

I'LL LOVE YOU TOMORROW

by Julie Navickas

EXCERPT

Her eyes glimmered under the streetlights, their dark brown hue lit up by the dazzling glow of the city. She smiled, stepping closer to his body to allow a couple to pass behind her. The evening breeze caught in her hair, each of her dark strands dancing across her shoulders.

His body warmed as she moved nearer, the smile on her lips squeezing his heartstrings with the ghosts of the past. Their spontaneous wedding day flashed before his eyes... the red eye flight to Vegas... the little white wedding chapel... and the celebratory...

“Hot dogs,” he answered, gripping her hand and leading the way down the Strip.

She snorted. “Well, tradition, I guess.”

Wrapping his arm around her waist, he pointed to their right. “Come on, I think the food trucks are this way. At least they used to be.”

Nodding, she fell in step with his long strides as they dodged and weaved in and out of the mob of tourists ready to experience the nightlife of the adult playground. On their right, the fountains of the Bellagio burst to life—swaying in synchronization—lit up by the golden lights reflected in the pool.

“I think that’s where Austin wants to propose tomorrow.” Lauren pointed to the grand hotel and dancing fountains.

Swarms of people lined the railing, ogling the show.

“Why did he need us here then? He’ll have hundreds of people surrounding him.”

She rolled her eyes. “Oh, come on. I think it’s kind of sweet that he wants to make it a big deal!”

“And you think that’s what Casey wants? A spectacle?”

Frowning, Lauren gripped his upper arm and squeezed as they crossed the street, leaving the magnificent fountains behind.

His stomach dipped at the pinch of her fingers on his bare skin.

“I think what Casey wants most... is just Austin. It doesn't matter how.”

The greasy scent of street food pummeled into his nostrils as a line of white trucks and picnic tables appeared down a side street. Mitch pointed at the second truck, the words ‘Hotdogs in a Hurry’ painted in big bold yellow letters. “And what is it that you want most?”

What do you want? A divorce? Or...

She scrunched her nose and shrugged. “Chicago style, I guess?”

I didn't really mean hotdogs...

Grinning, he gripped her hand and led her over to the truck to place their order. The desert wind picked up, ruffling through his hair as a chill tingled his skin.

“Will you hold my purse for a second?” Pushing the bag toward his chest, she pulled her dark hair back into a ponytail, wrapping the long strands together with a pink tie from her wrist. Her high cheekbones stood out, complemented by the rosy hue growing on her skin. She grinned, dropping her gaze as her natural beauty punctured his heart, reminiscent of the first day they met. “What?”

The words spilled from his lips, unfiltered. “You look really pretty tonight.”