

# Reese Ryan

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Parker Abbott pulled into the parking lot of the two-story building that had definitely seen better days.

Better decades even.

He parked, turned off the engine and groaned.

Kayleigh.

His high school nemesis and the one person in town who was most likely to head up the Parker Abbott not-a-fan club.

Usually he enjoyed negotiating deals for their family-owned distillery. But the thought of negotiating anything with Kayleigh made a knot form in his gut.

Perhaps because, deep down, he still saw her as the girl with curly pigtails and thick glasses who had once been his closest friend. Until a falling-out had made them bitter adversaries.

Parker heaved a sigh, pushed open the car door and climbed to his feet.

Waiting five more minutes, or even five more days, wouldn't make the task ahead any easier.

Parker straightened his tie and grabbed his attaché from the back seat of the car. He wasn't that preteen boy with a killer crush on Kayleigh Jemison anymore. He was a goddamned professional, and he was going to act like it, even if it killed him.

As Parker approached the shop, he caught sight of Kayleigh's shock of coppery-red curls through the window. She was gorgeous, as always, with her honey-brown skin and expressive coffee-brown eyes.

Kayleigh was laughing with a customer, but as she waved goodbye to the woman, she caught a glimpse of him standing outside, gawking at her.

Her deep scowl and hard stare confirmed exactly what he'd expected. Kayleigh Jemison was going to give him hell.

He reached into his pocket, flipped the top on a tube of antacids and popped two into his mouth.