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## Episode Six

### *Maeve*

The next day, we linger in bed, spending as much of the morning as we can tangled up together. Later, we meet Dean and the rest of the wedding party over at The Pub for a joint bachelor party. It's been closed to the public for the event, so we'll have the whole bar to ourselves.

As soon as we walk in, Dean crushes me with an embrace that turns into a group hug as Fitz barrels over and Sam jumps in. There are toasts, and then there's plenty of liquor, but not too much, because tomorrow our guys are getting married.

At one point, Dean and I peel off from the group, and he gives me another hug.

"I'm so happy for you," I say, tears in my eyes.

"And I'm happy for you," he says. "Looks like I was right. You did find your match."

I don't have words for that. I look over his shoulder at Sam, who raises a glass.

And I smile at my best friend, happy for both of us.

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The next day, after a beautiful ceremony, Sam holds my hand as we watch Dean and Fitz take their first dance in the middle of the Loeb Boathouse's dance floor. As they finish, Sam presses a kiss against my temple, and warmth thrills through me. How could I have ever thought to say no to this?

"There's something we still need to do," Sam says. "Since we're here."

I raise an eyebrow at him. "What's that?"

"New York pizza," he says. "I'm going to prove to you that the grease is real."

I laugh. "It can't possibly be as horrid as you say."

"It can be bad, I assure you."

"Maybe I like being bad," I whisper, and he runs his hand over my knee.

"I like that about you very much," he says softly in return, his eyes worshipping me, and I have no doubt that I'm the only woman he sees.

He's running his hand along my knee when the DJ changes the song to "Thinking Out Loud."

"Oh my God," I say. "This is the guitar!"

"What?" Sam says, and then he listens. "Is this Ed . . . what's-his-name? The guy with the guitar that we bid on?"

I nod and laugh harder. "The guitar we were robbed of."

"It's a sign," Sam says. He stands next to me and holds out his hand. "We didn't get a chance to slow dance before," he says with a smile. "How about we fix that?"

My hand slides into his, and we glide over to the dance floor. I catch sight of Dean and Fitz dancing too, and my heart gives a tiny flip.

*Remember when we promised this wouldn't be us?* I think. And, as if he can hear me, Dean glances my way. He smiles and shakes his head before turning back to Fitz, looking like a guy who can't believe his luck.

I laugh as Sam twirls me. He catches me, and we're closer than ever. I look up into his eyes and find his are gazing right into mine.

"So, what're we going to do now that we're out of parties and events to go to?" Sam asks.

I pretend to think about it. "Hmm, I guess we'll just have to keep having mind-blowing sex all the time."

"Oh man," he says. "Not sure I'll be able to make that work."

"No?"

"I'd have to make it official first. Officially date," he says. "And you'll have to meet my friends."

I laugh, and he catches my mouth in a kiss. It's a shiver that doesn't go away, spreading from where his lips touch mine.

This is more than three dates.  
This, I could do for a long time. Maybe even . . . forever.  
And maybe, just maybe, I will.

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We have our fourth date later that week. We go crazy and fly to San Francisco, where I see more of my stateside friends at Sierra's bar in Hayes Valley. The Spotted Zebra is fabulous, all pink and black-and-white striped and it's so very her.

I crush her in a hug when I see her, and then introduce her to Sam.

"And this is my . . ."

He extends a hand. "I'm her boyfriend."

And the grin that spreads across my face can't be stopped.

"You're next," I whisper when I hug her back.

"We'll see. We will definitely see."

Oh yes we will.

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Sierra's friends-to-lovers, wedding date, pretend romance comes in [THE VIRGIN REPLAY](#), available everywhere!