

INTERNSHIP WITH THE DEVIL

by Jacqueline Snowe

EXCERPT

My stomach clenched when I glanced at Brock. His expression. Holy shit. If what I had seen before on him was anger, then this was past that. I went through everything I could've done wrong. Did I forget equipment? Sweat broke out on my forehead and my pulse pounded.

He walked toward me, stopping a few feet in front of me and fisted his hand at his side. His nostrils flared, his lip curling up on one side as he barked at me. "Let's go."

"Woah, Anderson. What happened?"

"I'll explain when we get to your room." He brushed passed me, going straight for the elevator. "Come on."

I followed him, pillow in my hands and preparing for whatever bomb he was going to drop. But, I knew him well enough to know he was stirring. When he was ready to say it, only then would he say it. It didn't help the situation when we were squished into the elevator, both of us in the back corner. Our arms touched, all fifteen of us pressed together. I swore Brock's arm tightened, pulling back from me but there was nowhere to go. Whatever. He was too much head drama.

Up we went. We were on the seventh floor when he marched out, dropping his bags in front of the first door to the right. He turned to me, nose pinched, exhaling way too deeply from an elevator ride.

I'd had enough. "Brock, you're being really weird. What is going on?"

"Coach misread your name as Grant," he said, only then opening his eyes to look at me. I waited to hear more, because surely that wasn't enough to get his panties in a knot. I crossed my arms, raising an eyebrow. He exhaled, staring at the door before looking back at me. "The hotel is sold out of rooms."

"Yeah, it looked packed downstairs." I rolled my eyes, shaking my head in frustration. "What is the damn problem? Spit it out."

His eyes widened at my tone, but damn him. He was more dramatic than the old biddies who came into the restaurant and argued over the fifty cents ranch cost. "Well?"

“We’re stuck rooming together.” He said as though informing me someone had died.

Oh.

Oh.

Oh.