

“Are you ready to be with Evan again?”

“What?!” My mouth dropped at the question that sounded more like an accusation.

The bedroom door opened. “There you are,” Serena stated, “I was looking for your iPod.” She examined my distressed face and Nate’s questioning eyes, trying to assemble the pieces. Nate shook his head in disappointment and exited the way he came in. I remained still, staring at the door after he left.

“What just happened?” Serena asked, closing the bedroom door behind her.

I stumbled to the bed and sat down on the edge with Nate’s question rolling through my head.

“I don’t know what I’m doing,” I murmured, staring at the floor.

“What do you mean?” Serena asked, sitting on the bed next to me.

“Nate asked me a question and I couldn’t answer him,” I explained quietly. “What the hell am I doing?”

“Are you freaking out?” Serena bent down to look into my wide eyes as they traced along the floor. “You are. Where’s your iPod?”

“In the front pocket of my backpack,” I mumbled, pulling on the end of my dress with my clenched fists.

Serena closed the closet door and came around to the side of the bed where I was sitting.

“Come on,” she implored, taking my hand and pulling me to my feet. I followed her without asking any questions. She maneuvered through the crowd in the living room. “Wait right here,” Serena instructed, leaving me at the bottom of the stairs while she ran up to her room.

Upon returning, she grabbed my hand again and weaved through the remaining bodies to the front door. “Get in,” she said, opening the driver’s side door of the Mustang. I slid onto the passenger seat and she drove off down the street.

“I want you to do something for me,” Serena yelled over the wind as we drove along the highway. I met her dark eyes and nodded. “Hold on to the top of the windshield and stand up on the seat.”

I glanced from the windshield to Serena, trying to comprehend what she was asking.

“Hold on to the windshield and stand up on your seat,” she repeated with an encouraging nod of her head. A grin crept on my face, suddenly understanding.

I placed my hands on the lip of the windshield and crouched with my bare feet on the passenger seat, lifting myself up to stand. I pressed my legs against the leather and let go, extending my arms in the air while closing my eyes, allowing the wind to push me back against the seat. The rush of adrenaline circled through me with my heart pumping wildly in my chest. I tilted my head back and breathed in the warm air that whipped my hair behind me, letting the thunderous pulse soar through every inch of me. My cheeks pushed up into my closed eyes.

“Okay, that’s enough,” Serena declared. “Sit down.”

I breathed in again and let my legs collapse beneath me, folding them on the seat. I looked to Serena with a smile, the confusion filtering away already.

Serena pulled off the highway and drove down a narrow road, circling into the empty parking lot of a floral shop. She put the car in park and plugged in the iPod, scrolling through and selecting a song.

“Now close your eyes and listen.”

I did as she requested and the fast beats produced by the heavy base blared out of the speakers.

“What do you want to do?” she asked from beside me.

The energy from the music flowed under my skin as my head nodded in time with the beat.

“Let’s jump,” I yelled over the music. Serena smiled, and shut off the car, keeping the music playing.

We got out of the car and began jumping in the dirt driveway. I met her at the front of the car and she grabbed my hand and thrust it into the air as she leapt alongside me with an easy smile on her face. I let the release take over and bounced off the balls of my feet, shaking my head from side to side in time with the music. We continued through the next song before Serena reached in the car and shut it off.

I sat on the hood of the car with my feet on the bumper, breathing heavily from our exertion. Serena sat next to me and took my hand. I laid my head on her shoulder and remained quiet until our racing hearts recovered.

“Just because you’ve admitted to still loving Evan, it doesn’t mean you’re fixed,” Serena stated lowly, squeezing my hand.

“I know,” I replied with a sigh.