

“What do you want me to do?” I asked Sara who was slicing watermelon.

“Can you handle making hamburger patties?”

“I think I’m capable of flattening ground beef,” I answered sarcastically. Sara set the wrapped package on the counter with a platter to stack them on. “Where are the guys?”

“Jared and Nate are outside setting up tables and the volleyball net with Meg. Ren and Brent are making some crazy alcohol fruit thing at their place, and TJ went with Evan to buy ice.”

“What time is everyone coming over?” I questioned, noting the late morning hour.

“Two-ish,” Serena confirmed from her seated position on the floor with an iPod in her hand. “I still think I have the best playlist.”

“Serena, you have to have a decent variety,” Sara pointed out. “Yours is too much... you.”

Serena grumbled under her breath. “Fine, we’ll use Nate’s.”

“Evan’s isn’t bad,” Sara offered. Serena picked up the black iPod amongst the other colors spread on the floor and scrolled through the playlists.

“This could work,” she agreed. “Wait, what’s this list?” She glanced up at me and grinned. Of course I had my hands stuck in the cold greasy meat and couldn’t go over to look.

“Are you going to tell me, or just torture me?” I shot at her in response to her huge smile.

“You have a playlist in here,” she explained.

“You mean it’s named after her?” Sara clarified, inciting a wave of heat across my cheeks when Serena nodded. “What’s on it?”

“Hey,” I interrupted. “Don’t.”

“I won’t,” Serena promised with a grin. “But I like it.” Sara couldn’t resist and had to see for herself.

“Nice,” she agreed with a smile. “Em, I think a lot of these songs are from your playlist.”

“I know,” I mumbled, remembering the iPod exchange a few years ago with a contained grin.

The door to the garage opened and Evan entered with TJ behind him.

“Emma!” he hollered through the connecting window.

“Hi, TJ,” I smiled at his enthusiasm.

Evan entered the kitchen and slid his hands around my waist, kissing the back of my neck.

“Hi.”

“Hi,” I responded with a wider smile, glancing up at him over my shoulder, unable to do anything with my slicked hands.

“Out of the kitchen, Evan,” Sara demanded, forcing him to slip away before I was ready.

“Can you go help Jared and Nate? I have no idea what they’re doing out there, but it really shouldn’t take that long to set up a few tables and a net.”

“Sure,” he agreed, leaving me to my hamburger production. TJ followed behind him snagging a watermelon slice before Sara could swat his hand.