

Rescuing Harmony Ranch

Jennie Marts

THIS NIGHT WAS TOO BEAUTIFUL and they were having too much fun, laughing and teasing each other, to dredge up the old hurts. She wanted to enjoy the moment, enjoy the time they were sharing now. She liked having him back in her life and didn't want to ruin what they had now by fighting about what they'd lost then. It might have been cowardly, but they'd have time to hash things out later, when the moon wasn't shining in the twinkling reflections on the pond and the air wasn't full of night sounds and possibilities.

"I'd like that too," she said, determined to keep things light. She pulled out her phone and accepted his friend request. "Done. We're friends again."

"If it's on Facebook, it must be true."

"See, now you're getting the hang of it." She pulled up a picture she'd taken earlier of the blacksmith shop and showed him how to post it to the ranch's page. She typed in a caption about a "must have" secret item the blacksmith was creating that would be available to purchase tomorrow night, which visitors to the festival would go crazy for. "There. See how we've created ex-

citement and consumer interest by letting them in on a *secret* item that everyone is going to want to buy?”

“I don’t know that a candle in a jar is worth all that hype.”

“It might not be if we’d just posted a picture of it, but now visitors will be eager to see what the *secret* item is. And when they see them lit up and glowing around the pond like this, they will snap them up. Trust me. This is my job.”

“That didn’t seem too hard. But just so you know, I only plan to post stuff about the ranch. I’m not planning to *ever* share *anything* about my personal life. It’s nobody’s business what I ate for breakfast or where I’m spending my time or who I’m spending it with.”

“Because you don’t want people to know how much time you actually spend with your dog?” she teased.

He chuckled. “The dog probably cares about that more than I do. But I’m just saying, you will *never, ever* see me post anything personal. Even if I were on fire, and it was the only way to call the fire department. It’s still not gonna happen. I’d rather burn.”

“Okay. Okay. I think you’ve made your point.” She nodded at his phone. “Anything else I can show you on your newfangled contraption?”

He tapped the screen to get the apps to light back up. “Yeah, actually. I haven’t quite figured out the camera. Can you show me how to take a picture of something and then fix it up?”

“Sure.” She opened the camera app and showed him how to snap a picture, then held his phone up. “And this is how you take a selfie. Just in case you want to snap a pic of you and Savage.” She laughed as she pulled a silly face and snapped a few selfies, then

wrapped her arm around Mack's shoulder and pulled him into the screen's view. She leaned her head into his and snapped another pic, then nudged him in the side until she finally got him to smile for one.

She was glad to be laughing and teasing with him again as she showed him more features of the camera, explaining the aspects of each as she thumbed through the different options. "This is how you record a video." She pressed the button and did a quick video of herself waving into the screen. "Hi, Mack." Passing him the phone, she said, "Now you try."

He took the phone and was playing around with the options when a new song came on the radio. Both of them stilled.

Jocelyn swallowed at the sudden emotion in her throat. The notes of "their song" drifted into the air and settled around their shoulders like a warm blanket on a cool evening. "It's crazy to hear Chase Dalton on the radio. Remember when we heard him singing this song at the county fair? He was only a few years older than us and just starting out, and now he's a huge country music star."

Mack studied her face, as if trying to see if she remembered the significance of the song.

How could she forget? It was their first dance, on the night of their first kiss. The night everything changed for them.

"Yeah, I remember," he said. "I remember everything."

Her voice lowered to a whisper. "So do I."

He set his phone down, carefully resting it against the radio so it wouldn't fall, then held out his hand. "Wanna dance?"

Her heart tumbled in her chest. Without analyzing the moment or thinking it to death, she simply put her hand in his and let him lead her to the edge of the pond and pull her into his arms. He was taller now, but she still fit perfectly against him.

Stepping into his arms felt like coming home again.