

The Wedding Game EXCERPT

“Are you ready?” Farrah says, coming from behind me and massaging my shoulders. I move my head side to side while we both hop up and down. “Did you do those finger exercises I told you about?”

I flex my fingers and nod. “Yup, all warmed up.”

“Do you have your game face on?” Farrah spins me around and grips my shoulders as I mean mug it at her. “Ooo, you’ve been practicing in the mirror. I can tell.”

“When I brush my teeth. I really feel like I’ve mastered the scowl.”

“Honey, you mastered the scowl years ago. Now you’re just coming into your own with it.” She holds up her hands, and I start boxing into them as we leap around the apartment. “Quick on your feet, quick on your feet.” Farrah swings her hand at me, and I duck. “Focus, hone your attention.”

“Focused.”

“Tell me, who’s going to kill it today?”

“I am.” I bob back and forth and then give Farrah a one-two punch to her hands.

“Who’s going to do anything necessary, even sit on someone’s face if you need to, in order to win today’s challenge?”

“I am. Show no mercy. My ass is coming for your face.”

Farrah pauses, winces. “I’m not sure I like that.”

“Just go with it.”

“Okay, Luna’s ass is coming for your face.” She shrugs. “Next week let’s work on your trash talk.”

“Might be necessary.”

Circling again, I box at Farrah’s hands, feeling light on my feet and ready for anything that comes my way. “You’re going to ignore all conversations from Mr. Snobby Shoes.”

“I don’t even know he exists.”

“Your eyes are on the prize. And what is that prize?”

“Giving Cohen and Declan the best wedding possible.”

“Exactly.” She lowers her palms. “Quick, flash me your hands.”

I lift my hands, and she inspects them carefully.

“You lotioned—good. Nails are clipped to a perfect length, and those fingers are stretched and strong. Rotate your wrists for me.” She lowers her ear to my wrists as I circle them around. “Perfect, no cracking, no tension.” She points to the ground. “Fast feet.”

My feet start bouncing up and down, like in those football movies, and I hold my hands at my hips, ready for the call . . .

“Draw!” Farrah shouts.

I pull my glue gun from my hip and point it at her. “You’ve been glued.”

Farrah claps her hands. “Reaction time was spot on. You’re ready.”

“Yeah?”

She nods. “You got this, girl. This competition is yours for the taking. And remember what we talked about: don’t focus on what you think will win . . .”

“Focus on what will bring Cohen and Declan joy.”