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find a
JOB
GUY

Roadtrip Romance • Book Three

AMY R. ANGUISH



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Published by Scrivenings Press LLC
15 Lucky Lane
Morrilton, Arkansas 72110
<https://ScriveningsPress.com>

Printed in the United States of America

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Paperback ISBN 978-1-64917-299-0

eBook ISBN 978-1-64917-300-3

Editors: Shannon Vannatter and Linda Fulkerson

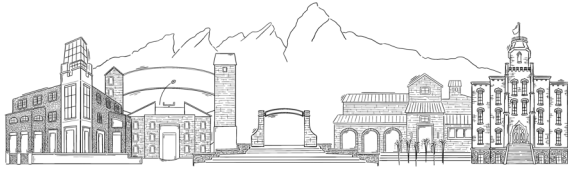
Cover by Linda Fulkerson, bookmarketinggraphics.com

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For my brother Phillip McDoniel, who was one of the reasons I got to experience Colorado in the first place, who has always been fun to hang out with, and who takes amazing pictures of my children for me. I couldn't ask for a better brother.

1



“**B**ut where are the mountains?”

Skye Jones readjusted her sunglasses as her little red convertible flew past the Colorado state line sign. After hours upon hours of seeing the same undulating Kansas fields—not all that different from the hours of Missouri—Skye had looked forward to some elevation. But this scenery was just more of the same—and that reminded her too much of adulthood.

Actually, Missouri had more hills than she saw here. Mountains that tall should be visible even this far away, right? The last time she’d visited Rain, she’d flown, so she had no accurate comparison, but still ... Hadn’t she learned something in a geography class long ago about the Rockies being some of the tallest in the United States?

The GPS said she had only about three-and-a half-hours to go. Surely something should appear by now. Skye blew out a breath and pushed the gas pedal just a bit farther. She’d never been given an ETA she wasn’t tempted to beat. Besides, she’d left St. Louis at 5:30 that morning—a time no person on earth

should have to be awake—and she was ready to be there already.

At least by rising that early, she'd been able to avoid her father. No need to listen to him tell her one more time, 'This is only going to help you temporarily, Skye. I'm serious. If you don't have a full-time job by the end of the summer, that car you love so much is mine.'

"Don't worry, baby." Skye patted her dashboard. "We'll figure something out."

If Rain hadn't offered this compromise, she might be more worried. But helping with Rain's wedding-planning business would buy Skye a few months. Allow her to come up with some miracle to keep her car. *Time to get there already.*

"Get ready, Rain. I'm headed your way." She cranked up the volume on the radio and sang along as the windmills waved from the fields on both sides of the road.

A couple of hours later, Skye found the mountains. The closer to Denver she drove, the higher the peaks reached, the very tops of them still white. Majestic. Denver nestled at the base of the Rockies, and almost distracted her from paying attention to the traffic and signs pointing her toward her final destination.

The view winding up to Boulder proved her sister wasn't completely crazy to have followed Jeremiah out here. Stunning. Sure, she'd been here before, but driving gave her a whole new perspective.

The college town of Boulder was nice. Busy streets, full of organic-loving stores and big-brand names. She huffed as she stopped at yet another red light. Why were there still so many

cars out at 6:30 in the evening? Shouldn't most of these people be home by now?

She cut into the right-turn lane on the next block. A bang came from the back of her car, followed by a yell. Her gaze jerked to the rearview mirror. What in the world?

A guy stood on the side of the road, legs planted around his bicycle, shaking a fist her way. Where had he come from, and why was he in the road in the first place? His blue eyes shot sparks her way as if it were her fault she'd almost hit him.

She rolled her eyes and maneuvered through a few more intersections before she finally found her sister's store front. *HEA*. The stylized letters in the logo looked cheerful and promising ... as if happily ever-afters actually existed. It was the *ever* part that always made Skye cringe.

"Guess who!" She sang out as she pushed through the glass door and set some bells jangling.

Rain stepped out from behind a counter and opened her arms. "I wasn't expecting you yet! You must have left at a ridiculous time to get here now."

Skye readily stepped into her sister's hug. "I did. And I'm starved. When can we go eat?"

"Same old Skye, I see." Rain shook her head as she stepped back. "Sorry, Sis. But I can't leave until after my last appointment. He should be here any moment. A groomsman coming in for a fitting."

"A fitting? You rent tuxes now?"

"No. But I coordinate with several places that do. And it's just easier for everyone to get the measurements to me instead of hoping they find the right shop and making sure the tailor knows which event it's for so they get the right color pants ..."

Rain waved a hand in the air. "You get the idea."

"Not really, but okay." Skye shrugged and brushed some

hair over her shoulder. “Got anything to hold me over? I really am hungry. I mean, it’s getting close to seven.”

“Six.” Rain pointed at a clock. “You’re on Mountain time now.”

Skye slumped. “Ugh. I’m going to waste away before I eat anything. I may be in Mountain time, but my stomach is definitely still on St. Louis time.”

“Come on. I think I have some almonds or granola bars in my drawer.” Rain stepped through a curtain to the back of the store area.

“Since when did you get all healthy?” Skye followed.

“It’s hard not to be out here.” Rain motioned around her as if encompassing the whole town. “This town is big on being healthy.”

“I guess that explains the weirdo on the bike earlier. He got mad at me for driving in the same lane he was trying to ride in.” Skye huffed. “As if bikes are supposed to be on the road instead of cars.”

“If he was in a bike lane, he had the right of way.” Rain tossed her a fruit-and-cereal bar.

“Bike lanes? Aren’t those supposed to be over on the shoulders?”

“And sometimes they’re combined with other lanes. A lot of people around here like to ride bicycles to work or the store. Get their exercise. During the spring and fall, the weather’s gorgeous. The winter, not so much.”

“I guess. But he still should’ve paid more attention. I mean, it was a turn lane for cars.”

“Yeah. That’s usually where the bike lanes and driving lanes crisscross and overlap.”

“You mean I wasn’t supposed to drive in the turn lane? Then why have it?” Skye took a big bite out of the bar despite its lack of appeal.

“You can still drive in a turn lane. You just need to pay attention and make sure you don’t cut in front of any cyclists.” The bell out front drew Rain’s attention. “That must be the last groomsmen of the day. We’ll head back to my place after this, and I’ll feed you something real.”

“No tofu.” Skye pointed at her sister with the last bite of the bar.

“No tofu.” Rain held her hands up as she backed through the curtain separating her office from the front part of the store.

Rain’s voice mingled with that of a man. He sounded young and maybe a bit breathless. The curtain blocked more sound than Skye would’ve guessed, but she thought she heard something about a bicycle. The temptation was too great. What were the odds someone would come in from riding a bike right after Rain had said lots of people used that method of transportation?

A sliver of a gap in the curtains afforded her a peek without being seen. Maybe six inches taller than Rain—head of thick dark hair, button-down shirt with the sleeves rolled up, nice slacks. Skye frowned. He looked familiar.

Rain motioned toward another area, and he followed her. Skye sucked in a breath and quickly ducked out of sight. Not just any guy who rode a bike—the one who shook his fist at her earlier.

And much more handsome without a scowl on his face.

“Better just stay back here.” She flopped into Rain’s chair and surveyed the tidy space.

Never before were the differences between her and Rain more noticeable than here. Where Skye never knew where things were, Rain obviously had a place for everything and had everything in its place. Skye’s fingers twitched to move her

sister's pens to the other side of the desk just to see if she'd notice.

But Rain was giving her an out for a few months. A cushion of grace to keep her father from stealing her car away.

Her car!

Had the cyclist seen it in the parking lot? Did he know she was hiding back here? Would he rat her out to her sister?

Ridiculous.

He had no idea who she was. Surely there were other red sports cars in Boulder, Colorado. Though the odds seemed stacked against her right now.

Ring.

Rain rushed through the curtain, shot a dirty look at Skye sitting in her seat, and motioned Skye toward the shop floor. "Can you go man the front counter while I take this call, please?"

"But I don't know—"

Rain didn't leave her another moment to make excuses but grabbed the handset and answered with a professional, "Happily Ever After event planning. How can I make your dreams come true?"

If Skye had to say that all summer, she might be more motivated to find another job. Ick. She pushed through the barrier and positioned herself on the stool behind the counter. Surely no one would walk in at five 'til six in the evening anyway. Nothing to worry about.

A door down the hallway opened and footsteps sounded on the hardwood floors. Skye spun around just as a man walked out, a bicycle helmet under his arm. He froze the same moment she did.

There went those odds again. Good thing she wasn't a betting girl.

Maybe he didn't get a good glance at her in the car earlier and was just surprised to see someone other than Rain. Time to play it cool. She flipped a strand of hair over her back and shot him a smile.

Benjamin Smith was many things, but easily shaken was not one of them. Until today. Now this blonde woman had caught him off guard twice—almost maiming him the first time.

“Is Rain still around?” He glanced toward the room where he'd last seen the wedding planner.

“She's in the office for a moment, but she'll be back out after she wraps up a phone call.” There went that bright smile again. It probably had lesser men melting. Who was he kidding? It flipped his stomach like a pancake.

“I don't know if she needed anything else or not.” He shifted his weight. “Didn't want to leave before making sure.”

“No worries. Like I said. She'll be back out in a minute.” The blonde tapped her fingers on the counter.

“Do you work here?”

“For now.”

Was she about to get fired? What did 'For now' mean? Why not just 'Yes?' “Um ...”

“Rain's my sister. I'm helping her out this summer.”

Now that she said it, he could see a few similarities although Rain's hair was a darker shade than this girl's. And their attitudes came across completely different. If Rain had acted this nonchalant, she wouldn't be the wedding planner for the whole church. And he wouldn't have been impressed enough to pass her name on to his cousin Chet. Now he was in two weddings Rain was planning.

And he didn't trust this girl to help with any of it. "Just for the summer?"

"That's the plan for now." She gave a shrug. "Not sure what I'll do after that."

"Hey. Sorry that took so long." Rain breezed through the curtain and Benjamin breathed a sigh of relief. "Okay, Benjamin, are we all set?"

"I hope so. It's been a rough day." He ran his fingers through his hair and stepped closer to the counter, now that Rain was back in charge.

"I'm sorry you had a rough day. Let's just glance through the checklist and make sure I have everything I need." Rain's finger ran down the printed sheet in front of her. "I have the measurements. We've chatted before about all the things you'll be responsible for as best man in Chet's wedding."

"Responsible for?" The sister peeked over Rain's shoulder. "Best men just stand up front and hand over the ring, right?"

"If you're helping this summer, you might want to study up on wedding etiquette a bit more." Benjamin knocked on the countertop in front of her. "There are a few other expectations. The good news is, I'm just a regular groomsman in my sister's wedding."

"You're in two weddings?" Her voice held an offensive tint of incredulity.

"Yes. Don't you have friends who get married?"

"I have friends who were supposed to get married. But they called it off for some reason." She batted a hand in the air. "Probably better that way anyway."

Rain didn't look at all pleased.

"Skye, why don't you go back and wait in the office again? I'll start your official training tomorrow." Rain pointed toward the curtains.

Skye opened her mouth as if to object, but then closed it again and pinched her lips together.

“Might want to train her in how to drive in a town with bicycle lanes.” Benjamin pitched his voice just loud enough for her to hear it across the room.

“That was *you!*” Rain’s eyes widened. “I am so sorry! She didn’t actually hit you, did she?”

A squeak of protest came from Skye’s direction.

“No. She missed me by a few inches. Because *I* paid attention to my surroundings.”

Another squawk.

“Did we go over everything we needed to? If not, we can do it over the phone another time, right?” Benjamin glanced at his watch and noticed several missed messages. Never a moment off.

“Sure. Sorry to keep you so late. Go on, and I’ll let you know if there’s anything else I need from you.”

“Thanks, Rain.” He settled his helmet on his head and started toward the door. As he stepped out into the evening air, he glanced over his shoulder one more time and caught Skye peeking at him through the curtain. She quickly disappeared, and he made his escape.

Rain, he trusted, but that sister ... he wasn’t sure about her. What was Rain thinking, hiring her for the summer? Sure, family helps out family. But there had to be a line somewhere.

Oh, well. Not his problem. His problems came in the form of a couple bosses who didn’t think the workday ever ended. But just a few more years and he could move beyond the peon level.

Until then, he’d continue to pay his dues, working for one of the elite law firms in Boulder. And helping Chet and Amelia bring about their happily ever afters. His own would have to wait until he was more settled.

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Which was okay. Because he hadn't found anyone he'd want to spend forever with yet.

So why did the thought of long blonde hair pop into his head as he contemplated that thought?