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# AWAY GAME

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NEW YORK TIMES BESTSELLING AUTHOR



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# COPYRIGHT

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Away Game  
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I know we get bad storms in Boston, but come on, this is ridiculous. I lean forward and peer out my icy window, but I can barely see two feet in front of my Jeep. My wipers are on high, yet they're unable to keep up with the heavy flakes coating my window. Everything from my vehicle to the road and trees are covered in inches of thick, wet snow, making this journey treacherous, and nearly impossible.

I drive by a sign on this narrow back road in Nova Scotia, but it's whited out and unreadable. Even if the words were visible, I'm not from around these parts, so it wouldn't mean much to me. Still, I'd like to at least know my whereabouts, should I go flying off some cliff and somehow—miraculously—survive.

Seriously though, I have no idea where I am, or if this winding road leads to Halifax. Christ, I've never heard of the Trans-Canada highway shutting down before, the four-lane freeway completely impassable, forcing drivers to take these backwoods detours. Then again, I've never been in stormy Nova Scotia during the dead of winter either.

If I had it my way, I'd be back in Boston at the dorm, getting ready to fly home for three days, for a short break before we gear up for the playoffs, but I had no choice in the matter. This is the only time I could join the Scotia Storms for practice and decide whether I want to stay and play hockey at Boston University or join the Storms, a top Atlantic university hockey team in Halifax.

My buddy Brandon raves about the Scotia Storms—now I see where they get their name—and the top-notch education at the Academy. He says the downtown nightlife has a great vibe, with genuine people, and the city, by far, has the hottest women on the planet. I don't really believe that. I think it's just his way to lure me here. Although Brandon would never lie to me. The two of us go way back to our kindergarten years. Our dads played together for the Seattle Shooters, and yes, we both feel the pressure that comes with our father's high levels of achievement.

But speaking of Brandon, he could have at least warned me that the roads were going to be deadly. Last I heard there were over fifteen-hundred vehicles stranded on the Trans-Canada. Shit, he probably thinks I'm one of them and is no doubt worried sick. No way can I take my hands off the wheel or eyes off the road to message him and I don't dare pull over in these conditions. It's a total white out. I can't even tell where the road ends and the ditch begins. Not that I think I'd have service out here in the middle of nowhere—and yes, it's true, I'm the only idiot on this particular back road.

I grip the steering wheel tighter and blink, trying not to get snow hypnosis and veer into a tree. I turn my high beams on and off. It does nothing to help with my visibility. The road curves and I ease off the gas to coast around the turn. From my peripheral vision, I spot movement and shoot a fast

glance to my right. What the hell was that? I adjust my rear-view mirror and catch a flash of something...or someone. I pinch my eyes shut and open them again. I must be imagining things. No one would be standing on the side of the road in the middle of a storm...unless.

I slow to a stop, and back up. My tires spin the whole way, and when I see movement again, I shove my Jeep into park and hop out. My boots sink into the snow, slowing me down. I circle my vehicle and that's when I realize there's a car in the ditch, and my spraying tires just soaked someone standing a few feet away from the vehicle's flashing brake lights. I quickly take in his splayed arms, and the way he's gasping as slush drips from his winter coat.

"Are you okay?" I yell, but my words get carried away in the wind. I step closer to the motionless figure, and come face to face with Frosty the Snowman. Technically it's a person, but all that's missing to complete the children's beloved character is the carrot nose. You know what's not missing? The eyes made out of coal. Yeah, that's right. This guy has two black eyes peering out from a snowy hood tugged tight and if looks could kill I'd be a goner. I'm guessing he's not about to come to life and spread good cheer. Can't say I blame him. "I'm sorry. I didn't mean to soak you."

"It's okay. It's not your fault, but dammit, isn't this day just getting better and better," the guy—or rather the girl—says as fat snowflakes coat her lashes.

My gaze races over her shivering body, as she shifts from one foot to the other. She's all bundled up so I can't tell if she's injured from the crash. "Are you hurt?"

She wraps her arms around herself and her breath turns to fog as she speaks. "No, just cold and wet and late."

I understand late. I pull my phone from my pocket to check for service. Zilch. Not only that, I'm down to one bar. "Do you have service?"

"No. I can't even call for a tow truck, and the closest town is a few miles down the road. I don't think I can make it on foot."

At least one of us knows where we are. I'm grateful for that. I shake my head as a cold shiver goes through me. "Here I thought I was the only idiot on this side road."

"Did you just call me an idiot?"

"What, no." Way to make a first good impression, Chase. "I didn't mean that. I'm the idiot. I should have turned back instead of taking the detour." I gesture with a nod to my Jeep. "You'd better get in and we need to get off the road before someone takes that corner too fast and crashes into us."

"I..." She glances at the tail end of her car sticking out of the ditch, the brake lights fading to black. She groans and looks back at me. It's easy to tell she's not comfortable climbing into a car with a stranger. I don't blame her.

"I'm not a serial killer," I say, hoping to ease her worries.

"Which is exactly what a serial killer would say, but under the circumstances, I'm safer with you than in this storm." She eyes me for a second, like she's committing my features to memory. "Just so you know, I know judo."

I hold my hands up, palms out. "Duly noted."

I shuffle my feet in the snow to make a path for her, and she follows me to the passenger side. I open the door, and a burst of snow follows her in. My gaze moves over her for a second. How the hell did I think she was a guy? She's so petite, it's a surprise her feet reach the floor. Once she's secure, I trudge

through the wet snow again and climb into the driver's side, cranking up the heat to melt the snow covering her coat.

She tugs off her mitts and holds her quivering hands over the vents to warm them, and I resist the urge to take them in mine and create heat with friction. That would be inappropriate, and something tells me she'd judo me right in the nuts.

"I am so cold." I flick on the heated seat and after a few moments, she wiggles. "Oh, that is so nice."

As soon as we're both buckled up, I cast her a quick glance. "Ready?"

She nods, and I glance around to make sure the road is clear behind me before I hit the gas. My wipers squeal as they struggle with the snow and I lean forward to concentrate on the road. "How far did you say the next town was?"

"Just a couple miles. Not much there, but there is a gas station, and a small motel. It could be full, or shut down. Storms like these tend to knock out the power for days."

Shit. "I don't have days." I had plans to join the guys on the ice and check out the academy's curriculum to figure out if I want to pack up my life in Boston and move to Canada. By the looks of things right now, I'm going to miss a few days that I can't afford to miss. The coach isn't going to want a guy on the team who can't show up on time. I just hope Brandon talks to him and can postpone our meeting.

"Me neither." She groans and looks out the window.

"What are you late for?"

"I was meeting a friend Lily in New Brunswick and tomorrow we're supposed to fly to Florida for the holidays. Her parents have a place there." A shiver goes through her as the cold

leaves her body. “I was so looking forward to the warm weather.”

“Warm weather would be nice right about now.”

She takes a deep breath and lets it out slowly as she looks in the side view mirror. “I suppose it could be worse. I could have died in the crash.”

“Hey, way to look on the bright side.” She turns and practically snarls at me. I bite back a grin. “Too soon?”

“Too soon,” she says and grumbles something about her father warning her about the weather and how she was sure she could beat the snow and that I was right—she’s is an idiot.

“They weren’t calling for this much snow, which is why I decided to drive to New Brunswick and fly out with Lily,” she explains like she’s trying to justify her actions.

“Meteorologists,” I tease. “The only thing they get right is it’s light today and dark tonight.”

She chuckles at that, and the sweet sound wraps around me.

“True, but the weather can be unpredictable here in Nova Scotia this time of year.”

I think it’s sweet that she’s standing up for the meteorologists, especially after veering off the road. My heart softens as I take in her disappointment. “I’m sorry you’re missing your trip. Can you reschedule for Monday? Catch another flight?”

She laughs, almost manically. Maybe I should be the one worried about her being the serial killer.

“You’re obviously not from around here.”

“Boston,” I state, and when she arches a brow, I continue with, “I’m meeting a buddy in Halifax for the February break.” I don’t bother telling her who I am and the real reason I’m heading to the city. People instantly change when they find out my father was in the NHL, and that I’m his little prodigy who is expected to live up to the hype. I hate it, all of it. The expectation. The girls who want me because I play hockey. I can never tell who’s real and who isn’t, who likes me because I can sink a puck, and who likes me just for me. It’s honestly kind of nice chatting with someone who has no idea who I really am.

All that will change when I reach the city—I’ll be introduced around as Chase Adams, a lightning fast forward with great leadership skills, drafted at eighteen and expected to head to the NHL after college. But for right now, I’d like to be incognito and maybe we can just be two strangers who don’t have to know anything about each other and can become friends. Although that’s a bit ridiculous. I probably won’t set eyes on her again.

She nods. “If you were from around here, you’d know that it’s going to take days to get plowed out, especially up here on the mountain.”

I nod. I thought I was climbing on this back road, but it was hard to tell. “My name is Chase,” I tell her, not bothering to tell her my recognizable last name. Then again, Adams is a common name and she might not put two and two together and realize Jamie Adams, former player for the Seattle Shooters, is my father.

“Nice to meet you, Chase. I’m Sawyer.” I note that she doesn’t bother giving me her last name either. I’ve never met a girl named Sawyer before, and I dig the name. “I’d shake your hand, but I don’t want you to take yours off the wheel.”

“Good call.” She goes quiet for a second and I can almost feel the disappointment rolling off her.

“I’m glad you’re not hurt, and your car didn’t look too banged up. It’s probably still drivable, once we get it towed out.”

She turns and I catch her smile in the dashboard lights. “Thanks for stopping. I don’t know what I would have done.” She laughs and adds, “You’re my knight in shining armor, or rather, my knight in a down filled jacket and a four-wheel steed with heated seats.”

I smile but it scares me to think how easily I could have overlooked her. Thank God I turned my head when I did. “I barely saw you.”

She snorts, like I touched on a sore spot. “Yeah, the story of my life.”

“What?”

“Nothing. Ignore me. My brain is frozen.” She spends a good five minutes trying to undo the knot on the string of her hood. After a few mumbled curses, she gets it undone and pulls it off. I steal another quick glance at her. Holy shit. If someone had told me I was going to rescue the most beautiful woman on the planet, I would have told them they were nuts. Maybe Brandon wasn’t lying about the beautiful women, after all. In the dashboard light, I take in her long wavy hair, dark as the night surrounding us.

I force my eyes back on the road—even though I want to keep looking at her longer. How could I have thought she was a guy. From my peripheral vision, I catch the way she fans out her long hair before she ties it into a ponytail. She unzips her coat, and I take in a big sweater that hugs her breasts. She groans as she tugs at her pants.

“Soaked?” I ask.

“Yeah, and all my clothes are in my suitcase, and we know where my suitcase is.” Her shoulders sag. “Although I don’t think I have any use for a bikini anymore. But we could be stranded for days, and I don’t have a change of clothes.”

Oh shit, now I’m envisioning her in a bikini.

*Concentrate on the road, Chase.*

She goes quiet for a moment and stares out the window, deep in thought. What is going through her mind? After a moment, a laugh bubbles out of her, and under her breath she murmurs, “At least I’m in clean underwear.”

What the hell?

My throat makes a gurgling sound as I force my thoughts on the road, and not what she’s wearing beneath those tight jeans.

Her eyes go wide, and that’s when I see her innocence. I let my gaze roam over her face for another split second. There’s something very different about her. I think she’s giving off a girl-next-door wholesome vibe. At least, this is what I think innocence looks like. I don’t see much of it in the puck bunnies who watch us from the bleachers and chase us down after a game.

“Oh, sorry. I don’t know why I said that. I guess, it’s just... something my mom used to say.” She laughs but it’s forced. “Always wear clean underwear in case you’re in an accident.” She shakes her head, like she’s flustered. “I mean, I always wear clean underwear. I wasn’t suggesting I didn’t.”

“Oh, sure yeah. I didn’t think that at all. I wear clean underwear too.”

Why the hell did I say that? Oh, maybe to make this exchange just a little less awkward.

“Oh, God,” she mumbles, and shakes her head. While I think she looks adorable, it appears like she wants to jump out of my moving vehicle and run all the way to the motel—or Siberia. She points to her head. “And clearly I’m still suffering from a frozen brain and have no idea what I’m saying.”

My gaze sways her way and I glance down at her tight jeans. Jesus, I wish she’d stop rambling on about her underwear, because now I can’t stop thinking about what they might look like on her body, or better yet...off.

Isn’t this day just getting better and better?

Why yes, yes, it is...

What the hell is wrong with me? Why on earth would I talk about my underwear in front of a stranger?—a hot one at that. Here I was worried he might be a serial killer and now, no doubt, he's worried he picked up an escaped mental patient who has a fascination with her own underwear.

He inches the zipper down on his coat, like he's a bit uneasy with the direction of my conversation—it's the only logical explanation, considering the car is cold and he can't be hot—and I bite back a pained, embarrassed laugh and lean my head back against the headrest to get myself together. It's true, I have a tendency to ramble when I'm uncomfortable. I was fine right up until he turned my way and I caught his features in the dashboard light.

Holy hotness.

Trust me, I've been around numerous hot guys, on campus and at the rink, but the sight of his hard, unshaven jaw and arctic blue eyes warmed my frozen body faster than the

heated seat hugging my backside did. Lessons learned, however, have taught me that guys like him don't go for girls like me—for numerous reasons. So, it's best not to fantasize about a snowed in weekend with Mr. America. Okay, well, I mean I can fantasize. I'm just not going to. Much.

Groaning under my breath, I pull my phone from my pocket and pretend I'm reading messages from a hot boyfriend, who doesn't exist. The reality is, the only messages are old ones from my best friend Lily, who is waiting for me in New Brunswick, my dad, members of my curling club, and a few from students in the theater department at Scotia Academy. God, could I be any more boring? Chase here probably dates cheerleaders, like the ones who parade themselves in front of the team my dad coaches.

“Service?”

His voice pulls me back, and I shake my head. “Nothing.” I wipe my hand over the passenger side window to clear the condensation, but it's getting darker and darker, and I can't see a thing.

“We must be getting close,” I say, judging by how long we've been driving.

“Up there. I see something.” I take in the relief in his voice, as I lean forward and spot the big Folly Mountain Motel sign on the edge of the road, the vehicle's headlights bouncing off it.

The motel comes into view, and it's mostly dark. “I don't think they have power.”

“At least it's somewhere to stop and get out of the storm.”

“Hey, way to look on the bright side of things.” He grins and I continue with, “Are you a glass half full kind of guy?” Truth-

fully, I am too, but I'm just so disappointed. I've been saving forever for this trip. I had big plans that are quickly circling the drain.

"Right now, I'll take a half a glass of anything."

I nod in agreement. "Yeah, I'm thirsty too, and hungry." I have water and snacks back in my car, but I was too worried about my vehicle exploding after I crashed, so I hightailed it out of the driver's seat with only my purse.

He slowly eases off the road and plows through the heavy snow in front of the motel. As he passes a few parked vehicles, his Jeep begins to slide and I gasp. Instinctively, I reach out and grasp his arm to hold on to. He pumps the brakes until he gets the Jeep under control and I let out a sigh.

"Are you okay?" he asks.

"I think I'm more shaken up than I realized."

His brow furrows. "I can't even imagine, Sawyer."

"I was driving carefully, and started spinning out on that curve." I briefly close my eyes as the scene plays out before my eyes. "The next thing I knew my air bag went off, and I was face down in a ditch." I touch my face, right around my eye. "Oww."

"You're hurt."

"I didn't even know it until now."

"Adrenaline," he explains.

I nod. He must be right, because all of a sudden, I'm so tired I'm not even sure I have the strength to walk inside the dark motel. Chase eases his car into a parking space—not that we can tell if it's a designated spot—and kills the

ignition. I glance around at the other snow-covered vehicles.

"I hope they're not full," he says, as he zips his coat back up.

"They probably won't turn us away, even if they are."

"Really?"

I laugh. "You're in Nova Scotia, Chase. We're all nice, and hospitable and say sorry a lot."

He laughs at that, and it helps to ease some of the tension inside me. "My buddy said you were all genuine." He reaches for his door handle. "Come on, let's go check it out." He pushes his door open, shoving snow with it, and steps out. I try my door, but I don't have his strength. He grabs a bag from the backseat, circles the car and comes to my side. With a good hard yank, he has my door open and reaches for my hand.

"I've never seen snow this deep before."

"Folly Mountain," I explain. "Worst place to be in a storm, and I think this one is for the record books."

"I'd say the Trans-Canada is the worst place to be in a storm."

I laugh and go on to explain. "We call it the Cobequid pass and the worst place to build a highway. Seriously bad weather conditions in a storm. Trucks jackknife in nearly every big storm and cars pile up. We're both lucky we got off it when we did."

"I took the exit at the last second."

"Same. Not idiots after all, eh?" I say with a laugh.

Snow falls over us, and our coats are white in record time as we try to plow our way through the parking lot to the front

door. I peer inside and see nothing but flickers of lights as Chase pulls the door open and gestures for me to enter first.

I watch a lot of scary movies, so this kind of creeps me out, but he's being a gentleman, not making me go in first because I'm bait for some monster.

"Hello," I call out as I enter, and a head pops up from a sofa near the fireplace. "Hello," I call out again, and the figure slowly rises from the sofa, and comes toward us.

"Oh my, look at you two," an elderly woman exclaims as she gets close. She holds up a battery-operated pillar candle encased inside some kind of wire cage. She examines us, and in turn I take in her features and the lines around her eyes as they narrow with concern. She looks to be in her late seventies, and I can't tell if she's wearing a robe, or what my grandmother used to call a house dress. She waves her gnarled hands. "Get in here."

We both kick the snow off our boots and brush off our jackets before we step inside. "Do you have any rooms?"

"You're in luck. We have two left."

If I wasn't so hungry and stressed, I'd laugh at that. In every romantic comedy I've ever watched, when a guy and girl get stranded, there's only ever one room left at the inn. But this isn't a romantic comedy and while Chase might be my hero for picking me up on the side of the road, I'm no one's heroine.

"Thank God," Chase says. He pulls his phone out. "Do you have service?"

"Sorry, I have a battery powered radio." She fusses with some dials, and songs from the last century fill the lobby. "All I can offer you is a bed, and something to eat."

“Food,” I moan—extremely unladylike I know, but we’re in trying times here. From behind me, Chase chuckles, the warmth of his breath on my ear.

“The cafe is open?” he asks, somewhat surprised.

“No, but there’s already made sandwiches and bagels and pie. None of it will last long with the power out, so help yourselves.” She looks us over. “Do you have any luggage?”

“I do,” Chase answers and shrugs the shoulder he has his bag on. “Sawyer’s car is in the ditch a couple miles down the road.”

“Oh, no.” She takes my cold hand into her warm one. “Are you okay, dear?”

“I am.”

She holds the light over me. “Perhaps I can find a few things for you to wear. They might be a bit big on you, but they’ll do in a pinch.”

“That’s so sweet, thank you.”

“Now come with me. Let’s get you both checked in and you can go to the café.” She points to a hallway off the main lounge area. “It’s just down that hall.” She circles the counter, pulls out a book to write our names in, and I guess she’s going old school since her computer is down, until I see the names and past dates of other guests as well. I grin to myself.

“Do you own this place?” I ask and she beams.

“It’s been in the family for generations. My Billy and I took it over when Dad passed some twenty years ago.” I glance around, searching for Billy, but maybe he’s gone to bed already, or maybe he’s...gone. Either way, I don’t bring him up.

“Do you have a landline?”

“Yes, each room has a phone. Everyone has a cell now, but we keep the landlines for emergencies like these. I called Malcolm and he said the power is out all over the mountain us, and we might not see a plow for days.”

“Malcolm?”

She beams. “Our son. He’s an RCMP officer.”

“Do you think we could use the phones in our rooms to let our friends and family know we’re safe and off the road? It’s long distance.”

“Be my guest. The cost will just be added to your bill, dear,” she says. “I also have spare flashlights for guests. It’s not uncommon for us to lose power in these kinds of storms. I have a generator, but Billy hasn’t been able to get it working for ages.”

She hands each of us a flashlight and relief goes through me. I can at least let Dad and Lily know I’m safe and off the roads. I should probably tell Lily to go on to Florida without me. I’m not getting out of this place for days. Sorry, hymen, I guess you’ll have to stay intact for a little bit longer.

“Thank you...uh...Mrs....”

“Betsy. It’s just Betsy.”

I smile at Betsy, who reminds me of my own dear grandmother on my dad’s side. We lost her a while ago, and my grandmother on my mother’s side, too. Well, when Mom ran off with Dad’s best friend, my maternal grandmother had little to do with Dad or me. I wonder if Mom wore clean underwear when she hopped into the car with Dad’s assistant coach and drove to Alberta, never to be heard from again.

That ridiculous thought hits like a fist to the gut. It's been years since I've seen or heard from my mother, yet the fact that she left without so much as a wave good-bye still hurts.

The sound of a heavy drawer scraping open as Betsy pulls out two keys has me shelving thoughts of my mother. She doesn't deserve to pass through my brain, nor does she deserve my tears. Betsy dangles two keys hanging from plastic keyholders. Like actual metal keys. Not the swipe card kind from the twenty-first century, and I suppose that's good. They wouldn't work without power. But you know what, I'm not really thinking about that right now.

How can I when Chase is standing so close to me, the heat of his body wrapping around me and doing the weirdest things to my insides? As he accepts his key, I angle my head and try to get a better look at him without getting caught. He's tall, that much I already knew. He towered over me when he stood next to me on the side of the road, but he's big and solid too, and I'm sure it's not just his winter coat over exaggerating his build. My gaze goes to his big hands, and for some ridiculous reason, I imagine them on my body, touching, exploring parts of me that no man has ever touched before. Maybe he could be the no strings hook-up I intended to have in Florida. Hey, it's not that I want to remain a virgin forever, it's just that—

“Sawyer?”

I blink. “What?” Shit, I was so lost in my fantasy I missed what he said to me.

He gestures with a nod toward Betsy. “Your key.”

“Oh, right sorry.” I take the key and squeeze it in my palm.

*Get yourself together, girl.*

“Brain still frozen?” he asks, as blue eyes assess me with concern. My God, he’s so genuine and serious, and so adorable for thinking it’s the cold that’s throwing me off, I can’t help but grin at his naivety. Or maybe he’s just used to women ogling him and he’s cutting me some slack instead of calling me out about it. Either way, I’m grateful.

“Something like that.”

Betsy points to the stairs. “Those stairs will lead you to your rooms, and you can use the landlines to call your family.”

“Thank God for old technology,” I murmur to Chase as I flick on my flashlight and head toward the stairs. Chase follows closely, leaving his flashlight off. Good call. We don’t want to run out of batteries. I turn to admire the fire lighting up the foyer. Maybe once Betsy finds me some dry clothes, I can change and relax in front of it. It’s not like there’s much else I can do to pass the time. “Do you think they have marshmallows?”

Chase shrugs one broad shoulder. “We can ask.”

We.

Oh, so he’s going to join me. I like that far too much.

“I take it you like camping,” he says as we go up the stairs and I try not to sound breathless—which has nothing to do with the steep steps. Chase doesn’t seem bothered or winded by the long climb. Why would he? He’s in great shape. We reach the landing, and he walks beside me.

“Hate it.”

He arches a brow. “You’ve done it?”

“Of course, I’ve done it. Sleeping on the ground is not for me, and for the record, I’m not one of those people who say they

hate something when they haven't done it. That's so annoying."

He laughs. "I totally agree. My buddy on the te—" He stops abruptly. "Just this friend of mine. He says he hates lobster, but has never tasted it."

"He's missing out."

"I can't wait to try some Nova Scotia lobster."

"Well, you've not tasted anything until you had one of my roasted marshmallows."

He grins. "You really like marshmallows, huh?"

"Come on, who doesn't?" I rub my stomach. "S'mores. It's like a whole food group."

"True." He grins. "I like camping. My folks have a place in Washington. Wautauga Beach. I spent a lot of time there as a kid. Lots of bonfires and s'mores."

"But this place...the beach...you slept in a tent?"

He laughs. "Okay, you got me there. It was a beach house."

I nudge him, and he doesn't move. "That's roughing it, Chase."

"We even had a stocked lake nearby, but the only thing I ever caught was a fly bite or two."

I laugh at that as a cute grin showcases one big dimple on his left of his cheek. I bet he gets freckles around his nose in the summer too.

"Wait, a beach house in Washington is kind of far from Boston, isn't it?"

“Yeah, uh, well my parents are still in Seattle. I went to Boston for college.”

“Oh, I see.” My gaze rakes over his face. I don’t know him very well, but I sense there’s a story there, one he’s not about to share with a stranger, and that’s okay. His business is none of mine, but that doesn’t stifle my curiosity one little bit. We stop outside room 212, and I point. “This is me.”

“That’s me,” he says and points to the room right beside me. Maybe we’ll have adjoining doors. I roll my eyes at that thought. Why would that matter? I probably won’t spend another second alone with him from here on out.

He pauses for a second. “Come get me after you make your calls, and we’ll go grab something to eat.”

Or maybe I will.