



White Rose
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AIRWAVES

VICTORIA
PITTS-CAINE

Airwaves

by

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“Who’s that?” Britt asked as Cyndi walked into the large, bright lunchroom where most of the employees of Allied Insurance ate their meals.

Cyndi punched at her cell phone, clumsily shoving it into her purse. “I just left a voice message for Mike Briggs in underwriting,” Cyndi replied. “I did a report for him but he’d already left when I went to his office. I wanted him to know it was on his desk.”

“Oh, the Hunk?” Britt’s smile revealed her thoughts. “He’d be quite a catch.”

Cyndi shook her head. “The only thing he sees is the work I crank out.”

“You don’t give yourself enough credit,” Britt said. “You’re bright and intelligent. Look how fast you moved out of customer service.”

“Thank you.” Cyndi smiled. “I’m looking for that special someone, but I’d like to find him at church.” Cyndi looked out the window. As she jabbed at her salad, she noticed the landscape: bare trees, blossomless plants and gray fog mirrored her inner self. She had no one to share her life and she was ready to bloom. She reached up and touched the butterfly pin she wore as a symbol of hope and new beginnings. Since she’d arrived in White’s Cove two years ago she hadn’t met the man of her dreams.

When five o’clock rolled around Cyndi picked up purse and briefcase and hurried out to her car. Choir practice started in less than an hour and she didn’t want to be late. As she eased her bright red convertible into a stall, she spotted Mike getting out of the car two rows over. Cyndi flicked down the visor mirror, checked her make-up and watched Mike walk to the back of the church. *Hmmm, there’s*

nothing going on tonight but choir practice.

When she entered the choir room, Pastor Dave, the music minister, walked into the room with Mike in tow.

“This is a friend of mine, Mike Briggs; he’s joining us tonight. He works for Allied.” Pastor Dave stopped and looked around the room. “There you are Cyndi, don’t you work there, too?”

Cyndi smiled and waved her hand. Mike maneuvered through the tangle of folding chairs and sat down. “Hi. I’m so glad to see a familiar face.”

“Me too,” she said, as a swarm of butterfly wings danced in her stomach.

Soon the group was split into sections: alto, soprano, tenor and bass. Cyndi and Mike stood on opposite ends of the risers. When practice ended Cyndi made her way to the door. Mike was talking to Pastor Dave, but as she drew close to them, Mike said his good-byes and turned to her.

“Cyndi.” Mike smiled. “Dave said the group usually goes out for coffee. Are you coming?”

“Oh.” she said, glancing at her watch and taking a deep breath to settle her tumbling butterflies. “Sure. It’s early.”

As they left the choir room, a sudden shower began to scatter large drops on the sidewalk. Mike took off his coat and draped it over her shoulders. Surprised at the sudden gesture, Cyndi stopped and smiled at Mike. “Thanks.” She started to tell him she had a jacket in the car, but decided not to. She was enjoying the warmth of his sports coat and the smell his Armani cologne.

“Pastor Dave said to meet at the Brew For U. I’m assuming you know where it is.” Mike grinned.

“If it wasn’t raining, we could actually walk.”

Mike chuckled. “I love walking in the rain. Lead the way.”

Cyndi turned to do just that and stopped short just before she ran into him. She looked up into his

clear, blue eyes and grinned. "Sorry. I have a klutz gene, always running into something."

He laughed with her as she moved to walk side by side.

Brew For U was packed and the regular choir group had taken the last large table. Mike found two chairs and they squeezed together into an empty corner.

"Cyndi," Pastor Dave said. "It's been a while since you joined us here. Glad to see you two out enjoying the evening."

Mike whispered in her ear, "You don't usually go to the coffee session?"

"No I usually go home, feed the cat, and find a good book. I'm glad I came tonight." *I'm glad you came tonight, too, Mike.*

At exactly nine the following morning, Cyndi walked into Mike Briggs' office for the weekly staff meeting. He sat at the head of the table in a navy blue suit that caressed his broad shoulders and with a red tie knotted precisely at his throat, he looked particularly handsome.

"Today, I have a few recognitions of people who have done outstanding work this last week." Mike Briggs cleared his throat, "First, I'd like to thank Cyndi Wilson for the analysis report she did yesterday. Thank you, Cyndi, for a great job." As usual, everyone clapped. Cyndi felt her cheeks flush. But soon he moved on to the next section of the meeting.

"I'd like each one of you to give me a suggestion for the betterment of the company. I know this is short notice but it's something the other divisions are doing and I want to get on board."

When Cyndi's turn came, she said, "It won't be long until spring. How about a company picnic at the cove? It would be nice to meet everyone's families. I've been here two years and there are several people I don't know."

“Good idea, Cyndi. I’ll check with the parks and recreation department for a date. A company picnic sounds great.” Mike Briggs’ smile was genuine.

Cyndi found herself meeting Mike to plan the picnic and games, and then an occasional cup of coffee after choir practice. She grew fond of the short glimpses into Mike’s character. He started ordering her favorite Asian chicken salad when she ran late for lunch. He laughed when she spilled salt on the table and threw a pinch over her shoulder.

“I do that, too, my Mom said it was for good luck.”

If Mike dropped by her office and she wasn’t there, he’d stick a post-it on her computer screen. Most simply said, “Hi. MB.” Cyndi kept every little note tucked away in her drawer.

By the warm Saturday in June, everything had fallen into place. They arrived early to set things up. Paul, Britt’s husband, was putting together the barbecue and some of his friends were making an area for the volleyball court. Cyndi was slicing her double chocolate fudge cake when her cell phone rang. She glanced at the display and thought the number looked vaguely familiar.

“Hello?”

“This Hunk wanted to know if you needed a date today?” Mike Briggs’ voice was as smooth as velvet.

“Mike,” Cyndi sputtered, wondering how he knew everyone called him The Hunk.

“You called me about that report a few months ago and evidently somehow redialed. I heard your whole conversation about me. In fact, I left it on my voice mail.”

His answer to her unspoken question made her seriously consider if he was psychic. Then the other words hit her brain. Cyndi searched her mind trying to remember what she and Britt had said about him. Just as Cyndi wished she could run into the surf and disappear, she saw Mike Briggs walking up the

beach in her direction.

He laughed, held up the phone and handed it to her. Cyndi listened to the conversation knowing her face was pink with embarrassment.

“I don’t know what to say.” Cyndi smiled, looking up at him. “I’m sorry.”

“I’m not. When I moved here, I was looking for a church and when I heard your conversation, I figured God was speaking to me. And I was also looking for a woman to share my life. It’s just like God to kill two birds with one stone, isn’t it? ” He glanced down at her and picked up one of the ice chests. “Since that phone call I’ve noticed you’re the person I’ve been looking for. You’re bright, you’re smart, you have good friends, you sing like an angel and I love you. What more could a man ask for?” he said quietly. “Let’s go have a picnic.”

Cyndi smiled at Mike as her heart soared. A small, jewel-winged butterfly hovered for an instant and flew past them toward the beach. She suddenly noticed how bright and beautiful her world had become. Dancing just above the shimmering sands the butterfly waited as if sitting on invisible air waves above the ocean. Mike took Cyndi’s hand and pointed at the small, iridescent creature.

“I always think butterflies are lucky because they get a new beginning.”

“Me, too,” Cyndi smiled, as her heart soared like the wings of a butterfly. “And I love you, too.”

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