

Perfect Love Returns



By Debbie Johnson, Best Selling Author and Award Winning
Filmmaker

Novelette 2 in *Perfect Love Series*

Perfect Love Returns



Debbie Johnson

Golden Chalice, Inc.

Victoria, MN USA

Perfect Love Returns

Copyright © May, 2019 by Debbie Johnson

All rights reserved. No portion of this book may be reproduced, stored in a retrieval system, or transmitted in any form or by any means by electronic, mechanical, photocopying, recording means, scanning or otherwise—except for brief quotations in critical reviews or articles without the prior written permission of the publisher.

The Golden Chalice, Inc.
P.O. Box 277
Victoria, MN 55386

Cover design by Debbie Johnson and John Houlgate
Original cover photo by Andre Furtado

Publisher's Note: This is a work of fiction. Any similarity or connection to any person living or deceased is purely coincidental.

Library of Congress Cataloging-in-Publication Data
Johnson, Debbie.

ISBN 9781085818377

Perfect Love Returns: Number two in Perfect Love Series. Teen love story beyond this world – Teen Spiritual Romance; Teen Adventure

Summary: The daughter of two FBI agents discover hidden, secret FBI operative talents she may have, and left at aunt's ranch for school year. Continues potential romance with young FBI agent. Love comes in several forms, the most important one being from the beyond.

Important Note: This is a work of Fiction. People, places and organizations are fictionalized, as are all their activities, references, techniques, etc.

More Books and Media by Debbie Johnson

Books

Think Yourself Thin

Think Yourself Loved

Think Yourself Young

Think Yourself There

Forget Willpower: Have Fun Family Fitness with Focused Imagination

Forever Young

Fun with Gluten-Free, Low-Glycemic Food Cookbook

Gluten-Free, Low-Glycemic Desserts and Comfort Food You Will Love

Novelettes

Perfect Love

Perfect Love Returns

Perfect Love Forever

Films by Debbie

Soul Survivors: Angels in Training Series

www.soulsurvivorsmovies.com

Related YouTube Channel

The Golden Chalice, Inc.

Website and Contact Info: debbiejohnsonbooks.com

Chapter 1

A black jeep with some grungy-looking men drove up to the cabin as I wandered out, ready to head to school. I stepped back and felt for my Glock. The gun was only for protection when Edmund wasn't with me. He's my body-guard. *Oh, jumping horses, it's just my FBI dad and a few of his agent buddies.* Was Mom still on assignment?

Gasp! Colton's with them. My Cole! Or was he mine? Who knew, but he was certainly in my dreams---literally! I'd had dreams about him before I even met him.

All the guys got out of the car, looking as though they'd rolled in mud, then sunbathed to dry it on. It's a miracle I recognized any of them! But then Colton smiled. *Sigh.* I'd know that smile anywhere. First one side of his mouth quirked up, then the rest of that beautiful mouth followed, blooming into a full-blown smile with kilowatts that could light up Manhattan in a blackout. Even with mud on his face.

"Chloe!" Cole ran over and was about to give me a big hug, when I backed away and squealed. Sure, I wanted to hug him, badly, but I also didn't have time to change clothes before school. "Sorry, Cole, I've got to run, and my school is a bit conservative for me to get there muddy, even if it is dry mud."

Cole hung his head and shuffled his feet. I could tell he was uber-disappointed.

"Please tell me you'll still be here when I get home!" I

slung my backpack on.

“Of course. You can count on it. And a five-course dinner for us all, including your aunt.”

“That would be great, Cole. She’s doing much better on her walking cast, but it’s still hard for her to get around. Now that I’m in school, any meals made by a famous FBI chef will be much appreciated.” I tried to smile as brightly as I could, while getting ready to sprint to my bus stop. “Oh, hi Dad, I’ll see you later, too, right?”

My dad just smirked and shook his head, like he knew where my seventeen-year-old priorities were, but loved me anyway. “Jed, Paul, grab your bags and follow me to the bunkhouse. You, too, Cole.”



When I got home from school, I found out that Mom—also an FBI agent—had gotten stuck in Singapore with debriefing her latest secret mission. She had talents I didn’t even know about.

At dinner, Aunt Kari and I were regaled with the near-death experiences my dad, Jed, Paul, and Cole had while searching for drug smugglers in Australia

My dad told the most of the story, as usual. “We were camping near the river, knowing we’d be close to the smugglers, and the crocodiles came ashore to attack. Evidently, the smugglers had blinded the crocodiles near our campsite, so they would sniff out and try to kill anyone or anything they heard or scented. And somehow, the

smugglers had also spread crocodile-catnip—fish-smells—for their very sensitive noses. It wasn't enough to alert us humans, but for these critters, it was like ringing a dinner bell!"

I held my breath while they told the story, as if they might die! *But that's so stupid . . . here they are, safe and sound.*



"As soon as we saw the crocs, we knew something was wrong, so we had to jump in the water, carrying weapons, and at the same time call for a chopper!" Dad laughed like it was the funniest thing, ever. I wasn't laughing. I was just glad they were still alive to tell the story.

Once my nerves settled down, my mind finally convinced that we were truly all safe, I could enjoy the amazing dinner Cole had prepared. Cream of fennel soup with a hint of lemon, beet and warm goat-cheese salad with toasted walnuts, pan-fried trout almandine (he'd been fishing!), asparagus with hollandaise sauce, and for dessert: my favorite, but with a brilliant twist. Flourless chocolate cake infused with raspberry. My tummy was happy, even though a bit overly-full.

I was thinking about Cole's job while I was doing dishes. Colton's not really an FBI chef. That's just a cover for his real job with the FBI: special, top-secret operative for dream sleuthing. That's how I met him in my dreams, but I didn't know it was him until we really met on earth, here at my aunt's horse ranch. That was about two months

ago, and I decided to stay here with my aunt while I finished my senior year. Edmund stayed too, because Kari still wasn't completely healed from her car accident in summer. She needed a driver when I was in school.

I was just finishing the dishes when Cole snuck up on me and I jumped. "Oops, didn't mean to scare you, Chloe. I'm just used to sneaking."

I just shook my head, knowing he was messing with me.

He grabbed the dish towel in my hand and threw it over the oven handle. Let's go for a walk so we can catch up, okay?"

That woke me up out of my food stupor. "Sure, Cole. Just let me get my sweatshirt. It's kind of chilly in the mountains at night now. So different from Kansas." I ran up the stairs feeling happier than I have in weeks.



We walked toward the paddock to pet some of the horses. I was thinking back to when I learned to ride up here, but since my fall from Molly, the horse Trevor taught me on, I wasn't that excited about it. But that didn't matter because Cole and I shared something better, a passion for cooking. I felt energized when we came up with new recipes together, which came in handy since I'd started a pastry business with my aunt.

"I've missed you so much," Cole said as he pulled me into a bear hug. He smelled like pine trees and chocolate.

Mmmm.

“I haven’t missed you a bit.” My voice was muffled since my face was pressed into his jacket. That tells you how tall he is compared to me. Then I looked up at him and grinned, so he knew I was kidding.

Cole shook his head and grinned that perfect half-grin at me. Then he sighed.

Uh, oh. This can’t be good.

“Chloe, I’m going to have to go back on assignment the day after tomorrow.”

I sighed, and my voice was barely a whisper when I said, “Okay.” Sadness seeped into my bones.

“But we’ll have one whole day to ourselves, and at least it’s Saturday, so you won’t miss school. I would have insisted on that otherwise, since we only have one day. You know, I’m back in Colorado just to see you. My parents don’t even know I’m here, and I’m not telling them. You know how close we are. *Not!*”

I smiled up at him, trying to be grateful. “I’m glad we get one day. I’ll take it.” *And he’s here just for me!* But after tomorrow . . . duty calls, and my super-chef special-agent hero has to answer. “I’m sure there are lots of people to protect in the world today.”

“Definitely. Ava and I have a lot of work to do on . . . blah, blah, blah.”

I couldn’t hear anything else. As soon as he said “Ava,” my head snapped up and I must have looked like a bug

with my eyes so big. Who in the FBI-world was Ava? And how old was she? Or did it matter? Maybe Cole liked older women? We weren't exclusive, were we? Maybe we're just close friends. *What was I thinking?*

Cole waved his hand in front of my face. "Chloe, are you in there? You have a very strange look on your face. What's wrong?"

"Oh, nothing! Nothing's wrong." *Everything is wrong.* I cleared my throat, trying to cover my lack of trust in him. Or in me, more likely. "I just haven't heard you mention Ava before. What do you two do together? I mean your work, of course." I sound like an idiot. I probably am an idiot. *I have to quit putting myself down!*

"Haven't I mentioned her? Sorry, Chloe, I just get so caught up in guarding every FBI secret, I forget you're part of the FBI family. Okay, so Ava is another young operative—from Canada. We're working in tandem with our Canadian sister organization, CSIS. She's eighteen, and has been on my team about two months, just after I left here in July. She's really good at sighting things inwardly in her dreams. It's awesome! Great personality, really funny. It's been a hoot working with her."

"Well, I'm glad you get to have some fun while you're doing a tough job." My smile was fake, but I did try to sound sincere. Cole was no dummy. He probably knew I was jealous as all get out.

"Come here, Chloe, and let me give you another hug. You know I really enjoy your company, too, don't you?"

He's just trying to make me feel better. But so what? Doesn't that mean he cares about me, at least a little?



It was a conspiracy! Cole took me riding, because Aunt Kari encouraged him to, knowing he'd be the motivation I couldn't resist. I smirked inwardly. She is so sneaky! She's determined I'll learn to love riding as much as she does.

We ended up in a beautiful canyon filled with golden-leaved aspen trees. The leaves were turning every-which-way in the strong breeze, and the sun lit them up like real gold. It was breathtaking. I probably wouldn't have made it out here on foot. Horses were definitely good for something.

Then Colton got off his horse and opened his saddlebag. *What's he up to?* He took out a small blanket and asked me to spread it on the soft grassy area. Then he pulled out a container, two paper plates, and two forks. "Want to taste what I made at five a.m. this morning?"

"I always want to taste what you make, Mr. FBI chef." I laughed out loud at the sun and the breeze and this perfect day. I had to guard my heart. It could lose it to this guy in a second, but after my Kansas boyfriend, Dillon, and my best friend, Shannon, had betrayed me together, I was not ready to open myself to that kind of pain again. Only time would tell if Cole could be trusted with my heart.

