

It was a glorious, colorful autumn.

We'd just left the coffee shop. When we walked by, she had giggled and pulled me inside, saying, "C'mon, let's be basic white girls and get some pumpkin spice!"

I don't like coffee. I never had. But when she handed me my cup and looked into my eyes while I tried it, it was the best thing I'd ever tasted.

My hand still tingled where she grabbed it.

As we walked through the park with our drinks, a light drizzle began to fall. She pulled out an umbrella from her bag, I pulled up my hood and hunched my shoulders.

"Don't be silly," she giggled, pulling me under the umbrella with her. I couldn't help but laugh too, her laugh is infectious.

As the sun started to shine again, she pulled me down to sit on a bench. She beamed down at me, and I could only gaze back adoringly.

"So Ava..." She began. I knew this tone of voice, it's dangerous.

"Who do you like?" She whispered, and I looked away. I wanted to say, 'you, you, a thousand times you. You're the only one I can ever think about. You're gorgeous and sweet and funny and...'

Instead, I shrugged my shoulders and looked down at my cup.

She looked at me with a cautious smile. “If I tell you mine, will you tell me yours?”

“Okay.” I said.

“The person I like... ..is you.”

I drop my drink.