



Fully Ignited (Boston Fire)

By Shannon Stacey

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Scott is looking for a wife. It's been a fun ride as a single guy, but he's tired of being the third wheel, and nearly losing his brother-in-law finally made him realize just how much he wants a family of his own. When the new guy at the firehouse turns out to be a capable, confident and very attractive woman, his plan is completely derailed.

Hooking up with a fellow firefighter has never been part of Jamie's plan, but she's tempted by Scott—even though getting involved with him could tarnish the reputation she's worked so hard for. And Scott can't stop thinking about Jamie, despite the fact that she's his superior and not sticking around. Chemistry can crush the best-laid plans, though, and while Jamie and Scott might not be each other's future...there's no resisting the right now.

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Editorial Review

From Publishers Weekly

Stacey ably amps up the adrenaline with her third Boston Fire contemporary (after *Heat Exchange* and *Controlled Burn*), a red-hot mix of firefighters, family, and friends. Scotty Kincaid, widely known as the Romeo of Engine 59, is on a hiatus from dating when he falls for a beautiful woman. Trouble is, she's the new lieutenant at the firehouse, at least until his brother-in-law returns to duty after an on-the-job injury. Jamie Rutherford is used to having to prove herself in a male-dominated profession, and she doesn't want to date a coworker, let alone fall in love. Despite trying to resist their explosive chemistry, Scotty and Jamie secretly start dating, and their friends and family soon sense the truth. But after an incident that puts both their lives in danger, Jamie and Scotty face a break in their relationship—“one they may not be able to recover from. Stacey creates appealing characters in Jamie and Scotty, and provides satisfying glimpses at the ongoing lives of the couples from earlier books. Her deft plotting in this installment and her hunky firefighters will make readers hot under the collar. This sexy, engaging tale will prime readers for the next offering. (Mar.)

About the Author

New York Times and *USA Today* bestselling author Shannon Stacey lives with her husband and two sons in New England, where her two favorite activities are writing stories of happily ever after and off-roading with her friends and family. You can contact Shannon through her website, www.shannonstacey.com, as well as sign up for her newsletter.

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"The street's probably going to be full of people, so try not to run anybody over."

Scott Kincaid ignored the helpful instruction from Simmons since driving the big-ass fire engine through the narrow backstreets of Boston was hard enough without looking over to roll your eyes at the asshole officer riding shotgun.

Chemistry in a fire company mattered, and Engine 59 had it. Or they used to. And it wasn't a surprise they'd been a close group. Their lieutenant, Danny Walsh, was Scott's brother-in-law. Aidan Hunt, his best friend for years, was going to marry his other sister very soon. Even Grant Cutter, who was the kid of the bunch, had fit right in. And their pumper always rolled out with Ladder 37, and they meshed with that company, too, which was good since they shared the old brick fire station.

Things had gone south about six weeks ago, though, when Danny got hurt. Besides smoke inhalation, he'd suffered a concussion, a busted arm and a leg broken in two places. Having guys fill in here and there wasn't easy, even short term, and then they'd heard the news Danny needed surgery on the leg.

They'd found a temporary lieutenant solution with Simmons, but it wasn't really working out.

Mostly because Simmons was such an asshole.

Scott turned onto the side street and rolled up in front of the function hall that had called in the alarm. He didn't have to worry about running anybody over because there was nobody on the street.

"Did the Rapture come and nobody told us?" Grant asked, leaning between the front seats to peer out at the empty street.

Aidan snorted. "Shit, the Rapture could hit and it would probably be a month before Boston noticed."

"Hey, anybody seen Mrs. Broussard lately?" Scott joked.

"Maybe we can save the stand-up routine for after we clear the scene," Simmons barked.

"Do you think everybody went home?" Grant asked.

"Dispatch said it's a wedding reception and they weren't sure what set the alarm off, so it's more likely they're all still inside," Aidan said.

"I want this building cleared," Simmons said, and he gestured for Aidan to go first. Simmons was never first through any door.

Scott was familiar with feeling as if he'd just stepped through a door into hell. But walking into the function hall was a special kind of hell.

Unable to silence the fire alarm, it sounded as if they'd simply cranked the music higher and kept dancing. For a few seconds he wondered how they'd managed to dim the lights more than the code would allow, but then he figured out some genius had plugged in a smoke machine.

"They weren't sure what set the alarm off?" he asked Aidan, watching fake smoke billow up from the dance floor to hover at ceiling level. At least the sprinkler system hadn't gone off, since it was triggered by heat.

"Everybody out," Simmons tried to shout over the music. Everybody ignored him.

Welcome to the party, Scott thought. As Aidan went to deal with the alarm, Scott sent Grant over toward the corner to pull the plug on the smoke machine. They'd have to clear everybody out and do a quick sweep of the building, but it wouldn't take long.

The guys from Ladder 37 came in on their heels with their lieutenant, Rick Gullotti, in front. Gavin Boudreau, who was only a little older than Grant stood in the shadow of big Jeff Porter, and Chris Eriksson—the oldest of all of them, barring Chief Cobb—pulled up the rear.

"You owe me ten bucks, kid," Chris said. Gavin rolled his eyes at Scott. "I bet him it was somebody smoking in the bathroom."

"Hell, half the people in here could be smoking right now and nobody would know." Scott shook his head. "Simmons wants us to get everybody outside."

Rick nodded. "I only saw one cruiser out there, so we'll have to send Cutter and Boudreau outside with them. As drunk as these people are, they'll want to play with the shiny fire trucks."

Before they could move, a woman in a frilly hot-pink dress clearly marking her as a bridesmaid stepped up to Scott and ran her hand down the front of his bunker coat. "Well, hello, sexy."

"I'm going to have to ask you to go outside, ma'am," he said, taking a step back.

Instead, she looked over her shoulder and waved at a friend. "I think they're strippers!"

It wasn't the first time they'd been mistaken for strippers, but it was the first time it had happened to Scott at a wedding reception. Who expected strippers to show up at a wedding? Luckily, the alarm and the music both cut off, and Simmons's voice boomed through the speakers.

"Everybody needs to evacuate the building so we can do our jobs. The sooner we can verify there's no threat to your safety, the sooner you can get back to your party."

It didn't take them long to sweep the building once everybody had cleared out, even with two of their guys tied up keeping drunk people from climbing on the trucks. Then they stood around while Simmons rounded up the people in charge and threatened them with all kinds of dire consequences if the smoke machine was turned back on.

"It's too bad you swore off women," Aidan said. "A drunk bridesmaid who thinks you're a stripper is just your type."

"*Was* my type." Scott snorted. "Except the drunk part."

"Lydia was just talking about how we should reconsider having a small wedding because there won't be any single bridesmaids. Just Ashley as her matron of honor."

"Oh, hell no. When the wedding's for your sister, you don't mess around with the bridesmaids."

"How long's it been since you went on a date?"

As his best friend, Aidan knew he hadn't been on a date in months. "Not long enough to tangle with a drunk bridesmaid."

After it had become clear his last girlfriend—who he'd actually felt something for—had been chasing his benefits and even hinted she might get pregnant so he'd have to marry her, Scott had decided to take a hiatus from the relationship scene. Seeing Aidan and Lydia together, as well as what Ashley and Danny had gone through—from their separation and reunion to his injuries—had just driven home that he wanted the real thing. Love, marriage and a baby carriage.

But he hadn't found the right woman and he didn't want to miss her because he was hooking up with women he knew weren't in it for the long run.

"We're outta here," Rick Gullotti yelled to them, and they all headed for the door.

By the time they were backing the engines under the brick arches at the station, Scott was feeling the exhaustion set in. Even though they only worked two shifts per week—barring extra time to cover for somebody or events like the St. Patrick's Day parade last week—twenty-four hours was a long time. Hopefully, even though it was Friday night, he'd have time to hit his bunk for a quick power nap.

"Who the hell gets married at the end of March, anyway?" Grant asked while they went through the process of checking over the engines and putting their turnout gear on the racks for the next run. "It's too cold for a

nice wedding, but not cold enough to be a winter wedding. Maybe you get a discount if you get married when nobody else wants to."

"Judging by the bride's extreme lack of sobriety, I'm going to guess it wasn't a shotgun situation," Aidan said.

Scott snorted. "She was pretty near that tipping point where one drink makes the difference between the groom having the best wedding night ever or the worst wedding night ever."

They all laughed, which annoyed Simmons. They knew he didn't like chitchat when they were going through a procedure list because he thought things got missed when they were distracted. Like they weren't capable of lining their boots up in a neat row while telling a few jokes.

"I'm going upstairs," Simmons said, disgust practically dripping from his voice. "I'm so glad after tonight, you idiots will be somebody else's problem."

Nobody was as glad as they were, Scott thought, though he wasn't so much an idiot that he voiced the thought out loud. He felt bad for the guys at Simmons's usual house, who were stuck with him on a regular basis, unless they all had sticks up their asses, too.

They'd just finished up and were ready to head up to the third-floor living quarters when a woman walked through the open bay door. Scott, who'd been just about to hit the button to lower the big overhead, dropped his hand.

For a few seconds, all his mind registered was an attractive brunette who was a little on the tall side and had a smoking body, and he assumed she was stopping by to see one of the guys or bring baked goods. Homemade cookies and muffins, and even the occasional pie, were definitely perks of the job.

Then he noticed the Boston Fire logo on her T-shirt, peeking out from behind her unzipped sweatshirt. The folded papers in her hand. The way she stood with her feet slightly apart and her back straight, her gaze sweeping around the engine bays in a way that didn't strike him as curiosity. She was appraising. Judging.

She stared at Engine 59 for a long moment, her gaze sweeping over the apparatus. And then she turned that same steady scrutiny on the guys, looking each of them in the eye for a few seconds before moving on to the next.

When she got to Scott, he looked into eyes that were a pretty shade of green and found himself surprised. He was expecting them to be brown. He grinned, a reflexive reaction to making eye contact with a pretty woman.

"I'm looking for Chief Cobb," she said, and the truth of the situation hit Scott like a hydrant wrench.

Holy shit. The new guy wasn't a guy.

Jamie Rutherford knew that look, since she'd seen it a few times before. It was the look that said somebody hadn't gotten the memo that Jamie wasn't short for James, and that they were about to share their firehouse with a woman.

She'd been in this situation before and, as long as there wasn't a straight-up misogynistic jerk in the building, she'd be fine. The guys would be awkward and stiff around her for a few days, but once she'd been out on

some runs with them and done her job, that would wear off.

And if there was a misogynistic jerk in the bunch, she'd deal with that, too.

Since there were still guys moving around on the other side of the truck marked Ladder 37, she'd guess these men in front of her were with Engine 59. While she'd probably crossed paths with all or some of them, there were almost fifteen hundred firefighters in Boston and she didn't recognize any of them. She'd been sent some basic information ahead of time, though, so she knew their names and didn't have any trouble matching the photographs to the real faces.

"Is he expecting you?"

It was Aidan Hunt who'd spoken, and she wasn't surprised to see he was standing next to Scott Kin-caid. They'd been best friends for years, although the relationship had gotten rocky when Aidan started secretly dating Scott's sister. Scott and his sisters, Lydia and Ashley, were the kids of Tommy Kincaid, a retired firefighter who owned Kincaid's Pub, and Aidan was like a second son to Tommy.

None of that had been in the file she'd received, of course. But she'd been to Kincaid's a few times, with a group, and she'd heard some gossip. So she also knew that the guy who'd been hurt and whose job she was taking—even temporarily—was more than just a coworker to these guys. He was literally family.

"He said I could stop by tonight and look around," she said. "I'll be filling in for Walsh and I wanted to get the lay of the land before Tuesday. Jamie Rutherford, by the way."

They each said their name, stepping forward to shake her hand. Scott was last and maybe it was her imagination, but his touch seemed to linger for a few seconds longer than expected. "Welcome to E-59."

"Thanks." She'd heard he had a reputation for being a ladies' man, but if he thought he could charm his way into her good graces, he was wrong. His thick dark hair and dark eyes, with a little sexy scruff on his jaw, would have put him squarely in "her type" territory, but the E-59 logo on his T-shirt was like an electrified boundary fence.

The ladder company guys walked over and introduced themselves before heading upstairs, and Jamie was thankful she'd taken so much time memorizing the brief bios in the file. She'd probably be overwhelmed as hell if she hadn't had a head start on putting names with faces.

"I'll take you upstairs," Grant said. "Cobb's probably in his office."

After she'd met the older guy, whose job consisted mostly of running herd on a pack of firefighters while slowly drowning in paperwork, she was handed back over to Grant for the grand tour.

The narrow but tall brick station house was pretty typical for some parts of the city. The two engine bays and equipment and personnel lockers on the ground floor. The second floor was offices, a half bath and a small bunk room for the officers. The third floor was the living space. Two old couches and a couple of older chairs were in the main room, facing a big television. An open door led into a bigger bunk room, which was empty at the moment. There was a shower room and a couple of bathrooms in the back, along with a space for working out. The kitchen was big and she noticed right away how clean it was.

When she mentioned it, Grant opened the pantry door to show the sheets of paper tacked to the inside of it.

"We have a pretty strict checklist now because one of the other companies was slacking. It still says Walsh because so many different guys were filling in for him, but I can change it and print new copies."

"No sense in wasting the time and paper," she said. "I'll just do the things with his name on them."

"Okay." He paused, and his eyebrows furrowed as if he was trying to figure out how to ask an awkward question. "Where will you sleep?"

"In a bunk downstairs. Probably in Walsh's until he's ready to take it back."

"What about the bathroom? Well, the bathroom's separate, but we just have a big shower room, like a locker room type because the building's so old and they had to make it fit."

She liked the way the younger guy laid his concerns on the table so she could address them, rather than whispering with the other guys when they thought she couldn't hear them. "I'll probably use the half bath on the second floor most of the time. But if I want a shower, I'll make sure nobody needs it and then I have a hanger for the doorknob so you guys know I'm in there."

"Okay." He didn't seem to have any more questions. "Are you hungry?"

"No, but thanks."

Scott Kincaid walked into the kitchen, and looked at her before heading to the fridge. "What do you think?"

"Not too different from any other house, except a little cleaner."

"He show you the lists?"

"Yeah."

Jamie watched him pop open a soda and chug some of it, his throat working as he swallowed. She'd worked in this so-called man's field a long time and had had her share of attractive coworkers, so she knew her body language and expression remained totally neutral. But inside, she felt a sizzle of sexual attraction that was strong enough she knew she'd have to be careful around this guy.

Users Review

From reader reviews:

Helen Wright:

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