

Rescuing Harmony Ranch

Jennie Marts

BUT JOCELYN COULDN'T LET HERSELF submit to that particular emotion. Not with the dog...or the handsome blacksmith who had been taking up too many of her thoughts today.

She wasn't staying. She couldn't. Could she? No matter how tempting her feelings for the endearing dog, and the hunky man, she had a life, a job, in New York. And not just a job, a career. A livelihood she'd spent years cultivating. Could she give that all up to pursue this *thing* with Mack?

She didn't even know what this thing was. Were they rekindling an old flame or just having fun together while she was home? Mack had hinted at their relationship, even shared a few of his feelings, but he was a man of few words and it wasn't always clear what he was thinking. And she wasn't sure she wanted to ask, since she didn't know what she wanted herself.

This felt like a big deal. It must be, if she was even considering giving up New York and all that she'd worked for to try to pursue something with him.

Back up, sister. Where had that thought come from? *Giving up New York?* Until the last few days, she

wouldn't have even considered the notion. But now, things felt different.

Mack was the only man she'd ever loved. And he'd been the yardstick she'd held up to every other man she'd tried to date. And she'd found them all lacking.

When she'd returned to Harmony Ranch, she hadn't planned on even seeing Mack, but she couldn't deny those feelings were still there. Didn't she owe it to herself? To him? To see if they had a chance at something?

Stop it. Talk about putting the cart before the horse.

She wasn't even sure that Mack was interested in getting back together with her. Sure, they'd danced, and hugged, and he'd held her hand. But that didn't mean he still had feelings for her or wanted a future together. Although there had been feeling in those hugs, in the way he held her in his arms.

Jocelyn sighed and closed her laptop. It was late and time to turn her brain off. She glanced at the clock and was surprised to see it was almost nine. Her grandmother had gone to bed awhile ago, but she'd been so engrossed in the latest thing she'd been working on for the coffee shop that she'd lost track of time. She'd turned in the final proposal earlier that afternoon, then tonight had thought of another cute idea. This was the part she loved, and she was really having fun with the new marketing concepts she'd come up with for them.

Hmmm. A job she loved doing, and a company she loved working for—that didn't feel like something she was considering giving up.

A knock sounded at the front door, and she gave a little jolt, startling the dog. Jocelyn pushed out of

the chair and the dog stretched, then hopped down to follow at her heels. She rubbed her sore neck as she pulled open the door.

Mack was standing on her porch, and Savage was sitting by his feet. Speak of the gorgeous bearded devil. “Hey. What are you doing here?”

“Delivering this,” he said, carrying a flat square box into the kitchen and setting it on the counter.

“What is it?” Her curiosity piqued, she tried to look over his shoulder as she followed behind him. The little dog ran around Savage’s sturdy body, her tail furiously wagging with excitement.

“I don’t know. It’s probably dumb,” he said, looking suddenly shy as he shoved his hands in his front pockets. “We just spent all that time working on those pies for the auction and never got to eat any. And you’ve been working so hard on the concert this week, I thought you deserved a treat.”

Jocelyn’s lips curved into a smile as she peered into the box. “You bought me a pie?”

“No. I *made* you a pie.”

“You *made* this?” She stared at the round dessert, marveling at the perfectly piped whipped cream that formed a lattice pattern and the curls of chocolate shavings sprinkled over the top.

“I did. And it’s not just *any* pie. It’s peanut butter.”

“You’re kidding.” She breathed in the heavenly scents of peanut butter and chocolate. “Like the kind Gram used to make us when we were kids?”

“Exactly the same kind. I used her recipe.”

Her gaze bounced from him to the pie, then back to him again. “I can’t believe you did this. For me. It’s so nice.” She swiped her finger through a dollop of

whipped cream and pie filling then licked it off and let out a groan. “Oh my gosh. And it’s so good.”

She took another big swipe, then held her finger out to Mack. He started to lean forward, then she let out a laugh as she twisted her hand and smeared it across his mouth and chin.

He grinned as he licked it from his lips. “You’re right. It is good. Makes me hope you’ll invite me to stay and have a piece.”

She grinned back as she teased him. “I don’t know. It’s pretty good pie. But I guess I could share one piece. Since you made it and all.”

He swiped at the pie filling on his chin. “How do you feel about letting me eat this piece with a fork?”

“A fork? I suppose next you’re going to want a plate, too?”

He shrugged. “I’ve been known to eat a piece of pie out of my hand.”

She laughed as she dug through the drawer for a pie cutter. Setting it on the counter, she turned back to Mack and rested a hand on his forearm. “Thank you.” Her tone softened as she gazed into his gorgeous blue eyes. “For the pie. For trying to help my grandmother. For everything.”

He held her gaze, his voice dropping to a husky whisper. “I would do anything for you.”