



wire

MEN OF BIRD'S EYE BOOK TWO

KAT SAVAGE

WILL

MEN OF BIRD'S EYE BOOK TWO

KAT SAVAGE

CONTENTS

[JUMP ON INTO THE FIRE](#)
[IT'S RAINING, IT'S POURING](#)
[I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY](#)
[GOOD TO BE A MAN](#)
[SHAKE IT OUT](#)
[CHERRY](#)
[FINE LINE](#)
[TAKE ME TO CHURCH](#)
[JESUS WALKS](#)
[GUNS BLAZING](#)
[I KNEW YOU WERE TROUBLE](#)
[TROUBLEMAKER](#)
[DRUNK FACE](#)
[WISHING WELLS](#)
[IN TOO DEEP](#)
[SAVE TONIGHT](#)
[I WANT TO HOLD YOUR HAND](#)
[EVERY LITTLE THING](#)
[ALMOST MAYBES](#)
[HEY OH](#)
[I FALL APART](#)
[I FEEL LIKE THAT](#)
[TRULY MADLY DEEPLY](#)
[LET ME TOUCH YOUR FIRE](#)
[GONER](#)
[DEVIL LIKE ME](#)
[COUNT ON ME](#)
[SELF-CONTROL](#)
[IN LOVE WITH A BOY](#)
[SOUR PATCH KIDS](#)
[HARD TO FORGET](#)
[THE CLINCHER](#)
[WEIGHT OF THE WORLD](#)
[BREAK IT OFF](#)
[LOSING SLEEP](#)
[IF YOU'RE NOT THE ONE](#)
[REALITY](#)
[BEGIN TO HOPE](#)
[Epilogue](#)
[Epilogue](#)

[Acknowledgments](#)
[Also By Kat Savage](#)
[About the Author](#)

Copyright © 2021 by Kat Savage

Cover Design by Kat Savage

Edited by Christina Hart

Formatted by J.R. Rogue

*For anyone who hasn't told their secret crush how they feel,
let this book be the sign you need to take that brave step.
For all those out there hopelessly in love with someone,
but too scared to say it. Take the risk. Put it out there.
Hold on tight. Because maybe, just maybe,
you can have everything you've ever wanted.*

JUMP ON INTO THE FIRE

WILL

It wasn't until the third young woman of the day came in asking for a moon phase tattoo that I truly felt like I would lose my mind. I don't know how I ever tolerated this for so long. Or how Drew does it now, standing here at the front counter all day, listening to these people talk about the silly tattoos they're getting. They've picked it off a wall for crying out loud. For fuck's sake, at least have the mental fortitude to get something custom and original.

Okay, I'll admit it. Yes, I have a few things on my body that are considered basic or generic, but I had a reason behind them. Plus, I have more custom work than anything else. There's a big difference.

I almost wish I hadn't agreed to cover for Drew while she's out the next few days.

"Hey," Hawk says, with little inflection in his tone.

Sure, he owns the place, but everyone knows I run it. Bird's Eye Tattoo Studio is more than just a place of work. It's my home—it's where my family is. Which is probably why, against my better judgment, I agreed to man the front counter while Drew is away. I trust very few people to do it the way I want, anyway. *Damn me and my neuroses.*

"What's up?" I ask, turning back toward Hawk as he cleans his tattoo gun.

We've been best friends since fourth grade. One day this little boy cornered me, ignoring the rules of "*circle circle, dot dot, now I got my cootie shot*" and he was being pretty aggressive about it. The next thing I know, Hawk runs up and punches him in the arm as hard as he can. We haven't been able to shake each other since. And for the record, I made sure he didn't get in trouble for punching the little dweeb.

I can't count how many times our friendship has caused issues in our respective relationships, though. But sex be damned. We're both too fiercely loyal for that bullshit. We also wouldn't touch each other sexually with a ten-foot pole. Despite our best efforts to explain this to the people we've dated, they never seem to believe us. At least now that he's with Drew, she gets it. But, she's also been around us both from the get-go, so she never had to wonder much.

"How did the interviews go?" he asks, turning his back to me as he puts his ink bottles away.

"Pretty good," I say. "We should have a new assistant and artist starting next week."

Ever since we expanded the shop six months ago, we've been looking to hire on a fourth artist and additional receptionist to assist Drew, who'll be taking on more of an assistant shop manager position once we have an assistant in place. Hiring has become something of a priority for me, since it means I won't have to fill in up front anymore.

"Awesome," Hawk says. "Let's get them started first and then look for the piercer we want to bring on."

Up to this point, Bird's Eye hasn't staffed a piercer or sold jewelry, but with the expansion,

there's opportunity for new ventures. We're also working on filling the new space with traditional art and merchandise. It's been a slow process.

"Will do, boss," I tease. Hawk hates it when I call him *boss*, almost as much as he hates being called by his middle name. It's Anthony, for the record.

He groans at me. "I've gotta go pick up Ava. You good here?"

I nod, turning back to the front desk computer and reading over the schedule.

I could sit here and pretend I'm not at all envious of him and Drew, but I'm not good at faking anything. They married not long ago, and now Hawk is the stepfather to Drew's daughter, Ava, from her first marriage. They're the cutest fucking family I've ever seen and it makes me sick, if only because my good friend seems to get everything he wants in life while I'm stuck with jerk men who are...*noncommittal*, to say the least.

I lock up the shop an hour later, retreating to my beat-up Nissan in the parking lot. It's a sad sight. This little white hatchback has seen better days, but I've also been through a lot with it. I can't count the number of road trips, emergency runs, or nights I've spent sleeping in this car. No, I'm not homeless. But when a girl wants to sleep under the stars, it's easier to do it using her car as a makeshift tent. The sunroof provides an excellent window for exactly what I need sometimes.

After the short trip home, I breathe a sigh of relief as I unlock the door to my apartment, which is actually Drew's old place. After things got serious with her tattooed Prince Charming, she had no need for it. Luckily for me, they opted to live together pretty fast. The lease for my place was ending around then and the owners were in a hurry to sell, so the timing was near perfect.

It's not a big place, but I'm not big, nor do I have a lot of material possessions. It's clean and cozy. Plus, Drew left behind most of her furniture when she moved in with Hawk. So, along with the apartment, I inherited all the basically-brand-new furniture that Hawk had purchased for her. To me, it was the equivalent of winning the lottery, considering my old furniture had been with me just about as long as my car.

Truth be told, I don't have a lot because I don't need a lot. I'm a thrifter and a saver. I enjoy the simple things, decluttered and uncomplicated. Except for books. I have a lot of books, but I even buy most of those secondhand.

If I could have it my way, I wouldn't even bother with a cell phone; but in this day and age, not having one brands you a weirdo and likely a serial killer. I keep one mostly for the sake of appearances. Plus, I like music. And a whole library can fit on my phone. But, I'd also like the record to state that I miss having to buy CDs and cassettes to listen to. Having all my music in a "*cloud*" somewhere doesn't make me feel like I own it.

How can someone own something they can't hold? Where is the music exactly?

Again, I feel like this is serial killer stuff.

Speaking of that little devil, my damn phone buzzes in my pocket and I tug it out, ready to be annoyed for no good reason with whoever is on the other end of it.

Hawk: By the way, Derek is coming into town tomorrow. He'll be by the shop.

Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. This is not good. Hawk is my best friend. My ride or die. But Hawk's older brother, Derek, happens to be my secret, unrequited, forever, won't-go-away-no-matter-how-many-people-I-date crush. But the term *crush* hardly fits all my undying love for him.

Since childhood, that boy turned teenager turned man has had a strong grip on my heart.

Even if he doesn't know it.

Me: Why?

Hawk: To look at places in the city to live.

Do not panic, Will. Do not fucking panic.

Me: Oh.

That's all I get out. That's all I can type without my heart jumping through my chest and falling onto the floor. I can't ask my dear friend too many questions. I have to be cool.

Somehow—and I don't know how, but *somehow*—I've managed to keep my love for my best friend's older brother a secret from him. Sure, there was a time or two I almost slipped up. But I've managed to operate undetected thus far. And, I plan to keep it that way.

The problem is, I've been largely undetected by Derek as well. I can't exactly go up to him and tell him how I feel. I assume if he ever looked at me as more than his little brother's best friend, he would make it known. Until then, I will not be the one to make life awkward.

Of course, most of this operation has been from afar. Derek has lived and worked outside the city for a long time now. It's one thing dodging suspicion for the length of a family dinner during the holidays, or for the few hours he comes in to let his brother tattoo him. Having him here all the time, is quite another.

So why now? Why is he moving to our neck of the woods? Perhaps I'll text Drew tomorrow and see what I can find out. After Hawk's mom spilled the beans to Drew about it way back when she was still pretty new to the circle, she's been the only other person to know. And how their mom knew? I have no fucking idea. Mother's intuition, maybe? She likely caught me staring at him one too many times when I thought I was being slick about it. But, god love her, she's kept my secret all this time as well. *Bless it.*

I throw my phone onto the couch next to me, releasing an audible sigh into my empty apartment. Maybe I should consider getting a cat, or hamster, or at the very fucking least a goldfish. My last boyfriend was allergic to cats and dogs, so I refrained, despite wanting this big orange tabby at the local shelter.

In a little while, after I've sat here long enough to get good and tired, I'll peel out of my clothes and go to bed. As it is, for the moment, I'm stuck on thoughts of Derek. Last I saw him, he was dating a blonde woman, a fellow doctor who worked at the same hospital he does. She was pristine, not a hair out of place. They looked like they were straight out of a magazine.

I'm not a pristine girl. My hair is a different color every few months. I have visible tattoos, multiple holes in my ears, and I like wearing bright red lipstick. My wardrobe consists of outfits best described as Tortured Soul Barbie. Or maybe All Girls Punk Band Barbie. *Yeah, I like that.*

My point is, men like Doctor Derek Tanner don't date women like me. He's polished, his car costs more than living in this apartment for three years would, and he's got appearances to keep up.

So really, nothing has changed. At the start of sixth grade, when my innocent crush turned into a rampant obsession, he was the most popular eighth grader. A jock, and rumored to be dating a ninth grader already. Kids in the hall literally split like the Red Sea whenever he walked down it. I was the girl who took too many art classes, was constantly drawing all over her own arms, and couldn't tell you the difference between a touchdown and a hole in the wall. In a word, I was invisible.

Even with Hawk linking us together, we've always been worlds apart. And we probably always will be.

IT'S RAINING, IT'S POURING

DEREK

The long corridor in this apartment building reminds me of that scene in *The Shining*, and I fully expect twin girls to appear standing in the middle of the hall any moment now asking me to come play with them.

Needless to say, I will not be putting in an offer on this place. Talk about the heebie-jeebies. *Ugh.*

Apartment hunting in the city has been hell. I haven't found anything I like, and I'm due at my brother's place later for dinner. So, I'm running out of time.

Truth be told, I'm simultaneously wondering why I haven't moved into the busy part of Louisville sooner and why I'm bothering to do it at all. It's true that I'm actually excited to be closer to my little brother. His recent marriage got me thinking about family in general, and I'm eager to spend more time with all of them.

Hell, maybe I'm eager to have something like he's got. I never thought Hawk would be settled down sooner than me, given his lifestyle. I sort of imagined him a forever bachelor, grumpy and loner-like, just owning his shop and growling at all the customers.

And me? Dr. Derek Tanner? Well, I'm at the top of my department and can have any woman I want. No, I'm not that into myself, but I do deal in facts. Women throw themselves at me. All. The. Time. Do I take advantage? Well, fuck yes sometimes. Lately though, my bustling social life has been nonexistent. Two doctors left the hospital recently, leaving us a little short staffed. And I've taken on extra shifts to help mind the gap.

So, while I have (on occasion) taken advantage of said women who throw themselves at me, it's been a while since anything has even been thrown my way. And even longer since it was anything I would classify as serious.

Honestly, it gets a little boring. Predictable, even. We date, we have a good time, she wants to get serious, and I have no interest. I don't think they really care about me, who I am. They see a white coat. They see *Dr. and Mrs.* on addressed mail. They don't like me for me—not really. They like me for my status.

Boy, my thoughts are spiraling as this lovely real estate agent is rambling on about the kitchen cabinets. I don't care about kitchen cabinets. Not at all. *Do they open and close? Yes? Okay, let's move on.* I'm too polite to cut her off and tell her this place is creepy. The floors creak, not in a quaint way, but more like every time it happens, I panic as the hair on the back of my neck stands on end and I wait for a ghost to appear.

About thirty minutes later we're finished and the woman whose name I've honestly forgotten walks me out onto the sidewalk in front of the building.

“So,” she says, “what did you think?”

“It’s a really nice place,” I lie. “Let me think about it.”

We say our goodbyes and depart. Then I look down at my phone at the list of other potential places I’ll be looking at today. They’re fine, I guess. I’ll go look. But nothing screams *home* to me. I shrug to myself, pulling onto the street and off to my next destination.

I sincerely hope one of these places pans out. Otherwise, I’ll be homeless in a few weeks. The lease on my place ends this month, and I don’t want to pay the outrageous month-to-month extension they’re asking. Sure, I make great money, but I’m not exactly in the mood to spend it on stupid shit.

Maybe, if all else fails, I can stay with my brother and his wife until something comes up. I’m sure he wouldn’t mind. I’d love to get to know Drew and Ava more anyway. I know I wasn’t exactly a huge fan of Drew in the beginning, but once I realized her intentions were pure, I couldn’t be happier for them. And Ava is an awesome bonus. Being an uncle will probably be really cool, and living closer will give me the chance to find out.

I pull into the parking garage of what’s supposed to be a five-story building in an older but up-and-coming part of town. This place looks like an abandoned warehouse, with its rust-colored brick and large panel windows that are so dirty you can’t even see through them. *Jesus*.

I look around the parking lot and across the street at the other buildings. This area looks nearly deserted. There are no people walking by, only one or two cars on the street, and no signs of life in the windows.

Tapping my foot against the brake pedal of my Mercedes, I wait to see if anyone else pulls up or comes out of the building. *This doesn’t feel right*. I scroll back through the listing on the real estate website, but there’s no phone number listed. *Also strange*.

“Screw this,” I mumble into the empty space of my car. I push the car into reverse and back out onto the road, not even bothering to check for traffic because, well, there hasn’t been any for the last ten minutes.

This is the sort of situation someone finds themselves in right before they get mugged or their car gets jacked. I’m not so desperate for a place to live that I need to risk my life *or* my Benz.

Of course, I’m not due at the next appointment for another hour and a half. Getting lunch won’t exactly hurt my feelings either. I probably even have time to stop into Hawk’s shop and say hello. Will is probably there too, and I haven’t seen her in a while.

My brother’s best friend, Will, might as well be our sister. She’s been a tagalong member of our family since I was in middle school. Though, I’ll admit, she grew up very, very nicely. I’ve done my best not to notice the development of her womanly curves over the years, but I’m a man, okay? I’m not blind.

I grab a sack full of sandwiches from a nearby deli and make my way to Bird’s Eye. I can’t exactly walk in with sandwiches for just me and Hawk. That’s rude. Today, everyone gets a sandwich.

I’m sure Will and the guys will be fine with what I got. I know Avery and Hanson will be. For them, free food is the most delicious. I haven’t really spent a lot of time around them, but during Hawk’s bachelor party, I had the chance to get to know them a little more. They’re good guys. My brother has done a great job at building a solid team.

It’s about noon when I arrive at the shop. The bell over the door rings overhead as I step into what can only be described as chaos.

I’d forgotten about the expansion for a second too long. Part of the new section of the shop is still draped in plastic as workers install booths on one of the far walls.

“I don’t care what you said,” a familiar voice booms down the small hallway leading to the office

in the back. “The paint is supposed to be here today, and you need to figure out how to get it here as promised.” Will appears a moment later, the shop phone to her ear as she gives hell to the person on the other end of the call.

She stops dead in her tracks as her eyes lock on me. I smile and wave, which doesn’t go a long way in wiping the blank expression from her face.

“I have to go,” she says into the receiver. “See you soon with the paint.” Will hangs up the phone, placing it on a counter close to her and tucking her loose hair behind her ear. “Hi,” she says to me. “I didn’t know you’d be here this early.”

“I have some time between showings, so I brought sandwiches by. I was hoping to say hi to Hawk.”

“Oh, um,” she hesitates, “Hawk isn’t here. He’s running some errands to prepare for you coming by later.”

I nod and laugh. “No worries. I’m sure his sandwich won’t go to waste between Avery and Hanson.”

“Did I hear my name?” Avery pops his head up from his booth, his tattoo gun still buzzing in the air.

“Got a sandwich for you when you’re done,” I yell back toward him.

“Sweet,” he says, poking his head back down to concentrate on the client he’s tattooing.

“Um, we can eat in the office, if you want?” Will offers.

I nod, letting her lead me back to the more private space. “So, how’s life, Willette?” I tease.

She hates her full name, though I don’t know why. I’ve always liked it. It’s different and it suits her. For whatever reason, she lets me get away with it.

“It’s shitty, Derek,” she says. “My life is shit.”

I HOPE YOU'RE HAPPY

WILL

Derek is the only person who gets away with calling me by my full name without getting hell from me in return. Everyone else would die by my hands if they ever called me Willette. Honestly, it isn't that I totally hate my whole name. But, my parents and I don't get along. Their persistent nagging about going by it and not the shortened version, causes me to rebel even harder.

But when Derek says it...*dammit*. He makes it sound so good. On more than one occasion, I've fantasized about him pressing his lips close to my ear and whispering it in a low, gritty tone. I like the way he bites down on the T sound at the end. It's breathy and sharp and makes me feel things.

"So what's wrong?" he asks, pulling me from my thoughts about his perfect voice.

"Huh?" I ask, confused.

"Why is your life shit?" He laughs, then takes a bite of his sandwich.

"Oh, right," I say, getting back on track. "Honestly, calling it shit implies there's a life being lived. I lead a rather boring existence these days."

"What about that guy you were dating?" he asks, and I try to recall who he might be talking about.

"Colt?" I laugh. We broke up like a year ago. Not exactly current news."

"Oh, shit," he says. "Sorry, my information is clearly outdated."

"And anyway, it wasn't that serious," I add, taking a bite of my own sandwich. "Oh my god, this sandwich is perfect."

"Yeah, I remembered you like your onions grilled. And cheddar instead of provolone," he says.

"You remember my sandwich preferences?" I ask, my throat unexplainably tight.

"Of course." He shrugs. "Hell, I've known you almost twenty years."

We share a small laugh, and though I want to read more into him remembering my order, he's right. By sheer proximity and length of acquaintance, I shouldn't be surprised at all.

The office grows quiet, the only noise our chewing, when the door opens. I find Hawk heaving, like he's been running.

"Hey, man," Derek says to him. "You okay?"

"Yeah, yeah, just some heavy lifting," Hawk says.

"What heavy lifting?" I ask, injecting myself into their exchange.

"I pulled up to like ten gallons of paint sitting outside," he says. "So I brought them in."

"What?" I snap. "That fucker left them outside?"

"I mean, that's where they were," Hawk says.

The vendor we're using for the expansion first said the paint was delayed, then tried saying he couldn't get it here for four weeks. I told him that was unacceptable and to find a way to get it here

today as promised. Now this asshole wants to leave it outside?

“I’ll handle that as soon as I’m done eating,” I warn, my voice nearly a growl.

Hawk waves it off. His attitude as of late is that nothing is ever a big deal. At least since Drew and Ava entered his life. “Don’t worry about it,” he says, swiping the third sandwich off the desk and rocking back into one of the chairs.

Then he turns to Derek. “How’s the apartment hunt going, brother?”

Derek groans quite loudly at the mention of it. “Dude, I’m about to be homeless. I can’t find shit I like.”

“That sucks. Are you going to have to extend where you are?” Hawk asks.

“I can’t,” Derek says, shaking his head. “No way.”

“Well, I hope you find something then,” Hawk says.

“I’m glad you’re so concerned for me,” Derek says, giving his brother a wry smile. “Because I was hoping I could crash with you if I run out of time?”

“You know I’d love to offer, but my place is under construction too—with the expansion and all,” Hawk says.

As I listen to the exchange, I silently pray. I pray because I know, and Hawk knows, that I have an unoccupied spare room that literally has nothing in it. *Please no. Please no. Please no.*

“God, I don’t know what I’m going to do,” Derek continues. “I’m starting to feel slightly panicked.”

Hawk shakes his head back and forth, appearing to be in deep thought about the situation. We each take more bites of our sandwich, then Hawk looks up at me. “I know,” he says. “Will, you have a spare room, right?”

Fuck, fuck, double fuck, son of a bitch.

“Uh, yeah,” I say, nearly whispering. “But Derek doesn’t want to cram himself in that tiny room.” I wave my hand in the air as if the tiny room is somehow worse than being homeless.

“Willette, my dear, it’s your spare room or a cardboard box at this point,” Derek says, his eyes holding a level of pleading emotion.

“I mean, well, sure. Of course you can stay with me until you find somewhere,” I say, faking as much cheerfulness as I can muster. *Do not panic, Will. Don’t. Do. It.*

“Oh my god, you’re a lifesaver,” Derek says. “And I’ll pay you, of course.”

I wave off his offer of payment while knowing he will insist paying anyway.

“Good, it’s settled then,” Hawk says. “You can look for a place with less worry now, and you have a backup plan if you run out of time.”

Great. Just great. I guess everybody wins then, huh? Nope. Not me. Not Will. I get to be roomies with the boy I’ve had a crush on since puberty. Awesome.

Derek exits a few minutes later, leaving me alone with Hawk, who is completely oblivious to the mess he’s just made for me.

“Dude,” I say. “Why?”

“What?” he asks, tilting his head at me like I’m a puppy.

“Nothing,” I say. “Never mind.”

“Okay…” His response trails off to nothing, as he looks at me quizzically.

“I have to go yell at a paint guy,” I blurt, grabbing my cell phone and walking away. I figure if I’m going to be screaming—and I will be—I should do it outside. Not only does he deserve to be screamed at, but I have an overwhelming need to scream in general. At the top of my lungs. Into a pillow.

As fate would have it, I'll aim it at the guy who fucked up the smaller part of my day.

GOOD TO BE A MAN

DEREK

I sign my name to the bottom of the storage unit form, crossing the T in my last name and handing the pen back. I just locked up my entire life in an alarmingly small space and paid it three months in advance.

Not that I have any reason to suspect it will take that long to find a place, but it's easier for me to pay and put it out of my mind. I've never been particularly good at remembering small things like that.

I throw my copy of the paperwork in the passenger seat, the back and trunk filled with some essentials. Given Will's spare room was empty, I did manage to fit my bed and a dresser in there. Aside from that, I'm only taking clothes, some books, and some items from my home office, just in case.

She wasn't lying when she said it was tiny. When I say I managed to fit my bed and a dresser, I quite literally mean that's all that would fit. It's a squeeze to be sure.

A few minutes later, I pull into the parking lot of the apartment building that will be my home for a little while.

I don't think being Will's roommate will be that bad. If I recall, she's a hell of a cook, and I'm hoping I get to reap at least that benefit while I'm here.

I swipe the spare key she gave me from the side pocket of my briefcase and sling my duffel over my shoulder. *Here goes nothing.* Three flights of stairs no less than twice a day will sort of make up for the fact that I haven't been to the gym, right?

Will isn't here right now. She said she'd still be at work, but to make myself comfortable and settle in.

My furniture was delivered and set up yesterday, so all I have to do is throw some sheets on and then I can sleep. I've been off work for a few days sorting this out, and I'll have to work night shift for the next few days. Not that I mind. It's been a while since I've seen the night crew, and they're definitely a different sort of bunch. But it also means I need sleep very soon.

Opening the door to my room, I'm caught off guard. My bedding is already on my mattress. Sheets, comforters, and even pillowcases. They're not even wrinkly. *What the...?*

A small note sits at the edge of my bed. Unfolding it, I immediately recognize Will's handwriting.

Derek,

Your sheets were wrinkled and smelled like you hadn't washed them in a month. I know you said you have to work tonight, so I took it upon myself to help you out. Sleep tight, Doc.

- Will

Well, shit. If that isn't the nicest. Sure, Will's always been nice, but this is a little extra. Of course, she knows as well as anyone what a nightmare the past few days and even weeks have been. I've

been nothing if not honest when stopping by the tattoo studio.

I plop down belly first onto my bed, not even bothering to change out of my jeans and T-shirt or close the door. Sleep is coming fast as I inhale the lavender laundry detergent she used on my sheets. It's heavenly.

MY EYES OPEN TO A SMALL, DARK ROOM. LIGHT FROM THE STREETLAMP RIGHT OUTSIDE MY WINDOW filters in and casts a glow against the wall. It's just enough to make me jump up, forgetting for several groggy moments where the hell I am. *Oh, right.*

The door to the bedroom has been shut, though. I'm quite certain I didn't shut it earlier. I reach for my cell in my pocket, checking the time. *Shit.* I overslept. Though I think I can manage a quick shower before I need to leave.

Grabbing a towel and set of scrubs from the top of the dresser, I walk out. There's a glow from the direction of the living room, as I take slow measured steps toward the bathroom.

"You awake back there?" Will's voice echoes down the hall and I step into the living room to say hello.

"Hey, yeah," I say. "I overslept though, so I gotta grab a shower and get running."

"Sure thing. If you need anything for your shower, it's in the hall closet."

"Thank you so much for—" I don't finish my sentence, instead simply pointing back in the vague direction of my room.

"Yeah, no problem," she says, waving her hand into the air. Will's curled up on the couch, her legs bent beneath her, a book in hand. The slouchy sweatshirt she's wearing looks well worn, possibly a favorite.

Though, this is probably the first time I've seen her with semi-normal hair. Gone is the bright pink she had six months ago. Her dark hair is left behind, which I don't think I've seen since high school.

"Okay, well," I say, slinging the towel over my shoulder, "better get going."

God, this feels awkward. We've been around each other more times than I can count, but it strikes me that I'm not sure we've spent all that much time alone. There have always been other people around. With the exception of someone stepping out of a room and leaving us alone for a few minutes, this whole experience will definitely be the most intimate setting we've been in.

I'm sure we'll settle into things, I think, as I start the water for my shower. I peel out of my clothes and step into the hot water, wanting desperately to savor it but knowing I'm pressed for time.

I make quick work of it all before throwing on deodorant and scrubs, my hair still mostly damp. Making a conscious effort to pick up my clothes from the bathroom floor, I throw them into my room and grab my wallet and keys.

Returning to the living room, I find the last thing I expect. Will's book is abandoned on the arm of the couch and she's returning from the kitchen, a paper sack in hand.

"I thought you could use some lunch or rather dinner I guess I should say," she says. "Oh, and here, you'll probably need this." Will presents a travel mug, which I can only assume by the smell is fresh, much needed coffee.

"Oh my god. You're like a real-life angel," I say. So this is why people opt to live with other people.

"It's no big deal," she says. "I know your job has to be hella stressful right now. Black with two

sugars, right?" A small, almost shy smile spreads over her face. It stretches all the way up, visible in her eyes. She's always been such a genuine person.

Collecting the food and travel mug, I tell her I'll see her later and head out. This little arrangement might not be too bad at all. Not at all.

SHAKE IT OUT

WILL

When I came home yesterday, I found the door to Derek's room wide open. *Derek's room. Wow.* He was passed out hard, still wearing his jeans, his legs hanging off the end of the bed. I felt, at the very least, I should close his door.

Upon waking up, he thanked me for his sheets, which wasn't necessary. Truth be told, when his bed arrived, I stared at his naked mattress for a full five minutes being a weirdo and thinking to myself, *this is where Derek sleeps. This is where Derek is probably naked sometimes. This is where Derek has sex.* At that, I had to force myself to stop thinking about him in his bed and decided to at least put the man's sheets on.

I just didn't realize they would smell like a gym sock. Then, the fucker woke up and immediately hopped in the shower. *Hopped. In. The Shower.* Naked, wet Derek was in my shower. Of course, none of this helped me sleep. Not a wink.

Which is why I was late to work this morning.

"Jesus, Will, are you okay?" Hanson asks as I pour my third cup of coffee.

"I'm fine," I say. "Just a rough night."

"Up partying? Up getting laid?" he teases.

Gross. Hanson is practically a little brother to me, and I literally cannot have this conversation with him.

"Gross, dude," I say, returning to the office and shutting the door behind me.

Derek wasn't home by the time I left, so I left a plate of breakfast covered in the fridge for him. I'm sure he at least appreciates the meals. I've known the man long enough to know he's a terrible cook. Plus, he hasn't lived with anyone, like ever, so I imagine most of his meals are from takeout containers.

A text causes my phone to vibrate against the wood of the desk, scaring the shit out of me for half a second. I collect it, swallowing my heart back down.

Derek: Oh my god, thank you so much for breakfast.

Me: Don't worry about it

Derek: You're going to spoil me.

Me: Lol stop it

Derek: I'm never going to want to leave.

I choke on the next sip of my coffee, his last text hitting me right in the vagina butterflies. That's what Drew calls them, anyway. All I really want to do is text back in all shouty caps: *OKAY THEN DON'T LEAVE. STAY FOREVER. LET ME HAVE YOUR BABIES I LOVE YOU.*

Also, is it just me or do his messages feel flirty? I read back over them. I'm sure I'm imagining

that. *I think.*

I put my phone away, concentrating on the stack of paperwork in front of me. I hate paying invoices. Loathe it. I mean, it's not my money. That's not it. It's more just bill paying in general.

"Hey, girl," Drew says, walking in without so much as knocking. I should be annoyed but I'm not. If anyone else had done it, I probably would be. But I can't be mad at my best friend for anything in the world. Best *girl* friend, I guess I should correct.

"What's up?" I ask.

"So...how's it going?" she asks, sitting down in the seat on the other side of the desk.

"How's what going?" I ask, unsure if it's the morning fog or her lack of specificity that has me confused.

"Oh, you know what," she says, a teasing smile appearing on her face.

"Oh Jesus, please don't do that," I say, rolling my eyes as hard as I can at her.

"Have you seen him naked yet?" she asks, not even a hint of embarrassment in her tone.

"Fucking hell, Drew," I say. "It's been one night, and also I seriously doubt the man is just going to walk around the apartment in nothing."

Drew shrugs, clearly unperturbed by my negativity about the situation. "I'm just saying. You should make a move," she says. "It's time."

"It will never be time for that, Drew," I snap. "Ever."

She stands, scoffing about how I *have no faith* and then leaves the office, stepping back out onto the shop floor.

To be fair, it's not that I have no faith. I just live in reality. I live in facts. It's never going to happen, and there's nothing I can do about it.

As a matter of fact, I needed to take my mind off Derek so badly, I agreed to a date with one of Hanson's friends. Joe came into the shop and was apparently immediately interested in me. Hanson has been trying pretty hard ever since to get me to give him a shot.

I just sincerely hope he's not as immature on dates as he is when he comes in here.

"Hey, you got a minute?" Hawk asks, poking his head in the doorway.

Ah, Christ. At this rate, I won't get any work done. "Sure." I sigh, knowing when Hawk wants to talk, there's no getting away from him until he gets it out.

"We need to talk about Derek," he says.

Oh fuck. What about Derek? Oh my god, does he know?

I clear my throat, the heat on my neck rising. "Okay," I say, slow and measured.

Hawk juts his head forward, as if I should know what it's about, which only furthers my paranoia. Just when I feel the panic beginning to elevate, he interrupts.

"It's almost his birthday. I think we should plan something," he says.

Oh Christ. Phew. That felt like a close one. "Oh, right," I say, pressing my eyes shut for a moment. "What did you have in mind?"

"I think we should have a party here at the shop," he suggests.

"You mean the shop that's still under construction?" I quip, imagining guests tumbling into the draped plastic and falling and suing us.

"Well, I'm thinking we kick this into high gear and get it done early," he says, so matter of fact, like it's the easiest thing.

"Um, right." I laugh. "You're joking, right?"

"No," he says.

"Oh, well in that case." I laugh again.

“Look, talk to the contractor. Explain, and ask what it’ll take to make it happen,” he says. “He gives you any trouble, let me know.”

I nod, knowing even one on one I’m outnumbered. It’s his money and his shop, and his word is the final say.

He departs, just as quickly as his wife did, leaving me alone again and shutting the door behind him.

As the door thuds shut, my forehead hits the desk a little too hard, matching the thud.

How is this my life?

CHERRY

DEREK

What a fucking disaster of a week. Working the night shift has been no joke. I'd completely forgotten how much relief I felt all those years ago when I didn't have to work this kind of shift anymore. But the second day doing it again, and a flood of memories came rushing back. The late nights, the early morning need for caffeine, trying to fall asleep when it's light out.

Luckily, I'm done—for the moment. And it's my weekend. I don't have anything on the schedule at work for the next three days. Which is just enough time to join the land of the living on the sunny side of the day.

Will has been nothing short of helpful. Each night I've gone into work with a packed lunch and travel mug of coffee, and each morning when arriving back at the apartment, she's left breakfast wrapped up for me. I could kiss her.

Well, not literally. I mean, that would be weird. Although honestly not that weird. I won't lie, I've considered it. More than once. Hell, we've known each other a long time. It's natural to occasionally get a little curious, right? I don't think Hawk would mind. Though, he can be oddly protective of her.

Setting those strange thoughts aside, I'm up early this morning, ready and willing to make up for Will's kindness to her by going to get breakfast from the diner and bringing it back before she wakes up. I would cook for her, but she and I both know I'm terrible at it. I want her to enjoy the meal, not possibly die from choking on burnt but surprisingly rubbery eggs.

Despite the long line at the restaurant down the street, I do manage to make it there and back while Will is still sleeping. At least I think she's sleeping. She was still in her room when I returned.

I grab plates from the cabinet in the kitchen and open the containers, determined to at least put some effort into plating the food so we aren't eating it out of Styrofoam and plastic containers.

Once everything is on the table, juice and coffee poured, real utensils on the napkins, I decide to take my chances knocking. Will was never particularly fond of being woken up in our youth. Our progressive parents had no problem letting her stay over at our house on weekends. I remember one time, I barged into the guest room where she was sleeping and blasted her with silly string.

Of course, I can't imagine anyone would appreciate waking up to that. But I wasn't exactly a mature fourteen-year-old, and picking on my little brother and his best friend—girl or not—was fun for me.

I rap my knuckles gently against her bedroom door, once, twice, three times, before pressing my ear to it. No noise inside. I knock again, this time a bit louder, and hear a ruffling of blankets.

"What?" she says, her voice choking on sleep.

"Breakfast?" I question through the door.

Will swings it open at my question, giving me a hard look. Meanwhile, I'm very much aware she didn't bother putting a robe on. Her long tattooed legs are bare all the way up to her thighs, as they disappear beneath an oversized T-shirt. There's no discernable shorts and I find myself wondering if she's even wearing panties under there. I press my tongue to the roof of my mouth, swallowing hard and shaking away the thoughts.

"Did you cook it?" she asks, hesitation dripping from her question.

"No." I laugh. It's a fair question, one I completely expected.

"Okay," she says. "Be out in a second."

Will shuts her door and I retreat to the kitchen to wait for her, checking the emails on my phone so I can get them out of the way and get on with my day. There's nothing too pressing as I scroll.

"What smells so good?" Will appears in the doorway, inhaling the scent of maple syrup, but still doesn't appear to be wearing pants.

"French toast, hash browns, and bacon, which if I recall are your three favorites," I say, pointing to the chair across from me.

Will's facial expression is that of sheer surprise. "What's the occasion?" she finally asks, as she takes a seat.

"Just a thank you for taking care of me this week while I've been on night shift. I can't tell you how much I appreciate it," I say, leaning across the table and placing my hand over hers, giving a gentle squeeze.

She swallows, pulling her hand from mine to reach for her fork. "I was happy to do it."

We both dig in, quiet as we chew and sip for several minutes. I'm only vaguely distracted by thoughts of her bare legs under the table, and I wonder to myself why she hadn't bothered putting pants on. I swallow hard. *God, you're a jackass.*

"So, what are your plans today?" she asks between bites, picking up a slice of perfectly cooked bacon.

"Uh, well, I don't really have any. For once my weekend aligns with the general population, so maybe I'll try to do what normal people do. Relax? Read a book?" I say, considering my options.

"You read books?" she asks.

"I'm not sure if I should be offended by that question." I laugh, causing her to laugh.

"I just mean a lot of people, men especially, I don't see them with a book in their hand often," she clarifies. "I can't recall seeing you with one over the years."

"Well, I read. Actual books, not articles on my phone," I say, squaring up my shoulders. "Usually at night before bed."

She seems to accept this information with a slight air of approval.

"What about you?" I ask. "Any weekend plans?"

Will shrugs, swallowing her bite. "I'm supposed to go on a date tonight."

"Oh." I hadn't realized she was dating. I don't know why I find this news surprising or as bothersome as I do, but I nod, hoping not to convey too much emotion. "Who's the lucky guy?" It's just a saying, obviously. I mean, he is lucky though. Whoever he is.

"I don't know how lucky he is." She laughs. "But it's one of Hanson's friends. His name is Joe."

I've always known that Will's a catch. She should know I think so. "Will," I say, tilting my head at her.

She looks up from her food, not giving an audible response, but rather just looking at me to go on.

"You are a catch," I say. "And he is a lucky guy."

I watch the muscles of her throat work as she swallows, and I'm oddly fascinated by her

speechlessness for a moment.

“Thank you,” she whispers.

It’s extremely disturbing to me that Will doesn’t realize this about herself. Surely, I can’t be the first person that’s told her. Does she just not believe it?

Over the years, I’ve met a few of the guys she’s dated, and I have to say, she was way out of their league. One dipshit even thought he was going to become a millionaire for “*inventing*” triangle shaped bread. I use the word *inventing* lightly in this case, but nevertheless, triangle bread was going to be his claim to fame.

Another guy was the lead singer of a god-awful band. Will made us go to one of his shows. She and I were eighteen and twenty-one at the time. Hawk brought me and a few other people along, explaining the band wasn’t that popular yet and needed support. Upon listening to them, I understood why.

I’ve never really liked anyone she’s dated, always believing she could do better. I could never figure out if she dated these dipshits on purpose or genuinely saw something in them the rest of the world didn’t.

“Well, that sounds like fun,” I say. “Be sure to put a sock on your door if you need to.” I’m only teasing her, but as the words come out, the meaning behind them rubs me the wrong way. I’m fairly certain I would have to leave the apartment altogether if she brought a guy back here for a romp.

She laughs, not in a playful way, but more like what I’ve said is ridiculous to her. “Please,” she says. “I have a strict rule about only being pantless in front of one guy per day.”

Oh. My. God. I knew it. I swallow hard, attempting to hide equal parts curiosity and the warmth in my cheeks.

Who thought this whole roommate thing was a good idea?

FINE LINE

WILL

What in the actual hell is wrong with me? When Derek knocked this morning with an offer of breakfast, I swung my door open and forgot I wasn't wearing pants. Luckily for me, the T-shirt I was wearing was ill-fitting and hung well past my lady goods.

Of course, at that point, I figured what the hell, and joined him for breakfast like that. Then, there were the compliments. *I'm a catch. My date is a lucky guy. What?* I'm sure he was only being nice. For as long as we've known each other, he's always given me a hard time about the men I choose to date, so I'm not surprised. I imagine he means it in the most benign way, akin to how I mean it for Hawk or Drew or any of my friends. It doesn't mean I want them.

Derek left the apartment for a little while, saying he needed to get some things from his storage unit and the store. Before he left, he asked if I needed anything and jokingly asked if I was all good on condoms, to which I flipped him off.

I spent a good chunk of my day doing laundry, cleaning up the house, and deciding what to wear tonight. Joe said we're going to a show, so I don't need anything particularly fancy. After settling on my outfit, I hop into the shower, where I try to wash off all my misplaced desire for another man and focus on getting into an open-minded head space for Joe.

Wrapping a towel around me, I comb through my hair, realizing it's been a while since I did anything fun with it. Maybe I can make that a project for tomorrow. I pat my face and neck with moisturizer, running my hands down and over the tattoos on my chest, then sigh at my reflection before exiting the bathroom.

Why a sigh? I don't really know. Honestly, I've been doing it so long, I barely stop to take notice. I think I sigh at myself like *welp, this is what you've got.*

Except, I didn't give any thought to whether or not Derek was back. And he is. And he's in the hallway, having apparently just come out of his room. Derek stands between me and the door to my room and I find myself clutching the edges of my towel.

In the small space of the hall, his proximity feels nearly suffocating.

"Oh my god, I'm sorry," I say. "I thought you were still gone."

Reaching down, I clutch the bottom edges of the towel shut, making every attempt to make sure everything is covered.

Derek laughs, pressing his hand over his mouth but not diverting his gaze.

"Relax," he says. "This isn't any worse than a pantless breakfast."

"Right, but I was at least wearing panties," I reply.

Derek's smile melts into a flat line, and his jaw tics slightly. "Were they lacy?" he asks.

What. The. Fuck. Did he just ask me that? Did Dr. Derek Tanner just ask me about my panties?

The twelve-year-old girl inside me is screaming. Hell, the grown woman inside me is screaming. “Uhhh,” is all I can manage to say.

“I’m just teasing you.” He laughs, stepping to the side so I can get past.

Right. Just teasing. Why would I expect anything more?

Once inside the safety of my room, I lock the door and fling myself onto my bed, hair still wet. My towel falls slightly open, and I relish the rush of cool air hitting my skin. After that too-hot hallway moment, I’m in need of it.

I suppose...I suppose a little pre-date release wouldn’t be a terrible idea. It’s a normal practice, right? Of course, I doubt it’s ever a necessity to rid yourself of lustful thoughts of one man before going out with another. *Wow, that sounds positively tramp-ish. I kind of like it.*

But desperate times call for desperate measures. It’s not like I haven’t flicked the bean to Derek a dozen times before. Then again, he was never right next door when I did it. Perhaps that’s the part my brain can’t reconcile.

I reach into my bedside drawer, grabbing my bright pink vibrator. It’s the quietest toy in my arsenal, but no less powerful. *What? A girl needs options.*

Positioning myself up onto my pillow, I let the towel fall away and settle into a comfortable position.

I feel very much on high alert, listening for sounds outside my bedroom door as if Derek could barge in at any moment. As I begin to touch myself, I can’t help but look over and check to make sure the door is still locked.

Upon orgasm, I do my best not to cry out, managing to stifle any moans into a quiet whimper. I didn’t dawdle or take the long way to O-town. It’s all business, quick and efficient. I don’t have time for the scenic route.

Despite this, I check the clock and realize I need to get a move on getting ready or I won’t be by the time Joe picks me up.

I slide small-patterned fishnets up over my legs, then jeans with several rips, letting the design of the fishnets show through. I pair it with a long-sleeve scoop neck black top that does a good job of exposing my collarbones and cleavage. The cold weather is perfect for this, and my Doc Martens complete the look. My hair coils into soft, beachy waves and I spray the hell out of my whole head to keep the wild look set.

There’s one thing I don’t complain about: my complexion is pretty awesome. I get it from my mother, and it’s one of the few things I can appreciate. Despite the fact that we barely speak to each other these days, I’m reminded of her daily just by looking in the mirror. So, I pat on a little powder and blush, nothing crazy. I’ve also perfected the art of winged eyeliner. Paired with a red lip, it’s simple but does the trick.

Then I’m ready. My routine is far less tedious compared to some women, and for that, I will not complain about either.

As I finish applying a touch of perfume, I hear a knock at my front door and realize it must be Joe. *Shit.* I don’t want Derek to answer.

Bounding out of my room and down the hallway, I’m much too late.

Derek’s hand turns the knob and pulls the door wide open. “Oh, you must be Joe,” he says, shoving his hand out for a shake.

Joe’s eyes are nothing short of bewildered. It’s like a strange sort of nightmare is playing out right in front of me. Of course, this is always how I’ve felt over the years each time Derek happens to meet someone I’m involved with.

“Um, hi,” Joe says, clearly confused as to why a man is answering my door.

“Come on in, man,” Derek says, turning to let Joe in.

Nooooooooooooo. I don’t want Joe to come in. I don’t want the three of us to chat. I want to leave.

Correction: I very much need to leave.

“We should get going,” I interject before Joe can take three steps inside. “Don’t want to be late.”

Walking toward the door, I sling my coat on and grab my purse.

“All right, you two,” Derek says. “Don’t have too much fun.”

I turn and roll my eyes at him, all the while shoving Joe out the door backwards. Of course, he takes this opportunity to throw me a devilish smile and a wink. *Great*. Derek bringing up the back with sin and Joe tripping in front of me. What a delightful Will sandwich.

“Oh, and do be sure to make it home by curfew,” Derek says then winks again.

He. Winks. Again. Joe starts laughing. Fucking laughing.

“Your roommate seems pretty cool,” he says as he opens his car door for me.

I grimace, ignoring the comment and feeling a sudden pain of a headache start right behind my eyes.

This little arrangement is bad for my health.

TAKE ME TO CHURCH

DEREK

Well, it couldn't have been that good of a date. Will and Joe left sharply at seven and Will returned back to the apartment at ten. Thank fuck she was alone. I might've had to literally leave the apartment to avoid whatever it is they planned on doing. I don't really even want to think about it. Being in close proximity with her is strange.

I can't say exactly why it would've bothered me to hear her with another guy. I mean, sure, I've seen her with other guys in the past, but the idea of hearing it feels like a tad too much for me to handle.

She's already awake this morning, moving around in the living room by the sound of it. She likes to read on Sundays, I remember that much. It's sort of her designated reading day. I think it's a way for her to intentionally give herself time to decompress and as far as I know, everyone seems to respect it. No one calls Will on Sundays. Hawk never makes her do any type of work on that day either.

I step out of my room, being more quiet than usual. Light steps to the bathroom, past her in the living room, and to the kitchen for coffee, which I'm sure she's already brewed given the cup in her hand.

As I shut the cupboard as gently as possible, I catch the scent of cinnamon wafting in the air.

"There's cinnamon rolls in the oven," she says, with a lazy, slow tone. "Maybe two or three more minutes."

"Excellent," I say, just as a yawn escapes me.

"It's my reading day, but you're not going to bother me being around the apartment or making noise by thy way," she says.

I round the corner, Will's eyes bouncing up and back to her book so quickly, I nearly miss her looking in this direction.

"I thought I might catch up on some reading myself," I reply. "If you don't mind me joining you in here?"

"For real?" Her eyes shoot up, studying my face, a look of curiosity on hers.

"Yeah," I say. "I don't get to read as much as I'd like through my work week." I shrug my shoulders, though I'm sure my face is painted in disappointment.

Will stands, bookmarking her spot and closing the book. She moves toward me, and suddenly she's so close I can smell the coconut in her hair. I press my shoulders back, unsure what to do. Will doesn't move. She's practically toe-to-toe with me, her eyes locked on mine.

"Derek?" she whispers. *Did she whisper? Am I imagining that?* Her voice sounds so soft, so timid.

"Yes?" I ask, swallowing hard on the word.

“I need to get past you,” she says. “The cinnamon rolls.”

Christ. I'm an idiot. I laugh, stepping to the side, her body brushing mine in the doorway while she steps past me. I blink in rapid succession, keeping my back to her for a moment. That was weird, right?

“You want some?” Will asks, putting two rolls on a saucer. She places a third on a second saucer and hands me the one with two.

“Thank you,” I say, setting them down on the table next to the window. The armchair next to it looks like a good reading spot.

After collecting my book and settling into my seat, my eyes wander past the top of the pages and to Will. She looks completely enthralled with what she's reading, simultaneously turning the page and taking a bite of her sticky pastry.

I strain to see the title on the front cover. *The Gorgeous Slaughter* by Christina Hart. Well, it certainly has an intriguing title. I make a mental note to pick up a copy, finding myself genuinely curious about her reading tastes.

“What are you staring at, weirdo?” Will laughs.

Damn, I'm caught. I clear my throat, thrown off by her question, even though it's a perfectly normal question when you find someone staring at you. “Just checking out the title of your book.”

“You can borrow it when I'm done, if you want. It's really good,” she says.

“Yeah?” I ask.

“Yeah, sure. Although, I don't know if it's your taste,” she says, nodding to the book in my hand. I'm currently reading a biography on Winston Churchill. It doesn't exactly scream *fun*, so I get it.

“Hey,” I quip. “I like reading all kinds of things.”

Will gives me a nod, though I can't detect the emotion behind it.

The two of us settle into a comfortable silence, the only noise in the room coming from the occasional page turn. Will changes positions, stretching her legs out across the couch and sitting on the end furthest from me.

Again, my attention snags on her legs. She's got on small pajama shorts that look so soft. I make every effort to be more discreet as I study the tattoos on the tops of her legs. A scene of moths flying up from a skull on one. The other leg has a snake wrapped around a dagger. A few smaller ones pepper all the way down her legs.

I personally think her legs are beautiful. I've observed that people are either way into tattoos or aren't at all. I happen to be into them. Hawk is currently working on my back piece and I have a chest piece. Now, I'm not nearly as tattooed as my brother or even Will, but I have a few to speak of. Though as a doctor, to this point I've kept mine mostly in places easily covered. Sure, the medical field is becoming more relaxed about them, but for now they remain a well-kept secret.

My mind recalls seeing Will in a bikini several years ago. At the highest part of her thigh, just before the edge of her bathing suit, there's a tattoo there. A set of cherries on a V-shaped stem. The artist who did them did an amazing job at making them look realistic. A shudder runs down my spine.

I make every attempt to return to my book, but I'm distracted now with thoughts of Will and her tattoos and how many more she has on her body I haven't seen and if her skin is soft and *dear god, I have to stop.* This is quite unlike me.

Her bikini was hot pink and she'd dyed a chunk of her hair to match. It was very Punk Barbie of her, but I liked it.

I had brought a woman I'd been seeing with me and we spent the entire time arguing over the fact that she got sand in her designer bag. I mean, it was a fucking beach, what did she expect?

PRÉVIA GRATUITA · OFERTA POR TEMPO LIMITADO

Você chegou ao fim desta prévia.

Continue lendo "Will: A Best Friend's Brother Romantic..." e mais de 1 milhão de livros — de graça por 30 dias.

★★★★★ Mais de 1 milhão de leitores já aproveitam

Com o Kindle Unlimited, sua leitura não tem fim:

- ✓ Leia à vontade — explore mais de 1 milhão de títulos sem pagar por livro.
- ✓ Leve para qualquer lugar — baixe o app gratuito e leia onde e quando quiser.
- ✓ Em qualquer tela — celular, tablet, computador ou Kindle — você escolhe.
- ✓ Grandes autores — best-sellers e novos talentos, inclusive títulos em inglês.

COMEÇAR MEUS 30 DIAS GRÁTIS

Cobrança só após o período grátis.

- ✓ Pagamento seguro
- ✓ Acesso imediato
- ✓ Cancele quando quiser

Não precisa ter um Kindle: baixe o app gratuito e comece a ler agora.

Se não quiser ler no aplicativo Kindle, compre o livro [clikando aqui](#).