



Autumn Bliss

CAROL WYATT

AUTUMN BLISS

CAROL WYATT

All Rights Reserved. No part of this publication may be reproduced in any form or by any means, including scanning, photocopying, or otherwise without prior written permission of the copyright holder.

Copyright © 2022

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](#)

[Epilogue](#)

[Thank You](#)

[Also by Carol Wyatt](#)

Chapter One

WYNN COLEMAN TOOK a sip of champagne, glad she'd gone with a blazer and pants for the annual charity event in Brooklyn instead of the red dress she'd originally had in mind. For the middle of September, the night air had a chill to it, summer slowly slipping away into fall.

Wynn's eyes moved across the rooftop bar, beyond the fifty or sixty of some of New York's rich and famous, to take in the view of lower Manhattan, the white lights of One World Trade Center bright against the clear night sky.

"So, will you miss me?"

Wynn turned to see her best friend, Eve, standing beside her. Eve's dark hair flowed over her emerald-green dress, a fresh glass of champagne in her hand. She'd left Wynn to go chat with a former client, an actor whose apartment she'd completely remodeled a few years ago.

It was still hard for Wynn to process that Eve wouldn't be around anymore. And not for their friends-with-benefits thing. That seemed to have fizzled out months ago. When Casey came on the scene. But Wynn would undoubtedly miss their Sunday coffees, their nights at a wine bar near their apartments talking business and congratulating one another on their latest sale.

Wynn gave her a knowing smile. "Of course, I will." And she really would. They'd said they'd stay in touch, but Wynn had her doubts. They both worked insane hours. Although, that would just be her now. Apparently, Eve was taking a few

years off. To test retirement out. The thought nearly made Wynn shudder.

Wynn still thought the whole thing was insane.

“I know you’re endlessly busy, but I hope you’ll come visit me at some point. Get away for a long weekend?” Eve asked with a half-smile.

Wynn sucked in a breath. “I would really love to, but I have to deal with the golf course.”

“Didn’t you take care of that last year?”

Wynn shook her head. “Things got busy. When the biggest developer in town wants you to sell out their building, you drop everything and do it.” Wynn took another drink. “But I have to do it now. I have my accountant telling me that the tax returns are showing a loss. I don’t even know who’s running the place.”

Eve had that little furrow between her eyebrows that she always got when she was deep in thought. “You know, it’s okay to grieve,” she said softly.

Wynn exhaled. “It’s not about that. I’ve been too busy to deal with it. That’s all. Until now. I’m going next week. I have to just get it over with. See what I can sell it for. I’ll probably have to do something to get a decent offer for it, but I’m not putting that much effort in. I’ll see what I can outsource and get done from here. I don’t want to spend too much time out there. It’s a hassle. I just want to move on.”

Wynn didn’t want to talk about this right now. There was a reason she’d been avoiding it for so long. If she had to put a name on it, she’d probably call it guilt, but Wynn could always blame her schedule, because things really had been busy.

“Won’t you miss this?” Wynn asked, nodding towards Manhattan, the city’s lights glistening off the water.

“Yeah, but not as much as I miss Casey right now. I haven’t seen her since I was in Miami. That was a month ago.” Eve shook her head. “But, at least, my apartment’s ready to be rented out. I found someone I trust since I’m leaving most of

my things there. The furniture. The art. A friend of a friend just got a job in the city, so she'll be there for at least a year."

"Leaving your things in case it doesn't work out?" Wynn asked with a smirk.

Eve didn't return her smile. "I know you think I've lost my mind or that I'm having some sort of midlife crisis, but I'm not. And I'm not bringing my things, because I want a fresh start. I'm renting this gorgeous beach house. Not the one I showed you last week. This one is even better. And I'm experimenting with being a minimalist. So, that's why I'm not packing everything up. It has nothing to do with Casey."

"I thought she might be here tonight. Like last year. Although, I suppose, it wouldn't be a coincidence this time." Wynn knew she sounded bitter. Probably because she was. And Eve knew this wasn't about her. Wynn wasn't jealous. It was just the logistics of it all.

Casey was fifteen years younger than Eve. And they hardly knew each other. It just didn't make sense.

"No," Eve said after she'd taken a sip of champagne. "She's juggling two projects right now. She couldn't get away. Plus, I'll be there in a few days."

"So, you're really doing this? You're moving to California. You're giving up your career."

How could she give all of this up? Years spent building up a career, a reputation, and now, she was leaving it all behind. And for what? There was no way Casey was worth losing all that for.

Wynn was far too practical to understand what Eve was thinking right now. That was how she'd ended up putting it out there at this event last year that maybe they should make a pact. If they were both single by the time Wynn was fifty-two, and Eve was fifty, that they should just accept that maybe they would be the best each other would do.

Well, that suggestion had been a complete waste of time. Eve could barely follow Wynn's words. She'd been too distracted, stealing glances at Casey across the rooftop.

Eve sighed. “Wynn, all I can say is that I hope you find someone someday that has you doing crazy things like leave the city behind or retire earlier than you’d planned. And to be fair, if you had told me two or three years ago that you were moving across the country for a woman fifteen years younger than you? I’d be a little bit worried.”

Wynn scoffed. Like that would ever happen.

Eve’s lips slid into a smile. “As cliché as it is, when you know, you know. It’s as simple as that.”

Wynn somehow kept herself from rolling her eyes. She wasn’t at all jealous of this new version of Eve. This rose-tinted glasses, sickeningly happy side of her best friend.

But even though Wynn had only voiced her idea of a pact last year, she’d always thought that was how things would naturally play out. That after yet another short-lived relationship, they’d always have one another to fall back on. And not just in bed. They’d always enjoyed each other’s company, whether that was over a bottle of wine or dinner or at an event like this. But the line would officially be drawn at friends from now on. Nothing more.

Wynn wouldn’t be heartbroken. Not even close. But she would be a little lost. And maybe that was why she’d cleared her schedule as best she could to finally get out to the golf course next weekend.

As much of a pain in the ass as the whole thing would be, it was something Wynn could distract herself with. Something to take her mind off the fact that she was now forty-eight and very much alone outside of her career. Her best friend would no longer be a few blocks away. She’d be three-thousand miles away now.

Most days, Wynn didn’t care. She’d never really been in a serious relationship that lasted more than a year. Usually, she dated someone in her circle. Someone who understood the importance of career and money. A lawyer. A surgeon. A CEO. But even still, things always seemed to fall apart after a while, both women too preoccupied with work to make enough time for one another.

So, another birthday had just gone by. And it hadn't even been spent with Eve. She'd been too busy organizing her move to California.

Wynn bit back a sigh as she finished her champagne, her eyes lingering on Manhattan's towering buildings, the thousands of lights and people across the river suddenly making her feel small and alone, the opposite of the way this city normally made her feel.

She needed a change.

She wasn't exactly sure what that meant, but one thing she knew for sure, was that getting rid of this golf course would be a much-needed distraction.

Chapter Two

LOGAN STEERED the golf cart into her usual parking space beside the clubhouse, the gravel crunching under the tires as she came to a stop. As she climbed out and started to ascend the wooden stairs to the deck that wrapped around the side and rear of the clubhouse, overlooking the course, her steps slowed to take in the yellow and orange foliage in the fading sunlight.

Logan loved this time of year for the welcomed relief from the heat and the thought of lighting a fire or getting to wear a sweater, but there was always a twinge of sadness because it meant the end of the golf season would be here before she knew it. They'd stay open as long as they could, depending on the snow, but usually they made it until Thanksgiving weekend.

She rested her arms on the wooden railing, taking in the views of the start of the course, the first two holes visible from here, the perfectly cut green grass stretching into the distance, surrounded by forest, the green leaves almost all some shade of rust now although the peak fall colors were still a few weeks away.

Logan turned to see a group of four older men coming up the stairs after finishing their round.

"Thanks Logan. See you next weekend," one of them said on their way inside.

"See you then." Logan flashed him a smile, his blue eyes and sandy hair instantly reminding her of Rob.

Logan breathed in that fresh, crisp fall air, blinking back tears that always tried to sneak up on her. Rob had died two years ago now, but it didn't take much to remind her of all the good times they'd had here at the golf course.

One of Logan's earliest memories of coming here was with her grandfather. Logan was probably seven or eight and ready to move beyond hitting golf balls in her grandfather's backyard. Rob had made a big deal about her swing, and how he knew she would great.

It shouldn't have stuck with her all these years but having the owner of the golf course take that extra time and give her that encouragement had given her a confidence boost that it turned out she would need when she struggled through her first few rounds, overwhelmed by the length of the fairways and the tricky slopes of the greens.

A sad smile came to Logan's lips, both men gone now. Both more of father figures to her than her own dad ever was.

That was life though.

It wasn't her fault that her own parents were homophobic, and her grandfather somehow wasn't. And while her grandfather had lived to the age of eighty-one, Rob had died suddenly. A heart-attack. He'd only just turned seventy the week before he died.

Logan's eyes fell on a blue heron in the distance, standing in the middle of the creek that separated the first two holes, his gray-blue figure as still as a statue.

It had been an evening like this when she'd found Rob. She was in the middle of doing her end of the day drive around the course, making sure everything was in order, stopping to rake over a sand trap or removing fallen branches or garbage from the course when she spotted him, sitting on a bench that overlooked the fifth hole, his back to her, but Logan knew it was him. She'd recognized the royal blue of his Giants bomber jacket.

In the fading light, it took her a second to register that he wasn't sitting there to admire the view. His body was actually

tilted slightly to the right, his head lowered.

Logan had jumped out of her golf cart, a cry for help on her lips as soon as she reached him, even though she knew it was too late. There was no response, no pulse.

The rest of the evening had been a blur. The days that followed more of the same. Thankfully, Rob had made a will years ago, outlining his funeral wishes, so no real decisions had to be made in those moments. The golf course and the home he lived in, just a few yards away from the clubhouse, were given to his only child, his daughter, Wynn.

Logan watched the heron gracefully scoop something out of the river. She was too far away to tell what it was.

Anytime she thought of Rob, of the good times that they'd shared here, on the course, or of the cruel way he'd been suddenly taken from them, her thoughts almost always went to Wynn.

The only time Logan had ever seen her was at the funeral, and even then, they hadn't spoken. Wynn had attended the service at the church less than two miles away and left again.

Everyone who had worked with Rob at the golf course had wanted to honor him that evening with a few drinks at the clubhouse, but there had been no sign of Wynn.

She'd only appeared for the funeral with a few moments to spare, and once he'd been buried, she was gone again.

Rob had mentioned her every once in a while, usually when Logan came into the clubhouse and found him standing in front of the wall of framed photographs taken over the years. Wynn was featured in several of them, usually holding a trophy.

Logan's name was etched on all of those trophies that Wynn had held up over the years in those photos. But that was all Logan knew of her. Until she'd had to Google her months ago to try to get a hold of her to come out here and at least give Logan permission to make some changes.

The golf course was struggling, and it wasn't until a few weeks after Rob's death, when she'd assumed some of his

duties, like going over their bills and statements and reviewing the budget for the remainder of the year that she found out how bad it really was.

It didn't make for pleasant reading, and it turned out that Rob wasn't taking a salary. That was the only way that the business had lasted for as long as it had, and Logan had been doing the same ever since. The way she'd made it work was by moving into Rob's empty house. She'd already been living in his converted garage for the year leading up to his death for a ridiculously small amount of rent. She had her part-time hours at the coffee shop to pay the other bills with.

Logan had gone in and cleaned Rob's two-bedroom home about three months after the funeral when there was no sign that Wynn was coming back to take care of any of it. Once she'd boxed up his belongings and had the house clean again, she ended up moving in. If she was this close to the golf course, she could work a few extra hours and always be close by if something came up. Plus, she couldn't bear to see his house waste away. Because, once again, there was no sign of Wynn doing anything about it.

Logan had managed to cut back in a few places without letting any of the staff go, but it was all so frustrating because she knew she shouldn't be doing any of this. She didn't have the authority. But who else was going to do it?

And that was when Logan had started calling Wynn's office in New York. She was such a big shot in the real estate industry that she was impossible to reach. Her secretary always answered Logan's calls, and no matter how urgent Logan said the situation was, Wynn never called.

Logan couldn't understand. She just couldn't understand Wynn's absence. Not just now, when it came to her family's business, but in all the years leading up to Rob's death.

Logan had been here. She'd come as a kid with her grandfather. She'd come with her high school's golf team. She worked here during the summers, and when she graduated and wasn't sure what she wanted to do with her life, she started working more hours.

Her dream of being a golf pro was slipping away, and she realized that there were other ways to be involved. She could work at a golf course. She could give lessons. She certainly had the credentials for it. She'd won just about every youth tournament growing up.

But during all of that time, Logan had never seen Wynn. Not once.

Rob never spoke of any arguments. Anything about Wynn was always said in a positive tone, usually reminiscing about her as a teenager, when she'd been here either golfing or helping out.

But something must have happened, right?

Logan couldn't imagine how Wynn could have stayed away for so long. Her father was an incredible man. Logan would have been lost without him. So, why had Wynn barely spent any time with him over the years? It drove Logan nuts. What she wouldn't do to have had a father like Rob. And Wynn didn't seem to care about him.

Okay, maybe she'd called over the years. Logan had no way of knowing whether she had, but she was only in New York City. Just about an hour's drive away. It's not like she moved to the other side of the country.

So, not only was Logan frustrated with her current situation, and the lack of help from Rob's daughter, Logan was at a complete loss for how Wynn had been so absent from her father's life. Wynn had no way of knowing that he would die so suddenly, but surely Rob had missed her all those years.

Logan could tell by his tone. She'd even had to check to make sure that Wynn hadn't died when Logan was a kid and maybe she didn't remember it, because sometimes there was this air of somberness when Rob talked about Wynn. But no, she hadn't died.

From what Logan could see, Wynn had been selling real estate in New York City for the last twenty-five years.

Logan didn't even know what she'd say to Wynn when she finally got a hold of her. She wanted to give that woman a

piece of her mind. But she also wanted to run this golf course. Officially. So, some restraint would have to be shown.

Logan chuckled to herself as she went into the clubhouse. The chances of her ever seeing Wynn again were so slim. A year of phone calls hadn't done it. Logan was even tempted to go into the city and knock on her office door, but even the thought of it had her anger levels rising.

Rob had built this golf course up from nothing almost fifty years ago, and Wynn could care less about it.

At the very least, Logan wanted to see Rob's legacy live on.

Chapter Three

WYNN SPENT most of the drive out to her hometown in New Jersey on the phone. It wasn't a stressful phone call. Just a happy client thanking her for finding him his dream apartment. But it wasn't until she'd hung up, just a few minutes away from where she grew up that she started to take in the Halloween decorations and the pumpkin fields. Somewhere along the way, the highways had been replaced by winding country roads flanked by forests, the foliage further along here than it had been in Central Park last weekend.

Wynn steered the white Audi A5 Sportback she'd rented off the main road and down a much quieter one, passing fields dotted with horses, another with thousands of golden sunflowers stretching as far as she could see.

She tried to remember the last time she left the city for a few days. It must have been for her father's funeral.

And before that? Wynn had no idea.

Eve was always trying to get her to go to that conference in Miami every year, but Wynn didn't take weekends off. And if she didn't have time for a real estate conference, she definitely didn't have time for drives out into the country or weekends away in the Poconos. Wynn didn't need to escape Manhattan like so many others living in the city seemed to. She loved it.

Wynn followed the bend in the road, doing her best to ignore the tightness in her chest when she saw the wood sign

for the golf course, the green lettering easy to read against the dark wood. *Coleman's Green Golf Course*.

The lights came on in her car automatically as she went through the darkest part of the narrow road, where the trees created a canopy, almost a tunnel effect, and when she emerged, there was the modest home she'd grown up in on her right, the white siding and maroon shutters still the same, the golf course and clubhouse just a few yards beyond it.

"Huh." Wynn didn't spend too long looking at the house. There was a car behind her, and all of the spaces in front of the golf course were full. There were even a few cars parked along the road beyond the first tee, and one in the driveway of her old home.

If the course was this busy on a Saturday afternoon, why wasn't it making any money?

She pulled up behind the old black Corolla parked in front of the home she'd grown up in. She pushed her shades up onto her head once she was out of the car. She took her red winter coat down from where it was hanging in the backseat and slid her arms into it, the cold hitting her once she'd left the warmth of the car.

She lifted her blond curls out from under the coat and buttoned it up before finding her set of house keys in her purse and locking the car behind her as she followed the stone path that led to the front porch.

Wynn noted that the grass surrounding the house was cut. Some of the grounds crew must have taken care of that. She frowned at the four pumpkins, one sitting on each wooden step as she made her way up to the front door. Must be someone working at the clubhouse that did that. Maybe they had a few left over.

Wynn turned her key in the door, half afraid to enter, knowing that her avoidance of this day had probably led to some very unpleasant smells. Had someone come and cleaned out the fridge? Emptied the trash? Gotten rid of any dirty laundry?

Wynn had intended to send a cleaner out in the weeks following the funeral, but things had gotten so busy that she'd completely forgotten about it until now. She should have thought of that last week, and then maybe she could have gotten someone out here before she'd arrived.

Oh well. She was here now. But as Wynn took a careful step inside, she was met with a pleasant smell. Something citrusy. Lemon. A refreshingly clean scent, and once she was inside, she found the living room spotless. The cream carpets. The pine table inside the door. The TV. They were all free of dust.

The cleaners that took care of the clubhouse must come over here too. That was the only explanation.

Wynn had been about to wander into the kitchen when she heard a rustling coming from the hallway that led to the bathroom and the two bedrooms.

She stopped in her tracks.

Could a house this clean have rats?

Wynn sucked in a breath, running her slightly sweaty palms over her dark wash jeans. Apparently, even thirty years of living in the city hadn't been enough to quell her fear of rodents.

She still hadn't moved from where she was standing beside the couch. She hadn't heard the sound again. Maybe she'd imagined it.

Nope. That was definitely a scratching noise. "Fuck," Wynn muttered to herself. They were probably living in the walls, the basement. Who knew how bad the house was infested? This could set her timeline back a few weeks. She'd have to call an exterminator.

Wynn debated exploring her old house any further. It looked entirely different now. Light gray instead of cream walls. The carpet was new. New to her anyway. Surprisingly, she spotted a framed photo of her holding up a trophy on the wall beside her. She was twelve or thirteen. It was still hard for her to separate all those good times when she'd been a kid to

how her relationship with her father had all but ended years ago.

Before she could think any more about that, the bathroom door swung open, and Wynn's hand flew up to her chest, her breath leaving her lungs, her pulse pounding in her ears.

She didn't have a chance to wonder if the house was haunted, because a young woman with dark wet hair came out of the bathroom, her eyes wide when she spotted Wynn, a towel wrapped around her body.

"Jesus Christ!" the woman gasped, almost falling back into the bathroom.

Wynn was too shocked to say anything. She just stared.

"Fuck," the woman exhaled. "Sorry. Wynn. Shit. I've been trying to get a hold of you for months, but I didn't think you'd just show up."

Wynn's heart still raced, but she managed to lift an eyebrow at that comment. Who was this woman and who exactly did she think she was talking to her like that?

Wynn cleared her throat. "I'll let you get dressed, and then you can explain to me what you're doing in this house."

The woman looked like she was about to say something, but perhaps thought better of it, simply giving Wynn a nod before disappearing into the guest bedroom.

Wynn paced the living room while she waited, eventually moving into the kitchen to find food in the cabinets and the fridge, the dishwasher full of clean dishes.

So, this woman was actually living here. She vaguely remembered her childhood best friend, Amy, pointing out a young woman at the funeral and saying that she'd been living in the converted garage. That she worked with Wynn's father, and that was why she was so upset. Wynn couldn't remember her name.

Had this woman just decided to move in now that the house was empty?

Wynn strode back into the living room, hoping that her temper didn't get the better of her. Yes, it was a bold move, but at least she was paying rent. That would be something. She could sell the house along with the golf course and be able to say that the tenant had been paying... Wynn actually had no idea what the going rate for a house out here in the middle of nowhere was.

She'd soon find out.

Chapter Four

LOGAN TOWEL DRIED her hair before pulling it up into a messy bun, her heart rate still not back to normal. She swallowed as she double checked her reflection in the tall mirror hanging on the back of the door.

She'd gone with light blue jeans and a black polo with the golf course's name embroidered below her right shoulder. She took a deep breath and went out there, reminding herself to be civil.

Wynn had certainly taken her time to get here. But she was here. That was the important thing.

Logan could finally figure out how they were going to move forward. She should be able to convince Wynn to let her keep going as manager, to not hire someone else, but she'd see how the conversation unfolded.

Before Logan could say anything, Wynn spoke from where she was standing in front of the fireplace, her arms folded across her chest. The red winter coat she'd been wearing earlier now hanging on the coat rack inside the door.

“So, how much are you paying?” Wynn asked. She wore a long-sleeved white top that hugged her slim figure, her blond curls tumbling across her shoulders.

Logan remembered watching her at the funeral, trying to figure out how Logan was the one bawling her eyes out while Wynn's hadn't even looked watery. In those moments, Logan had failed to register just how attractive she was.

Logan was used to seeing photos of Wynn from when she was a teenager. Logan had googled her about a year ago, but she'd been so angry then, aggressively clicking her mouse on Wynn's LinkedIn profile to get her number, that once again, she'd missed it.

Now, Logan struggled to focus on what Wynn was saying. She resembled Rob, but she didn't necessarily look like him. Her hair was more of a golden blond while his had been sandy. Their eyes were the same shade of blue, although Logan would have described Rob's as sparkling, and looking at Wynn now, the only word that came to mind was icy.

"Well?" Wynn asked with a sigh.

"What?" Logan couldn't even remember what Wynn had asked.

"How much are you paying?"

"For what?" Logan was pretty sure that Wynn hadn't even mentioned the golf course yet, so what was she referring to? Which expense?

Wynn pinched her lips together. "Rent."

Logan blinked. "Oh uh. Well, when I was living in the garage, it was only a small, token payment." She was rambling, but the question had completely caught her off guard. "It wasn't really..."

Wynn's arms were still folded across her chest, her fingers tapping her bicep through her top. "So, what you're telling me is..." She sighed. "You're a squatter."

"What?" Logan shook her head. "No. Not at all. It's not like that."

"Oh, I'm sorry." Wynn's hands were on her hips now. "You're not living here, in my dead father's home for free? Is that what you're telling me?"

Logan could feel the heat coming to her cheeks. How had she lost control of this conversation already?

Wynn took her silence for an admission of guilt. "I could press charges."

“What?” Logan couldn’t stop her voice from rising. She clenched her jaw. “First of all, I don’t have a landlord right now, because they’ve chosen to be absent for almost two years now,” she spat. “And second of all—”

“I didn’t give you permission to live here, but go on,” Wynn said with a flick of her wrist, her rose gold watch catching in the afternoon light that streamed through the windows.

Logan swallowed. “Second of all,” she said, taking a moment to gather her thoughts since Wynn was actually giving her a chance to speak. “I did leave this house empty for a few weeks. Waiting for you to show up. But when you didn’t, I came in and cleaned. I packed up Rob’s clothes and personal belongings and boxed them up. They’re all in the attic.”

“How kind of you.” Wynn’s voiced dripped of sarcasm.

Logan wasn’t going to keep going, but she hated the way Wynn was approaching this whole thing. She was treating Logan like a trespasser, like someone who never even knew her father. “And third of all, I’m barely keeping this golf course afloat, so I’m living this close because I work long hours. I’m the first one here, and I’m the last one to leave, okay?”

“Well, that won’t be an issue for much longer.” Wynn broke their eye contact to pick a piece of lint off her sleeve.

Logan’s heart sped up, not entirely sure how to interpret those words. Was she hiring a more qualified manager? “Why’s that?”

“I would hope to have both the business and this property sold by the start of the next season.”

Logan’s hearing went, her ears doing that weird buzzing thing. She couldn’t have heard Wynn correctly. “You’re selling?” Logan managed to choke out.

“Hm.” Wynn went over to the door, taking her coat down from the rack, effectively ending their conversation.

“You’re selling the family business? And the house you grew up in?”

“Not that it’s any of your business,” Wynn said as calmly as if she was telling Logan the time, “But yes, I am.”

“But you can’t.” Logan couldn’t filter her words any longer.

“Excuse me?”

“Why didn’t you offer to help?” Logan swallowed the lump in her throat, a memory of Rob coming to her almost five years ago, telling her that he didn’t think they’d be able to open again next season. “I looked you up. More than one-hundred million dollars in sales for the last five years, and you won’t even help your own father?”

Wynn’s eyes narrowed. “Are you finished?”

Logan’s mouth fell open, and she snapped it shut, almost afraid to say anything more.

“I did offer,” Wynn said as she slid on her coat. “Several times over the years. Despite everything. But he was too proud.”

Logan felt the oxygen leave her lungs. Wynn pulled open the door, the chilly air slipping in, and then she was gone, without another word, and somehow, after all that, Logan was the one who felt like a complete asshole.

Chapter Five

WYNN DIDN'T SLAM the door behind her. As much as she wanted to. Instead, she made the familiar walk to the clubhouse, climbing the steps to the deck, her eyes moving across the fairways to the greens in the distance, the white bunkers flanking them, the oranges and yellows of the trees that stretched as far as she could see.

She inhaled the scent of freshly cut grass. That smell would always remind her of being out there, on the course, her club gently brushing over the slightly taller grass of the roughs as she took a practice swing or bending down to eye up a putt, studying the curves of the green.

It was like she'd lived two separate lives. The first eighteen years of her life, this was all she knew. Golf was her life, and it was assumed by her father, and just about anyone else who had ever seen her play, that she would go pro.

Looking back, Wynn still didn't know when or if she should have done things differently. Falling in love with her golf instructor who happened to be fourteen years older than her was controversial enough. She was eighteen, and she'd just graduated high school, so she was foolish enough to think that it was okay, that it would all work out, but in those few weeks she'd spent with Valerie, everything she'd been building towards fell apart.

The fact that Valerie was a woman was just too much for both her small town and her father to handle.

But Wynn rarely thought about that time in her life. Yes, things could and should have gone differently. Her father shouldn't have thrown her out of the house. She shouldn't have been the subject of local gossip.

Thirty years ago. So much progress had been made since then. Now, being back here, memories of an eagle on the third hole or of that unbelievable thirty foot put she'd made on the eighteenth to clinch a victory so easy to conjure up, Wynn was certain that things would have turned out differently if they'd unfolded exactly the same way now, thirty years later.

Wynn was happy enough with her life now though. She occasionally played golf, but only in a business setting, when she knew there was the potential to land a new client. And that relentless hard work she'd put in for all those years as a teenager on the golf course transferred to learning everything she could about real estate and sales. It hadn't taken her long to stand out among the hundreds of young men and women trying to gain a foothold in a very saturated market.

And she would use those skills and all her years of experience to get the best possible price for this golf course.

Wynn took one last look out across the first two holes, watching a young girl and perhaps her father standing on the green, both taking turns to squat down and analyze the putt. She tore her eyes away, not willing to go there, to remember the good times that she'd had here before it had all gone so wrong.

She went into the clubhouse, the young man behind the desk talking to an older couple about to start their round. Her eyes were drawn to the wall of photos, and it didn't take long to find a photo of herself, holding up one of the dozens of trophies she'd won.

The voices behind her faded as the older couple left, and it sounded like the man working here was going to help them choose the right set of clubs to rent. Wynn's eyes moved across the photos and landed on the trophy case in the middle of the wall, her name etched on so many of them.

“Hey.”

Wynn turned to see the woman she'd found in her father's house. Her hands were shoved in the pockets of her jeans as she leaned back against the counter, her chestnut brown hair dry now, tumbling across her shoulders in loose waves. Wynn didn't know what to make of her. If she hadn't that foggy memory of this young woman practically sobbing at her father's funeral, she'd have already called the cops.

"Look," the woman said softly, her eyes reluctantly finding Wynn's. "I'm sorry about before. I feel like we've gotten off on the wrong foot here."

"What's your name?"

"Logan. Fields." She cleared her throat. "I want to apologize for what I said earlier. For the way I reacted when you said you were selling. It's just that I've been coming here for years. Since I was a kid. Both to play and to work. And I had a lot of respect for your dad, so... I guess, my gut reaction was just of shock. I know it's none of my business, and that it's yours to sell, but I'd love to walk you through the current situation here. See if we can come up with some kind of a compromise."

The door opened behind Logan, and the young man took his spot behind the desk again. "Hey, Logan."

"Hi." Logan motioned towards her. "Brian, this is Wynn, Rob's daughter."

His eyes went wide for a second before he spoke. "Hi. I'm sorry about your dad. He was a really great guy."

Wynn's gaze moved between the two of them. It was strange hearing someone say something like that. All of those sentiments had been said during the days leading up to and after the funeral. She hadn't heard anything like that in the two years since. "Thanks," she said, more to be polite than anything else, when really, she would've loved to have let all these people know what an asshole he actually was.

Logan cleared her throat. "Do you want to go back to the house and talk?"

Just because Wynn had cleared her schedule this weekend, didn't mean she was staying. She just wanted to see what she was working with, and she had every intention of getting back to the city this evening.

"Does Bean Central still exist?" Wynn countered.

Logan hesitated before she answered. "Yeah."

"Why don't we go there? Grab a cup of coffee?" Wynn doubted that anything Logan would say could dissuade her, but she'd prefer to be somewhere far less... Personal. Although, Wynn would probably see Amy there. If she was still running the place.

"Yeah. Okay."

Wynn wasn't sure what was going on with Logan. She seemed a little jittery all of a sudden. Maybe it was her nerves and the idea of trying to persuade Wynn in one conversation that she had just a few minutes to prepare for?

Wynn slid her shades back on as they left the clubhouse, descending the stairs. "Do you want a ride?" she asked, even though she'd prefer to keep going back to the city after.

"Uh, no." Logan fished her keys out of her pocket and moved towards the black Corolla. "No, it's fine. Thanks though."

Once again Wynn wasn't entirely sure what to make of Logan and got in her rental car, pulling out first since she'd blocked Logan in, making the five-minute drive to Bean Central, following the familiar winding roads littered with fallen mustard yellow leaves, refusing to feel bad about wanting to sell.

Chapter Six

LOGAN PARKED beside Wynn's fancy sports car, the white paint spotless, wishing she'd countered Wynn's suggestion to come here. Logan wondered if Wynn felt like she had to have a discussion like this in a public place so that things didn't end up like they had earlier, with snappy accusations and tempers flaring.

But why did she have to choose Bean Central? Logan could have thrown out the idea of having dinner together. There were two or three restaurants within a half hour's drive that would have been fine, but the whole thing was just so weird.

Logan wanted to impress upon Wynn how much this golf course meant to people around here, to all the locals who worked there, to all the customers who had been coming there year in and year out for decades.

If Wynn sold, who knew what would become of it? The new owners could jack up the prices and drive away their loyal customers. And while the clubhouse was far from modern, it didn't need to be knocked down and rebuilt, which could very easily be something a new owner would do if they were trying to attract a more upscale clientele.

Logan was already feeling like she was three cups of coffee in as she climbed the steps up to the glass door, her hand shaking ever so slightly as she pulled it open, even though she'd only had time for one cup this morning. She

needed to get her shit together and figure out what way she was going to approach this.

Logan's eyes swept across the dozen or so wooden tables, going back over them again when she didn't see Wynn. Her eyes landed on Amy instead.

"Hey," Amy said, her black hair pulled back in a ponytail, lines fanning the corner of her eyes as she smiled. "Not like you to come in on your day off. Or did word make it down to the clubhouse that I made my signature iced pumpkin cookies?"

"The first batch?" Logan asked. "And you didn't let me do a health and safety check first?"

"Yes. And the health and safety was done my daughter who was only happy to take over your very important duties."

"Did you at least leave me some cookie dough?"

Amy laughed. "Afraid not." She glanced behind her to see that everything was under control behind the counter. "So, really, what are you doing here on a Saturday? Isn't this the busiest day of the week at the golf course?"

"Yeah," Logan said, her gaze drifting out the windows to Wynn's car. And that's where she was, gesticulating as she spoke on the phone from the driver's seat. Their eyes caught before Logan could look away. "So, Wynn showed up. Out of the blue."

"Really?"

Logan knew that Amy and Wynn had been friends growing up. She'd only discovered that when she'd hung up her phone with a loud sigh one morning after yet another reassurance from Wynn's secretary that she would pass the message to her boss. Amy had said that she'd help if she could, but they'd lost touch over the years, only speaking briefly at the funeral. Logan got the impression that it was a bit of a sore spot for Amy. Something about Wynn being too good for their small town.

"Yeah." Logan exhaled. "She'll be coming in any minute. We're having some kind of a meeting, I guess. I don't know."

She wants to sell.” Logan still couldn’t believe this was happening.

Amy frowned. “You mean the house?”

“And the course.”

“What?” Amy hissed.

Logan shrugged. “I don’t know. I’m going to do my best to see if I can change her mind. This all just happened within the last hour. She let herself into the house. I was coming out of the shower, and well, thankfully, I had a towel on.”

“Shit. So, she knows you’re living there.”

“Yeah, that didn’t go over well. Especially the rent-free part.”

Amy rested her hand on Logan’s arm. “You have to explain the whole story though. That you’re running the business. That Rob hadn’t been paying himself. Look, don’t worry about the house. If she really is selling, you can stay with us until you get back on your feet.”

“Thank you,” Logan said, a hint of a smile coming to her lips. It was a generous offer that was not in the least bit surprising coming from Amy, but Logan hated that she was still on such unsteady footing at the age of thirty.

If she could just have a shot at managing the golf course for a year or two, then she’d know what she was doing. She’d know if this was something she was good at. Right now, she felt like her hands were tied. She couldn’t make any real decisions when it wasn’t her job to. Wynn was the one in control even if she wasn’t acknowledging her responsibilities.

The door swung open, and Logan’s body was not on the same page as her mind, her breath stalling as Wynn breezed through the door, the confidence dripping off her. Was it the perfectly tailored clothing or the designer shades? Maybe it was the thousands of dollars of jewelry she wore, from the very glitzy watch to the diamond studs and matching necklace.

Logan didn’t know what it was, but Wynn was breathtaking, and she fucking knew it. That should have made

Logan even angrier, but she had to respect it, and find a way to match it. Logan knew this business, and she'd had months to dream up new ideas and ways to turn things around.

She just had to convince Wynn to give her a chance.

Chapter Seven

WYNN SAT BACK in her chair and sipped her coffee, relieved that Amy had been too busy attending to the three people who came in after her to say more than a quick hello.

A part of her was glad to see that Amy's business was still thriving in such a small area, although Bean Central was just off the main road, and everyone coming and going from the golf course would see it. But there was another part of her that was so proud of herself for leaving. For avoiding a similar fate.

Despite everything that had happened, Wynn could have carried on with her life out here, in the sticks, maybe in the next town over. She wouldn't have ended up marrying her high school sweetheart and having two kids like Amy had, but Wynn still could have been friends with her, and maybe even have been a local real estate agent.

And it wasn't even about the money. It was so much more than that. Wynn had met so many different kinds of people from all walks of life. She'd been able to put the French she'd studied in high school to good use probably a dozen times in her career when she'd managed to speak to a potential buyer in their own language rather than converse in broken English with one of Wynn's competitors.

Wynn was proud of the way she'd reinvented herself, moving to the city. At this point, she'd actually spent many more years in Manhattan than she had out here. This quiet,

rural life was so far from her currently reality, and she had zero regrets.

“So,” Wynn said, meeting Logan’s eyes as she took a seat across from her with some kind of a seasonal drink, the scent of pumpkin spice drifting across the table from the steaming mug. “What are we talking about?”

Logan lifted her eyebrows. “Well, I know it’s none of my business, but why? Why are you selling?”

“You’re right. It isn’t.” Wynn tilted her head, surprised that this young woman would even ask her that. “I don’t have time for any of this, and I want to move on. I was just on the phone to a client who isn’t happy that her apartment still hasn’t sold.”

“Oh.”

“It’s been a week,” Wynn said with an exasperated sigh. Some people had unrealistic expectations. “I should be showing that apartment right now. But I’m not. I’m here.”

“Okay, well...” Logan ran a hand through her brown wavy hair. “I think that’s where we could work together.”

“You want to buy it?”

Logan’s deer in the headlights stare told her that was definitely not an option.

Wynn took a sip of coffee. “So, I don’t see how you can fix my problem.”

“I want to run the golf course.”

“And continue to live rent free?” Wynn asked, unable to resist another dig.

Logan’s face fell. “I really want to get the point across that I’m not some kind of a grifter. I insisted that I wasn’t paying enough when I was staying in the converted garage. I didn’t take advantage, okay? Your dad was just really generous.”

“Right, so you want to run the golf course,” Wynn said. “And who has been doing that job for the last two years?”

“Me.” Logan’s gaze never left Wynn’s.

“Uh huh. Okay.” She pursed her lips. “So, you want to continue running the business into the ground then?”

Logan’s jaw actually dropped. “Are you being serious?”

“Deadly. My accountant tells me that the business isn’t even turning a profit. How is that? I saw all the cars parked outside today. Please. Tell me how you are managing that feat.”

Logan ran a hand over her face as she sat back in her chair, looking absolutely drained, but also like she could throw that coffee right at her.

Was Wynn enjoying this perhaps a little too much? Seeing Logan squirm beneath her gaze? Probably. But she had to find pleasure in the little things lately, and this happened to be one of them.

Logan was actually a very attractive woman. Too young but still, attractive all the same. Looking at her now, there was this fire in her eyes, a rosiness to her cheeks, her hair slightly disheveled after she’d pushed a frustrated hand through it.

And it was nice having someone check her out who wasn’t a middle-aged man. Wynn hadn’t missed the way Logan’s eyes had swept over her when she’d entered the coffee shop, and she trusted her gaydar.

Not that it mattered in the slightest, but Wynn knew what that look had been about. Logan hadn’t been admiring her impeccable fashion sense. She’d been blatantly checking her out, and Wynn could admit that it felt good.

“Okay,” Logan said with a sharp intake of breath. “Your dad wasn’t taking a salary for the last few years. And I’d like to apologize for earlier, when I suggested that you didn’t offer to help. That was out of line. But now that I’m the one in his position, I’m also not taking a salary.”

“Why?” Wynn asked, shaking her head at the foolishness of it all.

“Because if he did, he would’ve had to let people go. Good people. Even with that, a few of the staff had to switch to part-time hours.”

“So where is all the money going?”

“Green fees should have increased, probably five or six years ago. Maybe even earlier. But Rob didn’t want to upset any of his loyal customers. You know, a lot of them are retired. And slowly, over time, expenses started increasing. A few repairs were needed. The roof on the clubhouse had a leak. Five or six golf carts died with a month or two, and Rob replaced them. He didn’t want people to feel like they had to get there early to snag one. Little things. But they all added up when the revenue didn’t increase at the same rate.”

“This was all when my father was in charge.” Wynn drummed her short burgundy nails against her mug. “What about the last two years?”

“That’s the thing.” Logan said, her jaw set. “I couldn’t do anything. I wasn’t technically the manager. I didn’t want to overstep.”

Wynn waited for her to say something more. “That’s it? That’s your excuse.”

Logan’s cheeks flushed. “I tried to get in touch with you.”

“Really.” Wynn had her doubts. Logan was coming across as pretty desperate.

“Yes! I could never get past your secretary.”

“What’s her name?”

“Jenny. Did you really think I was bluffing?” Logan gaped.

“I don’t know what to think. This whole situation is an inconvenience, which is why I’m already tired of it.”

“Give me a year.”

Wynn brought her hands together on the table in front of her, her fingers clasped, pausing dramatically as if she was very seriously considering this.

Logan kept going. “I’ve been working here full-time for more than twelve years. I know this course like the back of my hand. And I have ideas. I know the easy tweaks. The changes that would return the most money.”

“I assume you’d need an investment of sorts... To test out those ideas.”

“Well. Yes.” Logan stumbled over her words. “I can submit a formal business plan if you want.”

Wynn waved her off. “No. That won’t be necessary.”

“So, that’s it? You’re really selling?” Logan asked after a moment, probably sensing defeat.

“Yes. I’ll be back tomorrow with a colleague of mine to do an evaluation. He has experience with golf courses. Monday or Tuesday, I’ll send out a photographer, and by this time next week, the listing will be live.”

Logan looked away, her eyes on something outside, although Wynn could have sworn she was blinking back tears.

Wynn finished her coffee. Maybe she shouldn’t have bothered meeting Logan like this when she knew she wouldn’t be persuaded.

She pushed her chair back and stood up, reaching for her coat draped across the back of the chair. She slid her arms into it, and Logan looked up at her with a vacant expression, like she was having trouble processing this news.

Logan cleared her throat. “I’ll see you tomorrow, I guess.”

“Oh, and one more thing.”

“Yeah?”

Wynn busied herself with buttoning up her coat, hating to see the glimmer of hope in Logan’s eyes. “I’m going to need you to vacate the property.”

“What?” Logan’s eyes went wide.

“It’ll be hard enough selling that house as it is. Trying to do it with someone living there is just too much of a hassle.”

“By when?”

“One week. Next Saturday the listing will be live, and I’ll hopefully have a few potential buyers lined up to show them around.”

Logan covered her mouth with her hand, and Wynn briefly wondered if she was going to get sick. She'd gone awfully pale.

Wynn slung her bag over her shoulder and left without another word, because there was nothing else to say.

Chapter Eight

WHEN WYNN APPEARED at the clubhouse the next day, Logan didn't know what to say to her. Even though Logan had tossed and turned all night, unable to sleep knowing that she'd have nowhere to live in just a few days and very little savings to do anything about that, she still found her tired eyes lingering on Wynn's glossy blond hair.

Wynn's black pencil skirt and white blouse temporarily short-circuited Logan's brain until she remembered that she hated this woman.

Wynn introduced her to the man with her. Derek. He looked about Wynn's age, late-forties, early-fifties, with short salt and pepper hair, a black leather portfolio tucked under his arm.

Logan didn't offer to show them around or provide any information. She just said hello and thankfully, a group of four women came in to pay for their round and rent two golf carts.

Logan found herself alternating between anger and despair. She wanted to do something. To change this situation. To prevent the golf course from being sold. But it wasn't her place. Maybe she could have approached yesterday's coffee meeting with more of a plan, but it had all happened so quickly.

But then again, Logan had the last two years to think about this. She'd been hoping to talk to Wynn and when she finally got her chance, she blew it. She let her emotions get the better of her. She had no concrete numbers to give Wynn. No

forecasts for how quickly she could turn the business around with just a small investment in the right things.

Logan shook her head and exhaled, staring out the window, her eyes landing on Wynn and Derek standing on the deck, looking out at the golf course.

It had been a complete fuck up.

And now she'd have to deal with the consequences of it. Including finding somewhere to live. She'd more than likely have to take Amy up on her offer in the short-term, but she didn't want to take advantage of Amy's generosity.

Logan told Amy what had happened, because apparently Logan didn't have a poker face. She should have known that about herself, but as much as she wanted to avoid worrying Amy, she'd told her. Wynn was selling. Fast.

Amy hadn't been impressed. Her nephew worked here on weekends. A lot of people could be without a job in the coming weeks. Logan couldn't see someone coming in and taking over who wouldn't either let staff go or bring their own people in. It wouldn't be good news for a lot of locals if this golf course was sold. That much Logan knew.

Last night, when she couldn't sleep, Logan found herself doing a little internet stalking. She didn't even know what she was looking for. She was hardly going to find the reason Wynn couldn't wait to sell this place on her LinkedIn profile or on Instagram, but Logan found herself scrolling through Wynn's profiles anyway.

Logan's breath had caught in her throat when she came across a photo from a Pride event that was posted and captioned by a media company. Celebrity broker Wynn Coleman and her girlfriend, another top real estate agent in the city, Eve Fosatti.

Logan sat up in bed, the covers falling away, even more awake than she already was. Wynn was into women?

Logan laughed out loud in the darkness. At least her gaydar was still functioning. Too bad Wynn was probably the most unlikeable woman Logan had ever met.

Not once had that woman shown any empathy, any concern about the domino effect her decision would have on this small town.

With Wynn's back to her now, Logan's gaze lingered on her curves, on the way that pencil skirt showed off her figure.

Logan watched the two of them leave the deck, along with any hope that she might have had that yesterday had been some kind of a dream. More like a nightmare. And that today, Wynn might have arrived with an apology on her lips, a pause on her plans to sell, but no. Things were moving along with blazing efficiency.

Tomorrow the photographer would be here, and Logan knew there was nothing she could do to stop any of it.

Chapter Nine

WYNN PULLED into the nearly empty parking lot outside Bean Central, hoping to grab a coffee for the journey back, and she'd made it with only five minutes to spare. The rain had started coming down when she'd left the golf course, and now it was bouncing off the sidewalk as she ducked inside.

Wynn was the only one there, and she spotted Amy's black ponytail from behind the counter, her back to her as she took some milk out of the fridge.

"Hey, Amy. Can I just get a coffee to go please?"

Amy whipped around, although she shouldn't have been startled. Surely, she heard Wynn coming in.

"Unless you've finished for the day," Wynn added. "Then I'll let you get back to it."

"What happened to you, Wynn?" Amy asked, her hands on her waist.

Wynn stared at her once best friend. "Excuse me?"

"You never said what changed. One minute, you were ready to go pro, the next, you were packing your bags and heading for the city."

Wynn blinked, completely taken aback. But Amy had been her best friend all throughout Wynn's childhood, so she found the truth slipping out. "You knew about Valerie."

"Yeah. I mean, I figured you two were involved, but what does that..."

“Then you remember all the gossip. The scandal of it all,” Wynn said as her eyes fluttered closed for a second. When she opened them, Amy was looking back at her, waiting for her to continue. “So, I had to start over.”

“You’re leaving a lot out.”

Wynn shook her head. “It’s ancient history now.”

“Alright, what about what’s going on now? Why are you selling, Wynn? I know you couldn’t wait to get out of here back then, but now? Just let Logan take over. That business is the heart of this community, and I don’t trust an outsider coming in and understanding that.”

“It’s just business. And golf courses aren’t my kind of business.”

Amy frowned. “Come on. Can you at least admit that you’re being a little bit dramatic?”

Wynn pursed her lips. “I’d love to know why everyone thinks they’re entitled to tell me what to do with my father’s house and the golf course. Why? Because I’m the owner of both of them. And I’ll decide what to do with them.”

Amy sighed. “I wish you would take a step back. No one’s seen you for years and then you’re back and you’re selling? Just like that?”

Wynn drew a sharp breath, biting back an angrier response. “Why is that so hard for everyone to believe?”

“Because it doesn’t make sense,” Amy answered with a shrug. “I don’t know what happened between you and Rob, but is there any way you could put that aside and look at this with fresh eyes? A lot of people spend their weekends on that course. You employ probably a dozen high school students part time. You’ve got some grounds crew that have been there since you were around. Why pull the rug out from under all of them? It’s not like you need the money.”

Wynn laughed out loud. “Why does my success always get thrown back in my face?”

Amy held her hands up as if surrendering. “I’m sorry, Wynn.” She took a deep breath. “That was uncalled for. It’s none of my business.”

Wynn closed her eyes for a second as she took a deep breath. There was no point getting into a fight with Amy. “You’re right that it’s none of your business.”

“You know Logan’s going to stay with me for a while. Until she finds somewhere to rent.”

Wynn arched an eyebrow. “Am I supposed to feel bad?”

Amy’s lips tugged into a smile. “That’s the usual response to a statement like that. Yes. You’re effectively making her homeless Wynn.”

“But she’s made a lot of assumptions by just moving in like that.”

“You should spend some time with her. Before you make a final decision. Seriously, Wynn. She’s smart. She’s done a lot with the course. As much as she could, given the situation. I think it’s worth giving her a shot.”

“You’re friends?”

Amy nodded. “I’d like to think so. Well,” she laughed softly. “There were some tense times when I thought she was secretly sneaking around with my daughter, but that was my fault for jumping to conclusions.”

Wynn’s breath caught in her throat. “Really?” she managed to say.

“Turns out my daughter isn’t gay, and Logan was just looking out for her with a personal thing that she wasn’t ready to talk to me about. Anyway, to answer your question. We’re friends. And she works here when she can. Mostly, when I’m short-staffed. She manages to juggle the two jobs without compromising on either of them.”

Wynn found herself nodding slowly because she didn’t know what to make of any of that.

“Sorry,” Amy said with a wave of her hand. “A coffee to go?”

“Please.”

“It’s on the house.” Amy’s eyes flickered over the coffee machine to meet Wynn’s when she heard her opening her bag. “I am sorry that I’m butting in and trying to influence you. It’s your property. Your decision to make. It’ll just be strange for something that has been such a constant in this area to change. I mean, it did when Rob died, but Logan really has done a wonderful job keeping his memory alive. She runs a charity event every year. Well, this will be the second year. Just a one-day tournament. Halloween weekend. It’s more of a family day out really than a serious competition, but it’s a nice gesture.”

“Thanks,” Wynn said when Amy finished making the coffee.

“You should come. If you haven’t sold it by then. Two weeks would be fast though. But then again, you are Wynn Coleman. Celebrity broker.”

“I did one season of a reality show and now I’m stuck with that label.” Wynn couldn’t stop herself from smiling, briefly remembering why they’d been such good friends for so many years.

“You’re driving to the city now?”

Wynn nodded. “Busy week ahead.”

“Be careful. It’s going to rain like that all evening.”

“I’ll take my time.”

Wynn said goodbye before she pulled open the door and moved as fast as she could to get back inside her car without spilling her coffee, the rain coming down in sheets now. She took a sip as she turned on the car, knowing that Amy was right. She’d made her decision to sell more than a year ago.

Wynn knew she wouldn’t want to come back here, and after talking to Eve about it, the most logical thing was to sell it. Eve knew the story. She couldn’t quite believe it, but she’d offered her advice, and if this place was going to add to Wynn’s stress, why keep it?

“Sell and move on,” Wynn murmured to herself as the rain continued to pelt down against her windscreen as she pulled away, the wipers on their highest speed. That’s what Eve had said. Sell and move on.

Her feelings about the past hadn’t changed, but as Amy pointed out, this wasn’t just about her.

Now, Wynn wasn’t quite sure what to do.

Chapter Ten

LOGAN CLUTCHED her putter as yet another ball swirled around the rim of the cup and rolled away. She lost track of how long she'd been out on the practice green, but the sun had risen above the trees in the last few minutes, and she'd heard at least one car pull up in front of the clubhouse.

Brian was at the desk, so she wasn't in a hurry to get back inside. She reached for another golf ball with her putter and guided it back to the exact spot she'd just missed that last putt from.

Logan sunk down, squatting as she tried to follow the lines of the green. The grounds crew had just switched up the holes yesterday, and even after all these years on this green, apparently, Logan could still be stumped.

But she wasn't just out here to improve her game. She'd loved this time of morning, when the grass was covered in dew, the birds singing all around her, and not another person in sight. It was her version of meditation. Just being out here, on her own, focusing on each putt.

She took a steadying breath as she stood up, her fingers returning to her tried and true grip as she gave her stroke a little less power this time, the angle slightly lower, and Logan's eyes followed the ball as it traveled about twelve feet, dropping into the cup this time with a satisfying thud.

"Nice putt."

Logan turned to see Wynn coming towards her wearing light gray jeans and a dress shirt under an open black blazer, her blond hair straight today.

Why did Logan have to keep reminding herself that she hated this woman?

Well, maybe not her exactly. Just her complete disregard for this golf course. Oh, and the part where she'd asked Logan to move out by today, which was probably why she was here.

But why did Wynn have to be so fucking hot?

"Morning," Logan said, her grip on the putter loosening, her palms now sweaty as Wynn got closer.

This was it. Eviction day.

The listing was probably live right now, but Logan couldn't bring herself to check her phone. She also couldn't bring herself to pack.

Last night, she'd flung her suitcase onto the bed, putting in a few pairs of jeans before sinking to the floor, hating the position she'd found herself in. She knew it would take months to stash away enough money to be able to afford the deposit and rent on another place.

There was also the problem of her lack of rental history. Nothing had been official when she'd been staying in the converted garage. And now that Rob was gone, she wouldn't even have a reference. Wynn would hardly do it. Amy might offer to help there, but Logan hated asking her for anything more. She was already offering her a place to stay.

Last night had been a new low. Grief was one thing, but this feeling was new. Hopelessness. And Logan didn't think she'd ever felt this lost. She knew how to deal with grief. She was coming out the other side of it now, two years later, but she had no idea how she was going to get out of this.

And now here Wynn was, more than likely looking for the keys, ready to show someone the house today.

As she got closer, Logan thought there was something different about Wynn today. She couldn't put her finger on it,

but when Wynn said, ‘Good morning,’ her lips slid into an easy smile. She looked... Happy. In their previous interactions, Wynn had been so serious, her eyes narrowed, her lips pursed, her words sharp.

Logan’s stomach churned, an uneasiness settling over her. What would have Wynn this happy? She couldn’t have already sold the golf course, could she?

Wynn’s hands rested on the lapels of her blazer. “So,” she said with a sigh. “I come in peace, first of all. Don’t ever play poker. You have everything written on your face.”

Logan swallowed, trying to figure out what she meant by coming in peace. “Wait, what?”

“You look like you want to kill me but also like you might get sick. Anyway, I’ve decided to hold off on listing both properties.”

“Really?” Logan’s heart was already racing.

“Don’t get too excited. I still want to sell, but I had it pointed out to me that I might be rushing into things. I’ve had the properties evaluated, so when I’m ready, it won’t take much effort to list them. I can do it from New York.”

“So, what’s happening?” Logan asked, her eyes searching Wynn’s, and then it hit her that what Wynn had said about everything being written on her face meant that Wynn might know that Logan was attracted to her. How embarrassing. “Does that mean I don’t need to move out today?”

Wynn shook her head. “No. You don’t have to.”

Logan had to look away as she let out a huge breath, blinking back tears that came out of nowhere. She clutched the putter even tighter as she willed herself to keep it together.

“As it was also pointed out to me,” Wynn said, clearing her throat. “I don’t need the money. So, I have a proposition for you.”

Logan felt a little light-headed. She didn’t know if she was allowed to be relieved yet. She just didn’t trust Wynn not to tell her that things had been pushed back a month or two, and

that really wouldn't change anything for Logan. She still needed to find somewhere to live. She still needed to figure out what she was doing with her life.

"If you're interested," Wynn added when Logan didn't respond.

"What is it?" Logan hated how weak she sounded.

"Do you gamble?"

Logan bit the inside of her cheek. Was this some kind of a trick question? "No. Not really. I mean, I did actually play poker for a while."

Wynn smiled. "How'd that go?"

"You know, I was pretty good at the bigger tournaments. I had the patience for it." Logan still couldn't figure out what Wynn was getting at. "Why are you asking me if I gamble?"

"Well, I happened to notice that your name was on just about every trophy that I've won."

Logan wet her lips. She had a feeling she knew where this was going, her mouth suddenly dry, because she didn't know whether this was a good thing or a bad thing. "What's the wager?"

"All or nothing." Wynn's eyes almost glinted. "On one round of golf. If I win, I get to sell. Not immediately. I'd give you at least a month's notice to move out."

"And if I win?" Logan asked, her voice shaking ever so slightly, and she hoped Wynn hadn't noticed.

"It's yours."

Logan blinked. Surely, she'd misheard her. "I'm going to need you to clarify that. You mean, the course is mine to manage or...?"

"No, it's yours. I'd transfer the ownership of the house and the course to you."

"Jesus Christ, Wynn." Logan held up the putter, swinging the air gently as she turned to look out across the fairway

behind her, the red flag on the pin flapping in the gentle morning breeze.

“Look, if you’re not interested...”

“No.” Logan had said it without thinking, but as she turned to meet Wynn’s eyes, she knew she had to do it. From her perspective, she had nothing to lose. Either way, she’d have to leave at some point, and the course would be sold, but if she could win... Then, she could turn this place around. “I’ll do it.” She swallowed down the lump in her throat. “When?”

“Well, I hear you have a charity tournament on next weekend.”

“That’s Saturday.” Logan’s heart beat wildly against her ribs. This was a good thing. She knew Wynn had been an amazing player, but surely, she was too busy to fit in a round of golf every weekend now. Logan played a full round at least once a week. It was something she always made time for. “We start first thing, so it’s usually finished by lunchtime.”

“That afternoon then?” Wynn asked, seemingly very pleased with herself.

Was Wynn really that confident? Judging by the hint of a smile that ghosted her lips and the way her gaze never left Logan’s, she really was that sure of herself.

“Sure.” Logan couldn’t see any point putting it off. Even the week leading up to it was almost too much time. So much was on the line. “Two o’clock?”

“Two o’clock,” Wynn echoed as she extended her hand. “And may the best golfer win.”

Logan’s hand slipped into Wynn’s, a warm glow flowing through her as they shook hands. She had a chance now. If she played the way she knew she could, she would be the new owner of Coleman’s Green Golf Course.

Chapter Eleven

THE ADRENALINE WAS STILL COURSING through Wynn's veins when her hand slid out of Logan's after they'd agreed on the bet. Wynn motioned for Logan's putter. Their fingers brushed again as Logan handed it to her, using her foot to guide a ball in Wynn's direction.

She wasn't dressed for it, but she might as well get in Logan's head before she left. She was meeting a client in the afternoon to show her around at least four apartments. Wynn might not play that much anymore, but she was still going to win easily next weekend.

"So," Wynn said as she lined up the putt, closing one eye as she bent down to get a closer look. "Any other rules we need to clarify?"

"I don't think so." Logan paused as Wynn stood and steadied her feet. She pulled back the putter, hitting the ball with just enough force to get it up and over the hill, catching the curve to bring the ball right into the cup, dropping out of sight. "Nice."

"Nervous?" Wynn asked, flashing her a grin. Putting had always been the strongest part of her game.

"No." Logan crossed her arms over her chest, and Wynn couldn't keep her eyes from drifting down to where the scoop neck of her long sleeved black top dipped to reveal a bit of cleavage.

“Can I add a stipulation?” Wynn asked, darting her eyes away as she handed Logan back her putter. “Win or lose?”

“What is it?”

“Do you like Halloween?” Wynn wasn’t even sure what she was doing.

“Yeah. Well, I love this time of year, but I haven’t done anything on Halloween night itself in at least ten years. Why?”

“You’ve never been to the parade in New York?”

“No.” Logan shook her head.

“Do you want to go? I haven’t missed it in...” Wynn exhaled. “Almost twenty years? God, now I feel old. But it was a thing my best friend, Eve, and I did every year. But... Well, she just moved to California, so I wasn’t sure if I’d go this year on my own, but it’s such a great night. The parade finishes just a few blocks from my apartment. It’s kind of a tradition.”

Logan’s eyebrows rose as she spoke, and Wynn couldn’t believe that she’d just rambled on like that. It wasn’t her style.

“Anyway,” Wynn said with a wave of her hand. “Just an idea.”

“Yeah.” A warm smile played across Logan’s lips. “Yeah, I’d like that.”

“Yeah?” Wynn found herself returning Logan’s smile. “You have to dress up though or we won’t get in the parade.”

“We’re going to be in it?”

“Yeah. Well, I always am, but only if you’re okay with that.”

“Sure.” Logan nodded slowly. “Yeah. What are you going as?”

“You know, I don’t know.” Wynn hadn’t thought that far ahead. Last week, when she realized that Eve wouldn’t be here, she honestly thought that this would be the first year that she’d miss it.

She had a few other people she could ask, but it was always one of the things that only Eve and her did. Why Wynn had asked Logan, she didn't know. Amy's words about getting to know her must have been floating around in her head, although what was the point? Wynn would beat her next weekend and that would be that. They'd be back to where they started with selling, but at least she'd given Logan a chance this way.

"And you're sure you'll be in the mood for going out?" Logan asked, taking her away from her thoughts.

"What do you mean?"

"Even after you've lost?" Logan asked.

Wynn chuckled. "I didn't think you were funny. But I wouldn't be so confident if I were you. You *might*, and I do mean might, be a better golfer, but I won't be playing under the same pressure as you will be."

"Yeah?"

Wynn shrugged dismissively. "Win or lose, I still won't have to deal with this place. You have to win."

Logan opened her mouth, but she never said whatever it was she'd been thinking. She sighed instead, looking back towards the clubhouse. "I better head inside. I think I heard another car pull up."

"Hmm. I have to get back to the city. So, next weekend?"

"Yes. If you need to change anything, your secretary has my number."

Wynn winced. "I'm sorry about Jenny, but she knows not to bother me if it's not about a deal."

"Even when she's told it's urgent?"

"Especially then," Wynn said, pointing a knowing finger at her as she turned to leave. "See you next weekend, Logan."

She hoped she wouldn't regret this spontaneous idea, but like she'd told Logan, she had nothing to lose. This was about relieving some of the guilt that had built up over the years for

Wynn. She could now sell without feeling guilty, because she had given Logan a chance.

Amy probably wouldn't be impressed, but she was the one who'd tried to make Wynn reconsider, and this was the best she could do with the situation she was in.



WYNN PARKED OUTSIDE BEAN CENTRAL. This was starting to become her routine, stopping here before she went back to the city, and today, she decided to indulge and try one of Amy's pumpkin cookies that she'd eyed up last week.

"Hey," Wynn said to Amy, once she was in front of the counter, glad to see that there was no line. "I'm going to try one of your famous pumpkin cookies and a coffee to go, please."

The scent of freshly brewed coffee surrounded her, and the crackle of the fireplace in the corner of the room almost made Wynn wish she had time to stay.

Amy let the young woman beside her take care of the order, and Wynn couldn't help noticing the resemblance.

"Is that your daughter?" Wynn asked as Amy came out from behind the counter.

"Yeah. That's Becky," Amy said, throwing a glance back at her with a proud smile. "I still can't believe that she's almost twenty-five. I don't know where those years went. So, you're on your way back?"

"Yeah. I'm meeting a client in the afternoon."

"Wait." Amy's eyes widened with concern. "Why are you so happy?"

Wynn frowned. "What makes you think I'm happy?"

"Because, even after all these years, I know you, Wynn. Did you get an offer or something?"

“No.” Wynn shook her head. “I’m actually not selling right now.”

“Oh? I talked some sense into you after all?”

Wynn laughed softly. “You mean you guilted me into keeping it for a while longer? Then yes.”

“And does that mean you didn’t kick Logan out of the house?”

“She’s staying. For the time being, anyway.”

“You’re being weird. What’s going on? Are you just putting it off until next year?”

Wynn exhaled a sigh of contentment. “I decided to make a bet with Logan.”

Amy’s eyes assessed her. “You’re joking.”

“No. This is very serious.”

“What’s the bet?”

“We’re playing a round of golf next weekend. After the charity tournament. And if she wins, I’m handing the house and the course over to her.”

“And if you win?” Amy asked.

“I’ll sell them.”

Amy just stared at her. “Wynn, that’s insane.”

“Well, it’s what’s happening, so...”

“And Logan agreed to this?”

“Yeah.”

Amy’s eyes bored into her. “You’re crazy, Wynn. That’s... Well, it’s not at all surprising,” Amy said with a slight shake of her head. “You were always doing reckless things. But what about Logan? She’s always so... Calculated. Thoughtful. But I guess, she’s got nothing to lose, right? I mean, you were selling, and now you’re willing to not only let her stay, but also give her all of it?”

“See.”

“Why wouldn’t she agree?” Amy murmured to herself.

“Exactly.”

“It’s still insane,” Amy said, her eyes sweeping over Wynn, the disapproval evident, as Becky got their attention, Wynn’s coffee and a brown bag were left on the counter. “But I wouldn’t be surprised if Logan won.”

Wynn arched an eyebrow as she paid. “You better be joking.”

“She had a better chance of going pro than you did. That’s all I’ll say.” Amy met her gaze. “If you think you’re going to walk all over her next weekend, you’ll be in for a surprise. Logan’s got every chance of winning.”

Wynn spent the drive back to the city wondering if she should try to squeeze a round of golf into her schedule this week.

Chapter Twelve

THERE WAS a lightness in Logan's step as she finished cleaning the tables at Bean Central. The last two customers left, and Amy flipped the sign on the door to closed.

"God, that was a hectic day," Amy said as she went over to the fireplace and placed the wrought iron screen in front of the glowing embers. "But as tired as I am, I still want to talk to you about Wynn."

Logan stopped wiping the table down and stood up straight. They'd been so busy today that they'd barely said anything to one another. Amy didn't know about the bet, so what did she want to tell her about Wynn?

Logan had texted her yesterday telling her that she didn't need to move in, not yet anyway, but she didn't offer any explanation, knowing they'd probably talk today.

A smile was never too far from Amy's lips, and Logan had always thought that it wasn't just her baking skills that had made this coffee house so successful. It was her warm personality, the way she could talk to anyone and brighten up their day. But as Logan's eyes met hers now, there was almost a faraway look in them.

"What about her?" Logan asked casually.

"She stopped in yesterday on her way home." Amy exhaled. "And she told me about the bet. Logan, this is insanity."

Logan felt that excited energy she'd been running on all day start to slip away. She valued Amy's opinion. They'd been friends for years, and Logan had always been close to her daughter, Becky, even though she was a few years younger than her. The last thing Logan wanted was to have an argument about this.

Logan left the rag on the table, her hands resting on her hips. "This is a good thing. I had no chance, and now at least I have some hope. I can beat her, Amy. She's so busy selling apartments, how could she have time to play golf? Even if she was one of the best in the state when she was a teenager, that was a long time ago. I'm out there playing every week. I'm going to win."

"And then what?" Amy asked with an exasperated sigh. "Didn't you tell me a few months ago that even if you could implement some of your ideas, you had no money for them? If you do win, you're going to have new problems. You might even have to sell it yourself in a few months if you can't make ends meet."

"Yeah, no I know." Logan bit the inside of her cheek. She did know those things. They'd kept her awake last night, when the adrenaline had worn off, but it was still worth taking on that risk. "But what choice do I have? If I don't do this, I still lose the course. And I'd rather it was me. If I'm the one that has to sell, then so be it, but at least I'll have had a chance."

Amy shook her head slowly. "There has to be a better way." She ran a hand over her face.

Logan should have been mad at Amy for doubting her, but instead she found herself swallowing down emotions, because all of this just showed how much Amy cared about her. No matter how many years had gone by, it was still hard to stomach the fact that she had two parents who lived thirty minutes away who couldn't care less about her, unless she changed her ways of course and showed up at their doorstep with some guy and the promise of a 'normal' life.

Amy was nothing like them. She genuinely cared for Logan, and for that she would always be grateful.

Logan eyed the woman now, trying to figure out how to voice those thoughts, but Amy's voice, as quiet as it was, cut through the silence. "I can't believe Wynn would do this. After everything she's been through."

Logan's curiosity kicked in. "What did happen to her? Why was she never around? In all the time I've spent at that course in the last fifteen, maybe twenty years, I've never seen her. Rob would talk about her occasionally, but I never had the courage to ask him, you know, what happened?"

Amy softly tapped her fingers against her lips, as if she was contemplating whether or not to say anything. "We were best friends growing up. Since we were five or six. Things were different back then. We're talking about thirty years ago."

Logan's heartbeat loudly in her chest, not entirely sure where this was going.

"I don't know the full story," Amy said. "But looking back, even if Wynn didn't feel comfortable telling me, I knew she was gay. She had a fascination with one of our teachers. Mrs. Johnson. And Wynn never told me anything, but I could see that look back in her eyes whenever she was around her new golf instructor, Valerie. Wynn had one instructor from the start, but then he retired, and then Valerie showed up. Wynn was probably eighteen at that point and very seriously trying to go pro. But she was just... Smitten."

Logan pulled out the chair beside her and sunk into, not quite believing what she was hearing. She knew Wynn was gay. She'd seen the photos online, but this was... Not at all what Logan had expected.

Amy kept going, mirroring Logan's actions and pulling out a chair for herself. "I don't think it affected her game. She was more focused than ever. I don't even know how it got out, that they were seeing each other. The way word got around though, I'm assuming someone saw them at the clubhouse. Anyway, one day she was here, and the next, she was parked outside my house telling me that she was moving to the city. Just like that," Amy said, snapping her fingers. "I was devastated. I mean, I knew there was every chance she would go pro, and I

wouldn't get to see her as much, but she'd never mentioned moving to New York."

Logan stared at Amy. "Did you see her after that?"

"No." Amy propped her chin up on her hand. "That was it. I asked Rob about it, but he brushed me off, saying that Wynn needed a change. That she'd moved to the city. But yeah, that was it. This was before cell phones. I didn't have her number. I didn't know where she lived. That was it."

"I'm sorry. That must have been hard."

Amy shrugged. "It was, but I asked her about it last week. That's how I even know all of this. But she didn't go into the details, and after all these years, I didn't want to ask her. Whatever happened, Wynn felt like she had to get out of here and start over."

Logan nodded. She knew all too well how people could turn on you for simply coming out. And for all the progress that had been made over the years, Logan had still been completely unwelcome in her own home. Yet, Logan had trouble imagining Rob doing something like that.

Rob had never once treated her any different when she introduced him to either of her long-term girlfriends. One of them had golfed, and he'd invited her on several occasions to come to a tournament.

Something else was going on, and Logan didn't know how or when she'd ever have a chance to ask Wynn? Not that it would matter. They'd go their separate ways next weekend no matter what.

But had Wynn made assumptions about how her father would feel? Had it been more about the local gossip than Rob? But then why hadn't Wynn come back years later, when it would have been old news?

Logan just couldn't imagine Rob being homophobic. It wasn't in his nature.

A memory popped into her head from when she was maybe twelve or thirteen. She knew she was gay, but she hadn't realized at the time that the two women, who came

around the same time every Saturday to play a round as Logan and her grandfather had, were a couple. Looking back, it was obvious, but at the time, Logan didn't realize.

But she remembered the way that Rob had treated them just the same as a straight couple. She could see him interacting with them, joking, his gentle laugh still so clear in her mind.

No, there was no way that this was Rob's doing. Logan was sure of it. He couldn't have been the reason Wynn had left all those years ago.

And a sinking feeling settled in Logan's stomach at the thought of all those years that were lost. For both of them. And maybe for nothing.

Logan felt sick.

Chapter Thirteen

THE FOLLOWING SATURDAY, Wynn had to park about a hundred yards beyond the full parking lot. She left her golf clubs in the trunk and put on her red winter jacket as she made her way towards the crowd gathered on the deck of the clubhouse, the sky a blanket of gray.

The sound of applause drifted towards her as she passed the practice putting green, full of kids. Only two were actually putting, the younger ones running around them.

The aroma of a barbecue hit her nose as she climbed the steps to the packed deck. Her eyes instantly fell on Logan. She was standing on a makeshift stage that was about half a foot off the ground, presenting a trophy to two teenagers. Another round of applause broke out as they lifted it together.

Wynn stayed on the edge of the crowd as Logan thanked the volunteers and the man who was in charge of the barbecue got a big cheer, and then everyone was lining up, grabbing a paper plate from the stack.

Wynn's eyes returned to Logan who was talking with an older couple, maybe the grandparents of one of the teenagers? It was surprising how few people Wynn recognized, but then again, she hadn't been a regular here in thirty years.

She watched Logan nod, a warm smile on her lips. Her hair was pulled back in a ponytail, and she was dressed to play, just as Wynn was beneath her winter coat that she'd leave in the car when she went back to get her clubs.

Wynn looked out across the course, feeling pretty confident. She'd squeezed in a round on Wednesday. Eve's former business partner, Drew never turned down a game. And she'd played really well considering how many weeks had gone by since the last time she'd played eighteen holes.

Her gaze returned to Logan, and she found her looking right back at her, a hint of a smile on her lips as she crossed the deck, one hand in the pocket of her white golf pants. She wore a long-sleeved aqua blue polo, her body language relaxed as she approached.

"You're right on time," Logan said.

"This is quite the turnout." Wynn looked around her. "All for charity?"

"Yeah. It's to raise money for the heart association."

Wynn nodded, knowing that this was a memorial tournament of sorts for her father. "Ready to play?"

"Yeah. We'll have the course to ourselves. Everyone will be hanging out here for a while, eating and having a few drinks. Will we go?"

"Sure." Wynn motioned for Logan to go ahead. "I'll just get my clubs from the car and meet you at the first tee?"

"Yeah. I'll bring a golf cart around."

Wynn felt a drop of rain hit her hand, and she threw a glance back towards the dark clouds that were rolling in. She'd checked the forecast this morning and the only rain they were supposed to get was a light drizzle, although those clouds looked menacing.

Wynn took off her jacket and left it in the backseat, moving to the trunk to take out her clubs, a nervous energy flowing through her as she slung her bag over her shoulder, ready to golf on a course that held so many memories.

Chapter Fourteen

LOGAN STOOD to the side as Wynn took a practice swing, the excitement she'd felt all week quickly transforming into a nervous energy.

Logan slid on her white gloves, gripping her own driver lightly as she watched Wynn line her feet up, shuffling them slightly as she stood over the ball and eyed up the fairway before lowering her head and bringing the club back, swinging down through the air and slicing through it with a whoosh. The solid crack of the face of her driver connecting with the ball cut through the air, and Logan followed the flight of the ball, eventually bouncing in the middle of the fairway.

It was a textbook shot, the best you could hope for, and Logan swallowed down her nerves as she took Wynn's place, bending to push her tee through the soft ground, balancing her ball on top of it.

For the first time all week, Logan was questioning her confidence, and that was only after one shot. She took a steadying breath before she took a practice swing, looking down the fairway, imagining where she wanted her ball to land, right beside Wynn's.

She knew if she played her game, she'd have a chance, as good as Wynn might still be. Logan just had to stay locked in.

She took another practice swing before she stepped up to the tee, her heart thumping hard against her ribs as she swung, and the moment she struck the ball, she knew it was heading for the rough. The ball landed on the fairway, but the bounce

took it into the long grass, and Logan muttered to herself under her breath.

She slid her driver back into her bag and hopped onto cart beside Wynn who was already behind the wheel, a light rain falling now.

Wynn pulled off; the clubs gently rattled against one another. “We can call it after nine if you want,” Wynn said without looking at her.

“If the weather gets bad?”

Wynn hesitated. “Sure.”

Logan opened her mouth and shut it again as Wynn brought the cart to a stop and went around the back to choose her iron. That woman had some nerve. One bad shot, and Wynn already thought she had this thing in the bag.

Logan bit back a smile as she watched Wynn take her next shot. If Logan wasn't already motivated to win today, that comment had just lit a fire underneath her.

Chapter Fifteen

WYNN TOOK her putter from her golf bag, the dark clouds moving in as they walked up to the green on the fifteenth hole, the light rain that had been on and off now turning steady.

After nine holes, Wynn had been four shots ahead, but as the weather had started to turn, so had Wynn's game. In the last five holes, she'd dropped three shots, and Logan had just stayed the course, not taking any risks, making her putts.

Now, Wynn's lead was down to one shot, and if she didn't get it together soon, she knew Logan would win. The younger woman's focus seemed to increase with every hole, and the friendly conversation that had carried them through the front nine was long gone. Wynn's missed opportunities had her in her head, uninterested in talking beyond the occasional 'nice shot,' and Logan was taking this very seriously for obvious reasons.

Wynn's eyes fell on Logan who was squatting down behind the ball to take another look after walking the fifteen or so feet to the hole.

Logan had taken down her ponytail at some point and tied her hair back up in a messy bun. Neither of them was wearing a hat. Neither of them had anything with a hood. It wouldn't be long before they were both drenched. If there wasn't so much on the line, they would have called it right about now.

Wynn watched Logan, whose back was to her as she steadied her feet, shoulder width apart, bringing her putter back before hitting the ball with enough force to get it over the

hill, the green not as fast now with the rain soaking into it, and the ball rolled to a stop about two feet from the hole.

Wynn had been so caught up in all of this golf course business since Eve had moved to California that she'd rarely thought about how her best friend was doing, and Wynn promised herself that she'd call Eve tomorrow, see how she was settling in.

Eve's new girlfriend was probably about Logan's age, and now, standing out here in the rain with Eve three thousand miles away, Wynn felt a twinge of guilt settling in her chest.

On paper, the age gap was ridiculous. It had to be something like twenty years. For Eve and Casey, if Wynn remembered correctly, it was fifteen years, maybe sixteen.

But from the little time she'd already spent with Logan, Wynn could tell that she was mature, that even if she didn't seem to have her life together, she was still accomplished in her own right. Judging by all the trophies her name had been etched on, Logan might very well have had dreams of going pro too.

And Wynn wished that she hadn't been so hard on Eve. Really, what got to Wynn the most was the interruption Casey brought to her own life. Wynn could feel herself losing her best friend, and instead of being supportive, she'd always brought skepticism to the conversation, only half-joking about Eve having a mid-life crisis.

Wynn was still lost in her thoughts as Logan lined up the short putt.

Wynn hadn't been fair. She didn't know if Logan was helping change her mind, or if it was being back here, remembering how other people's opinions of her relationship, if she could even call it that, had just about ruined her life.



AS THEY APPROACHED the eighteenth green, they were back right back where they started. Logan had birdied the last

hole, and Wynn couldn't seem to give herself a manageable putt.

Wynn wanted to blame it on the weather. She couldn't remember the last time she'd played in conditions like this. Probably not since she was a teenager, and it was a tournament, where she had to just ignore the weather and do the best she could with the conditions.

Now, Wynn would never find herself on a course in this kind of weather. It didn't make for a good outcome if she was trying to convince someone to go with her as their broker.

The rain was coming down in sheets now. Her clothes clung to her, her hands practically numb. The towel she had to dry the face of her clubs with was pretty much soaked through at this point.

But they'd made it this far, and now they were on the final green. Despite the heavy rain, Wynn had taken her time analyzing the slope of the green before she stood over the ball, gripping her putter through wet gloves, and giving it an even stroke, sending the ball rolling down the hill, curving around, and just when Wynn thought it would drop in, it rimmed out.

Wynn swore under her breath as she strode towards the hole to tap the ball in, knowing that if Logan made her next putt, she would win.

Wynn took shelter under the roof of the golf cart after she slid her putter into her bag. Logan's putt was a very doable six or seven-footer.

Wynn's heart thudded as Logan approached the putt the same way she had all the other ones, despite the weather, despite the pressure. When there was so much on the line.

Wynn held her breath as Logan smoothly hit the ball, and it dropped out of sight.

Logan didn't jump up and down. She didn't fist pump the air. Instead, she sunk to her knees, her putter falling out of her hands as she covered her face, and once again Wynn felt like she'd been sucker punched, guilt overwhelming her, her throat

tightening as she pushed herself out of the seat and crossed the green to congratulate her.

Wynn couldn't be sure if they were tears or rain drops on Logan's cheeks, but either way, the relief on Logan's face was clear for anyone to see.

Logan got to her feet, her hand extended as Wynn took the last steps towards her. "Good game, Wynn." She used her free hand to tuck a lock of wet hair behind her ear. "We're evenly matched."

Wynn ignored Logan's hand, stepping into her space instead and wrapping an arm around her. Logan melted into her embrace, probably mentally and physically drained after the last few hours.

The rain wasn't letting up, and Wynn pulled away. "Good game." She gave Logan a smile. "You deserved that. But let's get back and dry off."

Chapter Sixteen

WHEN LOGAN GOT out of the golf cart, her legs were wobbly, and for a second she felt light-headed. Her hands even shook a little as she lifted her bag out from the back of the cart and slung it over her shoulder.

Relief. That was the main emotion Logan was feeling right now, but she also wanted to celebrate, to be happy, she was just too exhausted right now to even think about calling Amy or Becky and seeing who might want to join her. Although, with the weather, all Logan wanted to do was take a hot shower and get comfortable in front of the fire with a blanket and maybe a glass of red wine.

“Hey,” Logan said when Wynn started to turn to head towards her car. “Do you want to...” Her voice drifted off. “It’s strange to invite you back to your own house, but... I have the fire set up. And I have some clothes that you’d probably fit in. We’re more or less the same size.”

Wynn looked down at her clothes, the rain still falling, and after a moment she nodded. “But it’s your house now.”

Logan inhaled a shaky breath. “Right. Yeah.” This was all so surreal. Daunting. Overwhelming. All of it.

“Let me just get these back in my car, and I’ll drive over.”

“Okay.” Logan noticed the lone car halfway down the road. “See you in a few minutes.”



AN HOUR LATER, after they'd taken turns showering, they were sitting on the couch, a glass of wine in hand, finishing up a pizza that Logan had gone out and picked up while Wynn was in the shower.

Now, the fire was roaring, the flames jumping up to meet the logs, and Logan couldn't remember the last time she was this happy.

What a day.

Yes, she'd been confident, but that was the way she entered every tournament over the years. She felt like she had to have that mindset or why bother?

But there had been a sinking feeling in the back of her mind. What if she couldn't pull this off? Then what?

It didn't matter now though. Logan had managed to win, and Wynn had been gracious in defeat. She looked relaxed now, one leg crossed over the other as she took a sip of wine.

Logan had left out two pairs of loungewear on what was now the guest bed. Logan had removed all of Rob's belongings when she'd moved in, so hopefully, Wynn wouldn't feel weird being in that room.

Wynn had gone with the navy plaid pajama bottoms and a gray hoodie, her blond hair nearly dry after sitting in front of the fire for a while, her loose curls tumbling across her shoulders.

"God, I've missed this," Wynn had said earlier, wiping her mouth after she'd had another slice. "Nobody does pizza like Roberto's." And Logan was reminded of the fact that Wynn had grown up here, in this very house.

Anytime she was around Wynn, she was so put together. Designer clothes. A flashy car. Logan sometimes forgot that they were from the same place, that they'd gone to the same schools.

“More wine?” Logan asked, getting up to get the bottle from where it was resting on the hearth.

“Sure.”

Logan refilled her glass. “Are you heading back this evening?”

“That was the plan.”

“Stay.” Logan glanced out the window, the sun just about gone from the sky, the rain still pelting down. “Unless you have something you need to be back for.”

“No. I don’t, actually.” Wynn took a sip of wine. “If I drive back tomorrow, you might as well come with me.”

Logan sat down again after she topped up her own glass. She hadn’t even thought about Wynn’s invitation to join her for the parade. She’d been unable to think that far ahead. “Yeah. That’d be great.”

“Did you book a hotel?”

“No. I couldn’t think beyond today.” She couldn’t admit that she had no idea how she was going to afford a hotel in Manhattan on Halloween, so she’d text her friend from high school who she spoke to a few times a year. Logan would be able to crash on her couch. “I’ll stay with a friend though, so it’s fine.”

“Okay.” Wynn ran a hand through her hair.

“Did you decide what you’re going as?”

“Yes.” Wynn sipped her wine.

Logan felt a smile tugging at her lips when Wynn didn’t elaborate. “You’re not going to tell me?”

“No,” Wynn said matter-of-factly. “You?”

Logan shouldn’t bother telling her, when Wynn wouldn’t, but she hated games, plus Logan could officially stop hating her now. They had nothing to fight over anymore. “I finally got around to watching *Orange Is The New Black*. I think that’s what I’ll go with.”

“A prisoner?”

Logan shrugged. “I’m not into face painting and going all out with dying my hair or anything like that. I just want to put a costume on that requires no explanation.”

Wynn chuckled.

“Oh,” Logan said, smiling. “You’re that type.”

Wynn nodded. “It’s a New York thing though. They take the parade very seriously. It’s the largest in the world, I think.”

“Really?” Logan took a drink. “Maybe I need to up my game then.”

“No. No. I think you’d look good in orange.” There was almost a glint in Wynn’s eyes as she said that.

Logan stared at her, not entirely sure what to make of that. Who looked good in orange? Or was that some kind of a dig? Logan didn’t know Wynn well enough.

Wynn cleared her throat. “We were both so cold and hungry when we got back, I didn’t get a chance to properly congratulate you. Cheers,” she leaned towards Logan, clinking their glasses together. “To the new owner of Coleman’s Green Golf Course. I’m sure you’ll be able to come up with a more catchy name.”

Logan held her gaze. “I won’t change the name.”

Wynn tilted her head to the side. “I wonder if my dad found the daughter he always wished he had in you. I feel like we knew separate people. The way you seem to always want to remember him. The charity tournament. Not changing the name.”

Logan’s chest tightened. This was the opening she’d been looking for. Maybe she could finally ask Wynn what all this was really about.

Logan swallowed. “I assume I won’t be seeing you back here again?”

“No.” Wynn shook her head as she looked away, her eyes on the fire. “I assume you won’t miss seeing me pull up,” she

said after a moment, her gaze lifting to meet Logan's eyes.

“What happened?” Logan didn't know what other way to ask. “Why do you hate this place so much?” She'd gotten a good idea of what had happened from Amy, but it certainly wasn't the full story.

Chapter Seventeen

SEVERAL TIMES THIS EVENING, Wynn forgot she was back in her old house. It didn't look the same. The carpets, the furniture, the wall color. They were all different. But occasionally a memory popped into her head of running out the back door to play or sitting in front of the fire like she just had, to dry her hair.

And then Logan had asked her what had happened. Why she hated being here.

Logan spoke softly. "Amy mentioned that you had a tough time with your ex."

"Did she?" Wynn asked, her eyebrows lifting. Oddly, she didn't feel betrayed. If Logan had been alive back then, she would have known. God, that was a depressing thought. If Logan had been around back then, she would have been a baby. And now Wynn felt old.

"Just in passing," Logan added. "Is that why you haven't been back? I don't remember ever seeing you around."

Wynn took a deep breath. "It was more about how my father reacted. I never stopped to think that he might be homophobic. I was young and in love. I guess, it was a different time, but I really didn't think things through. I was completely infatuated with her. Valerie."

Logan's eyes widened. "Did you just say that Rob was homophobic?"

“Yeah. He gave me a choice. End things with her or move out.”

“What?” Logan gaped. “How old were you?”

“Almost nineteen.” Wynn shrugged. “Enough time has passed now. But there must have been at least fifteen, maybe even twenty years, where I didn’t speak to my father at all.”

“And your mother?”

“She died when I was six. I don’t really remember her.”

“I’m sorry,” Logan said softly. “So, you’ve been on your own since you were nineteen?”

“Yes. And the relationship that I refused to end didn’t last all of that scrutiny. You know what it’s like out here. Everyone knows everyone’s business.” Wynn sighed. “And we were the local scandal that year.”

“Why? I mean, I know it wasn’t easy back then.”

“Back when?” Wynn kept a straight face for a second before she smiled, Logan’s face full of panic. “Relax. I’m joking. And it was thirty years ago, so yes, it wasn’t easy. I don’t know. We were so caught up. We spent so much time together. On the course. Away from it. I was naive to think that no one would care. But I never saw my father’s reaction coming. And for it to be an ultimatum like that...” Wynn shook her head, drawing in another deep breath. “It was really tough.”

Wynn sipped her wine. She hadn’t thought about Valerie in a long time.

“How did you meet?”

“She was my golf instructor,” Wynn said, smoothing her hand over the soft flannel of the pajama pants that Logan had lent her. “I had one instructor from the start, and then he retired to Florida. I was eighteen and had dreams of going pro. And I knew of Valerie, but I’d never met her. And when I did? I knew she was the right person to help me get to the next level. I don’t even know when I started falling for her. When the lines started to blur.”

“Was she older?”

Wynn nodded. “Yeah. She was thirty-three.”

Logan put her wine glass on the coffee table, wiping her hand on her face as she sat back. “Are you sure he was homophobic?”

Wynn frowned. “Yeah? Who kicks their kid out like that? We had a solid relationship until he heard about us.”

“Yeah but...” Logan’s voice trailed off, like she was unsure if she should voice her thoughts.

“What?”

“I don’t want to upset you, Wynn. And it’s in the past anyway.”

“Just say it,” Wynn said as she brought her glass to her lips.

“He never once treated me or any of my exes any differently.”

Wynn already assumed from what Amy had said that Logan was interested in women, but that just confirmed it. “So, he learned from his mistakes,” Wynn offered.

“But what if it wasn’t about that?”

“What else would it be about?” Wynn was growing frustrated. What was Logan getting at?

“She was your instructor. It was supposed to be a professional relationship. Especially if you were trying to go pro. And she was significantly older than you. Any parent would question that, no matter what the gender. She could have been taking advantage of you, of the situation.”

Wynn sucked in a breath, already shaking her head. “No. That wasn’t it.”

Logan held up her hands, as if she was surrendering. “We’ll never know, but I just wanted to say that. That I always felt like Rob had treated me with respect. That nothing had changed when he found out I was a lesbian.”

Wynn downed the rest of her wine. “I’m going to go to bed.” She pushed herself off the couch, suddenly exhausted.

“Wynn...”

She waved Logan off. “I’m fine. I just... Today was a lot. And I want to enjoy tomorrow. If you’re still up for it?”

Logan’s eyes searched hers. “Yeah. What time do you want to go?”

“Around ten or eleven. Get breakfast on the way?”

“Okay.”

“Is the garage still... A bedroom?”

“Yeah. There’re fresh sheets. One of grounds crew had a few too many beers last week and ended up crashing there. It happens often enough that I try and keep the place livable.”

Wynn nodded. “I’m going to sleep out there. If that’s okay.”

All of a sudden, the memories were everywhere, and if she didn’t get out of here, they’d swallow her up. The crackling of the fireplace brought her right back to a Christmas morning when she was maybe seven or eight, and there was a shiny new set of clubs waiting for her, propped up beside the tree.

“Yeah, of course.” Logan disappeared down the hall and came back with a set of keys. “You’ll need to run the heater for a while. It’s probably freezing out there.”

“I’ll be fine.” Wynn went over to the door and took her coat off the hook. “You’re a hell of a golfer, Logan. I didn’t think you had a chance.”

Logan’s cheeks flushed; her eyes slow to meet Wynn’s. “Thanks.”

“See you in the morning.”

“Come over whenever you’re up. I’ll probably stop by the clubhouse in the morning.”

“Okay.” Wynn slid her arms into her coat and put on her shoes. “Good night.”

“Night,” Logan said, pulling the door open for her.

Wynn couldn't remember the last time she was this tired. She didn't care what condition the converted garage was in. She knew she'd be asleep within minutes.

Chapter Eighteen

LOGAN STOOD in front of the full-length mirror in Wynn's guest bedroom, the orange even brighter than she'd imagined it to be. She wasn't going as a specific character, so she left her copper brown hair as it was, falling across her shoulders.

She hadn't thought about a jacket, but then that would've hidden her costume. At least, she had a long-sleeved white top in her bag that she put underneath the costume. She turned to see that the orange pants did nothing for her figure, hanging loosely off her backside. Not that she was trying to impress anyone. Although, after yesterday, Logan found herself looking forward to spending more time with Wynn.

Logan knew it was pointless, but she wouldn't have minded seeing Wynn's face if she'd gone with a sexier costume. Would Wynn's gaze have lingered on her legs if she'd gone with the *League of Their Own* baseball costume instead? She doubted it, but it was a fun fantasy, to think that someone like Wynn would be interested in her.

Wynn had been in a relationship with someone older than her. Did that mean she wouldn't be against getting involved with someone younger?

Logan touched up the light layer of makeup she'd put on this morning, reapplying some eyeliner. What a pointless thought to have. Nothing was even going to happen with Wynn. Their lives were too different. And then there was all the drama that they'd just gone through these last few weeks.

Logan knew she was a hopeless romantic. Both Becky and Amy teased her about it. Logan was always optimistic when it came to her dating life. She'd gone on what she'd thought were dates only to find out that the woman she was having dinner with was straight and only looking for friendship.

Things had ended amicably with her exes. No cheating. No fights. Just two people who had been good together for a few months realizing that they weren't meant for anything more.

Living in rural New Jersey didn't exactly leave her many options when it came to dating. No gay bars even close to where she lived. Nobody within an hour's radius on dating apps. She should probably come into the city more often.

Logan took one last look at her reflection, running a hand through her hair, tousling it, before leaving her bag on the bed and going back out to the living area to find Wynn.

Logan knew Wynn was rich. She knew she was one of the best brokers in New York, and she'd seen it herself with Wynn's car and clothes. She'd never really been impressed by those kinds of things, but Wynn's apartment was fucking amazing. It was like something out of a magazine. Something Logan would have assumed only an actress or a sports star could afford.

It was a penthouse, of course, and it took up the entire floor. It was a mixture of old and new. The exposed brick on the walls and hardwood floors countered the modern kitchen and white walls. Logan never imagined an apartment in New York City could be that spacious, that bright. She was definitely impressed, and that was before Wynn brought her up to the rooftop terrace.

"This is what sold me on this property," Wynn said as she pulled open the door at the top of the stairs, a cool breeze hitting Logan as she followed her onto the rooftop. The last of the sunlight was fading. The clear blue sky now shades of oranges and purples.

Logan passed cream outdoor couches surrounding a fire pit and a variety of potted plants on her way to the edge of the

terrace, her hands wrapping around the cold iron as she looked out across the seemingly endless sprawl of buildings.

“I can see why,” Logan said as Wynn joined her. She was still dressed in the spare golf clothes she’d had with her yesterday, a black long-sleeved polo top and matching pants, her hair pulled back in a loose ponytail.

Wynn cleared her throat. “Look, I want to enjoy myself tonight. This is one of the best nights to be in New York, so I just want to say this and get it off my chest.”

Logan turned, her pulse immediately jumping. What could Wynn possibly want to get off her chest?

“We’ll never know, but I um...” Wynn exhaled. “I’ve been thinking about what you said. About how my father never treated you any differently. Well, I mean, I haven’t thought about it too much, because I’d just end up opening a bottle of whiskey and drinking it until it was gone.”

Logan swallowed down the lump in her throat, knowing exactly what Wynn meant. If Wynn considered the idea that maybe her father hadn’t been homophobic at all, that he’d just been trying to protect his daughter... Then she’d wasted so many years. Then she had no real reason to stay away for so long.

“And, like I said, I want to enjoy myself tonight,” Wynn continued. “Plus, I’ve never been one for therapy. Eve went to one on and off for years, and I never understood it. Maybe it works for some people, but I wonder if it’s even worth letting myself go there, and really think about how wrong I might have been. What good will it achieve now?”

Logan nodded, not knowing what to say.

“So, you very well could be right,” Wynn said, looking out at the sea of lights that had flickered on now that it was nearly dark. “But I don’t want to talk about it. Is that okay?”

“Yeah. Of course.” Logan’s voice was soft, not even wanting to think about what kind of pain Wynn might be in. Maybe Logan shouldn’t have said those things last night, but

she just couldn't stomach the idea that Rob had been homophobic.

"Right," Wynn said, tapping her fingers against the metal railing. "I'm going to get changed. And I'm going to get a drink. Another tradition. Pre-parade gin and tonics. Will I make you one?"

"Yeah. I can do it, if you want to get start getting ready," Logan said as she followed Wynn back inside, taking the stairs back down to her apartment.

"That would be great." Wynn threw her a lop-sided smile as she started down the hall. "Don't skimp on the gin," she said over her shoulder.

Logan shook her head as she found the drinks cabinet, pulling out a bottle of very expensive looking gin. As she went in search of glasses, she couldn't stop thinking about what Wynn might be getting changed into.

Chapter Nineteen

WYNN SIGNALLED to the bartender for another round. They were in a crowded bar not far from where the parade would start in a few minutes. Everyone was dressed up, and Wynn had already spotted some really creative costumes along with the usual recognizable characters like the *Joker* or one of the *Ghostbusters*.

Wynn had stood in her walk-in-closet, knowing what she wanted to wear. The minute Logan had mentioned what she was going to go as, Wynn couldn't get the idea of going as a cop out of her head. Ten or eleven years ago, both her and Eve had dressed up as police, and the costume was still hanging there, along with the cuffs and hat.

The question was, would she still fit in it, and would Logan think it was weird that she was kind of jumping in on her theme.

But the look at Logan's face when Wynn had appeared in the kitchen was so worth it. The version of the costume that Wynn had was of the sexier variety. The neckline plunged and the black leather pants showed off her figure. The knee-high black boots and hat completed the look, and Logan didn't know where to look.

Wynn had pretended not to notice, hiding her smile and going right for the drink that Logan had made her.

A self-esteem boost. That's all it was. She could admit that it was nice having someone check her out, and for some

reason, the fact that Logan was younger only added to Wynn's ego.

Wynn threw her gaze across the busy bar, unable to find the luminous orange anywhere. Logan must have gone to the bathroom or stepped outside for some fresh air. Wynn stayed at the bar, sliding onto the one stool they'd managed to snag.

"Excuse me, officer?" a woman's voice purred behind her.

Wynn turned when she felt a tap on her shoulder, and her jaw actually dropped. "Eve! What are you doing here?"

Eve's dark hair flowed in loose waves, a pirate hat tipped forward on her head, and Wynn spotted another pirate moving through the crowd as she hugged Eve. A blond one.

And as Casey came up behind Eve, wrapping her arm around her waist, there was no denying that they looked good together. That they were happy.

"Hey, Wynn." Casey gave her a smile.

"Hi." Wynn really did need to apologize to Eve at some point tonight. It was really starting to weigh on her. "So, when did you guys get in?"

"This morning," Eve said as Casey went to the bar. "And we'll have to fly back tomorrow evening."

"I can't believe you're here." Wynn couldn't stop smiling, not realizing how much she'd been missing her best friend.

"I had this brilliant idea to come to our usual bar and surprise you, but Casey was kind of skeptical. She didn't think you'd be here if I wasn't. But I know how much you love Halloween and the parade. I knew I'd find you here."

"Just like old times."

Out of the corner of her eye, Wynn could see Logan weaving her way through the crowd. "I'm sorry, Eve," Wynn said, wanting to get this in before Logan got back. "I never should have given you a hard time about Casey. You're obviously both very happy. I should have been a supportive friend, and I was just an asshole."

Eve laughed. “You were a bit of a pain in the ass, but I know the whole thing with Casey and Miami was not the typical way to go about meeting someone. You were right to ask questions, but I appreciate you coming around.” Eve smiled as Casey came back with two bottles of beer. “Thanks, babe.” Eve’s eyes returned to Wynn. “No point asking about you.”

“What about me?” Wynn grabbed her own bottle from the bar behind her, pushing the lime further down the neck and into the beer.

“Thanks,” Logan said, reaching behind Wynn to get her beer.

Eve’s eyes shifted between the two of them, and she started chuckling. “The lady doth protest too much?” Eve asked with a wicked smile. “How long has this been going on?”

Wynn cleared her throat. “Logan, this is Eve. My friend I was telling you about. And this is her girlfriend, Casey.”

They all said hello while Wynn threw Eve daggers. “And Eve, Logan is the new owner of the golf course, if you must know. Nothing at all like what you’re imagining.”

Eve looked them both up and down. “Matching costumes. I like it. Well, congrats, Logan. And congrats to you, Wynn. For finally selling. That all happened really quick in the end. I hope Wynn didn’t rob you,” Eve said looking at Logan now.

“Oh well... I didn’t technically buy it, really.” Logan stopped talking when all eyes were on her, perhaps realizing that she had put her foot in it. “Anyway, it’s a long story. But I am taking over the golf course. And I’m thrilled. And we’re celebrating that tonight,” Logan said, gently hitting her bottle off Wynn’s.

“Is that so?” Eve asked, and Wynn could practically see the gears turning. She was reading way too much into this.

Wynn took another drink. “We should probably get going if we want to be in the parade.”

When they finished their drinks, they left, joining the organized chaos of dancers, floats, and the hundreds of people already ahead of them in every kind of costume.

Eve grabbed a hold of Wynn's elbow as Casey and Logan went ahead of them, falling in behind the other parade goers, drums beating in the distance. "She's cute. And I won't give you a hard time at all about the age gap. What is it? Fifteen years?"

Wynn didn't know why Eve wasn't believing her. "More, but we're not together, so it doesn't matter." She'd found out on the drive to the city that Logan was thirty.

"More?" Eve grinned. "And what's with all the denials? She's clearly smitten. The way she looks at you, Wynn? I hope you're not messing her around."

Wynn tried again. "I'm telling you, there's nothing going on between us."

"Seriously?"

"Yes! She's been effectively running the golf course for the last two years. I went out there to sell it, and I've decided that maybe she should just keep doing what she's doing."

"So, you didn't sell?"

"I might have made a bet out of the whole thing," Wynn said, Amy's words of disbelief still in her ears.

"What was the bet?" Eve asked as they walked with the crowd.

"Whoever won a round of golf would be the owner. We played yesterday afternoon."

"And she won?"

"Yep." Wynn was normally so competitive, but that loss didn't seem to sting.

"Oh, so she's a better golfer than you? Wow. You finally met your match. And I'm telling you, she's definitely interested in you."

"I don't think so, Eve."

“Then what are you playing at?” Eve asked, motioning to her costume. “Sexy cop? The last time you wore that you were trying to make your ex jealous. When was that? Ten years ago?”

Wynn waved her off. “Logan said she was going as a prisoner, and I thought it would be a bit of fun to be a cop. That’s it.”

“Hmm. Well, she’s taken more notice than your ex did back then. And why wouldn’t she? You look great, Wynn. Honestly.”

“Thank you.” Wynn linked arms with Eve. “So do you. You two look good together.”

“I’m just happy.” At that moment, Casey looked over her shoulder, her gaze full of love.

Logan turned too, and they naturally ended up walking together when Casey fell in beside Eve.

“This is crazy,” Logan said, her eyes on the hundreds of people that lined the street behind the barricades to watch it all unfold. “In a good way,” she added. “I had no idea it was such a big deal.”

“Thanks for coming.” Wynn couldn’t believe she almost missed this. There was just something special about Halloween in New York. It was like one giant street party.

“Thanks for inviting me,” Logan said, smiling as she turned to her as they walked.

Logan looked like she was about to say something more, but someone grabbed her wrist from behind, and when Wynn whipped around, ready to kick someone’s ass, there was Eve, swiftly locking a handcuff onto each of their wrists.

“Eve...” Wynn’s walk slowed as she looked down at Logan’s left wrist attached to her right. “Come on...”

How had Eve managed to free the handcuffs from her belt without her noticing?

Eve held up the tiny set of keys. “Just a bit of fun, Wynn. Call it revenge for being an asshole?”

Wynn pursed her lips. “What’s it going to take to get the keys? I already apologized.”

They’d stopped walking now, and the rest of the parade streamed past, not taking any notice of them.

“I’ll give them back when you’re ready,” Eve said with a wink and slid the keys into the pocket of her pants before joining Casey, reaching for her hand as they started off again.

“Wow.” Wynn couldn’t remember the last time either of them had pulled a stunt like that. Their friendship had really deteriorated in the last two years, and Wynn knew that was her fault. Years ago, they had fun like that, keeping one another on their toes.

“So, I guess we’re stuck like this for the night.” Logan held up their hands. “What’d you do?”

Wynn sighed. “I gave Eve a hard time. About Casey.”

Logan laughed out loud. “Are you serious? After you dated someone so much older than you?”

Wynn made a face. “Yeah, it wasn’t a great reaction. I apologized. She knows I’m sorry.”

“And yet...” Logan glanced down at their hands. “Here we are.”

“She really thinks there’s something going on between us. And maybe, she thinks that by doing this I’ll give in or something? I don’t even know.”

“Yeah, Casey assumed we were together. Matching costumes, I guess?”

“Are you okay?” Wynn asked after a few minutes of walking along in silence, the back of their hands occasionally brushing. “I know this is weird. If it’s bothering you, I can try and the keys from her.”

“It’s not ideal, but I’m fine.” Logan’s hand hit hers again, bringing a smile to her face. “Should we just hold hands? It’d make this a lot easier.”

“And give Eve the satisfaction? No thank you.”

“Yeah, but if that’s what Eve wants to see... Maybe, she’d free us.”

Wynn was about to argue but stopped herself. “You might be on to something there.”

Logan’s hand slid into hers, the warmth sending a shiver through Wynn. She couldn’t even remember the last time she held someone’s hand. She knew it didn’t mean anything, but it was still nice.

“Much better,” Logan said, and Wynn had to press her lips together to keep herself from grinning like a fool.

Chapter Twenty

GETTING through the parade in handcuffs had been easy. Logan had even forgotten they were on a few times. The challenging part was remembering that Wynn was only holding her hand because it might get these cuffs off faster.

Logan hated the way she wanted it to be real. She didn't know when it had happened, but she wanted Wynn. Probably on the course yesterday, watching her make shot after shot, in her element, rain drops trickling down her face.

And Wynn had turned out to be reasonable in the end, if one could consider gambling on the ownership of a house and golf course reasonable. But at least she hadn't sold it to someone else.

Logan could stop hating her then, and all of that frustration seemed to lead right to attraction. Wynn's sometimes throaty voice was so much more attractive when she wasn't telling Logan she needed to move out.

So, Logan had a new problem now, because she had to go back to her normal life tomorrow and forget all about this.

Their lives were so different, and as much as Logan was enjoying herself tonight, this just highlighted how far apart their realities were. Rich. Poor. City versus country. They were opposites.

The four of them ended up at a rooftop bar, having walked the length of the parade. Wooden tables and benches were spread out across the huge space, but with all the potted plants

and greenery climbing the wooden partitions, there were plenty of cozy places, the twinkling white lights adding to the atmosphere.

“This has been great and everything,” Wynn said as they waited their turn at the bar. She let go of Logan’s hand, looking down at their wrists. “But what happens when either one of us wants to go to the bathroom?”

“Maybe we should just get the key?” Logan didn’t want this little fantasy to end, but Wynn was right. That would be kind of awkward.

Eve was a few people ahead of them in the line, but Casey came over to them. “Do you guys want to find a seat? We can get the drinks.”

“Yeah, sure,” Wynn said. “A gin and tonic, please.”

“Logan?”

“Yeah, same for me,” Logan said, tucking a lock of hair behind her ear with her free hand. “Thanks.”

They both turned to see if there were any tables available, their hands almost naturally sliding over one another again, and Logan had to close her eyes to steady herself, trying to ignore the tingling sensation that crept up from her fingertips, spreading through her entire body.

“They’re leaving,” Wynn said, nodding over to a table with four chairs. “Perfect.”

They hovered as the four women, all dressed as different superheroes, finished their drinks and grabbed their bags. Batwoman gave them a smile. “All yours, ladies.”

Logan pulled out the chair on the right, and Wynn slid hers over, leaving very little space between them. Logan sank down into the chair first, her left hand slightly elevated until Wynn sat down a few seconds later.

Wynn took off her police hat and left it on the table, running her left hand through her blond hair, and Logan had to look away, that tingling feeling in her stomach now. This was not good.

Logan cleared her throat. “About that problem you mentioned. I’ve probably got another half hour in me, and then we’re going to have to deal with it.”

“Hm. Same here.” Wynn bit her lip, glancing down at their hands again, absently trailing her thumb along the side of Logan’s hand.

What was Wynn doing?

“I can’t give Eve the satisfaction of caving,” Wynn said.

“Can we just tell her that we’re seeing each other? And that neither of us said anything because it’s really new?”

Wynn’s touch disappeared, and she was lifting her hand and moving it side to side beneath the table, almost as if she was trying to see how much movement they could get away with.

Logan shook her head dismissively. “I’m asking her for the keys when either of us needs to go to the bathroom.”

“I’m too competitive to let her win.”

“What does she want?”

“She’s so sure that we’re crazy about each other and that I’m being an idiot for ignoring it.”

“I’m still not seeing how you win here,” Logan said, moving to rest her arms on the table before realizing that she couldn’t without dragging Wynn along with her. “And Eve’s looking over here right now. They’re on the way back with our drinks.”

“Look at me like we’re deep in conversation.”

Logan blinked, turning to face Wynn, ready to ask why, but Wynn’s free hand came up to cup Logan’s cheek, her thumb lightly brushing over her skin before tracing a line over Logan’s bottom lip.

Logan’s gaze traveled over Wynn’s face, her heartbeat pounding in her ears.

“Can I kiss you?” Wynn asked softly, her eyes searching Logan’s.

Logan didn't answer, closing the gap between them instead, her free hand gliding over Wynn's shoulder and up the smooth skin of her neck, her fingers disappearing into Wynn's glossy hair as she brought their lips together in a moment of madness.

Logan knew this was an incredibly bad idea. She should have just said yes and let Wynn take the lead.

Wynn might have only been suggesting a chaste kiss, or even worse, maybe she'd brought her hand up to Logan's cheek like that to shield them from Eve, and Wynn wasn't really going to kiss her at all.

All those thoughts left Logan's mind when Wynn's lips brushed across her own in a slow kiss. Wynn's lips were soft, warm, and when she parted her lips to kiss Logan back fully, she whimpered, and Logan wished they weren't at a crowded rooftop bar.

Because Logan wanted Wynn. As their lips met again, Wynn's tongue lightly skimming over her own, Logan admitted to herself that this had become more than a bit of crush. Logan wanted Wynn. The way those leather pants clung to her hips and her ass had been driving her wild all night, and Logan just wanted Wynn to tell Eve and Casey that they were calling it a night, that they were going back to hers.

Logan's grip on Wynn's hair loosened when the scraping of chairs across from them broke the moment, and Wynn pulled away, her eyes fluttering open, darting away from Logan's as her hand fell away, and she sat up straight, turning away from Logan, their handcuffed wrists still resting on their thighs.

Logan thanked them for the drinks, gulping her gin and tonic, her heart still racing. What was that? What just happened?

Yes, Wynn had been the one to suggest it, but then Logan took over. What if Wynn hadn't meant to take it that far?

Eve beamed. "Well, that didn't take long." She motioned towards them. "Come on. Show me your wrists."

Logan and Wynn lifted their arms, wresting their hands on the table as Eve unlocked the cuffs, and Wynn's hand was gone as soon as she was free, rubbing her wrist with her free hand. Logan just looked at her hand, resting on the table, already missing the contact.

"Happy?" Wynn asked as she reached for her drink.

"Yes. But I already was. I knew there was somebody out there for you, Wynn. I thought it would be another broker, someone who understood that lifestyle, but a golfer makes so much more sense. And not just any golfer," Eve said with a smile, lifting her glass to Logan's. "One that's better than you. Cheers, Logan." Eve's eyes settled on Logan now. "And I wish you the best of luck with her. She's stubborn. She's arrogant. But she's entirely worth it."

Logan dared a glance at Wynn who was rolling her eyes, shaking her head, and Logan didn't know what to make of all this.

"I'll be back in a minute," Wynn said, her hat still on the table as she strode off, weaving her way through the crowd and pulling open the door to go back inside.

Casey said something to Eve, but Logan couldn't hear her over the pounding of her heart. Logan's jaw clenched, her hands running over her orange pants.

"I'm just going to find the bathroom," Logan said, standing up. She found the signs inside, moving down a hallway, pushing the door open, expecting to see Wynn there, standing at the sinks, but it was empty.

Logan bit the inside of her cheek. Maybe it was for the best that she didn't find Wynn. Because kissing her again would surely have been a mistake.

Chapter Twenty-One

WYNN HAD GONE DOWNSTAIRS to order a shot. She didn't know what was going on with her, but she knew she shouldn't have enjoyed that kiss as much as she had. Wynn stood at the bar, downing her shot, before climbing the stairs, colliding with Logan in the hallway.

Wynn's hands were on Logan's hips, keeping them both upright. "Sorry," she said, letting go of her.

Wynn held Logan's gaze. What must she think of her? Suggesting they kiss like that?

But Logan had kissed her.

She'd kissed her with surprising passion, and Eve's words were right there. *'She's clearly smitten. The way she looks at you, Wynn? I hope you're not messing her around.'*

Wynn had dismissed those words the moment Eve had said them. They were meant to tease her. But now? After the way Logan had just kissed her? With the way she was looking at her right now?

Maybe Eve was right.

But did it even matter?

Logan cleared her throat. "Sorry. About the kiss. I shouldn't have. Not like that."

Wynn shook her head. "Don't be sorry. I probably shouldn't have even asked you. But as you might have

gathered, my competitiveness leads me to do crazy things sometimes.”

Logan smiled, leaning back against the wall, her foot resting on the dark paint, her arms folded across her chest. “Yeah, I’m starting to get a better idea of who you are.”

“Don’t let Eve’s words taint whatever impression you already had.”

“Taint? I think she’s improving it,” Logan said with a grin. “She clearly cares about you. I don’t think any of my exes would give a shit about me, even though our breakups weren’t really that messy.”

“Ex?” Wynn frowned. “I was never with Eve. Not properly.”

“Oh?” Logan lifted an eyebrow. “I saw a photo of the two of you online and the caption had you listed as a couple.”

“There were always assumptions, but no, we were never together.” Wynn sighed, not wanting to lie to Logan. “We did have a... an arrangement.”

“Friends-with-benefits?” Logan guessed.

“Hm. Something like that.”

“Well, she cares about you. I’m not jealous,” Logan added. “Just in case you think I am. Anyway, we should probably get back.” She motioned back towards the rooftop.

Wynn laughed softly to herself.

“What’s so funny?” Logan asked, pushing herself off the wall.

Wynn grabbed her arm, her hand sliding down to Logan’s wrist, gently tugging her towards her, and Wynn so desperately wanted to blame this on the alcohol, but she knew she couldn’t.

Wynn’s other hand slid up into Logan’s hair as she leaned in, and Logan met her halfway, both of them bringing more intensity to this kiss, their mouths opening, their tongues searching.

Wynn moaned when Logan's hands found her ass, squeezing it through her leather pants, and it took every bit of willpower in her to put some distance between them, conscious of where they were.

Logan slumped against the wall, her eyes dark with desire, her hair slightly disheveled.

Wynn swallowed. How had she let this happen?

"Are we still pretending?" Logan asked, her voice husky.

Wynn shook her head. "Come back to mine. Later. Don't go to your friend's."

Logan's eyes searched hers, her mouth open, ready to say something, but she didn't, reaching for Wynn's hand instead as they went back outside.

Wynn's heart was still thumping in her chest as she took her seat across from Eve. This was such a bad idea, but yet, she couldn't seem to stop herself.

The one good thing was that because their lives were so different, they could have tonight. One night. And then Logan would be back to their hometown, and Wynn would be back to what she did best, selling out buildings for ridiculous amounts of money.

What harm could one night do?

Wynn ignored that little voice in the back of her head, reminding her that her stomach was fluttering, that her heart was racing, and that she hadn't felt like this in a very long time.

One night.

That's all it was going to be.

Chapter Twenty-Two

LOGAN HAD SENT her friend a text before they left the bar, not quite believing what she was typing, telling her that she wouldn't get out to Queens to see her after all. That she had a place to stay.

And even now, as Wynn flicked on a few lights and tossed her hat onto the kitchen counter, Logan still couldn't believe this was happening. That Wynn had kissed her. When there was no one around to see them. When Eve and Casey were still outside.

Wynn was tipsy, but she wasn't drunk, so Logan hoped that she wouldn't think this had been a mistake in the morning.

Logan's eyes raked over Wynn as she joined her in the kitchen. She'd wanted to do that since Wynn had come out of her bedroom hours earlier, but Logan had tried her best to keep her eyes off that plunging neckline all night, away from the swell of Wynn's breasts.

Logan sat on a barstool, her body humming with a mixture of nerves and desire. Neither of them had said much on the short walk back here. Logan had been afraid of ruining the moment, of breaking this spell they both seemed to be under, because at the start of the night, Logan never could have imagined this happening.

Wynn came into her space now, her fingers slowly, yet possessively, sliding up Logan's neck and into her hair, tilting

her head back as she stood in between her legs, her blond hair falling over her cop uniform.

“We shouldn’t do this,” Wynn murmured, dipping her head to trail light, feather kisses along her neck.

Logan stifled a moan, not wanting Wynn to know how turned on she was, that this simplest touch in the right place would probably unravel her.

Wynn’s breath was warm against her neck. “But I can’t stop thinking about you.”

Wynn’s other hand fumbled with the hem of the orange costume, her fingers finding their way underneath, her touch scorching against Logan’s stomach.

This time Logan couldn’t stop herself from moaning, her eyes fluttering shut, as Wynn’s hand drifted further upwards, cupping her breast through her bra.

“We won’t get caught,” Wynn whispered against her skin, her tongue swiping at her skin.

Logan’s eyes snapped open, leaning back against the counter and slightly out of Wynn’s reach. “Are we roleplaying?”

Wynn stopped what she was doing and stood up straight, her hands falling away, and Logan immediately missed her touch.

“I don’t know,” Wynn said, her eyebrows furrowed, and then a smile came to her lips. “I have no idea where that came from. Uh, no, we’re not roleplaying. Unless you want to?” Wynn added.

“Not now. Tonight, I just want you.”

Wynn reached for her hand, her thumb gently moving over Logan’s skin. “Will we move this to the bedroom then?”

“Please.” Logan swallowed, her pulse swishing in her ears. She couldn’t remember ever wanting someone like this. Her entire body ached, and they were still fully dressed. She wanted to kiss Wynn properly, in the privacy of her own home, without holding back.

And Wynn didn't keep her waiting, backing her up against the wall inside her bedroom, right beside the door, her hand on Logan's cheek, the other on her hip, as Wynn's lips crashed into hers.

Logan sighed into the kiss, her own hands on Wynn's ass, fingers splayed over her leather pants, bringing her hips closer as Wynn pushed a thigh between Logan's legs, hitting her center and sending a jolt of electricity right through her.

Logan groaned, her hips pushing back against Wynn's thigh as they deepened the kiss. Heat radiated off her, and Logan had to break the kiss, putting just enough space between them to lift her orange shirt over her head, letting it fall to the floor, before guiding Wynn's lips back to hers.

Kissing Wynn was just exquisite, her lips hard and searching, yet somehow soft and yielding. They already had this dueling chemistry, trading control, one of them taking the lead for a few seconds before the other took over.

Logan's hands had been pinned above her head before she managed to free them, sliding them over Wynn's shoulders instead, her fingers lost in Wynn's luxurious hair.

Wynn's hands seemed to be everywhere, gliding over Logan's ribs and her back, Wynn's nails raking over her skin, sending a shiver through her. Those hands tugged Logan's orange pants down her legs, and Logan was left leaning against the door in her white lingerie.

When Wynn pulled away moments later, Logan's knees were weak, her breathing ragged. She ran a hand through her hair as Wynn reached over to grab a remote from the dresser. A few lamps switched on and the curtains on the far side of the room started to shut.

Wynn's attention was back on Logan, her eyes drinking her in as she slowly shook her head and visibly swallowed. "I don't know where to start."

Logan's breath caught in her throat as she watched Wynn, her eyes sweeping over Logan. No one had ever looked at her like that, with what she could only describe as reverence.

Logan reached for her, tugging at the navy fabric of Wynn's costume to bring her closer, Logan's fingers moving to unbutton her pants.

When Logan had lowered the zipper, she'd intended to push the leather pants down, to move on to Wynn's top next, but as Wynn leaned in to kiss her again, their tongues searching, Logan couldn't resist sliding her hand underneath the waistband of Wynn's panties, finding her slick heat without even parting her lips.

Wynn moaned into her mouth as they kissed, and Logan's fingertips moved lower, parting her folds, before returning up to circle her clit. Wynn swayed into her, breaking the kiss and planting her hand against the wall to keep herself upright.

"Fuck," Wynn grunted, her hips rocking forward as Logan's circles widened.

Logan used her other hand to reverse their positions, backing Wynn up against the wall, her fingertips still teasing Wynn.

Logan's eyes locked onto Wynn's. A lock of blond hair had fallen across her eyes, her cheeks flushed. Logan eased her fingers lower, entering Wynn with a slow stroke, her two fingers curling inside before easing out and repeating the motion.

Wynn swore, her eyes fluttering closed. She moaned as Logan started to increase her speed, and Wynn threaded her hand through Logan's hair, guiding their lips together in a fiery kiss.

Logan's range of motion was constrained with Wynn's pants still on, but the combination of her short strokes and her palm hitting up against Wynn's clit sent her over the edge, clinging to Logan as she came, her hips grinding against Logan's hand, a string of curses leaving Wynn's gorgeous lips until she collapsed back against the door, her breathing heavy.

Chapter Twenty-Three

WYNN DIDN'T KNOW how her legs brought her over to the bed. She'd never been so completely caught off guard by an earth-shattering orgasm like that. Maybe, that would have happened later on in the night, with someone she knew well enough to get her there, but having that happen with Logan? When she was still fully clothed? When she was standing?

Wynn struggled to comprehend all of it as she backed Logan up to her bed and pushed her onto it.

Wynn stepped out of her pants before tossing her top to the side, leaving her black bra and underwear on as she climbed on top of Logan.

She didn't even know how Logan had taken control like that, and now Wynn wanted that same pleasure.

Wynn's body covered Logan's, dipping her head to find Logan's lips, kissing her more slowly, more softly than she'd intended. And while she did, Logan's hands reached behind Wynn to unhook her bra, sliding the straps away. Wynn sat up for a second to fling the garment away, Logan's hands replacing the flimsy fabric, her thumbs swiping over her nipples, hardening them in seconds, and Wynn couldn't stop herself from moaning.

"What are you doing to me?" Wynn whispered, covering Logan's hands with her own before pushing them away, pinning them to the sheets above Logan's head.

Wynn kissed her again, harder this time, her tongue gliding over Logan's as they lost themselves in the kiss.

Wynn let go of Logan's hands, kissing her way down Logan's body, over her collarbone and the curve of her breast. Logan sat up and Wynn swiftly removed her bra, easing Logan back onto the sheets and wrapping her tongue around Logan's nipple. Wynn gently bit down before taking it into her mouth.

A low moan escaped Logan's lips, her hands on Wynn's shoulders as she moved to Logan's other breast, her tongue flicking over Logan's hard nipple.

Wynn's lips brushed over the soft skin of Logan's stomach, placing open kisses up along each of her inner thighs before running her tongue over Logan's white panties.

"Ohh," Logan moaned, her hands in Wynn's hair as her hips lifted off the sheets.

Wynn stayed there for a few more seconds, teasing her through the thin fabric before sitting up to tug them down Logan's legs. She got comfortable between Logan's legs, taking her time circling Logan's bundle of nerves before making room for her fingers.

Wynn glanced up as she eased two fingers inside, Wynn's tongue still swiping over her clit, and Logan threw her head back against the sheets, her moan sending a shockwave of arousal through Wynn.

"Wynn, come here," Logan panted seconds later, her hand on Wynn's neck, guiding her back up. "Just fuck me." She gazed up at Wynn through heavy lids, tangling her fingers in Wynn's hair as her hips matched Wynn's strokes.

Wynn planted a hand beside Logan's shoulder, picking up her pace.

"Fuck, I'm so close," Logan moaned.

Wynn lowered her head, searching out Logan's neck, but Logan's hand cupped her cheek, guiding their lips together in a hungry kiss. When Wynn's tongue slid over Logan's, she could feel Logan's body start to quake beneath her.

“Oh fuck. Wynn,” Logan breathed against her neck.

Logan clung to her, her body shaking, her hips rocking, until she released the breath she’d been holding.

Wynn sat up, about to get comfortable beside her, but Logan’s hand was on her hip.

“Stay there,” Logan said, her voice husky. “I could feel your hips rocking against me.”

Wynn looked down, not even realizing that she’d been straddling Logan’s thigh.

Logan’s other hand covered Wynn’s breast, her fingers rolling and tweaking Wynn’s nipple, and it wasn’t long before Wynn’s slow rocking started to build. Logan’s hand moved from her breast to her hip, urging her on.

Wynn’s orgasm snuck up on her, her hips moving of their own accord, and with Logan’s fingers digging into her skin, her thigh pushing back against Wynn, it didn’t take long for her to come, a rush of heat flooding through her.

A slow smile came to Wynn’s lips as she rolled onto the sheets beside Logan. She wanted to tell Logan how amazing that was, how beautiful she was, but the words never came out.

Instead, Wynn reached up to tuck a lock of Logan’s hair behind her ear, leaning in to kiss her softly, knowing that if this was what they were like now, when they were just starting to figure out what the other liked, would Wynn even make it to the morning?

And Wynn couldn’t let herself think about anything more than that, because there was something here, and there really shouldn’t be.

But Wynn had told herself that they could have tonight. And if that was all they were going to have, Wynn was going to make the most of it.

Chapter Twenty-Four

WHEN LOGAN WOKE up the next morning, the scent of coffee and bacon drifted into her room. Her eyes fluttered open. And then she realized that she wasn't in her own room. She was in Wynn's bed. Her enormous king-sized bed.

Logan hadn't been able to process that last night. She hadn't noticed that these were the softest sheets she'd ever slept on. She hadn't noticed the high ceilings or the open doorway that led to a walk-in closet.

All that Logan remembered from last night was that she'd had the best sex of her life.

Everything about Wynn had been intoxicating. The way she'd kissed Logan. The way she'd pinned her hands above her head. The way her tongue had worked its magic.

The way they'd both come at the same time, their bodies covered in a light layer of sweat at that stage, their hips rocking, Logan on top with Wynn's fingers splayed across her ass, adding to the pressure as they grinded against one another.

Logan blinked, pushing those memories aside along with the sheets as she got out of bed, realizing that she'd have to put her costume back on, her bag in the other room.

Her eyes landed on her underwear and then her bra, scattered across the floor, but there was her bag, on top of the dresser. Wynn must have brought it in, and that simple gesture gave Logan hope that things wouldn't be weird this morning.

Logan had never been one for nights like this. One-time things. So, she didn't even know what the rules for the next day were. Should she have left already?

Logan got dressed in jeans and a navy and red flannel shirt. Her hair was too messy after last night to be left down so she stood in front of the bathroom mirror, combing her fingers through her hair until she could tie it back in a messy bun.

She found Wynn in the kitchen wearing loose gray pajama bottoms and a matching long-sleeved shirt, her back to Logan, her hair pulled up in ponytail. When she turned, flashing Logan a smile, a cup of coffee in one hand, her face free of any makeup, Logan's breath caught.

"Morning," Wynn said. "There's coffee if you want some."

Logan swallowed. Fuck. A part of her was hoping that seeing Wynn in the morning would be a little awkward, because then going home would be so much easier. She'd be able to forget about last night because how could they have anything more if they could barely look at one another in the morning?

Except that wasn't what was going on here.

Wynn looked more relaxed than Logan had ever seen her. She brought over a plate stacked with toast and slid onto a barstool. "I wasn't sure what you wanted or when you'd be up, so I thought I'd wait before I made anything."

"Oh." Logan cleared her throat. Stop being weird. "Thanks. Whatever you're having is fine."

"Scrambled eggs?"

"Sure."

Wynn had breakfast ready in a few minutes, and once they were finished eating, she brought up the idea that they should see each other again.

It took Logan a second to figure out that she was talking about signing the documents needed to transfer the ownership of the golf course and the house to Logan, and not about wanting to see each other again for personal reasons.

Logan's stomach had dropped at the realization, but what else had she expected? Someone like Wynn didn't date someone like her.

And how would it work anyway?

They lived completely different lives.

Logan kept her emotions in check, and after a friendly hug goodbye, she left Wynn's, her bag slung over her shoulder, making the short walk to the train station, ready to go back to her normal life.

Chapter Twenty-Five

WYNN TOSSED her bag onto the kitchen counter, glad to be back home after what had been a very long week. And just like every other night this week, it was almost nine o'clock before she made it home.

Her evenings had been busier than usual this week, meeting with a developer for dinner on Monday, clients Tuesday, Wednesday, and Thursday, and tonight, she'd had drinks with her team.

Normally, she hated weeks like this, much preferring a quiet drink with Eve at a wine bar, but since she wasn't here, and it seemed that Wynn struggled being here since Logan left her apartment Monday morning, late nights were the new normal.

Wynn kicked off her heels and padded over to the couch, throwing herself on it, flicking through a delivery app on her phone, knowing she had no energy left to even think about cooking.

She went with her usual order at her favorite Indian restaurant, her stomach rumbling as she put the order through. She left her phone on the coffee table and leaned back against the arm of the couch, stretching out across the length of it, knowing exactly why she was so restless this week, why she'd had trouble sleeping.

Wynn just hated that it didn't make sense, and all she could think of was that this was exactly what Eve had been like after she'd first met Casey.

And Wynn had been anything but supportive. She could still remember that conversation, like it was yesterday. They'd been having their usual Sunday morning coffee.

Wynn had been such an ass. *"So, after two nights you're in love with her? Eve, have you lost your mind? And she's so young. You can't possibly have anything in common with her."*

Eve had sighed, clearly frustrated that her friend wasn't listening. *"It was one night, technically. And first of all, no one said anything about love. I just said I had feelings for her. And she's not that young. Thirty. That's not a big deal. Fifteen years. And we have real estate and design in common."*

Wynn closed her eyes, feeling a headache coming on, a low throbbing starting just above her right eyebrow.

This was so unlike her.

Wynn didn't get caught up like this. That was what had made her arrangement with Eve so perfect. She never worried about falling for her friend. It had just been sex.

And now, after one night with Logan, Wynn's stomach was in knots? She couldn't sleep properly?

Wynn exhaled. She just needed to see Logan again. Then she'd realize that she was being silly. That they'd just had one really amazing night together and that was it.

Wynn did need to see her to finalize the change in ownership. She didn't want Logan to think that she wasn't going to follow through with the bet.

She reached for her phone. On Tuesday, she'd gotten Logan's number from Jenny, and nearly texted her on her lunch break, but then Wynn came to her senses.

Now, Wynn's fingers flew across the screen, typing out a very business-like message, so far from the semi-flirtatious one she'd thought about sending earlier in the week.

Wynn didn't care if she went out to Logan or if Logan wanted to come back to the city again, but they did need to get all the documents signed, so she left it up to Logan, pressing send before she could overthink it.

Chapter Twenty-Six

ON THE WEDNESDAY BEFORE THANKSGIVING, Logan was back in New York. Snow flurries danced to the ground, and a cold breeze lifted Logan's hair away from her face. She tucked her black scarf in, making sure it was covering her neck and chest as she took her time walking to Wynn's apartment.

It was the first snowfall of the year, and Logan kind of liked the fact that she was in New York for it.

She'd closed the golf course last weekend, and for the first time, she was actually excited to do so. When she opened the course again in April next year, she hoped it would be the start of more prosperous times. She'd be getting paid, and she had plans for the golf course to be profitable as well. Not in a greedy kind of way, but in a sustainable one.

Logan glanced down at her phone as she stepped to the side, letting people pass her. She made sure she was heading in the right direction and kept going, her stomach churning at the thought of seeing Wynn again after nearly a month.

An ambulance's siren shrieked as it whizzed by, taking her away from her thoughts. She stuffed her hands in her pockets as she kept going, wishing she'd brought gloves. She was only here for the day, so she'd traveled light, only slipping a book into her black leather crossbody bag.

This was the first chance she'd had to come to New York and sign the documents. She'd gotten on a train that morning, reminding herself more than once on the journey here that this

was purely a business trip. This was not about Halloween night.

When she got to Wynn's apartment, Logan took a steadying breath as she waited for Wynn to answer the door.

"Hey," Wynn said, holding the door open for her. She was wearing dark wash jeans and an off-the-shoulder red sweater, her blond curls loose, her eyes warm. She was beautiful. "Come in."

"Hi." Logan was surprised when Wynn lifted her arm to hug her, and Logan gladly stepped into her embrace.

The familiar perfume Wynn wore invaded her senses, bringing Logan right back to that night, when Logan couldn't even remember drifting off to sleep or how many orgasms they'd had. That sweet scent had been on her pillow the next morning, and Logan had to swallow down the emotion that had bubbled up out of nowhere.

Business. That was all this was.

Logan pressed her lips together as she pulled away, shrugging out of her coat and scarf, hanging them both up along with her bag, the realization that after today, she had no reason to see Wynn again momentarily paralyzing her.

"Can I get you anything?" Wynn asked on her way to the kitchen.

Logan recovered, taking a deep breath and shoving her hands in the pockets of her black jeans as she followed Wynn. "No. I'm fine. Thanks."

Logan's eyes fell on the papers on the counter, and Wynn pulled out a barstool, motioning for Logan to join her. Wynn walked her through the details, not quite going through it line by line but close enough.

"Are you happy with everything?" Wynn asked, reaching for a pen.

"Yeah." Logan shook her head. "It still doesn't feel real though."

A ghost of a smile crossed Wynn's lips. "Didn't trust me?"

“Honestly? No.” Logan returned her smile. “You were pretty determined to sell when you first showed up.”

Wynn pursed her lips, looking away for a second before fixing her gaze on Logan. “Were you attracted to me then?”

“Yes. And I hated it.”

Wynn laughed softly, glancing away again. “I’m happy to sign if you are,” she said after a moment.

Logan nodded, the spell broken, that tiny window of flirtation, of thinking that they’d see each other again, gone.

They both signed in all the places that Wynn had flagged. Logan left the pen down on the counter, waiting to feel happy, to feel relieved, but the only thing she felt was emptiness.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

WYNN SIGNED on the final line, leaving her pen down on the stack of papers, knowing that if she didn't say or do something in the next few minutes, she might never see Logan again.

Yes, she could drop by the golf course, but now that it wasn't hers, wouldn't that be weird? Like she was checking up on Logan?

Wynn hadn't planned on saying anything. She knew she'd missed Logan these last few weeks. She knew she wanted more of what they'd shared on Halloween, but she was also trying to be realistic.

She'd told herself that they'd get everything signed, and that would be it. That there was no reason to bring up that night.

Well, all those thoughts went out of her head the moment she'd pulled the door open, and her eyes met Logan's.

It wasn't until she saw Logan standing in her doorway, did she realize that she'd only ever really seen Logan in her work clothes or golfing gear. And well, her Halloween costume.

Today, Logan's caramel brown hair was down, styled in loose waves, and she wore black jeans and a gray winter coat. When she hung that up, Wynn was left admiring the way her long-sleeved white top showed off her figure, the scoop neck top revealing a hint of cleavage.

Logan looked smart. Mature. Her makeup brought out the golden flecks in her brown eyes.

And all Wynn could think about was kissing her again.

Logan slid off her stool, bringing Wynn back to the present as she spoke. “Any plans for Thanksgiving?”

Wynn stood too. “No. Eve and I always celebrated together since neither of us had family. We took turns hosting each year, but...”

“Not this year.”

“No,” Wynn said softly. “Not this year. You?”

Logan shook her head. “No. I don’t talk to my family. Same reason as you, actually. Thrown out.”

Wynn’s stomach lurched. “I’m sorry, Logan.”

“It’s okay. I had an amazing relationship with my grandfather. That’s who taught me how to golf. Some years, I end up at Amy’s house for Thanksgiving, but I don’t think I will this year. I’m in the middle of redecorating the house.”

“Now that you can,” Wynn said, hating the limbo that she’d left Logan in for so long.

“Yeah.” Logan gave her a lop-sided smile. “Well, I better start walking back to the station. I want to grab lunch before I head back.”

“What if you didn’t?”

“What?”

Wynn had spoken without thinking, but it seemed she was desperate to delay saying goodbye. “Stay for Thanksgiving.”

“That’s tomorrow.”

“Hm. And we could go out for dinner together tonight.”

Logan’s eyes searched hers. “Are you asking me out on a date?”

Wynn inhaled a shaky breath as she reached for Logan’s hand. “Yes.”

“I was under the impression...” Logan looked away. “After last time, I guess, when we didn’t stay in touch... I thought you weren’t interested.”

Wynn closed her eyes for a second. How had she gone this far off script? She’d promised herself that if this wasn’t going to work, not to bother. To just have one night together and forget about Logan.

“I’m too old for you,” Wynn said with a sigh. “But that doesn’t mean I’m not interested.”

“You’re not too old for me.” Logan reached up and gently caressed her cheek, her eyes never leaving Wynn’s. “Please, don’t say that.”

“I’m not far off fifty.” Wynn had to look away. The tenderness of Logan’s gaze was too much.

“And I don’t care,” Logan countered.

When Wynn met Logan’s eyes again, she knew that Logan was telling the truth, and Wynn swallowed down the lump in her throat.

Logan’s eyes fluttered closed as she leaned in, brushing her lips over Wynn’s.

Wynn had to hold on to Logan’s hips to steady herself, kissing her back slowly, almost cautiously, afraid to let herself fall.

But she already had.

“Yes,” Logan murmured, pulling away slightly. Enough to meet Wynn’s eyes. “I’ll stay.”

Wynn smiled into the kiss, guiding Logan’s lips back to hers, her hand on Logan’s cheek, her thumb lightly dragging over her smooth skin.

Wynn couldn’t even say when it had happened. Maybe that first kiss had done it. Maybe it was when Logan had beat her at her own game. Wynn didn’t know.

But she knew she had to give this a chance.

Wynn sighed as Logan's hand found hers at her side while they kissed, her fingers sliding over her own, just as they had that night they'd marched through the streets New York.

And it hit her.

That was when it had happened.

Wynn had recognized that warmth flooding through her the second it had happened, and she'd chosen to ignore it, unwilling to let herself get hurt.

Wynn wouldn't make that same mistake again.

There was something here. Eve had seen it even before Wynn had.

Wynn smiled, breaking the kiss.

"What?" Logan asked, a smile playing across her own lips.

"I was just thinking about Eve. And the potential gloating."

"Oh, I hope she gloats," Logan said with a laugh. "You know you deserve it."

Wynn shook her head. "I know."

"But I'm glad that she handcuffed us together." Logan's other hand found Wynn's, her thumb sliding over Wynn's knuckles. "I feel like I wouldn't be standing here if she hadn't."

"Hm," Wynn said, exhaling a long sigh of contentment. "I think you're right."

Epilogue

LOGAN'S EYES surveyed the hotel bar, glancing up at the clock to see that in less than five minutes, it would be midnight.

She spotted Eve and Casey by the windows, lower Manhattan's lights twinkling behind them. And there was Wynn, coming over to join them, a glass of champagne in hand, her red dress elegant, her glossy blond hair swept over one shoulder.

Logan knew she needed to cross the room, but she took her time getting there, soaking up the atmosphere. A pianist played in the corner, a small crowd gathered around him, mostly couples standing close or dancing together.

Logan took a glass of champagne from a waiter's tray when he'd stopped to offer her one.

How different her life had been just six months ago. She'd still been waiting for Wynn to appear, to know what she could or couldn't do with the golf course.

Now, she was the owner.

And in a few months, Logan would be opening the course for the first time with her ideas in place.

She had so many things to be grateful for, but it never failed to amaze her how lucky she'd gotten with Wynn.

Just as she had that thought, their eyes locked from across the crowded room, and everything else fell away.

Eve and Casey waved her over, the clock getting close to midnight, but Logan only had eyes for Wynn.

“Hey,” Logan said, wrapping her arm around Wynn’s waist.

“I can’t believe I was right about you two,” Eve said, watching them. “So, you’re really, officially together now.”

“Yes,” Wynn and Logan said at the same time.

“Because,” Eve said, pointing a knowing finger at Wynn, “This is already the longest relationship she’s ever had.”

Wynn rolled her eyes.

Casey jumped in. “Aren’t I your longest relationship?”

“Yes,” Eve said. “And that’s because I was waiting for you.”

“Oh my god,” Wynn drawled. “Still so sappy.”

“Hey,” Casey said with a grin. “I’m not complaining.”

The crowd started to count down, drowning out their conversation. “Five! Four! Three! Two! One!”

Cheers filled the room. “Happy New Year!”

Logan had never cared about ringing in the New Year before, but tonight, she felt like the luckiest woman in the world, ready to take on the challenges of a new year. And best of all, she’d get to do it with Wynn by her side.

“Happy New Year,” Wynn murmured, leaning in, her hand warm against Logan’s cheek as their lips met in a tender kiss.

“Happy New Year,” Logan echoed. “To many more.”

Wynn gently clinked her champagne flute against Logan’s. “I’ll drink to that.”

Thank You

Thanks for reading Autumn Bliss!

I'd love it if you could take a minute to leave a review on Amazon or Goodreads and let me know what you thought.

If you're interested in Eve and Casey's story, check out [Waiting For Her](#).

Visit TheLesbianSalute.com if you want to stay up to date with my future books or you can find me on Twitter @CarolWyattBooks

Thanks,

Carol Wyatt



Also by Carol Wyatt

Wildest Dreams

Wanderlust

Starting Over

Winter Magic

Serendipity

Daring To Dream

Paradise

Silver Bells

Hollywood Dreams

Summer Days

Waiting For Her

Box Sets

The Carol Wyatt Collection

From May To December: Volume 1

From May To December: Volume 2

From May To December: Volume 3

From May To December: Volume 4

Just Famous