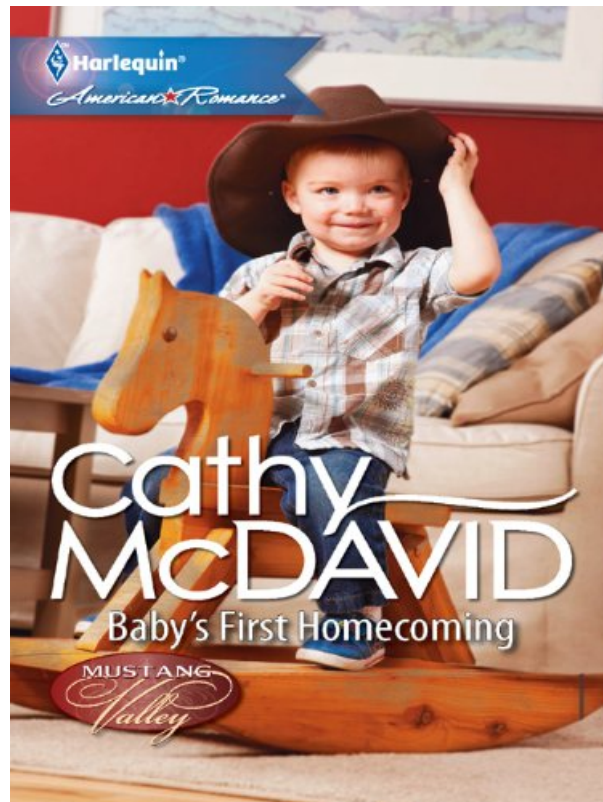
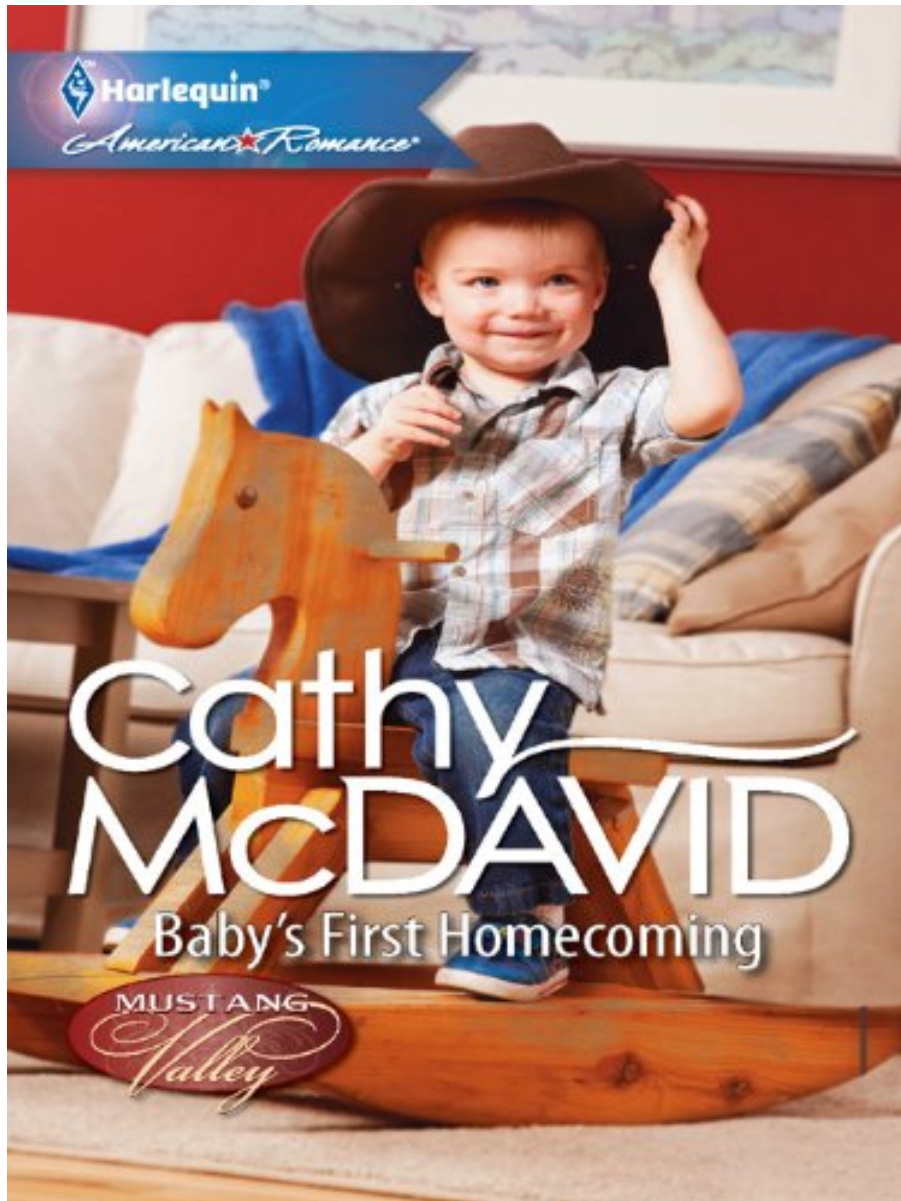


BABY'S FIRST HOMECOMING (MUSTANG VALLEY) BY CATHY MCDAVID



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Giving away her baby for adoption was the second biggest mistake of Sierra Powell's life. But after a miraculous turn of events, she is reunited with her toddler son and they return to Arizona. Too bad Sierra's first mistake is waiting for her there—Clay Duvall, a much too charming cowboy. And onetime love of her life.

Clay is not about to let go of the opportunity to raise his flesh and blood. He proposes co-parenting—meaning Sierra and Jamie have to move close to him. Real close, as in onto his property. As far as Sierra's concerned, he has no say in her son's life; Clay was the one who walked out on their relationship.

Will the sparks between Clay and Sierra set off the formerly feuding Powell and Duvall clans...or will they rekindle an old passion?

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1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

Welcoming

By Rhonda

Thursday, April 12, 2012 Review: Baby's First Homecoming by

4 STARS

This is the third book in the series that I have read and like them.

It opens up with Sierra Powell coming home for her brothers double wedding, and bringing the son she never told them she had.

Sierra was alone and depressed and gave her son up for adoption under pressure and they gave her back her son three weeks ago.

Sierra thought it would be safe to bring him home because the father of her son was married and lived in Texas, or so she thought.

Her family was glad to have Sierra back and threw her a surprise home party. Everyone was surprised when Jamie started crying at the noise of everyone shouting surprise. Jamie being a little over 1 and just gone to his mother 3 weeks ago did not do well with others.

Clay having gone in business with her brothers, divorced and got over thier family feud was thier for her welcoming back. Figured out fast that he was the father.

Thier is a lot healing and forgiveness on a lot of the different characters in the book. When different people learned what had happened in the past from other point of views.

This book was a very fast read it seemed to fly through it. Look forward to reading more of her books.

I was given this ebook to read in exchange for honest review from Netgalley.

04/03/2012 PUB Harlequin Harlequin American Romance

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

Endearing baby, his stubborn, scared Mom, and the strong Dad willing to risk his heart to make them a family.

By bookiewookie

My second read by Cathy McDavid, and it's every bit as good as the first one. She has a knack for bringing the adorable kids she writes about to life. Jamie was endearing, learning to talk, eat, and getting acquainted with the large family he is a part of all of a sudden. Sierra made a mistake, and now she is paranoid that she is going to lose her son, so she can't let him out of her sight. Running into Clay, Jamie's father, and the man she lost her heart to, as soon as she returns home, puts her even more on edge at first. But then Clay, while

demanding his rights as a Dad, begins to win her over. And the love they once shared for a brief time returns stronger than ever. Lots of interesting characters, a rugged, hard working, good looking, and intelligent hero, an attractive, intelligent, heroine who loves her son very much, and discovers she also still loves her son's Dad, and the man who wants to make them a family. A fast, entertaining read, a feel good read about a happy family.

1 of 1 people found the following review helpful.

Best Book Yet

By cmlee

I have followed Cathy's works from the very beginning and have seen her continually grown and expanded as an author. In this most recent book, she has continued to outdo herself. This is the first novel she has written that has brought me to tears. This sweet, heartwarming story will take you away too. I can't wait to read the next installment.

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He kicked his feet, which were clad in white socks and brand-new red sneakers she'd recently purchased. In fact, she'd recently purchased all his clothes, the car seat, a portable crib and every necessity a child his age needed.

She reached onto the seat beside him and retrieved his favorite toy from where it had fallen. He grabbed the plastic pony and waved it in the air as if to say, Where have you been? I was looking for you, and stuffed the pony's entire head in his mouth.

With trembling fingers, Sierra unbuckled the car-seat straps. The distraction of caring for her son had worn off. She was once again dreading the prospect of facing her family.

They love you, she told herself. They will love Jamie, too.

But was it enough to make up for the last two years of shameful avoidance?

Drawing a deep breath, she hefted Jamie into her arms. When he was securely balanced on her hip and the diaper bag was slung over her shoulder, she picked her way slowly up the brick-lined walk to the back patio.

The kitchen door loomed ahead, the outline wavering as if she were seeing it through a very long tunnel. Her flats made scuffing sounds on the dirt and then clip-clopped across the Saltillo tiles, each beat matching her pounding heart.

Thank goodness she didn't have to worry about Jamie's father being anywhere near Mustang Valley. The last she'd heard, which was soon after their too-brief affair ended, he was married and living in Austin, Texas. Sierra had taken a risk returning to Arizona, but a small one so long as he stayed far, far away.

And she needed that distance, for her sake more than their son's. His betrayal—she couldn't think of it any other way—had shattered her. Granted, she'd been naive. That in no way made it acceptable for him to take advantage of her.

She reached the kitchen door and found it slightly ajar. Odd.

Knocking, she called, "Hello! Dad?" When there was no answer, she knocked again.

The door drifted open a few more inches. Sierra nudged it the rest of the way and stepped tentatively inside.

"Hello. Anybody home?"

The only answer she received was the soft humming of the refrigerator and the whirr of the slowly twirling ceiling fan over the kitchen table.

She frowned. This was more than strange. Her family knew she was coming. Heck, she'd called her father not an hour ago letting him know her anticipated arrival time.

She ventured farther in. It was then she noticed a large sheet cake in the center of the counter. Inching closer, she read the message scrawled with blue icing.

Welcome Home, Sissy. Her family's pet name for her.

Was it possible they weren't angry with her after all?

A dam broke, and the relief washing over her was so intense it stole every ounce of strength from her knees. She reached for the counter to steady herself before the combined weight of Jamie and the diaper bag dragged her to the floor.

"Surprise!" The resounding chorus of voices erupted from nowhere, echoing loudly off the walls. People, so many of them, converged on her from around corners and down the hall.

No, no!

Sierra's entire body jerked in response, out of alarm and fear. This wasn't how it was supposed to happen. "You're here, honey!"

"Hey, Sissy."

"We've missed you!"

Jamie screwed up his mouth and started to wail. Holding on to her, he hid his beet-red face in her sweater. His beloved toy pony dropped to the floor, along with the diaper bag.

The room went instantly silent, like a TV when the mute button was pressed. Even Jamie stopped crying and turned teary eyes to the gathering of people gawking at him.

A young girl of about six or seven whom Sierra didn't recognize broke the silence with an excited, "You

have a baby! Can I hold him?" She scrambled over to Sierra, her angelic face alight. "I'm Isa, your niece. Or I'm going to be your niece when my mama marries your brother."

"Hello, Isa." Sierra had trouble speaking and cleared her throat. "I've heard a lot about you."

Actually, Sierra had heard only a smattering about her future stepniece. She might have heard more if she'd answered her family's phone calls or read their emails.

Glancing around the kitchen, she took in the puzzled and shocked expressions on everyone's faces. Except for Isa, they kept their distance, as if waiting for someone else to break the ice.

What had she expected? She'd brought a fourteen-month-old child home with her, and had given them no warning.

Her oldest brother, Gavin, studied her with his usual seriousness. As a girl, she had been intimidated by that look. Living on her own since she was seventeen apparently made no difference.

Ethan, younger than Gavin by two years, nodded encouragingly at her. He'd always been there for her—except for when their mother had died almost a decade ago, and he'd run off to join the marines.

Everyone else was a blur. Some she recognized, like Ethan's fiancée, Caitlin. Others, she didn't.

"I like babies." Isa reached up to tickle Jamie under his chin.

He flailed and turned his head away from her. Isa pouted.

"He's a little shy," Sierra explained.

"Well, well." Her father finally came forward, breaking the trance that had fallen over everyone. The reserved smile he presented reassured Sierra not in the least. "Why don't you introduce us to this young man."

"Dad," Sierra said shakily, "this is Jamie. My...my son." Her hand instinctively cradled the side of the baby's head as if to shield him.

Her father's reserved smile dissolved into one that warmed her through and through. "I have a grandson. Oh, Sierra." He opened his arms.

She went to him, let him hug her and Jamie and, temporarily, set right a world that had been completely out of control for almost two years.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured into his shirtfront.

"Don't be. Everything's going to be fine. You'll see."

She wanted to believe him, and dared to let herself.

Jamie squirmed and started to cry.

Sierra drew back, reluctant to leave the comfort of her father's embrace. "He's hungry. I'd better fix him something to eat."

"Can I hold him while you do?" her father asked.

"He doesn't like—" She'd started to say st...

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