



I'm not robot



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Mr. Pope. I think I might get a fine if I run into the stands to fight some guy." They're pretty strict about that stuff, but... He does as I ask and unfolds from his crouched position at the full height. "I missed you so much." "Are you talking to your mattress?" Gavin asks from my doorway. "Freakin' Dixie. The next two games are away, but after that, would you want to come?" He rushes out in a single breath. I flash back to talking about loving her. I found the best chiropractor, I'll bring him with me next time." He sips his coffee. "My friends started and stopped calling me that in second grade, it didn't have the same meaning to our seven-year-old minds." "Wait, there will be no cherry busing, and you're going to lose." I pat his chest two times and walk toward the game. It's the end of October, but we're having an unusually warm fall, and I'm enjoying it before the inevitable return of snow sends me running to my parka. "Hey." He leans in close. "I'm better than all right. But I don't know. He's just as foul as—." The phone's out of my hand and Gavin's moving across the room, listening to Chris's rant. "Are you kidding me?" Brynn asks. I used to wonder what kind of countertops were in the kitchen, what the light fixtures looked like, but now I spend more time than I'd ever admit wondering what his bedroom furniture looks like. Fans are going to park their creepy butts outside and watch you walk around. "They're like one-way mirrors. "Oh! I can practice on you! Experiment with my talents." "Shit. "Home sweet home." I gesture with open arms and for some reason do jazz hands. The next morning, I wake up to knocking on my door. "You'll ruin my street cred." When we arrive at his truck, ever the gentleman, he opens my door for me before walking to the driver's side and climbing in. "I can't tell you that." He reaches his hand across the center console and squeezes my knee. "Continue and don't lose any of your enthusiasm." Page 4 "Girl, I know you're new, so I'll clue you in." Naomi sits a little taller and zooms in on Brynn. Either way, I wiggle my way closer to him. "What are you doing here anyway?" "I went to see you at HERS, but Brynn said you went to the store. Really, how did I stay with him for so long? It hasn't been four weeks since I've heard from Gavin, though. I spin and dance like an ungraceful ballerina back to my feet. My chest is on fire. "Make yourself comfortable or go. I'm happy to be here. "Does it make me a horrible person for finding this so funny?" I ask, wiping away the tears falling down his cheeks from laughing so hard. My back arches off the bed and pushes my soft breasts into his hard chest. Our tongues are tasting. Maybe with a weapon, ready to hurt me. "You should stop talking." Gavin speaks for everyone watching, which, unfortunately for me, is everyone in the player section. I don't know if I want to pull him away or never let him move, but before I can decide, heat starts to radiate from my core and from my toes to my head, everything inside me tenses, not again. I fall back into the corner of the couch and snatch the remote out of Gavin's hand. No way I can sink lower than that." When I step off my soapbox, Courtney makes no attempt at a comeback, so I find an empty chair and I put my headphones in until Gavin comes into the room to get me. Match. I'm a liar. Then the three of us get busy grabbing the rest of my bags. He seems more alert after getting some food, so I'm not worried as I watch him head in the opposite direction we came from. You would be wrong. What happened that night? Curse your big, careless mouth, Marlee Harper! "What do you mean?" "I thought we had a great time. Especially if you're as broke as I am. I'm broke, so don't expect me to pay you." * * * * * "IN YOUR FUCKIN' face, Pope!" I yell at his back as he walks to the kitchen to grab another pop. You coming to the fashion show dressed like you were dressed, walking the way you were walking, showing every single one of those women up and rubbing Alexander's face in what he lost? That'd be crazy, and I'm not crazy. I'm mad Gavin lied to me about who he was and how he wasn't there in the morning to tell me the truth. Still sinking your claws into any athlete you can find." He laughs at his stupid insult, and so was the idea of Gavin in my space. It doesn't get lower than that." "I'm only twenty-seven." "Shut up, Marlee!" His loud, angry voice rings in my ear. "Is it weird that I already miss your dad liking me?" I climb into the seat. It wasn't my place to step in. After the last tequila shot, my entire body started to become numb. I'm still cringing when there's a quiet knock at the door. A girl's got needs. Gavin's hands are firmly pressed against my thighs, holding them in place as he drags out my orgasm to uncharted lengths before a guttural moan comes from him, and he collapses on top of me. "She told us you said you were busy but would find a day that worked." "You just..." It was so much easier ordering my Alexander jersey from the jersey lady. You made and sent out invitations. Maybe because with Gavin, I feel like for the first time in my life, the person across from me sees through the pretend front I put up. "Can I sleep at your place tonight?" he asks over the radio. Not that I mind, because even though he's pretty out of it, he still tells killer stories about the neighborhood. Totally." Being awkward isn't new for me, but being awkward and naked? How's Naomi?" he asks the second I pull the headphones out. What an asshole! What's next? Seeing them interact was like watching a dog who only walks on its hind legs. In the back of my mind, I know I'm going to regret this in the morning, but it still doesn't prevent me from saying what I'm going to say next. He pulls me in for a hug that lasts a second longer than it should. "Good." He glances to the street. Too bad, so sad. I'll never understand these see-through dresses women wear. "We need to talk." Brynn is never serious about anything, and the longer she goes without smiling, the more I freak out. I turn to him with a smile so big my cheeks ache again, unbuckle my seatbelt, and crawl on top of the center console. "Are you okay?" he asks. I like the story about your mom. "I try to, but if the number of unwatched episodes tells you anything, I don't get around to it much." "Well at least I know what we're doing today." I stand, giving him my best elderly woman impression, and find my purse. And whether or not I'm with Gavin while I do is frankly none of your concern." "So you're fucking him." Dense as ever. You saved me from making a big mistake. "What are you doing?" I ask when he starts moving down the bed. "Thanks, Gavin." Even her voice is different! Like a bad imitation of Marilyn Monroe, and although I definitely don't like her, even I cringe with embarrassment for her. "..." "I thought they were exaggerating!" "I just get a little. "I'm glad you stayed." His lips graze my ear. He. "She's a boring fuck. "I thought for sure you were going to be sleeping for a long time after last night." I wish. "Shut up!" I hit his arm a little harder than I meant to, but he still doesn't flinch. Hell, I'm the freaking cool girl. And if you're really good, maybe I'll even let you sit on my twin bed." "What'd I tell you? Gavin hates it, but I like it much better. Someone please kill me now. Because without our practice, there's no way I would've been able to come up with that comeback and sound as genuine as I did. Then I invite you into my fucking home and you make a move on my old lady." Because I'm terrible with numbers. "Fuck." I fight back the tears I want to cry for my friend. The first time I had to present in a college lecture room, I ran out of the room to throw up. I go back inside, and even though I technically still have thirty minutes to sleep before I need to be up, I get an early start on the day. The second one shows up at HERS two days after that, on a Friday. "Why are you hitting me?" he asks even though he sounds more amused than curious. Creative is my thing—or was my thing if I end up getting sacked today. "You Captain Save-A-Ho now, Pope?" Chris was never too smart, and he's an idiot when it comes to reading people. His thumbs and forefingers brush across my chest, my nipples hardening under their touch when his tongue reaches the curve of my breast. This isn't good. I unlock it and push play, letting the message play on the speaker. "He should. I lose the strength to hold my body up and melt down onto Gavin's hard, cold floor. "Hey, Dad," I say into the phone when he answers. "Well, let's show everyone how it's done." When we get back to my spot, Courtney is finishing up talking about all of the work she put into the event and thanking the Lady Mustangs for assisting her. What? NBA is that guaranteed money, honey." She snaps at me in Z formation. "I'm sorry," he says. "I'll call you later." "Let me know if you need anything." I stand up as she's passing me and pull her in for a hug before she goes. "You didn't, but I'm not having a hard time imagining it." "Wait, wait, wait." Brynn slams her hand on the table. You went out and brought in all of the new designers. I've already invaded your house, now I'm taking over your bed. It might be dangerous, but it's really pretty. Even I'm impressed, or fifteen. "I wish I would've grabbed one last time I left your place looking like a call girl." Gavin's relaxed body tenses, and he sits up. I put my envelope in my purse and walk out of the room with a little pep in my step. Rough is an understatement. It consumes me. I think she looks gorgeous." The hairs on the back of my neck stand in recognition, and I don't even have to turn around to know who is talking. I move my focus to my floor beneath him instead of him. "You said you wanted me to kiss you!" "No I didn't. I'm not shocked. I don't speak macho man shorthand." Chris did that condescending shit all the time. "If he moves to singing telegrams, I'm going to walk over to his house and kick him in the balls," Brynn tells me ever so elegantly. Or if you want, I can bring them to your room." "Can I sleep with you tonight?" I throw it out there. Where we were okay with the silent, when we walked, it doesn't reappear here. "You mean James? "What!" I jump off of the couch into standing position. I never claimed to be a gracious winner. The moment I walked in, I knew I wanted to be a part of it. A class ring like from Happy Days when they did that kind of stuff. "Strippers wear a lot of makeup!" But because I'm in the program and there's music timing or some shit, I do have to walk, and Courtney hates me, and I'm in this. "I motion to the skintight atrocity I got stuck in—literally. I'm a beast. You two were driving me nuts. Our tentative tongues join in this wild, wonderful dance, desperate times. He said Naomi misses you at the games. The refs blow their whistles and all the players take a knee, as the trainers and medical staff rush the field. You could say that." "Freaking finally. Why do I never listen to her?" "Because—" She starts but is interrupted by a knock on the door. This was the third one. "I'm gonna go get out of this dress." I pull back so fast, I almost go tumbling into the wall behind me. #NaNaNaNaNa #BamWHAT "I didn't call myself a competitor. a shopping challenge." She wiggles her eyebrows. I don't know if I want to throw a wrench in what I'm doing by going to the fashion show. "I reach out and grab her hand because for some reason, her eyes are shimmering with tears while she listens to me. Page 14 This. Nothing outside of the reason you're here tonight. Fingers crossed he'll blame it on the corn. "If I took the product as much as I'd like, you would've been giving me an intervention, not a bonus check." "You're so strange." She rolls her eyes and walks to the door. "Not now, Gavin." "We're here." Gavin motions to the arcade in front of us. "Don't worry, you'll learn to love my antics." "I have no doubt." "I have no doubt." He says the way he says it, I can't help but wonder if he's talking about more than my game-time behavior. "Why wouldn't you just say that?" I slap him, feeling relieved that's all it was but still on edge from my fleeting nerves. "Are you okay? I ask myself if I tried harder, if I lost those pesky fifteen—FINE!—twenty pounds I've been holding on to for years if he wouldn't have strayed. I shut down there and turn off my phone, wishing I had a voodoo doll I could poke Chris in the eye for ruining yet another thing in my life. A man I've never seen before sits next to him on the bench. Which, maybe it is? I'll be right there." She throws the phone to do to make Gavin's restraint snap. You're what dreams are made of." The words are quiet but forceful, like he's never meant anything more in his entire life. I can already imagine my dad yelling about some quack trying to brank his back. No mentions of the past. With his full lips, sharp cheekbones, large arms, and washboard abs? "Trust me, I'm not bitter. "What are the benefits like?" "Is this how you want to play it?" he asks, and his crooked smile changes to a full-blown, teeth showing, eye crinkling, one dimple-revealing smile. I'm okay." "He's talking so slow, it's almost as if he's about to fall asleep. "If you want, we can eat at my place, it's only a couple of blocks over. Instead, the only thing I'm worried about is why it's taking so long to get there. Fine. "I'm totally, one hundred percent fine. I forgot you're seeing him now," she says. Good. Since business was slow today, Brynn let me leave early and I took the time to do some grocery shopping. Then, showing everyone around us what I already know—that she's one of the strongest women around—she wipes her tears, squares her shoulders, holds her head up high, and goes to be Dre's strength. "I'm getting the bacon burger and fries. It might be my tongue sticking to the roof of my mouth because it's so dry. You scare me." "I really like you too, Marlee." He pulls the hair from my neck and moves it over my shoulder, obviously. "Me? Plus, she's so pathetic when she's sad, only a monster—or Courtney—could flat-out deny her. Punctuality isn't one of my strong points, but I can appreciate when it is for others. It's pity. And it's not a complete lie. I do have a lot of work to do, but the deadline isn't for couple of weeks. Of course I hope he saves it for food tomorrow in case I'm not around, but it's up to him. "I live downtown too.ICY terror grips my throat when I see him standing on the corner. "The Weather Channel?" "Yeah, I'm just checking to see if it's going to be a cold day in hell on Monday." The words come out so seriously, it takes a minute for Naomi to register what I said, but I know when she does because my bright yellow throw pillow hits me in the head. "I grab my scraps off of the table and follow the same path Gavin took to my trash can. But instead of trash, he has four. I drive a hybrid too." "An Escalade hybrid." I correct her. Here, come test them out. He thanks you're a hottie, so he'll be thrilled." I won't lie, finding out Chris was cheating on with the redheaded human version of Jessica Rabbit was quite the knock to my confidence. It's none of your business." "I swear to god, Marlee." Mr. Pope. "Brian nods and walks past him. It's at that moment I remember what he said earlier. "I'm watching him in awe, like he's some sort of chivalrous alien because he's throwing away his own cup. "Giving my girl a kiss." "But my head is up here." I pop up on my elbows, watching as he pulls the comforter from my stomach. Are sexy chins even a thing? I don't have to look hard—he's so gorgeous, I swear a little angel follows him around, shining a light over his head. Learn to accept it." "You're a sore winner," Gavin says. "But I do like that you said there will be a next time." "You're not as all sexy and sweet when I'm trying to be irritated with you!" I call to his back as he walks into the bathroom. "Hey," he says. The furniture is cheap. "I was talking to my pillows. "I'm pissed as hell he just showed up here, tossing a necklace when the last thing I need is to try and figure out anybody besides myself. And if you can do that, then maybe I won't report you to your boss. I try to keep my eyes open, I really do, but then Gavin bites down on my nipple that has been begging for attention and his thumb starts moving in delicious circles between my legs. My fear of crowds is no joke. Well, not even the Pope could keep a straight face for that. Soft and sweet—nothing like our last kiss. "But if it makes you feel better, I thought you taking charge was really fucking hot." "It helps a little." I pout beside him, but kind of revel in him calling my kiss hot. I try to keep my gaze there, but the V is a giant arrow pointing to his very impressive, bordering on scary, manhood. Well, most of them. I nod, watching the smile cross his face before he reaches for my hand and guides me to the bar. "I'll be waiting for it." Tell Dre he's in the dog house, "Naomi says, alerting Gavin of her presence for the first time. "Good." He punctuates the word with a kiss and drapes his free arm across my stomach, resting his hand on my hip. The calls aren't long, but they're enough to make my heart skip a beat every time I see his name on my caller ID. Bear on tap? I live downtown, I'd hate for you to have to drive out of your way." "I was planning on leaving with Dre and Naomi, but after the scene that just played out, I'd rather leave sooner than later. I did it figure you'd be his type." You'd think being a cop, he would be more attuned to the environment around him and do his job. I'm doing really well. One I punctuate with a kiss, an emergency meeting can constitute a sleeperact at my house, filled with all sorts of Girl Scout activities like working on our bedazzling, margarita, and gossip badges. Let's make plans soon. And, Gavin." I get his attention, my voice changing to a conspiratorial whisper. His asshole-neck increased at warp speed. The evil other half of Kevin Matthews, "I whisper across the table in case any Nesy Nelly's are sitting nearby. Here's something not many people know about me—I have terrible stage fright. We're allowed to laugh once she's done her job." She says it like it's written in the Ten Commandments. "You're right, I am." She pauses for what feels like an eternity, and I have to remember that even though she might be firing me, she's still my friend, and strangling people is generally frowned upon. We broke up. If you never sing again, I'll buy whatever shoes you want today," Naomi says. #StopTryingToMakeJavinHappen #ItsNeverGoingToHappen "Well, the offer's on the table if he wants to try." He takes the lid off his coffee and gives his crosshairs wrapper inside. She can't sit with me! "I think if you were to ask Gavin, he'd tell you he's the lucky one. First, because she got rid of your sorry ass and second, because she's not property, you lovefine piece of shit." Glad to know at least Gavin and I are on the same page. No more athletes, and definitely no quarterbacks. While good ol' Brian makes the first wise decision he's made in his entire life and shuts the hell up, I stay in my spot on the couch enjoying Brian getting his ass handed to him. "So the good news is Ava broke up with Chris." "Shut up!" I turn to her, eyes wide, crystals long forgotten. He groans and before he even hits the ground, I'm back on my feet running. Four weeks from his coffee and croissants. I didn't want to be bitchy today, but when Madison stutters and spits and can't even manage a simple good-bye?" "You designed the site to buy tickets." "Oh my fuckin' god, Alexander. You must've woken up right after I left." "But you still lied to me. "No more clothes is good." I say. It's number three. "What was three?" "It's our first home game with you as my girl. I open my mouth, giving him full access, and at my hands come Brynn shows up first. I don't think that qualifies me for an AARP membership." I speak up even though it's clear I'm only being talked about, not talked to. He knows where I live. I turn on my heel and will my shaky legs to help me run as hard and fast as I can. Twenty miles to the guest room. Gavin's windows are treated with fancy electronic blackout blinds. "Trust me, that's not the only reason." "Marlee." He says my name like I'm supposed to know what he means, all right. I give him the money from my heart, it doesn't come with strings. What the fuck? I exit out of his DVR and fight back the onslaught of nausea that takes over as I hear the news story. "It's perfect," he tells me after he's situated on the tiny stool. The way he watches me, the way he touches me? I immediately focus on his V cuts. The Cowboys have a ball. Right? His bright blue eyes are watching me as I try to remember what I want to go to say, and the crooked smile that crosses his face as seconds pass by without me saying anything tells me he knows what I'm thinking. His deep voice stole her attention, and she spins around. And his knowing that made me feel even more secure in saying yes to tonight. I mean, it's not like I remember him being clean shaven four years ago, or anything. Fingers crossed I didn't snore. "I'm friends with sneaky snakes. I will not get lured into this." Which, speaking of, isn't it almost time for you to go onstage to welcome everyone?" Never mind. We were told that after Harper arrived at Pope's downtown Denver residence, he went outside looking for the attacker. I mean, the girl owns a bar; she's not one to shy away from juicy gossip. But when I realized I wasn't willing—or able—to spend \$2,500 a month on a studio, my search had to move. "Get your phone, since you're." The kiss starts out gentle. "We're pumped about being together again for football Sunday. "Where are you going?" Gavin's hand on my shoulder causes me to stop. He slides his hands down to my hips and tightens his grip before pulling me so close, my chest presses against his abs. "Way to keep that card hidden in your back pocket." "I already told you I'm not your fuckin' boy, Alexander. You must've woken up right after I left." "But you still lied to me. "No more clothes is good." I say. It's number three. "What was three?" "It's our first home game with you as my girl. I open my mouth, giving him full access, and at my hands come Brynn shows up first. I don't think that qualifies me for an AARP membership." I speak up even though it's clear I'm only being talked about, not talked to. He knows where I live. I turn on my heel and will my shaky legs to help me run as hard and fast as I can. Twenty miles to the guest room. Gavin's windows are treated with fancy electronic blackout blinds. 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