

I rushed through my shampoo-condition-shave routine, and I was just finger-combing my curls when a bang interrupted my detangling. The plastic curtain rippled.

“Hello?” I cleared my throat. “Anyone there?” Silence.

I turned off the faucet and reached around the curtain for my towel, but my palm knocked against bare wood. I walked my fingers upward to find an empty hook.

Closing my eyes, I stifled my panic. I peered under the curtain to see if the towel had fallen to the floor, but no such luck. “Hello?” I called again.

Diagnosis: Hopeless strikes again.

I peered around the thick shower curtain, which reeked of what I could only imagine was BPA-full plastic. Hanging on a hook across from me was a thin, nubby piece of purple fabric. The bench where my pajamas had been was empty. I darted my eyes both ways, lunged, and used my pinkie finger to pull it off. Back inside my stall, the fabric unfurled into a long-sleeved leotard the color of grape bubble gum. If I'd had to put a Crayola color name to it, it would be Purple Mountains' Majesty. Or Wisteria. Goose bumps erupted across my skin, and I shivered.

*Who the hell stole my frigging stuff?*

With no other options, I balled the leotard and used it to squeegee water off my skin. I surveyed the fabric and tried about six different ways to wrap it around my body, but only succeeded in tying myself up like a bondage queen. Sighing, I shook it out and then stepped into the garment, which had probably lost its elasticity during the era owner-director Jeff was a camper. By the time I succeeded in hiking the leotard over my waist and pulling it onto my shoulders—like trying to wriggle into a soaked one-piece bathing suit, except with long sleeves—I was sweating.

I threw my shower stuff back into the pink caddy my mom had so hopefully purchased and stomped out of the Com. The leotard clung to my skin, except where it sagged in the butt area. Apparently, its owner was more blessed in the buns department than one Lila Cunningham.

I made it halfway back to the Blue Bungalow, my shower sandals squeaking beneath my toes. *One week*, a voice in my head chanted. *One week. But wait!* I brightened. Actually, now it was just six days. Six days! *Six days. Six—*

“Late for early morning Jazzercise, Nineties Workout Barbie?” I yelped, stumbling mid-step and barely catching myself. Desperate, I fumbled for the contents of my shower caddy. I managed to snag the body wash, but with such a firm grip that it exploded all over the front of my Purple Mountains' Majesty leotard.

Tears pricked my eyes. And of course, when I looked up, there he was: Eyebrows. Holding a white paper rectangle and grinning. “That’s certainly not an outfit you see every day.”

I squatted to collect the shampoo and conditioner. My razor had flown across the lawn, near Eyebrows himself. I stood, all too aware of my flappy leotard butt and the patchy wet spots that covered this cruel, cruel garment. “Trust me. It wasn’t my choice.” Fleeting, I wondered why he was at camp. Who he’d lost.

In a move nearly feline in nature, he swooped low and palmed my razor. His whole body spoke of years of athletic prowess on one sports field or another. If he'd been a panther, I'd have been a three-toed sloth.

Which said a lot, since I'd broken two school records for hurdling.

He dangled the razor toward me. "This yours?" His smile was tangy and wide, like a thick eighth of an orange slice. A fuzzy sensation of warmth spread through me. I swallowed, trying to buy myself some time. Something about his smile made me feel both shy and yet drawn to him.

I recovered. "Gee. What gave that away?" He shrugged. "I'm very well educated."

"Modest, too."

"So is this your uniform or something?"

"Ha," I deadpanned. "I wish. Someone stole my clothes."

His fingers drummed another tune on his leg. He seemed to be in a constant state of movement. "Are your shower curtains see-through?"

I wrinkled my nose. *There* it was. The epitome of straight-guy dreams: the girls' showers. At least he wasn't mind-numbingly hot and a perfect gentleman. Otherwise, especially if I were here all summer, he might have been a candidate for risking rule one of my handbook.

*The only people who can truly hurt you are the ones you love.*

Therefore, love no one.

"I don't mean like that," he said at my expression. "Get your mind out of the drain. What I meant was if they aren't see-through, then you could have used one of them to . . ." He mimed wrapping something around himself.

Hot, not pervy, and brilliant. *Damn it.*

"I didn't think of that option," I said. Awkwardly.

His laugh was slow and languid, but something about it made me snap to attention. Even though I knew next to nothing about this would-you-rather boy, his smile was golden. "To be fair, I suppose seeing inside a girls' locker room might be on the goal list of many teenagers in America."

"It's not a locker room." I hugged my shower supplies closer to my chest. "Anyway, I would have had to tear the curtain down. The rings are too high up."

He eyed me. "You are pretty short." He reached out and touched the top of my arm with his fingertip, as if to illustrate. My skin welcomed the warm pressure of his touch. "Does that work for you with your competitive gymnastics career?"

"I'm not short. I'm average." My cheeks flamed. "And this leotard is *not* mine. Don't go there."

Undeterred, he pointed at himself. "I don't think I caught your name. I'm Noah."

"Lila."

“Oh!” he said, his face lighting up. “Then this must be for you.” He held up what he’d been clutching: an envelope with my name emblazoned across the front. “It’s your schedule. I had to go get mine from Jeff this morning, and he asked me to run this over to Mari, who was supposed to give it to you.”

“Thanks. I’m only staying a week. By the time I get used to it, it’ll be time to go.” I took the envelope from him, accidentally brushing his fingers with my own. At the touch, I lifted my eyes to his. An ocean of warring urges ran through me: a pleasurable shiver and a jolt of light-headedness, held together by an undercurrent of unwanted desire. His skin was pleasantly warm. Mine was slick with the attractive blend of body lotion and nervous sweat.

“Jeff said the schedule changes all the time, anyway, so no one will get used to it.” He pursed his lips. “You’re only here a week?”

“Yup. Made a promise to my mother.”

“That’s too bad.” His lips parted, and a dusky blush colored his cheeks.

The leotard stuck to my lower back. I shifted my hips, trying to casually unstick someone else’s garment from my skin.

“I guess I’ll see you around?”

“Thanks,” I said. I waved the envelope. “For this.” I backed up toward the blue bungalow. “Uh. See you around.”

“You’re pretty hard to miss,” he said, raising those big bold eyebrows of his.

I was going to kill whoever had stolen my clothes.