub

82TRWLAZF95: Willowleaf Lane (Hope's Crossing Book 5) By RaeAnne Thayne