

*I was about to say that we needed to teach her, when she answered, "Yeab. I'm probably not nearly as good as you guys, but I do. But I don't have my own board yet."*

*I stared at her in shock. "You surf?"*

*She smirked bashfully and shrugged. "I do."*

*"I think you just made Evan the happiest guy on the planet," Ren said, making her smile grow wider.*

*"We've never had one of our girls surf before," Brent explained. His choice of words drawing my attention. He noticed and floundered, "You know what I mean."*

*"That's because the girls you're always interested in are too top heavy and head empty," Nate shot at him. I chuckled, while Brent sneered at Nate.*

*"Could be the reason you haven't had a real date since freshman year," I prodded. "Rubbing sun tan lotion on a girl doesn't really qualify as a date."*

*"I... date," Brent defended weakly.*

*"Dude, no you don't," TJ laughed. "You think you're all slick, but you never close the deal. Let's put it this way, who did you hook up with after the pool party last weekend?"*

*"What? Nate didn't hook up with anyone," Brent diverted.*

*I glanced at Emma, who was watching the exchange with an adorable smile, her eyes dancing between whoever was speaking. She looked so much better than she did earlier today, and I'd give anything to keep that smile on her face.*

*"Yeab he did," TJ countered.*

*Nate glared at him. "Shut up, TJ."*

*I knew Nate usually kept his girls to himself, coming off as the guy who collected numbers, but didn't wake up next to anyone after a party.*

*"Oh, did you hear about Mandy Terence?" Ren interrupted. I wasn't even sure he was paying attention to most of the conversation as he strummed chords on the guitar across his lap.*

*"Who?" Nate inquired. I was certain he was grateful for the diversion.*

*"The girl from school with the big..." TJ started. He looked at Emma and finished with, "you know... her." He widened his eyes, as if that would clue us in.*

*"She was the girl who was practically obsessed with Evan freshman and sophomore year, until that day he turned around and accidentally dumped his drink on her," Brent recounted.*

*"That's right," TJ said dreamily, "she had on a white shirt and you had a blue gatorade, that was really cold. Her shirt was so wet, you could see..."*

*"TJ!" I shot at him, wanting him to shut up. Emma laughed. "What about her, Ren?"*

*"She's an exotic dancer in Vegas now," Ren revealed, not helping the conversation any. I looked to Emma apologetically, but she appeared amused, not offended.*

*"We are totally going to Vegas," Brent declared.*

*"Yeah, you can add her to your list of girls you'll never date," Nate jeered.*

*"You missed out, Evan," TJ teased.*

*"I don't think I did," I responded, unable to stop myself from glancing at Emma. She caught me, and smiled, looking away quickly, like she was afraid I could read her thoughts. I wished.*

I lay down on the pillow and pulled the sleeping bag under my chin, continuing to listen to the stories shared among the guys, that usually ended with someone defending their actions. I could see why Evan kept them in his life. They fit together perfectly, and I enjoyed listening to them. It reminded me of the girls. I could only hope we could reflect back on our own funny stories one day.

The talking tapered, and Ren played the guitar and sang a relaxing reggae style song, that was the perfect choice with the sound of the surf in the background.