

the
EDENS

JASPER VALE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
DEVNEY PERRY

JASPER VALE

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR
DEVNEY PERRY

JASPER VALE

Copyright © 2022 by Devney Perry LLC

All rights reserved.

ISBN: 978-1-957376-21-9

No part of this book may be reproduced, distributed or transmitted in any form or by any means, including photocopying, recording or other electronic or mechanical methods, without the prior written permission of the author except in the case of brief quotations in a book review.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places and incidents are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously. Any resemblance to actual events, locales or persons, living or dead, is coincidental.

Editing:

Elizabeth Nover, Razor Sharp Editing

Proofreading:

Julie Deaton, Deaton Author Services

Judy Zweifel, Judy's Proofreading

Kaitlyn Moodie, Moodie Editing Services

Cover:

Sarah Hansen © Okay Creations

OTHER TITLES

The Edens Series

[Christmas in Quincy - Prequel](#)

[Indigo Ridge](#)

[Juniper Hill](#)

[Garnet Flats](#)

[Jasper Vale](#)

[Crimson River](#)

Clifton Forge Series

[Steel King](#)

[Riven Knight](#)

[Stone Princess](#)

[Noble Prince](#)

[Fallen Jester](#)

[Tin Queen](#)

Jamison Valley Series

[The Coppersmith Farmhouse](#)

[The Clover Chapel](#)

[The Lucky Heart](#)

[The Outpost](#)

[The Bitterroot Inn](#)

[The Candle Palace](#)

Maysen Jar Series

[The Birthday List](#)

[Letters to Molly](#)

Lark Cove Series

Tattered

Timid

Tragic

Tinsel

Timeless

Runaway Series

[Runaway Road](#)

[Wild Highway](#)

[Quarter Miles](#)

[Forsaken Trail](#)

[Dotted Lines](#)

Calamity Montana Series

[The Bribe](#)

[The Bluff](#)

[The Brazen](#)

[The Bully](#)

[The Brawl](#)

[The Brood](#)

Standalones

Ivy

Rifts and Refrains

A Little Too Wild

Coach

Holiday Brothers

[The Naughty, The Nice and The Nanny](#)

[Three Bells, Two Bows and One Brother's Best Friend](#)

[A Partridge and a Pregnancy](#)

CONTENTS

[Chapter 1](#)

[Chapter 2](#)

[Chapter 3](#)

[Chapter 4](#)

[Chapter 5](#)

[Chapter 6](#)

[Chapter 7](#)

[Chapter 8](#)

[Chapter 9](#)

[Chapter 10](#)

[Chapter 11](#)

[Chapter 12](#)

[Chapter 13](#)

[Chapter 14](#)

[Chapter 15](#)

[Chapter 16](#)

[Chapter 17](#)

[Chapter 18](#)

[Chapter 19](#)

[Chapter 20](#)

[Chapter 21](#)

[Chapter 22](#)

[Chapter 23](#)

[Chapter 24](#)

[Chapter 25](#)

[Chapter 26](#)

[Chapter 27](#)

[Chapter 28](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Crimson River](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)

[About the Author](#)

CHAPTER ONE

ELOISE

The Bellagio fountain sprayed water high into the air as lights lit up the streams. The white hotel stood proudly in the backdrop as the water twirled and danced in time with the music, a dramatic violin concerto.

“It looks like moonbeams.” I sighed, leaning my head against Lyla’s shoulder. “This is magical. We should put a water fountain in The Eloise.”

My sister giggled. “Good luck convincing Dad.”

“Can you imagine?” I snorted. “First, he’d tell me no. Then, he’d give me that scowly face where his eyebrows come together and he tilts his head to the side.”

“Whenever he gives me the scowly face, he adds the blinky eyes,” she said.

“Oh, yeah. The blinky eyes. I forgot about those.” Dad would blink ten or eleven or twenty times in a row, like he was trying to figure out if I was joking or serious. “You know what I think is crap? I’ve never seen Dad give the scowly-blinky combo to Griffin, Knox or Mateo.”

“Right? He saves it for us girls.”

“Unfair.”

According to Dad, our brothers didn’t typically cause him the same kind of stress he claimed came with daughters. Whatever that meant.

“Are you drunk?” Lyla asked.

“Yep.” I nodded. “You?”

Lyla hiccupped. “That meant yes.”

I looped my arms with hers, snuggling closer as a dreamy smile settled

on my face.

My limbs were a little loose. My head was a little fuzzy. My heart was a little light, floating through the air like mist. Drunk and happy, like the water fountain show.

“Tonight was fun,” I murmured.

“Super fun. I’m glad we came. And I’m glad Foster won his fight.”

“Me too.” I let go of her arm, standing tall, then I cupped my hands to my mouth. “Go Foster Madden!”

“Eloise.” Lyla swatted my arm as the people clustered around us shot me glares. “Would you shut up?”

I laughed. “Oh, who cares if I’m loud? We’ll never see these fun haters again.”

Tomorrow, we’d fly home to Montana. We’d say goodbye to the moonbeams and hello to reality.

Lyla and I had come to Las Vegas to watch a UFC event. Foster Madden, our sister Talia’s boyfriend and the reigning middleweight champion of the world, had defended his title and defeated his opponent in tonight’s fight.

He’d surprised Talia by flying us down—he hadn’t wanted her to sit in the arena alone. But this was just a quick trip. Lyla and I each had to get back to Quincy for work on Monday, and tomorrow’s early alarm clock would be brutal.

We’d decided to party tonight anyway. To have a few drinks. To dance. To make the most of our cute outfits. Lyla had on a navy, one-shoulder jumpsuit that brought out the blue of her eyes. I’d opted for a simple black tube top with my tightest jeans and tallest heels. It was rare that either of us dressed up these days—demanding jobs were hell on a social life.

Tonight had been a much-needed break. I only wished it weren’t coming to an end.

The fountain show finale finished too soon, and the crowd beside the Bellagio’s lake dispersed.

Chase, the kid assigned to hang with us tonight, was standing a few

feet away, dutifully waiting for Lyla and me with his hands clasped in front of him like he was our own personal security guard. Technically, he was.

Before Foster had swept Talia away to celebrate his victory in their hotel suite, he'd insisted Chase accompany us tonight. He worked for Foster's manager as an assistant and didn't look a day older than eighteen. I suspected that the ID he'd used to get into the club tonight wasn't exactly legal.

Considering he'd been relegated to babysitting duty, he was probably at the bottom of the UFC food chain. Poor guy. He'd followed us around all night without complaint but he looked dead on his feet.

"Ready to go to the hotel?" he asked.

I leaned in close to whisper in Lyla's ear. "Think he'll cry if we say no?"

She covered her laugh with a hand. "Yep."

Chase yawned. That damn yawn was the reason we'd left the club before midnight.

"Do you think Jasper is still at the club?" Lyla asked.

I shrugged. "I dunno."

Jasper Vale was Foster's trainer and best friend. He'd told us about the after-party at the club and invited us along. It had mostly been guys from the UFC world, acquaintances of Jasper's and Foster's from when they'd lived in Vegas. But it had been nice to know at least one face in the crowd besides Lyla's.

"Do you want to go back and find out?" *Say yes. More dancing. More drinks. Say yes say yes say yes.*

Chase's face fell. He gave me this pitiful, helpless plea.

Oh, damn you, Chase.

At the club, after his twentieth yawn, I'd told him he could leave, but he'd refused. And so even though we'd been having a blast, I'd told Lyla it was time to make our way back to the hotel. I hated it when other people weren't having a good time.

Chase might be young but he was clearly smart. In just hours, he'd

figured out I was the bleeding heart of the Eden family. He was wielding that yawn to shoo us along for bedtime.

Boo. “Oh, never mind,” I muttered. “We should go.”

“Yeah, my feet are killing me in these shoes,” Lyla said.

“March on, Chase.” As we started for our hotel, the chill in the night air raised goose bumps on my forearms. It was cold tonight, even for the desert. In early March, after the sun set, the temperatures dropped.

“Brr. It’s co—” I gasped, patting my arms. “Oh, shit. Where’s my jacket?”

We’d been on our way back to the hotel from the club when we’d passed the fountain, and I’d made our group detour so we could watch the show. I spun around, scanning the spot where we’d been standing, but my jacket wasn’t anywhere in sight.

“I must have forgotten it at the club.” I groaned. *Stupid Eloise*. “I love that jacket.”

It was my favorite black leather coat. Not too thick. Not too thin. The sleeves were even long enough for my arms, which wasn’t easy for me to find.

“We can go back and get it.” It was Lyla who yawned this time.

She owned a coffee shop at home in Quincy, and considering that her normal wake-up time was well before dawn, I was proud of her for staying up so late. Normally she was in bed by nine. Lyla probably wouldn’t even need an alarm in the morning. Meanwhile, there was a very real chance she’d have to drag me out of bed.

“We’ll go to the suite so you can go to bed,” I said. “Then me and Chase will hike back to the club for my jacket.”

“Are you sure?”

I nodded, linked my arm with hers and signaled to Chase. “Lead on, Crouton.”

Chase’s lips pursed.

“I don’t think he likes my nickname,” I told Lyla.

She giggled as we fell in step, our heels clicking on the sidewalk as we trudged to our hotel, stopping outside the bank of elevators. Foster had

gotten us our own suite for tonight with two separate bedrooms. Thank God. Lyla was a bed hog.

“Don’t go anywhere without Chase.” Lyla pointed a finger at my nose. I raised a hand in salute. “Ma’am, yes, ma’am.”

“Eww.” She scrunched up her nose. “Don’t ma’am me.”

“Madam?”

“Queen Lyla will suffice.” She tried a curtsy but stumbled, too tipsy to keep her balance.

“Oh my God.” I jumped to snag her hand, helping her stand upright.

“Heels are the enemy.” She shot a frown at her feet, then stepped into the open elevator. “See you in a bit?”

“Be back in a flash.” I waved as the doors slid closed, then gave Chase my vilest smile. “Let’s do shots.”

His jaw dropped.

“Kidding,” I singsonged, retracing our steps through the lobby and outside.

We’d just passed the fountain again, the water dark and calm, when a familiar face appeared on the sidewalk ahead.

“Oh, hey. There’s Jasper.” I pointed.

Chase raised a hand.

Jasper did the same. And in his hand was my jacket.

“Yay.” I clapped my hands together, stopping as Jasper joined us on the sidewalk. “You’re my hero. Thank you.”

“Welcome.” He held out the black leather, helping me slide it onto my arms.

I smiled up at him, having to crane my neck to keep his gaze. Wow, he was tall. Why hadn’t I realized how tall he was before? He was about the same height as my brothers. “You’re tall. How tall?”

“Six two.” His deep voice had a rasp, like he didn’t use it enough so it wasn’t smooth.

“You have a nice voice.”

The corner of his mouth quirked. “Are you drunk?”

“Oh, yeah.” Even after all the walking, my buzz was solid. Would I