

# *A Promised Adventure*



An Adventurous Hearts  
flash fiction story

ABBEY DOWNEY

A Promised Adventure

Copyright © 2024 by Abbey Downey

All rights reserved.

Cover was designed using resources from [Canva.com](https://www.canva.com).



*July 1905*

*Brooklyn, New York City*

All around Beth Harrison and her husband, Fred, families, couples, and groups of friends frolicked along the Luna Park boardwalk. Sights and sounds spilled from each building they passed, the kind of delights that would usually enchant Beth and that made Coney Island a sought-after destination.

But how could she think about fun when Fred had forgotten her birthday?

Fred gently tugged on a curly lock that she'd left loose from her pompadour hairstyle, an endearing habit on days when she wasn't disheartened, but not one she welcomed now. When she didn't smile at the gesture as usual, he bumped her shoulder with his. "What serious thoughts are running through my beautiful girl's head today?"

She should just tell him. What was the harm in reminding him it was her birthday? They could laugh about his forgetfulness and move on to enjoy the day.

After all, since they hadn't been able to afford a honeymoon after their wedding four months ago, Fred had arranged for them to ride along with his dear friend Jensen on the Glidden Tour, a ten-day auto race through New England. The belated wedding trip was a dream come true for Beth's adventure-loving heart, and the friend she'd already found in their driver, Flora Montfort, was an unexpected blessing. Fred had even convinced Jensen and Flora to make a stop at Coney Island before the tour and now he continued to explore the park with Beth while the other two rested from the heat.

He really was a dear.

Fred laced his fingers through hers and led the way through throngs of amusement-seekers. Beth tried to get him to slow down outside the Dragon's Gorge roller coaster, but Fred shot her a full-blown grin and kept tugging her along. She bit her bottom lip, delighted now. Even if he didn't realize it was her birthday, at least he was giving her an adventure.

They rounded a corner and Fred turned abruptly so that his body blocked her view before she could see what attractions were nearby. "You have to close your eyes."

She reared back. "Fred, I can't wander around this crowd with my eyes closed."

"You can if I guide you. Trust me, I'll make sure you're safe." And for good measure, he leaned down and planted his lips on her forehead, the contact sending a warm current spiraling through her that was much more pleasant than the stifling air.

Beth closed her eyes and let him take her hand again. He maneuvered her with great care until the air turned cooler and the sounds of revelry faded. Her feet no longer

tapped on wooden boards. It was quiet all around them except for the faint lapping of water against stone. Where had he brought her?

After a pause, Fred bent beside her and guided Beth's foot to step down.

"Careful now. Step slowly."

She gripped his shoulder as the floor tipped under her. "Is this a boat? What's going on?"

Fred didn't respond, instead using his touch to help her settle onto a seat. It had to be a boat. Were they going on a tour of the coast, perhaps?

Finally, Fred joined her on the bench and leaned close, his breath tickling her ear as he whispered, "Open your eyes."

She did, only to find they were surrounded by darkness. The outline of his face was very close to hers, but she still had to search for his eyes in the inky black. "What now?"

He wrapped his arm around her as the little boat began moving slowly down what she decided must be a man-made canal. "Just watch."

Relaxing into his embrace, Beth let anticipation wash away all the remnants of her earlier sadness. And she was glad she did when the boat slid through a heavy curtain, and they were surrounded by...more darkness.

As her eyes adjusted, tiny lights here and there gave just enough illumination for Beth to orient herself, glinting on the water and revealing low ceilings that resembled a cave. Next to her, Fred began humming a lovely, familiar melody.

"That's the music from our first dance. At the Christmas ball."

His lips curved into a soft smile. "I knew you'd remember."

Beth glanced around the room again. “And the fact that no one else is riding this attraction...?”

“I arranged for the operator to give us a few extra minutes between riders.”

Her heart barely dared to hope, but he’d gone to such effort. It couldn’t have been for no reason. “Why?”

Fred slid his hand up her neck to nestle in her hair and pulled her close, his lips seeking hers. Beth leaned into the kiss, responding with all the delight his efforts brought to her heart until they were both breathless and thankful for the mostly dark, empty room.

“Happy birthday, my love. I hope you weren’t too disappointed thinking I’d forgotten. I know you love surprises.”

Of course he did. Beth ran her hand over his shoulder. “Fred Harrison, you’re the best husband a girl could ask for.”

And she found his lips again, not caring how disheveled they would be when they emerged.

*The End*

## About the Author



Abbey Downey started writing inspirational romance stories during naptime when her kids were babies and found she couldn't stop. The first book in her Adventurous Hearts series with Wild Heart Books was released in February 2024, with two more following soon. Several of her short stories have been published by Spark Flash Fiction, along with two books (written under the name Mollie Campbell) published by Love Inspired.

After growing up throughout the Midwest, Abbey settled in central Indiana, where her family has lived since the 1840s. She fills her days with fixing up a few acres in the country and hanging out with her husband, two kids, and one rather enthusiastic beagle.

You can connect with Abbey and find out more about her writing at [www.abbeydowney.com](http://www.abbeydowney.com).