

It's a  
Waverly Life

*New Decade. New Job. New Shenanigans.*

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PUBLISHED BY

amazon  encore 

## Prologue

Time was quickly running out. What was I going to say? How could I explain last night? I squeezed the steering wheel and tried to think of something that would make sense to him. And to me.

*I'm really sorry, Jake. I don't know what happened.*

*Jake, I'm so glad you came to see me, and I...I apologize for the way I reacted last night.*

*I suck, Jake.*

His words snapped me out of my thoughts.

“Waverly, wasn't that the exit?”

I looked up and saw the airport signs in my rearview mirror.

*Frick.*

“Oh gosh, I'm so sorry, Jake. You're okay on time, right?”

“Yeah, I'm fine. Are *you* fine?” He put his hand on my arm, and I swooned a little bit. God, he was attractive. And smart. And so nice to me, always. Even when I got nervous and acted like a lunatic.

“Yeah, sure, I'm good, just spaced out for a minute.” I hoped he couldn't tell how rattled I was. What was wrong with me?

I took the next exit and looped around, and before I knew it we were pulling up to the terminal.

I still had no idea what to say.

I stopped the car in front of American Airlines and popped the trunk. “Are you sure you don’t want me to come inside?” I looked at him and forced a smile. “I’m more than happy to.”

He shook his head. “Two minutes after I get in there I’ll be going through security, so it doesn’t make a whole lot of sense.”

I laughed. “Nothing I do these days seems to make a whole lot of sense.” We both knew I was referring to more than just accompanying him into the airport.

He smiled and opened the passenger door without responding.  
*Good lord, I truly do suck.*

I got out of the car. He set his bag on the sidewalk and shut the trunk.

*This is your last chance, Waverly.*

I swallowed. “Thanks for coming.”

“It was my pleasure. Thanks for inviting me.” He leaned down to hug me, then whispered into my ear. “It was great to see you, Waverly.” His scent was intoxicating.

I held him tight, willing myself to explain—something, anything!—about my erratic behavior and the mixed messages I knew I was sending.

I took a deep breath.

*Say something to let him know you care.*

Nothing came out.

After a few moments of awkward silence, he let go of me and stood up straight. I gazed into his blue eyes and felt that pull I’d never felt before...even with Aaron.

I quickly looked at the ground.

*He’s amazing, Waverly. Stop being so scared!*

“It was nice seeing you too,” I finally whispered, keeping my eyes down, but I wasn’t sure he heard me.

He brushed a strand of hair away from my forehead. His touch was warm and soft, just like I'd dreamed it would be last night. "Well, I guess I'd better get going."

"Okay, have a great flight home," I said softly.

*Ugh.*

"I'll call you, okay?"

I nodded and forced another smile. "You'd better."

I wanted him to know what was going through my head. I wanted him to know that I already missed him, that I didn't want our first weekend together to end like this.

My heart was aching, but my stupid brain overruled it.

I said nothing and got back in the car.

*Please don't let this be over.*