

Boxes covered the front lawn. A rented U-Haul sat in the driveway with its back gate open, half-emptied, the afternoon Texas sun turning the metal interior into an oven. Katie sat in the cab of the truck, applying lip gloss as Josh hauled another box inside. She planned to get out and help him, but the lighting was perfect. She just needed a few minutes.

She climbed from the cab of the truck, the heat hitting her the second she stepped out. She grabbed the hem of her shirt, wiping her forehead as she pulled out her phone and propped it against a box on the front porch. TikTok was the first app on her home screen. She opened it, pulling up a Megan Thee Stallion song she'd been saving for this exact moment.

The caption was already written in her head: *new house new adventures* with a house emoji and a key emoji. It was just the right type of combo that would make her 47,000 followers demand to know what she meant. She'd been building her account for two years and it was finally getting traction. A skin care company had reached out last week, offering free product in exchange for a post. It was weird, having strangers react to her every event, but they weren't real, just faces behind a phone she would never see.

She lip-synced the chorus, walking backward down the driveway in cutoff shorts and an oversized t-shirt she'd knotted at her waist. Her dark hair was pulled into a messy ponytail that swung against her back as she hit each beat, her lips mouthing the words in an exaggerated pout. She had the face for it. Full lips, soft features, and the kind of golden skin the camera seemed to love. Josh often commented on her lips and how perfect they were. She'd even had to ban more than one weirdo on her page who said exactly how much he appreciated them.

She was mid-spin when she heard a deep voice behind her that made her jump, ruining the video.

"Don't think I've ever seen a dance like that before."

Katie stopped and turned. A man stood at the edge of the driveway where the lawn met the sidewalk. Late fifties, maybe older. Well over six feet, with wide shoulders and big hands. He was overweight, but still solid underneath, suggesting that there was a time when that wasn't the case. His dark hair was going gray, his eyes were brown but looked too large for his head, and his nose was crooked like it'd been broken multiple times and never set properly.

In his arms he held a Chihuahua in a pink rhinestone collar. The dog was trembling.

"Sorry." Katie laughed, nervously, pocketing her phone. She tucked a strand of dark hair behind her ear that had come loose from the ponytail. Standing in front of him, she felt tiny. At five-three, with petite frame, she looked small next to most people, but this guy was a whole other level. "I didn't think anyone was watching."

"Brian." He shifted the dog to one arm and extended his hand. His grip swallowed hers. "I'm next door." He nodded left toward a single-story house with a porch that had a rocking chair and outdoor sofa.

"Katie." She pulled her hand back. "We're just moving in. Obviously." She gestured at the chaos behind her.

"It's a beautiful house. You'll love it. I helped build the porch myself." His smile showed stained yellow teeth, his gaze dipping to her chest.

Katie crossed her arms without thinking about it. Then uncrossed them because that was worse.

"And this is Jewels." He lifted the Chihuahua slightly. The dog's ears perked up. "She runs the block. Everyone is terrified of her."

Katie reached out to pet her. Jewels lurched forward in Brian's arms, straining toward Katie's face with her tongue out, pawing at the air between them. Katie leaned in and Jewels caught her chin, then the corner of her mouth, her tiny body vibrating with the effort.

"Oh my God." Katie laughed, scratching behind the dog's ears. "She's so sweet."

"She usually doesn't like people." Brian watched Katie's hand on the dog. "She must sense something good about you."

The front door opened. Josh came out onto the porch, red-faced and sweating from the last hour of moving furniture. He was shirtless, beads of sweat covering his defined chest. His black hair was matted to his head, six-pack visible above the waistband of his basketball shorts.

He saw the man standing in his driveway with his fiancée and came down the steps.

"Hey." Josh extended his hand. "Josh Phan."

Brian took it. His smile faded, his eyebrows pinching together. "Brian. Next door."

Jewels growled. A high, thin sound, her tiny teeth bared in Josh's direction.

Josh pulled his hand back. "Guess Chihuahuas are gonna Chihuahua."

"Oh!" Katie flinched, taking a step backward. Her phone clattered to the ground. "Sorry, she startled me."

She spun around and bent down to grab her phone.

"She's protective." Brian's gaze dropped to her ass as the cutoffs rode up. She straightened and he looked away, meeting Josh's stare, caught. Brian just grinned, unapologetic.

Katie reached over and rubbed Jewels's chest. The dog immediately melted and started to lick her hand. "She loves me," Katie said, grinning at Josh. "Instant best friends."

"Great." Josh wiped his hands on his shorts. "So you're right next door?"

"Twenty-five years." Brian looked at the house behind Josh. "Watched three families come through your place. Hopefully you two last longer than the couple before you."

"What happened to the last ones?"

"Divorced." Brian shrugged.

"Well, we just recently got engaged. So no worries there." He put his arm around Katie, pressing his lips to her temple.

"Congratulations." He smiled at Katie. "So what do you do, Josh?"

"Accounting. My company just opened an office downtown. They moved us here to get it up and running."

"Accounting." He nodded, showing his teeth. "I should have guessed it. Numbers and all." He winked at Katie and she covered her mouth in a laugh.

"So Katie," Brian pressed on, before Josh's jaw could loosen. "What was all the dancing about?"

"It's for TikTok."

"She has quite the following," Josh interjected, pulling his fiancée closer.

"Is that right?"

"I mean, it's not huge or anything. Forty-seven thousand followers. I post a couple times a week, lip syncs mostly, dances, some lifestyle stuff. I'm trying to grow it."

Brian's tongue slid across his upper lip like he was processing what she said. "Wow, that's quite the feat. And here I thought I was doing well with my hundred or so." He pulled out his phone. "What's your username? I'll give you a follow, help the algorithm or whatever."

She exchanged a nervous look with Josh before telling him.

"Well." He pocketed the phone. "I'll let you two get back to it. You've got a long night ahead." He looked at the U-Haul, then at Josh, then at Katie. "If you need tools, I've got everything. Just knock."

He turned and walked back toward his house. Jewels watched Katie over his shoulder the whole way, tail still going.

"That guy's a creep."

Katie laughed, grabbing a box of plates from the kitchen counter and placing them into the cabinet. "I didn't think he was that bad."

"He was practically eye fucking you." He grabbed a bottle of water from the fridge, leaning against the white granite countertop.

"He was being friendly."

"When you dropped your phone, his eyes nearly bulged from his head he was staring so hard."

Katie paused as she grabbed another plate, the slightest shade of pink coloring her cheeks. "I doubt he's the first guy to stare at my ass. Besides." She looked over her shoulder. "You're doing it right now."

"I'm serious, babe. He gave me the creeps." When Katie didn't immediately respond, he pressed forward. "And that accounting joke? Could he be any more racist?"

Katie sighed. "It was a bad joke. Didn't Greg say almost that exact same thing last week?"

"That's different." His voice got softer, his conviction slipping. "Greg is our friend."

Katie placed the last plate into the cabinet and spun around. "He's our neighbor. Do you really want to make enemies with him the second we move in?" She walked toward him, wrapping her arms around his waist. "Besides, his dog is so freaking adorable." She grinned, then pressed onto her tiptoes to kiss his lips.

"You're right," he sighed, his anxiety washing away as her full lips pressed against his. "I'll try harder."

He wasn't sure if she actually believed him, but she rested her head on his chest and let it go. Katie had always been a little too trusting when it came to this kind of stuff. He knew that she had a lifetime of experience with guys hitting on her. She'd always been hot, but something about Brian just didn't sit right with Josh. He hoped he was wrong.

Katie's phone buzzed in her back pocket and she lifted her head from Josh's chest. "Oh," she giggled.

"What?"

"He just liked one of my videos on TikTok." She held up the screen. "His username is *Bull_Durham_Brian*."

Josh leaned over to look. "Bull Durham? Like the Kevin Costner movie?"

"I guess?"

"Bull Durham Brian." Josh shook his head. "That's the most old-man username I've ever seen."

They were both laughing now, the tension from a few moments ago melting away. Katie looked back at her phone and her smile dropped.

"Oh no."

"What?"

"He found my Instagram." She held up the notification. "He just requested to follow me there too."

"So? What's the difference?"

"The difference is this." She scrolled to a photo and turned the phone around. It was her from last summer, standing on a beach in Galveston in a black bikini. She was looking over her shoulder, standing in knee high water. Her bottoms were bunched showing just enough of her butt to be one of the most liked pictures on her page. She almost didn't post it, but Josh had pushed her. The result was 200 new followers almost overnight, along with a couple dozen DMs she refused to open.

"That picture is one of my favorites," Josh said with a grin. "You know how much I love your butt."

"And now our neighbor can see it. Josh, he's old enough to be my dad." She continued to scroll, her breathing getting shallower. "There's like thirty of them. Christ, the one from Cabo you insisted I post because my chest looked so good."

Josh leaned against the counter across from her. He watched her face, but his mind was somewhere else. The guy was a creep, sure. But the thought of some old divorced guy next door scrolling through these photos, stuck in his empty house while Josh had the real thing right here...

He shifted his weight, adjusting his shorts subtly.

"Unbelievable... You think it's funny, don't you?" she said flatly.

"I mean..." He shrugged. "It's not, not funny." He paused, his eyes glazing over slightly. "If there was any doubt in his mind that my fiancée was hot, there's none now."

"You just said he was a creep."

"He is a creep," Josh said, too quickly. He looked at the floor. "But you have to admit, the idea of him doing God knows what with your pictures right now is kinda hot." He actually laughed. "He

was all cocky earlier trying to charm you, acting like I didn't exist and now he's probably stroking—"

"You're disgusting." She covered her face with her hands.

"You're blushing."

"I am not." She was. She could feel the heat in her face and she hated that he could see it. "This is not... I didn't sign up for a sixty-year-old fan club, Josh."

"You didn't decline his follow request either."

Katie looked down at her phone. The notification was still there. *@Bull_Durham_Brian has requested to follow you.* She chewed her bottom lip.

"Let me see his page at least."

She tapped into his profile. It was public. The grid wasn't what she expected. No selfies, no vacation photos. The first several rows were Jewels. Jewels in a tiny sweater. Jewels on a hiking trail with her ears pinned back. Jewels asleep in a sunbeam on a hardwood floor, the light catching the rhinestones on her collar. But they weren't regular pet photos. The composition was extraordinary, the lighting professional. One shot of Jewels sitting on a porch railing at golden hour looked like it could be framed.

"Oh my God, look at Jewels." Katie tilted the phone toward Josh. "She has her own little photo series. Look at this one, she's in a sweater. Josh, look at her little face."

"I'm looking."

"He takes her everywhere." She kept scrolling. Past the dog photos were landscapes. A barn at sunset. A stretch of coastline in fog. A downtown street at night, puddles reflecting neon. And further back, older posts. Portraits. A woman in profile against a window. A man's hands wrapped around a coffee cup, every line and scar visible.

"Okay, these are actually really good," she said quietly.

"What are?" Josh had already lost interest and was scrolling on his phone.

"Brian's pictures. Look at these." She held up the phone. Josh glanced at it for two seconds and looked away.

"Cool."

"No, Josh. These are legit. This isn't some guy with an iPhone."

"What, like you think he had them professionally done or something?"

Katie didn't answer. She was still scrolling through his grid. There was something intimate about them.

She accepted the follow request.

They ordered Thai food and ate it on the sofa next to a pile of boxes and two full suitcases. Most of the kitchen was put together. The bedroom had sheets on the bed, the rest could wait until tomorrow.

After dinner, Katie decided to change into something more comfortable while Josh worked on mounting the TV. He had just gotten the mount in place when she walked back out wearing a pair of black leggings, a tank top, and no bra. Josh did a double take as she walked out, dropping the screwdriver from his hand.

"You can't just walk around like that and expect me to get anything else done tonight."

She looked down at herself. The thin white fabric clung to her chest, the brown of her nipples clearly visible. It was her favorite tank top, partially because Josh always had this type of reaction to it. "It's my house. I'll wear what I want."

"I'm not complaining. I'm just saying." His eyes hadn't moved from her chest.

"You're ridiculous." She rolled her eyes, smiling, then bit her lip. "But if you're not going to get any work done anyway."

She grabbed the hem of her shirt and pulled it over her head. Her nipples were already hard just from how Josh was looking at her. She tossed the shirt at him and walked over to the sofa. Josh's mouth was still hanging open as she sat down, crossing one leg over the other.

Josh was already on his feet.

He kissed her before he sat down, one hand sliding into her hair, the other settling on her bare waist. She pulled him down onto the couch and they sank into it, his weight pressing her into the cushions. His mouth moved to her neck.

"Mmmm," she purred, tilting her head to give him better access.

"Fuck, you're sexy." His lips moved to her collarbone as her acrylic nails pressed into the base of his neck.

Her phone buzzed on the sofa next to her. She ignored it, focusing instead on Josh's wet kisses working their way to her chest. When it buzzed a third time, she could no longer resist. She reached for it, her free hand still in his hair.

Three notifications, all from @Bull_Durham_Brian. Three likes. A spring break photo where she was leaning against a railing in a crop top. A mirror selfie in the low-cut blue dress she'd worn to a friend's wedding, the slit showing plenty of leg.

Josh lifted his head from her chest and saw the screen.

"Well." He grinned against her skin. "I think we know what he's doing right now."

Katie's face went hot. "Shut up."

She swatted his back, pushing his head back to her chest.

Josh didn't move. He stared at the little red hearts on the screen. The logical part of his brain told him to be mad. That was their neighbor. A guy he didn't trust. But he couldn't deny how turned on he was. He tried to dismiss the thought, blaming it on the timing of the messages.

"And just think, all he'd have to do is walk right next door and he wouldn't need Instagram. He'd get an even better view."

Before she could respond, his lips closed around her nipple and her back arched off the sofa, her phone clattering to the floor.

"You're so responsive tonight." He pulled off her nipple, smiling at how hard it was, then sucked the other into his mouth.

"I want you." Her fingers slipped into his shorts, searching out his manhood.

Josh released her nipple, bringing his mouth to hers. His hand moved down her stomach, tugging on the waistband of her leggings as she lifted her hips and tried to lie flat on the couch. He pulled them to her knees and she kicked them the rest of the way off, one leg at a time, until they were somewhere on the floor, with her panties quickly following.

Josh sat back, pulling down his shorts, his gaze traveling over her body. She loved the way he looked at her, like she was the hottest woman on the planet. Somehow he made every time seem like the first time he was seeing her.

"See something you like?" she teased, spreading her legs slightly, letting her fingers trail down her stomach.

Josh nearly fell forward, tripping out of his shorts. He caught himself on the arm of the sofa and they both laughed before he kissed her again. She felt him hard against her thigh, then between her legs, the heat of him pressing against her smooth flesh. Her hand slid between them and wrapped around his cock, guiding him.

"Ahhhh." She pressed her forehead to his as he pushed into her. He was slow about it. She was wet but tight, and he only got the first inch before he pulled back. He dragged himself over her

clit and she sucked in a breath. Then he pressed forward again, deeper this time, and her mouth fell open against his neck.

Her nails dug into his back. "Fuuuuck." She bit down on his shoulder to keep herself quiet as he sank the rest of the way in, her body stretching to take him, her legs pulling him closer.

He pulled back a final time and pushed into her again.

"Ohhhh." She reached back, grabbing the arm of the couch above her head as he bottomed out inside her.

"You feel so good." He kissed her neck as he started to get into a rhythm.

Katie arched her back, matching his strokes. "Fuck me, Josh."

Josh smiled and drove into her again. She didn't usually talk much during sex. She would moan and show her enthusiasm in other ways, but the only time she would talk, especially drop an F-bomb, was when she was really turned on.

Katie squeezed her eyes shut, focusing on the way his body felt when it met hers, the wet sounds of their bodies and the creak of the couch springs. Her orgasm was coming fast. She hadn't realized how much she needed it. Her eyes shot open, her arms wrapping around Josh's neck and taking him deeper.

"Fuck, Katie." His mouth was on her neck, then back to her lips.

She rolled her head to the side, a moan escaping her lips. Josh repositioned himself, putting her legs on his shoulders as he sat up on his knees.

"Ohhhh." She was louder now, and her hand found his, bringing it to her chest. He was happy to oblige as he squeezed it and rolled the swollen bud between his fingers.

Josh's pace grew faster as sweat started to bead on his forehead. Katie's mouth hung open, her tongue sliding across the front of her teeth. He released her tit, his hand trailing down her flat stomach and finding her clit.

"Oh, God! Right there." Her breathing was labored, her voice beginning to carry. "Oh. Ohhh ffff."

The sound of slapping flesh filled the air. Katie's voice turned to unintelligible whimpers as she pushed her body up to meet him.

Her thighs started to shake against his shoulders. She could feel it gathering low in her stomach, that tightness that pulled everything inward. Her breathing broke apart. Short, sharp, open-mouthed. Her nails raked across his chest as Josh's thumb worked her clit.

She reached back with both hands, pressing against the armrest as she flung her body into his. Her arms began to shake as her entire body lifted off the cushion, her walls clamping around him. Josh held still inside her, watching her face and allowing her to ride out the rest of her orgasm.

When she finally went limp beneath him, she opened her eyes to see him grinning down at her like he'd just won the lottery.

"Your turn." She pulled him down by the back of his neck and kissed him.

Her legs wrapped around the back of his thighs as he drove harder into her, chasing a release that was only seconds away. Each jolt made her gasp into his ear as her fingers tickled his neck. Every time she'd clench around him, she'd hear him groan and his speed would increase. His breathing went ragged against her neck. His strokes got shorter, sloppier. She tightened her legs around his waist and felt his whole body go rigid.

"Ohhhhh." His toes curled into the fabric of the sofa, his cock pulsing deep inside her. She moaned against his neck as each throb sent another wave of electricity through her until he collapsed on top of her.

They stayed like that for another ten minutes, each trying to catch their breath as crickets chirped outside.

"Well, living room christening can be checked off," Josh said, his voice muffled against her skin.

Katie laughed. "I think we may have broken the couch." She could feel the frame sagging underneath them. One of the cushions had slid onto the floor at some point and neither of them had noticed.

Josh lifted his head. He felt doozy, satisfied, but a nagging thought lingered in the back of his mind. He thought about the phone notifications lighting up the floor. He thought about Brian alone in the dark. It shouldn't have added to the heat of the moment, but it had. He felt a pang of guilt, followed immediately by a dull throb of want.

Katie flicked his forehead, snapping him out of whatever fog he was in.

"What?" he laughed.

"Nothing. You just look stupid when you're happy."

"You make me stupid." He kissed her once, soft, then rolled off her and onto the floor with a thud. "Ow."

Katie laughed and pulled a throw blanket off the back of the couch, wrapping it around herself. She found the remote and grinned at Josh, who was still on the floor, naked and looking for his

shorts.

"Was that proper enough motivation to get you to finish hanging the TV?" She pouted her lips and blinked. "Please?"

Josh found his shorts and slid them on. "Had you not come out here looking all"—he gestured vaguely—"like that, it would be up already."

"Are you complaining?"

"Not at all." He picked up the screwdriver and got back to work.

It took them the better part of three days to finish unpacking. Katie hung curtains and pictures in every room. This was their first house together as a couple and she wanted it to be perfect. She rearranged the living room twice, and posted a half dozen TikToks about the new house that pulled in a few hundred more followers. Josh got the TV mounted, assembled the guest bed, and only had to call his dad once about the garbage disposal. The house was starting to feel like theirs.

Brian had waved a few times from next door, but otherwise kept to himself. She usually saw him walking Jewels in the afternoon, the feisty dog snapping at everyone in her path. Despite that, he always seemed to like her latest posts on both TikTok and Instagram. The more it happened, the more she thought maybe she'd overreacted when he first started following her.

Thursday night Josh and Katie sat on the sofa, a new one she insisted he buy. They'd opened a new bottle of wine and eaten popcorn as she lay against his chest. It was the first night in their new house that felt normal. There was no more decorating, no more putting furniture together. It was all done and now they could relax.

Katie muted the TV. "Do you hear that?"

Josh sat up, confused. That's when he heard it. A low whine at the front door followed by scratching.

Katie sat up and padded over to the door. When she opened it, Jewels ran into the room, her paws on Katie's shins, her entire body shaking with excitement.

"Oh my God." Katie scooped her up and Jewels went straight for her face, licking her chin, her cheek, the corner of her mouth. "How did you get out, baby?"

Josh appeared behind her. Jewels's head snapped toward him and she growled.

"That dog hates me."

"She doesn't hate you." Katie rubbed the dog's chest until she calmed down. "You just startled her, huh, baby." She kissed her forehead. "Make some more popcorn. I'll take her back."

She carried Jewels across the lawn and up Brian's front steps. The porch light was on. She knocked and the door opened almost immediately.

Brian stood in the doorway in jeans and a t-shirt. "She got out again. Screen door doesn't latch right." He reached for Jewels and the dog licked Katie's chin one last time before going to him.

"She came straight to our door. Straight to me."

"Good taste runs in the family." He stepped back. "You want to come in for a second? I have a favor to ask ya."

She hesitated, glancing back toward her house. She could see the blue glow of the TV through the window. "Just for a second."

She walked in and stopped. The walls were covered in framed photographs, and they were nothing like his Instagram. These were large, professionally printed, properly matted. A black-and-white portrait of a woman so sharp Katie could make out individual eyelashes. Landscapes that looked like they belonged in a gallery. Editorial shots that could have been pulled from a magazine.

"Oh my God." She turned toward him. "These are amazing."

He grinned, looking over her toned legs, making Katie wish she was wearing more than just her pajamas. "I have an eye for beauty."

"Wait." She turned to him. "You took these?"

"Most of them." He shrugged like it was nothing, then turned and headed toward the kitchen. Katie followed, focused more on the pictures on the wall than the actual house. Every room was the same

"I had my own studio back in my younger days." He stood at the kitchen counter, letting Jewels perch on it as he mixed her food. "Had an entire team working for me in North Carolina."

She watched as he pulled a pill from his pocket, smashed it into smaller pieces and put it into Jewels' food bowl. "Now, she's my muse."

She stopped in front of a portrait of a woman looking directly into the camera. The lighting was warm, the expression intimate. Like Katie had walked in on something private.

"Who is she?"

"A client. Long time ago." He leaned against the kitchen doorframe. "Difficult one. She fought me the entire way, but once she finally let me take the lead." He licked his lips, his gaze finding Katie's. "It was magical."

"I um..." She suddenly felt very exposed. "I should get back to J—"

"I took a look at your Instagram page. You have real talent." He paused as she stopped her retreat, her ears perking up. "Your instincts are good. You know your angles, you know what works for your features. But the lighting is flat on most of them, especially indoors. Small adjustments would make a big difference."

She wasn't sure if she was being complimented or critiqued. Both, probably.

"I'm heading to Santa Fe in a couple days," he said, taking a step toward her. "Jewels is on a pretty strict schedule. She needs her meds, walks twice a day. She's a real handful." He looked at the dog, already passed out in her bed. "Last time I put her in a car she threw up on my leather seats."

"Aww, poor baby." Katie looked at Jewels. Tiny ball, one ear flopped, completely gone.

"She likes you, and she don't like a lot of people."

"You're asking me to watch her while you're gone?"

"I don't have much in terms of money anymore. But I'd be happy to give you some pointers on your photos. Just a few tweaks can really make all the difference."

"What's the routine?" The question was out before she could take it back. She probably should have talked to Josh first. But Jewels seemed low maintenance, and the appeal for her photos to look even half as good as the ones in his hallway was too good to pass up.

He pulled a piece of paper off the counter. Already written out. Meds, food, walk times. He handed it to her. "It's all there. Give me your number so I can call and check up on her. Make sure she's getting along alright."

She was already typing her number into his phone, without actually agreeing to anything. Before she realized it, she was folding up the paper and heading toward the door.

"Katie." She turned. "She cries the first night. Don't give in. She's manipulating you."

She laughed and walked back across the lawn. Josh was on the couch where she'd left him with a fresh bowl of popcorn.

"What took so long?" he asked, grabbing the remote.

"He asked me to dog-sit for him."

"What? Like at his house?"

"She doesn't travel. And she clearly likes me more than anyone else on this block." She nudged him with her elbow. "And we all know how she feels about you."

Josh nodded, unsure of what to say.

"You should have seen his house, Josh. The pictures on his walls are insane. He used to own a whole studio in North Carolina. He offered to give me tips on my photos when he gets back. Like a trade for the dog-sitting."

"I... I don't know if I like that. I mean, your pictures are all great. What is he going to be able to show you?"

"My pictures are average at best." She put her head on his shoulder. "Better picture quality could mean thousands of new followers. It could be great for what I'm trying to achieve."

"I don't trust him."

"I know, I know, he was staring at my tits." She rolled her eyes.

"Your ass," he corrected, but couldn't stop the grin from forming.

Katie leaned into him, tucking her feet under her and pressing play. "It's going to be fine." She grabbed a handful of popcorn. "Plus it will give me an excuse to go shopping, maybe find a few outfits for your eyes only."

Josh sat back and shook his head. "Now you're talkin."

They watched the rest of the movie in silence, Katie's head on his shoulder, his arm around her. Her phone buzzed once on the coffee table and they ignored it.