

Goodnight Music Lover: A Novel

A Spunky Contemporary Romance

by Brooksen Snow

Excerpt from: Chapter 1. Coffee Off the Cuff

Everything's cool.

So, I was kicked to the curb... again.

No worries. I'll get over it, right? Always do!

Unbelievably, I seemed to have the funniest luck with guys--one of those girls who just couldn't get it right, no matter what I did. Tried too hard or not hard enough.

As usual, I rushed to my favorite happy hour. I couldn't wait to kick back with some chips and a bowl of guacamole. What better way to get some perspective? This night was like so many others—mellow, soft winds, chilly, damp air, just as fall was coming; colors clashing from the leaves flailing around. It was my stomping ground, Hagersville, a rad, Northeastern town that felt a bit Midwestern. It was not quite New York or anything, but not really Maine either—just in between. After four years, four great college years, I still loved it.

Then--a blast from the past. I saw my bestie from college, Tack, hanging out at the bar. He'd always been my rock, my all time steady rod, the guy I could just tell anything to. I hadn't seen him in months. He moved away right after college. We had a blow-out graduation party and he jetted off to a cool new job on the West Coast. He was a designer.

Tack walked up, kissed me smack on the cheek and rolled out, "Hey babe."

"Hey you!" I said. And we just looked at each other.

I smiled. It was actually great to see him.

He was just like I remembered—gorgeous, chiseled, wavy brown hair down to his chin, and a smile that could melt a girl like warm chocolate candy.

And he knew me.

Tack kind of peek-a-booped at me. It was the unforgettable "Tack" stare that he always used to do whenever we hung out. His eyes tilted kind of sideways, his brows went up just a bit, the corner of mouth turned up, and he pinned his glare right on me. He could tell his old friend was out of sorts.

I sat down on a rad, blue, faux-fur couch--kind of fell over it. He sat next to me and his foot swung back and forth. I picked up a handful of nuts and chuckled a bit nervously. "Mmm, mixed deluxe!"

"So what's new with you? How's the coffee shop?" He just had to ask.

Making lattes and cappuccinos everyday wasn't my dream job, of course, but it definitely got me through my car payments and all the other "can't do without" stuff I just had to have. It was just a few blocks from my old dorm—a real hot spot. Even though it was my first job out of college, it was the last thing on my mind. I was always at wit's end, riled up trying to keep up with the grind, mainly because I was so preoccupied with whatever date I just had, or didn't have, or was going to have.

"It's cool," I said.

Tack tilted his head a little more. His eyes were jutting at the blue and yellow strobe lights chiming off the fourteen-foot high ceiling and the sky-blue walls. It was new-age rock-n-roll that the DJ blasted through the place.

"We really need some 'me' time, babe. Been too long," he sweetly said. I could tell he missed me.