The Rocky Road To Romance

Chapter one. Daisy Adams was an enterprising twenty-six-yearold graduate student. She'd written a cookbook called Bones for Bowser, and somehow, through sheer tenacity, she'd managed to turn a gimmick into a five-minute slot on WZZZ every Monday morning. A few wisps of bangs straggled over her forehead, tortoiseshell combs held her blond hair swept back from her temples, and big, loose curls tumbled in a luxuriant mass down the back of her head and neck to an inch below her shoulders. Her eyes were big and blue, her nose small, her mouth wide. At ten-fifteen Daisy swung into the newsroom. "What happened to Frank? I heard him giving the traffic report while I was driving in. He said a rude word and that was the last of him." "Rear-ended a garbage truck and got buried under half a ton of Dumpster droppings. He's okay except for a broken leg." Daisy pulled a five-by-seven card from her pocketbook and glanced over a recipe for dog granola. "That's too bad. Who's doing traffic?" "Nobody's doing traffic. Steve's offered double Frank's salary plus a year's supply of Girl Scout cookies, but nobody'll take it." Daisy felt her heart jump. Double Frank's salary! "I could do it," she said. "I need the money." "You need money that bad?" She bit her lower lip to keep herself under control. This was the chance of a lifetime. She had enormous school expenses, a big rent payment due, a live-in little brother who was eating her out of house and home, and a car that drank a quart of motor oil a week. She was determined to make it on her own. If she took the traffic job, she could drop waitressing. Maybe she could even give up the newspaper route. She was doing the dissertation for her doctorate, and she could work on it at night. She swiveled in her seat and looked across the room at Steve Crow. She'd always been a little frightened of him. With his jet-black hair, dark, piercing eyes, and slightly aguiline nose, he was intimidating figure. His complexion was dark, his shoulders broad ...