



## Sabotage

There was obviously something wrong with me.

Because there I stood, sweating in the practice gym, giving Liz two thumbs-up and a supportive wingman smile when all I really wanted to do was kick things over. I wagged my eyebrows suggestively as Michael looked down at her like she was buck-naked and wrapped in a bow, but every voice inside my head was actually bark-screaming the word ‘NO!’ and setting shit on fire.

*NO!*

He said something in that accent of his – *y’all kill me, please* – that made her smile. Only she didn’t just smile. No, Lizzie smiled up at Michael from her spot on the floor as if he were everything her little love-loving heart had ever dared to wish for.

*Y’all kill me, please.*

I dribbled and took a shot, but missed because I couldn't avert my eyes from Liz as she grabbed Michael's extended hand and climbed to her feet. He let go as soon as she was standing, *praise Jesus*, but my chest got pinched when I saw her flex her fingers at her side.

Because I knew exactly where her romantic mind was.

Pemberley 2005. #KillMeNow

I tried distracting myself with basketball, but my eyes kept going back to the two of them on the other side of the gym. *Never wished to be parted from them*, apparently, because I couldn't look away. Michael was shooting around while they talked – *that was a lucky shot, asshole* – and then he gave the ball to Liz.

I watched her toss up an atrocious airball, but when she started laughing, I had to clench my jaw to keep myself from growling. Because her giggles made me crazy. Her giggles gave me this stupid desperate desire to be the one sharing the laugh with her. I wanted to run over there with my ball and beg her to play with *me*.

Young was smiling like she was adorable – *yeah, she is, you fuck* – and it was insane how knotted up the scene was making me.

*Get a grip, dipshit*. They're playing basketball, not making out.

I inhaled through my nose and might've actually succeeded in turning away, but then.

But.

Then.

Young moved behind her, his hands covering her hands as he raised the ball for a better shooting angle. NO. His body was *right behind* her body, so close that it was impossible to tell

where she ended and where he began. NO. Her cheeks were pink and his face was close to hers and suddenly my ball was on the ground, forgotten, and I was headed toward them.

There was a roaring in my ears as I charged in their direction, seeing nothing but his mouth, so close to her face, and his fingers, resting on top of her fingers. NO NO NO. My body was moving of its own accord and the only thought in my head was NO.

But then she took the shot.

I stumbled to a halt as Michael stepped back from Liz and she smiled as the basketball went through the hoop.

*Get a grip, dipshit.*

“Did you, uh, teach her that, Young?” I said, my voice cracking as I attempted to sound like someone calm, like someone who hadn’t been just about to do...*something*. Liz’s eyes shot to mine as I added, “Because she damn sure didn’t know how to do that before.”

Of course, I had no idea if that were true because she’d never played basketball with *me*.

As if reading that thought, she picked up the ball and said, “How would *you* know?”

“I know all, Buxbaum.”

She rolled her eyes and walked away. Just turned her back and dribbled in the other direction, obviously disappointed by the reality that I still existed and had ruined – yet again – what she surely considered some sort of meet-cute.

As if that wasn’t irritating enough, Michael chose that moment to talk to me about his hair. Yes, that’s right – his *hair*. I was trying not to be a dick, because it wasn’t *his* fault that he was destroying my soul simply by being himself, but why would I care about his hair?

Did I look like someone into hair?

I didn't even own a brush, for God's sake; I just ran a hand over my head when I got out of the shower and called it good.

So *why??*

But when I glanced over at Liz, she was watching us with guilt all over her freckle-sprinkled face. Her eyes were squinty as she tried her hardest to overhear Michael's ridiculous follicular rhetoric, and I knew she had something to do with this.

"You can be your *own* hair hero," Michael was saying to me, and he patted my shoulder.

*Hair hero?*

Yeah, something was definitely up.

"Michael!" Liz interrupted, very-nearly yelling as she tried changing the subject. "Have you given any more thought to prom? If you're going to go with someone? Maybe a friend or whatever."

I crossed my arms and looked at her face.

"What about you, Wes – are you going?" She was talking too fast and blinking too much. "It just seems like a lot of people are skipping this year. I heard."

I knew she didn't care if I went to prom (which was ironic because I'd had a *very* vivid dream two nights ago about Liz showing up on my porch in a white flowered dress and begging me to take her - to prom, among other things), so why was she asking?

"Well," Michael said, looking at Liz in a way made my stomach hurt, "I'm still—"

"Heads up!" Noah yelled from the other side of the gym, and before I could even register the warning, a basketball slammed into Liz's face and knocked her flat on her ass.



## Feelin' Alright

The next twenty minutes were a blur, like reality was being played at 3x its normal speed.

Because the second I saw Liz's big green eyes looking to me for help as her hands covered her face, my brain left my body. My thoughts became a series of disjointed fragments, with some staying inside my head and some escaping out my mouth.

*Holy shit, there's blood all over her.*

*"You're okay."*

*We need a towel.*

*"Where the hell is a towel? Shouldn't there be towels in a goddamn gym?"*

*Are there tears in her eyes?*

*God, her eyes are so pretty.*

*"Here - use my shirt."*

*What if her nose is broken? What if her face is ruined because she went to a game with me? What if she never forgives me for bringing her here?*

*“You okay, Buxbaum?”*

*How the fuck were there zero towels anywhere?*

“You okay?” I asked for what was probably the fifteenth time, but what else was there to say as she held my now-bloody shirt against her probably-broken nose?

Before answering, Liz reached over and squeezed my hand.

She. Squeezed. My hand.

Liz Buxbaum squeezed my hand, and suddenly the world returned to its normal speed.

My eyes found hers and they were soft – like she wanted to make *me* feel better, which didn’t make a damn bit of sense.

“I think it’s fine,” she said matter-of-factly, as if her shirt didn’t look like a crime scene.

“As soon as the bleeding stops, we’ll probably be good.”

“She’s so much tougher than you, Bennett,” Adam laughed.

“No shit.” I barely heard him – or anyone or anything - because Liz’s hand was on mine. *With* mine. *Against* mine. I squeezed back, hypnotized by the sight of those long, slim fingers on my skin. A line from the poem we’d studied in Lit landed in my head as I stared down at the perfect tiny mole on her middle finger.

*Not even the rain has such small hands.*

It was outrageously ridiculous that I was thinking in poetic verse because she’d dared to touch me, but then again, that had always been the way of things.

Liz Buxbaum made me outrageously ridiculous.



## Paradise

“By the way,” Liz said, putting her phone away. “Thanks a lot. You didn’t have to escort me.”

I nudged her shoulder with mine, needing the touch as we walked toward the hospital building. She’d always brought out the physicality in me, the urge to lay hands on her in some way, shape, or form, and tonight was no exception. “My luck, you’d bleed to death and then my guilt wouldn’t allow me to enjoy the Forever Spot.”

“Wait – you’d still take it,” she said, grinning and giving my arm a little punch, “Even after having a hand in my untimely demise?”

I caught her fist in my hand, and when she let out a squeak of shock, I laughed and let go. “Well it’s *right there*, Buxbaum – how could I not?”

I knew it was wrong that I was having a good time when Liz's face had just been crushed by a basketball, but I couldn't help it. It felt like we were in a new place, a new place where – God help me - *not smiling* was proving to be a tiny bit challenging.

It began with the discovery of her 'hair hero' nonsense on my phone when we were walking out of the gym. Little Liz had tried pranking me, *the shit*, and I could tell she was proud of herself. I'd laughed my ass off when she admitted it, that stubborn chin high and cocky, and now she was punching me.

And laughing.

Who were we right now?

I was in love with this version of us.

We stopped at the corner red light, and when I looked down at her, she smiled. It was small and inconsequential, *polite*, really, but I almost forgot how to speak for a minute because it was *mine*. There was no one else around, so that look was just for me.

*Not Michael.*

“So were you making any headway with Young before you got bashed?” I asked casually.

*Whyyyyyyyyy? Why would you mention him, you idiot?*

“You know, I think I was,” she said. “He was being a little flirty before you walked over to the small court—”

*Yes, I saw and it was disgusting.*

“And he physically moved my arm to help me shoot better.”

God, I hated my good friend Michael.

I also hated *five-seconds-ago* me for bringing him up.

“Sweet Lord, he *touched* you?” I teased.



“He *did*,” she said excitedly, totally missing the sarcasm. Her face was all lit up like an excited child, and I was torn between wanting to applaud her joy and wanting to pull her hair.

Also was it weird that I thought she looked cute as hell with a swollen nose?

“Like, *how* did he do it?” I asked dramatically, gasping. “Was it coachy and clinical, or...?”

“It was like this.” She was almost squealing as she reached over and moved my elbows, literally showing me exactly how he’d touched her.

*Like I haven’t been replaying it in my mind since it happened, honey.*

“Only maybe lighter and more fingertippy,” she added.

“Holy shit, Liz,” I said loudly – obnoxiously - knowing I was being an asshole but *fuck*. “That’s huuuge.”

“It *is*?”

“Oh, my God, no. It isn’t.” I put my hands in my pockets and started walking when the light changed, annoyed by her desperation to make Michael happen. “That was sarcasm. I thought you knew until you said ‘fingertippy.’”

“Oh.” She blinked fast and cleared her throat. “Well, it *felt* like something.”

“Like something *fingertippy*?”

She was quiet as we approached the ER, *so much for our new place*, and just before we hit the main doors, I couldn’t stop myself. I asked, “You don’t seriously think his fingertippiness was a thing, do you?”

“How should I know?” She shrugged and looked hopeful. “It could’ve been.”

I groaned and wanted to bang my head against a wall. “How are you so bad at reading signals?”

Shit.

*Shit shit shit.*

*What the hell was that, you idiot?*

Liz's eyebrows crinkled together, and I knew I'd blown it. She was either seeing what a jealous dick I was, or realizing that I was the walking manifestation of SIGNALS.

"Liz!" Her dad ran out through the hospital doors at that moment, like he'd been watching for her arrival through the window. "We were literally at the theater across the street. How's the nose?"

He whisked her inside, wrapping his arms around her, and she was immediately surrounded by the love and concern of her parents. Helena was nice to me – *howdy, neighbor* - but her focus was on Liz's comfort, and Mr. Buxbaum looked like he wanted to bawl his eyes out as he repeatedly asked Liz how badly it hurt.

Something about the sweet scene, mixed with fingertippy bullshit and the reality of my own less-than-ideal family life, made me feel pathetically alone in that crowded Emergency Room.

Stupid lonely.

I swallowed and needed to get the hell out of there.

"Later, Buxbaum," I said, throwing up my arm in a wave and heading for the exit. She gave me a weird look, like she was surprised I was leaving, but there was too much going on for anyone else to really notice me.

I exited the ER without looking back.



## Someone Like You

“The only reason I let you go to the game was because you promised to come straight home after.”

My dad was red-faced and full of hot air, still rage-lecturing me in his boxers an hour later. “You’ve got early training tomorrow and you need to be focused.”

*It’s BP, for God’s sake; I can do it on zero sleep.*

“As I’ve said *multiple times*,” I said through gritted teeth, wondering if he realized that *he* was the one was keeping me from getting the sleep necessary for “focused” training. “I didn’t plan on having a friend get hurt and need to visit the hospital.”

“Since when is she your friend, anyway?” He waved a hand in the direction of the Buxbaum house and said, “Someone else couldn’t have taken her?”

“Who?” Sarah walked into the kitchen, looking entirely unbothered by our dad’s midnight tirade. “Who’s the friend who went to the hospital?”

“Liz,” I said. “Now butt out.”

“Next-door Liz?” she asked, looking at me like I’d grown a second head.

“Go to bed, Sarah,” my dad barked. “It’s late.”

“It’s only midnight,” she said, rolling her eyes and walking over to the fridge. “And it’s the weekend.”

She was only two years younger than me, but my dad still saw her as a six-year-old.

“Listen, I’m sorry, okay?” I climbed to my feet and regretted ever making the shitty decision to visit the kitchen, where he’d been waiting for me. “Can I please go to bed now?”

He glared, his eyes narrowed on me as if I’d done something disgusting by being late.

“You can’t let anything – or *anyone* - fuck up your goals. Don’t you understand that, Wesley?”

Yeah, because Liz Buxbaum was definitely interested in “fucking up” my goals.

*Joke’s on you, dad – she isn’t interested in me at all..*

“Yes. I understand,” I said, just wanting to end this.

“Good.” My dad scratched his chin. “I’m going to bed. Make sure you eat some protein before you head up.”

“Will do.”

I didn’t exhale until I heard his bedroom door close, and then it was like all the breath left my body in a wave. The man’s obsessive focus on what he considered to be “my” goals was truly exhausting.

“I think I’d give myself a torn ACL if I were in your shoes,” Sarah said, grabbing a can of Coke and closing the fridge. “Just to piss him off.”

“Yeah, but then you couldn’t run away from his lectures.”

“True,” she agreed, giving me a commiserative nod. “I guess I’d have to break my own arm, then.”

“And be forced to navigate a life in the Bennett household where you required assistance?”

“Oof – nightmare scenario that ends in isolated starvation,” she agreed. Both of our parents were either hyper-aware of our existence because it fit into their plans of the moment, or absolutely disconnected and content to leave us to our own devices for days on end. “I guess this is why you’re stuck playing baseball.”

“I guess so. Go to bed, Sarah.”

“Kiss my ass, Wes.”

I went into the living room – *screw protein* – and plopped onto the couch, mindlessly flipping channels, looking for a mental vacation.

*Miss Congeniality* – bingo.

Liz would be shocked if she knew just how many rom-coms I watched on a regular basis. Not that I was anything like her, watching for the hope of it all, but I appreciated the escape. Nothing bad happened – or lasted, at least – in a rom-com, which was hella therapeutic sometimes.

My phone buzzed, and I was shocked to see Liz was calling. I propped my feet on the coffee table before raising it to my ear. “Hey, Libby Loo. What’s up?”

“Did I do something to piss you off at the hospital?”

“What?” I cleared my throat, feeling somehow busted, and said, “No.”

“Because you seemed...um, terse...? When you left?” She sounded like a nervous middle schooler when she said, “I’m sorry if I said something to upset you.”

And just like that, I was happy.

A smile was on my face – unexpected for sure – as Liz Buxbaum worried about upsetting me. “Wow. I had no idea you cared so much about making me happy.”

“Okay, stop *that*,” she said, giggling. “I just wanted to make sure we’re cool.”

“We’re cool, Lib,” I said, clueless as to why swallowing was difficult for me at that moment. “I promise.”

“Did you give Michael my number, by the way?” she asked, and even the mention of Her Cowboy didn’t ruin my newfound good mood.

I said, “Yeah, I did. He wanted to check on you.”

*I’d damn near blocked my very good friend for requesting your number.*

“And he did!” She squealed and said, “He texted me to see how I was doing.”

“And?” I asked, hoping to steer the conversation away from Michael. “How’s the honker?”

“It’s okay.” Her voice sounded sleepy and I swear to God I could listen to it for the rest of my life. “Sore, but I’ll live. I still look like a freak, but the doctor said the swelling will go down soon.”

“That’s good.” There was definitely something wrong with me, because in spite of everything, I wanted to make her happy. So like an absolute moron I told her, “If I tell you something, you have to promise not to ask me more than three questions.”

“What are you talking about?”

I sighed and said, “Just promise, Buxbaum, and I swear you’ll fall asleep smiling.”

Her voice got quieter. “Okay, I promise.”

“Okay, so when we were playing basketball earlier,” I said, hating the words even as I looked forward to her reaction to them. “Michael mentioned your look.”

“What did he say?” she said, her voice loud and excited in my ear. “What did he say?”

“I don’t remember his exact words--”

“Come on, Wes, you’ve got one job and it’s--”

“—but he essentially said that he could see why you’re so popular.”

It pissed me off a little, to be honest, the way it took a pseudo-makeover for him to notice how pretty she was. If he didn’t see her before, he didn’t deserve to look at her now.

“What did he say, exactly?” she asked.

“I already told you that I don’t remember his exact words, goofball. But the general sentiment was that he gets it. You’re no longer Little Liz.”

“Oh,” she said, sounding confused. Or disappointed. Was she realizing the same thing, that he should’ve noticed her sooner?

Then she asked, “Did he say it cute, like, ‘ooh, dude, I totally get it now,’ or was it more matter-of-fact?”

*God, I love her brain.*

“We were playing basketball,” I said, trying to spare her the realization. “So he was panting and grunting.”

“You’re terrible at this.”

“No, you’re just a weirdo.”

“Why didn’t you tell me about this earlier?” she asked. “There was plenty of time when you were walking with me to the hospital.”

*Because I didn't want to, okay?*

"I was distracted by your Potato Head face and the concern that you were going to pass out from lack of blood," I tried, hoping she'd accept the pathetic lie. "As soon as the image of your ginormo-nose left my mind, I remembered to tell you."

She didn't say anything, and my gut clenched as I stared at Sandra Bullock. Was Liz going to call me out for withholding information?

"Where's your room?"

Um. "What?"

"Total random curiosity," she said, her voice relaxed like she was in a good mood. "Your house is outside my window, and I just realized that I've never been upstairs, so I have no idea what side your room is on."

"Put the binoculars away." I leaned my head back against the couch pillow and enjoyed the fact that Liz was having total random curiosity about *me*. "Because my room faces the back. You've got no shot of a peep show."

"Yeah, because that's what I wanted," she said sarcastically.

"And I'm not in my room. I'm in the living room, watching TV."

"Oh. I can see your light."

"*Such* a creeper," I said, laughing as I pictured Lizzie peering out her window.

"What're you watching?" she asked.

"I think the proper line is 'What are you wearing?'"

I heard her laugh before she said, "Maybe if I cared it would be, but I'm actually curious about what you're watching."

"Guess."



“Probably a game of some sort. Basketball?”

“Wrong.”

“Okay, then is it a movie or a TV show?” she asked.

“Movie,” I said, loving that she was playing with me.

“Hmmm.” It sounded like she was walking, or squirming around, and then she asked, “Did you select it, or did you just happen to stop by when remote-flipping?”

“Remote stop-by.”

“Hm. That complicates things,” she said, and I was a little obsessed with the amount of thought she was putting into her guess. Liz was an all-in type of person, and apparently a silly guessing-game was no exception. “Um... *Gone Girl*?”

“Nope. But decent guess.” I couldn’t resist messing with her, so I added, “I thought Emily Ratajkowski was brilliant in that flick. Her scene with Affleck is still embedded in my brain.”

“You’re disgusting,” she said, which was exactly what I knew she’d say.

“I’m just messing because I *knew* you’d know what I meant. My little Libby is just so easy to get riled up.”

She ignored that and said, “Well, the book was amazing, even without Miss Ratajkowski’s assets.”

“Agreed.” I was a huge fan of Gillian Flynn, and I liked the knowledge that Liz and I read the same book.

“Okay,” she said. “Um, maybe *The Hangover*?”

“Nope.”

“*American Pie*?” she guessed.

“Not even close.”

“In what era did this cinematic masterpiece come out?”

I was pretty sure she had me pegged as a dickhead jock who exclusively watched bro movies, so I said, “I feel like you’re assuming that I only like boob movies.”

“Yeah, that’s pretty much it,” she confirmed.

“Well I’m watching *Miss Congeniality*.”

“*What?*” She sounded like I’d just admitted to possessing superpowers. “But Bennett, that’s a rom-com.”

“Yup,” I said, hungry for more of the interest I could hear in her voice.

“So...?”

“So, I stopped because it looked funny.”

“And...?” She prodded excitedly, giving me what I wanted.

*My good girl.*

I said, “And it is.”

“I *love* that movie – what channel?”

*Were we about to watch a movie together?*

Ahem.

*Get a grip, dipshit.* “Thirty-three,” I answered. “You still have cable, too?”

She told me about how her dad was afraid to lose his boxing channels if they switched to streaming, which was funny because my dad was the same about soccer. Larry *loved* his English Premier soccer, though I imagined his angry rants about Liverpool were a far different viewing experience than the way her nicest-guy-in-the-world father watched his beloved boxing.

“Do you think we’ll be technology-challenged when we’re old, too?” she asked.

“Oh, for sure,” I said, grabbing the couch blanket that Liz had wrapped around her shoulders last week after getting caught in the rain. I raised it to my nose and *Dear God* it still smelled like her.

*Vanilla, flowers, and romantic daydreams.*

I’d intentionally left it on the back of the couch because it’d be creepy if I took the thing up to my room, but I’d be lying if I said I didn’t check for her scent every morning.

*Yep – still there.*

“You’ll probably be one of those old people who doesn’t even have a TV. Every day will be the same. You’ll play the piano, drink tea, and listen to records for hours, then take the bus to the movie theater.”

“You make aging sound incredible,” she laughed, and the idea of the woman she would become made me homesick for every era I wouldn’t experience. “I want that life now.”

“So do you sing when you play?”

“What?”

*Yes, Wes, tell her what an obsessed creeper you are. Brilliant move.* I cleared my throat and worked for casual when I said, “I’ve just always wondered if you sing when you play the piano.”

I’d never figured out what it was about Liz and the piano, why I found it so damn...compelling. *Magical*. It was just a girl and her instrument, but when Liz Buxbaum played the piano, my chest got so tight it was hard for me to breathe.

“It depends what I’m playing,” she said, her voice sliding into something softer, quieter, and somehow more intimate, like she was telling me a secret. “I don’t really sing when I’m

doing scales or warm-ups, and I definitely don't sing if I'm playing something super challenging. But when I play for fun, look out."

That made me laugh, the idea of her singing the shit out of a song. "Give me a song that makes you belt."

"Ummmm..." She trailed off with a giggle that I fucking loved.

"Um is not an answer, disphit."

She laughed even harder as she said, "I know, I know, I know."

Was this the best night of my life?

"I actually pretty much turn into Adele when I play 'Someone Like You.'"

Now it was the best. "You do *not*. For real? That's a big-voice song."

"Don't I know it. But when no one's home, it feels amazing to totally shatter glass with my pipes."

"I would pay money to hear that," I said, meaning every word as I pictured red hair, closed eyes and piano keys.

*Vanilla, flowers, romantic daydreams.*

"You'll never have enough."

"Then I'll die trying," I said, flicking off the lamp beside me because it was bright and my eyes were tired.

"How come you turned off the light?" she asked.

*How come you turned off the light.*

Record scratch, holy shit.

“I *knew* you were staring in my windows, Buxbaum,” I said, shaking my head in the darkness and grinning because Liz’s gaze was tracking my location fucking *yes*. “I never would’ve guessed someone so uptight would be such a pervert.”

“I’m not *that* uptight,” she said, sounding so much like Little Liz that I wanted to tousle her hair until she smacked my hand.

“I *will* say that you’ve been pretty cool about the disasters that have befallen you since you started hunting Michael.”

“Um...thanks? And I’m not *hunting* him, I’m just trying to...”

She was quiet for a long minute, and then she broke my heart when she said, “I just need to know that happily ever after really exists.”

My mother chose that moment to yell something down the hall to my dad - *turn down your goddamn TV, Larry* – and I knew Liz would never appreciate my personal opinion on the matter of happily ever after. So I just said, “I think your cat is out in my yard.”

“It isn’t Fitz,” she said. “He never goes outside.”

“Smart cat – my dog would probably use him as a chew toy.”

Fact: Otis would never. He was terrified of cats, but he had a reputation to protect and I’d never rat him out. Otis was my *boy*.

“As if Fitzpervert would let him,” she quipped. “So where are you? Did you go to bed, or are you sitting in the dark like a complete Patrick Bateman?”

*She was still watching.* “Oh, my God, you’re so obsessed--”

“Will you just shut up and tell me?” she said, laughing again, harder this time. “I need to go to bed.”

“And you can’t sleep until you know where I am. I see you, Buxbaum.”

“So delusional,” she said. “Just forget it.”

I turned the lamp on and off a couple times and said, “I’m still here, Liz, just messing with you.”

“Okay, well, goodnigh--”

“Your turn,” I interrupted.

“Huh?”

“Flash your lights,” I said, getting off the couch to get a closer look out the window. “It’s my turn to know where you are.”

The second I stepped in front of the window, I saw lights flash in the upstairs bedroom that I’d always known was hers. “So that’s your room, huh?”

“It is,” she said quietly.

Sleepily.

*Perfectly.*

I looked up at the window, squinting, needing to see some suggestion of her. Her face, looking down at me; her profile, standing behind the sheer white curtain; a wispy shadow – I’d take anything and everything. “Well, I’m not gonna lie, there’s something about knowing that that is where Mrs. Potato Head sleeps. I mean, damn, you know?”

And then I saw her.

There, in the dark rectangular space of her bedroom window, I saw the shape of her, like a willowy midnight ghost of Lizzie; past, present and future. A second later she was gone, but a smile was in her voice as she murmured in my ear, “Damn, indeed. Goodnight, disphit.”

I exhaled a startled laugh and stared at the spot where she’d been. “Goodnight, Elizabeth.”

I tried going to bed after that, but sleep was elusive as my brain kept replaying our conversation - *How come you turned off the light? I'm sorry if I said something to upset you.*  
*Goodnight, dipshit.* – and my fingers kept replaying Adele on Spotify.

*I hate to turn up out of the blue, uninvited*

*But I couldn't stay away, I couldn't fight it*

I knew I shouldn't push my luck, but I sent Liz one last text before finally closing my eyes.

*Make sure you add "Someone Like You" to the Wes and Liz playlist.*