“Let me give you a ride back to the inn,” Kevin said.

She put down her rag, and he was afraid for a second that she was going to turn down his offer, opting to walk rather than be alone with him in the truck.

“Look. I’m sorry I blew up on you.” He lowered his head. “Shortcuts can be dangerous. People can get hurt. I overreacted. I just want to do the right thing.” He didn’t need to tell her the whole story, but he’d learned his lesson about shortcuts, and no one would make him compromise on his standards. It was his reputation at stake.

She started to say something, then stopped.

“I really am sorry. It won’t happen again.” He reached his hand out.
From across the room she walked toward him. The radio played “Silver Bells.”

“Forgive me?” He took her hand and spun her in the middle of the wide-open store. “Please?” In a couple days this place might belong to someone else, and she’d be heading off to Boston or to wherever her next job took her. He didn’t want to miss the chance to dance with her even for just one spin here at Daisy’s.

She laughed when he pulled her to him and swayed, and then relaxed into his arms. “I do understand about the shortcuts. It’s just—”

“I understand your point, too. It never hurts to try.” He twirled her, then pulled her hands into his chest.

She spoke softly. “You’re full of surprises.”

They swayed to the music. “So do you forgive me?”

“I do.”

He hadn’t meant to snap at her. He’d overreacted, and he’d hurt her feelings. That bothered him. More than it should, maybe. He held her hand tight, not really wanting to let go. She felt nice in his arms, and she let him lead. They danced until the end of the song.

“Ready to go?” He asked with a nod, half-hoping she’d say no.

“Not really, but we should.”

His racing heart knew exactly how she felt.