

Defying Gravity (Landing in Love Book 1)

Pages: 153

Publisher: Limitless Publishing, LLC (August 6, 2019)

Format: pdf, epub

Language: English

[DOWNLOAD FULL EBOOK PDF]

Defying

Gravity

Landing in Love Series

Book 1

JENNIFER W. SMITH

Defying Gravity

Copyright © 2019 by Jennifer W. Smith.

All rights reserved.

First Print Edition: July 2019

Limitless Publishing, LLC

Kailua, HI 96734

www.limitlesspublishing.com

Formatting: Limitless Publishing

ISBN-13: 978-1-64034-857-8

ISBN-10: 1-64034-857-3

No part of this book may be reproduced, scanned, or distributed in any printed or electronic form without permission. Please do not participate in or encourage piracy of copyrighted materials in violation of the author's rights. Thank you for respecting the hard work of this author.

This is a work of fiction. Names, characters, places, and incidents either are the product of the author's imagination or are used fictitiously, and any resemblance to locales, events, business establishments, or actual persons—living or dead—is entirely coincidental.

Dedication

For my daughter, Hannah

Table Of Contents

[Chapter One](#)

[Chapter Two](#)

[Chapter Three](#)

[Chapter Four](#)

[Chapter Five](#)

[Chapter Six](#)

[Chapter Seven](#)

[Chapter Eight](#)

[Chapter Nine](#)

[Chapter Ten](#)

[Chapter Eleven](#)

[Chapter Twelve](#)

[Chapter Thirteen](#)

[Chapter Fourteen](#)

[Chapter Fifteen](#)

[Chapter Sixteen](#)

[Chapter Seventeen](#)

[Chapter Eighteen](#)

[Chapter Nineteen](#)

[Chapter Twenty](#)

Chapter One

Olivia

Olivia Ward ignored the squeak of her sneakers on the concrete steps and the cramp in her side as she jogged up the second flight of stairs inside the enormous New Bridgeport Athletic Club. Determined to make it on time to her best friend's yoga class, she quickened her pace across the commercial carpet past the sea of stationary bikes, treadmills, and elliptical machines. Along the back wall, she passed the studios where classes like yoga, Pilates, and step were in constant rotation. Reaching the door to the yoga class in session, she groaned. Through the glass window, Olivia contemplated her best friend, Tess, who sat cross-legged in front of a full class. The lights were low. Tess spoke to the participants lying on colorful mats.

Ugh, I'm late! Tess's going to be disappointed. Hopefully the fact that I finally showed up for one of her classes will smooth things over.

"Excuse me, but if you're heading into this class, it's just ending," said a man behind her.

Focused on getting inside the dimly lit room and rolling out the mat tucked under her arm, she didn't glance at the tall man who paused beside her. Instead, she flicked her wrist to consult her fit watch. "It starts at nine," she informed the stranger.

"Yes, but it's ten now. The next yoga class isn't until one."

"What?" Her brows drew together and she tapped the tiny screen. She grumbled. "Stupid thing is broken." Lips pursed, she remembered it had been at least a month since she'd worn it. She charged the slim device last night with all intentions of kick-starting her new workout routine. She finally looked at the man an arm's length from her—and froze.

Good golly, Miss Molly!

A sensation like ice water dousing her spine sparked her taut nerves awake. She fought the urge to shiver, visions of downward dog and Tess gone. During her sporadic workouts at this gym she saw teams of hot guys, but this guy blasted off the charts. From the hilarity in his expression, it was clear he knew she thought so. For a fraction of a nanosecond her awe faltered, enough for annoyance to take hold.

Probably thinks he's god's gift to women with his demi-god good looks and hard body. Um hmm—it takes a lot more to impress me.

Flaring her nostrils to inhale a cleansing, brain-clearing breath, she discovered his scent filled her atmosphere, sending her pheromones rocketing to the stars. Attempting to control her emotions, she tightly blinked her eyes.

He smells better than cupcakes. Better than double chocolate chip peanut butter cupcakes.

Straightening her shoulders and licking her lips, she became painfully aware of how her athletic apparel clung to her curvaceous frame. When denser tailored clothing, like her flight attendant uniform, hid her extra pounds, she could almost convince herself she needn't stop eating fudge brownies or apple strudel. However, in this moment, exposed in spandex, embarrassment flushed her cheeks pink. Hugging her yoga mat to her chest, her insecurities rose, shifting her thoughts to

her flared hips and rounded bottom. Curse the person who invented spandex!

The corners of his mouth turned up. Amusement in his voice, he said, "We have a kick-boxing class starting in the next room if you're interested."

"Kick-boxing," she foolishly repeated. She jostled and adjusted the stiff, underused yoga mat in her arms.

"Or, if kick-boxing isn't your thing, the machinery is open." He pointed in the general direction of the treadmills. "Everyone's outside enjoying this nice day. Nice for November, I think." The man's warm brown eyes lit with joy as if the thought of the outdoors made him happy.

She released a pent-up breath and laughed nervously. Getting a grip on her emotions, she tore her gaze from his physique and focused on his iPad. "Umm, do you work here?"

"Yes, I'm one of the partners. Name's Jacob Dodge." He stuck out his hand.

She slid her fingers against his slowly, deliberately, until their palms were locked together. Feeling the strength running up his arm as he shook her hand with a smooth, controlled movement, she allowed her gaze to linger on his frame. Jacob's lean, hard torso filled out the moisture-wicking athletic shirt sporting the gym's logo.

"Nice to meet you, Jacob." Hopelessly compelled to say his name aloud, she savored the sexy sound of it on her lips. "I'm Olivia Ward." She slightly arched her palm, still captured in his, signaling it was time to release her hand. If she didn't break physical contact with him soon, she thought she'd spontaneously combust. Why is it so hot in here?

He let her go.

She swiped her brow and tucked away the strands of hair gravity pulled free from her bun. The donut-shaped bun resting on the top of her head added several inches in height. However, her eyes, level with his pecs, continued to admire the wickedly excellent fit of his shirt.

"You look familiar," he said. "Maybe I've seen you around town, but I don't think I've seen you here at the Athletic Club."

The historic town of New Bridgeport, Massachusetts, ran along the edge of the Merrimack River. The small walking city drew in tourists during the summer, offering visitors abundant craft and artist fairs, as well as trendy restaurants and boutique shops. New Bridgeport Athletic Club claimed a lucrative riverside location.

"Yeah, maybe. I live nearby in the river district. And I don't get here as often as I should." She shrugged, turning toward the yoga room. "Tess is my best friend and she's been on me about taking her class." Through the window, she observed Tess bow to conclude the class.

He stepped closer. "I'm waiting to speak with Tess."

She followed his gaze to the attractive, limber woman gracefully unfolding herself to stand. Of course he wants to talk to her. Tess is gorgeous, outgoing, and never without a date. "Yeah," she sighed, "she's extremely popular." Realizing her implication, her gaze flew to his face.

He smirked. "Pretty, yeah." Shrugging, he assessed Olivia with his dark chocolate eyes. "I prefer a girl with a little something to grab onto."

She gulped. Heat rose up her neck.

Did he just hit on me?

Cheeks flaming, she murmured, "Er...oh."

In an easy manner he continued, as if he weren't sending her ovaries into overdrive. "I need to speak with Tess about her class schedule."

"Oh. Right. Because you're the boss." She needed to get away from this man before she humiliated herself further—if that were even possible.

Class participants poured from the room. Olivia stood opposite the door as the stream of mat-carrying, water-gulping people passed between her and Jacob. As the bodies paraded by, her gaze continued to float toward him until Tess came out.

"What happened?" Tess asked, worried more than disappointed.

"Sorry. My watch is an hour behind."

"Hmm. Maybe it didn't change with daylight savings time," Tess said.

Olivia shrugged. Indeed, a proper fit watch should keep track automatically. She purchased this watch last year from a knock-off vendor in Puerto Rico. Get what you pay for.

Tess turned, dismissing the malfunctioning timepiece. "Hey, Jacob."

"Tess." He nodded a professional acknowledgement. "Before you leave, I need to finalize the holiday schedule."

"I already gave it to Rick."

"Oh, okay—great. I'm meeting with him in fifteen." He glanced at the tablet and tapped the screen.

Olivia hung back, studying Tess and Jacob's exchange. Tess, a free spirit currently between boyfriends, enjoyed a noncommittal lifestyle. In all the years they'd know each other, Tess had dated dozens of guys. Odd that two gorgeous, single people have no notable interest in one other. Why assume a man like him is single? Easy. He's a player. Has to be. I'll get the scoop from Tess.

"It was nice meeting you. I hope to see more of you." He paused. "At the club." It could be argued that his added statement was merely drumming up business. Or, from the suggestive tone and the rise of his dark brows, one might propose he had shamelessly flirted with her.

Olivia clenched her thighs, her knees knocking together. Her brain searched and searched for a cute, semi-flirtatious response, but all she could muster was an obliging mumble and a bobble-head nod.

"I plan on getting her here weekly," Tess injected.

"See you later, ladies." He crossed the gym with a swagger, stray glances from members following his progress. Proving Olivia's theory, Jacob was beckoned by an energetic, pink-clad young woman

stepping off an elliptical machine. Olivia couldn't stop watching as little Miss Perky pointed to her shapely legs—to which he gave his full attention—and then presented him with her bottom. From this distance, she was certain someone could bounce a quarter off the tight behind.

“What?” She missed what Tess had said.

“I said...since you're here, we may as well get in a workout. We can go for a run on the treadmills.”

The spacious room closed around her. Escaping from where Jacob Dodge was worshipped filled the forefront of her mind. “Or we could go for a run on Plum Island. It's warmish today.”

“Are you sure?” Tess seemed to have caught the fleeting glance Olivia sent in Jacob's direction. “He's a fine-looking man.”

“Huh?” Caught in the act of staring, guilt rose for a nanosecond before she pressed her knuckles to her lips, squelching her burst of laughter. Tess knew her well. “Holy heat wave! He flirted with me. My panties almost burst into flames!”

Tess chuckled and they turned away from Miss Perky and Mr. Dodge. Tess's elbow pressed against Olivia's as she led her down the stairs. She said in hushed tones, “I know. I can't believe he said he hoped to see more of you...as in more of you naked!”

“Ha. Right. With a gym—a city, no, a planet—full of hot women, why would he flirt with me? He's a player!” Olivia tsked.

“No. I don't think so.”

She trudged down the steps in front of Tess. “Oh, come on. I'm surprised you haven't dated him.”

“Me?” Tess paused on the step as if to consider it, ultimately shaking her head. “He's not really my type. I like more of a wild, adventurous guy. Jacob's kind of...serious, all business. Nice guy, though.” She continued down the stairs, meeting Olivia, who had stopped at the landing. “Besides, rumor has it he's got a strict no-dating policy. Doesn't date the employees or the clients.”

“Weird. Wonder why?”

Tess shrugged. “Don't know, but I've never seen him flirt with anyone until today. Too bad you joined his gym.”

She swatted Tess's arm and smiled ruefully. “I still think he's a player.”

Jacob

Jacob silently cursed as he passed the treadmills. I prefer a girl with a little something to grab onto. With a mental headshake, he cursed again. What was I thinking! Comments like that could lead to professional ruin. And since when do I prefer curvy women?

For six months he'd kept his mouth shut and his dick in his pants. He worked hard to rebuild his life in New Bridgeport, Massachusetts. His affluent life in Denver crumbled after his name and company were dragged through the mud. Though proven innocent in a sexual harassment suit, the false claim was a stain on everything he'd built. His fatal flaw had been sleeping around with a multitude of women who frequented his fitness center. All it took was one jealous, vindictive woman to slander him. When investors offered to buy his franchises, he took the opportunity. This move across the country to a new venture meant everything; he wouldn't risk it for any gym rat again.

Headed toward the executive offices on the third floor, he was stopped by a client. Never offering more than a polite grin these days, he tried to accommodate her. He focused his gaze on the pink spandex covering Cindy's—or was it Casey's—ass as she shamelessly presented it to him. Ah, what a fine line between business and pleasure. If things hadn't escalated in his past, someone like this preening female would have piqued his interest. But now...these women were all the same. Well...except Olivia Ward. She didn't seem like a cookie-cutter gym rat. Scanning the area beyond the yoga room, he noticed she and Tess were gone.

For the third time this week, the zealous woman flagged him down for advice on improving her shape. He carried on a brief conversation about BMI as the woman flirted with her gaze; however, his subconscious thoughts looped with images of Olivia. Unlike many women at the gym, she wore no makeup on her flawless, glowing complexion. Olivia's adorable cheeks pinked when she noticed him and her impossibly large doe eyes widened with wonder. He wondered what they'd look like darkened with desire. He decided her irises were hazel, each multicolored fleck, edged with lush lashes, as fascinating as she was. He wished to gaze into them at length.

Suddenly agitated, either realizing it wouldn't be possible to pursue Olivia as a member of the Athletic Club, or perhaps because he was late for his meeting with Rick, he blurted, "You should talk to one of our trainers." Jacob scanned the club and with relief noticed one. "Hey, Kyle. Can you talk with this young lady?" Jacob's voice carried above the hum of equipment.

A man with a blond ponytail immediately strode toward them.

"Kyle can answer your questions about BMI." He left the pair and entered the stairwell, eager to meet with Rick and see the new budget for the athletic training program.

Crossing into his partner's office, he said, "Morning."

Rick waved him toward a seat. "Indeed it is. I've got good news."

Jacob shut the door to the man's office. Floor-to-ceiling windows offered a partial view of the river. Jacob dropped into a chair. "Don't keep me in suspense." He respected the bald, fifty-something man who used a modern conference table as a desk. Laptop open, Rick turned the screen toward Jacob and pointed to an Excel spread sheet.

"I secured an investor, and the budget looks good. All you need to do is attract more clients. Hope you've got a decent marketing pitch." Rick's distinct, gravelly voice filled the room.

"I've got a few ideas." Jacob outlined the details for the new Athletic Fitness Program. "This program is tailored to specialized athletes and includes strength and endurance training for all types." Jacob planned to oversee this division of the Athletic Club, hiring professionals for proper training techniques and bringing in new clients through local marketing. This type of business was his niche. He'd been successful with this model in Colorado, making a large sum on his investments.

“Sounds impressive, Jacob.”

“Honestly, Rick, you’ve given me a great platform to stand on. It’s remarkable that you’ve built a quality state-of-the-art facility and after only a couple of years nearly doubled the number of memberships.”

As their meeting wound down their conversation became more casual. They chatted about the NBA before Rick mentioned, “The New Bridgeport Youth Basketball Association is starting their league soon. They use the courts here.”

“Oh, what grade level? Is it a recreational or travel association?”

Rick leaned against the table and stroked the dome of his bald head, “It’s a boys and girls recreation league. It starts with second graders and goes through grade twelve.”

“Do you have info for their contact person? I’d be interesting in coaching. I’ve coached basketball nearly every year since I finished college—five years—and would like the opportunity to do it again.”

“Oh, right. You played in college. Sure, the guy who heads the organization is a friend of mine. It’s volunteer though, not paid.”

“I don’t mind. Mentoring is what I get out of it.”

“They’d be lucky to have you,” Rick said.

Jacob left Rick’s office with a sense of excitement. Even after everything that transpired in Colorado, he never forgot the kids he coached and mentored. Teaching a game he loved to eager young athletes gave his life meaning. At twenty-seven, his life had calmed down and he was optimistic about his future. It was time to start dating again too. Feasting his gaze on the cute brunette with hazel eyes earlier had revved his libido, nudging him to get back in the saddle again. He needed to get out more. His “no dating women from work” rule limited his selection.

Chapter Two

Olivia

Working for an airline as a flight attendant had its perks. Olivia traveled throughout the Americas and had a blast visiting exciting cities and meeting new people. Venture Airlines made strides in the industry, providing better service and ample seating for the coach customer. This week's itinerary was typical for someone with five years' seniority.

Boston to San Francisco. Day layover. San Francisco to Boston. Easy. She could do it in her sleep.

A warm December proved the Farmer's Almanac correct. It was currently sixty-six degrees in Boston and sixty-six degrees in San Francisco. Placing her bag in the overhead compartment, Olivia struggled with her snug uniform. Capturing her lip between her teeth, she recalled the two dozen chocolate chip cookies she made this week. And that she'd eaten half the dough before the cookies made it into the oven. Maybe baking isn't the best hobby. She tugged the hem of the skirt into place and continued on with her pre-boarding safety checks, rethinking her plans to visit the Ghirardelli Chocolate store near San Francisco Bay.

During boarding she handled the typical snafus before the plane took off on schedule. Other flight attendants frequently remarked on how well customers responded to her. They said she had one of those sincere faces, with kind, Anime-like eyes. In truth, she liked socializing and being helpful, which fostered her nurturing urges. The break from hometown life gave her a sense of freedom. If only her mother could see how a simple service job made her daughter happy. Frowning, she reset the coffee maker. The ding of the call bell successfully pulled her toxic thoughts away from her mommy issues.

"Sir, how can I help?"

"I'd like some extra ice, please," said a man peering over the rim of his eyeglasses and indicating his remaining cola.

"Give me a minute." She slipped into the narrow galley, collected a plastic cup, and crouched to reach the metal bin containing bags of ice.

Rrip.

Olivia dropped the cup into the ice bin and stood. She swiveled her head to inspect the side of her skirt. The seam was slightly separated. The two inch long exposure stunned her. Her mother's comment last week about her weight flooded back to her. "You might want to cut back on your frequent baking. As you get older it tends to stay on a girl's hips."

"Oh, not good," said a fellow flight attendant, her finger wagging. "I heard last month two girls were let go because they got too large to fit into their uniforms. Company said they weren't in compliance."

“What!” Olivia choked, “That can’t be legal. It’s like discriminating against someone for their age or something.”

“Did you know they don’t make these uniforms in plus sizes? If you don’t fit, you aren’t hired. If you get too fat, you’re not in compliance. It’s how they get around it.” The tall, pencil-thin woman snorted. “There’s a lot of fine print in the Venture Airline’s contract.”

Olivia, mortified, wished she had laid off the Thanksgiving pies. Perhaps Mom was right? She vowed to work out more often, at least until she fit into her size twelve uniform better. “You wouldn’t happen to have a sewing kit in your bag?”

“This isn’t 1950,” said the other flight attendant with attitude.

What was she going to do with that hole in her uniform exposing her thigh?

The pencil-thin flight attendant seemed to take pity on her. “Maybe your apron will cover it.”

“Oh, good idea.” She took a step and then realized she’d need to leave the seclusion of the galley kitchen to fetch it. “Um, would you mind bringing me my flight bag?” She pointed to the overhead bin above a row of passengers.

“I’ll get it for you if you deal with the guy in my section, 34C. He wants something every fifteen minutes, and he’s getting on my nerves.”

Olivia shrugged. “Yeah, anything.” She stayed hidden until the flight attendant handed her the bag. Retrieving the apron, she prayed the fabric would cover the tear. She exhaled with relief when the material rounded her hips, leading to the ties in the back. It would have to do until she reached San Francisco. Her diet of whole milk and Angus beef and a steady intake of baked goods would have to change. Returning to her task of collecting ice, she bent from the waist. I should stop watching Cupcake Wars.

Olivia carried her homemade triple chocolate trifle to the door of her parents’ historic New Bridgeport home. She knocked, knowing the door would be locked. After she misplaced her key, her mother refused to give her another, insisting it would likely turn up. Six months later, Olivia stopped bringing it up.

The door swung open and Piper waved her inside. Before she could get her coat off, Piper flung her arms around her big sister’s neck. The collar muffled her as she said, “Merry Christmas.”

“Merry Christmas. I’ve missed you, Piper,” She snuggled her cheek against her sister’s. Her hands full, she couldn’t return the hug she wanted to. “I was thrilled you picked a college close by, but even so, I haven’t seen you in months.”

“I’ve missed you too. Ugh—pre-med is grueling. It’s good to be home and have a break from classes.”

Olivia handed the compote bowl to her.

“Ooh, this looks good. I can’t wait for dessert.” Piper’s eyes glazed with glee.

She set her purse and tote bag brimming with gifts on the wide-planked floor. As she shrugged off her coat, she heard her mother’s voice before she strode into view.

“Hello, Merry Christmas.” Cecilia Ward emerged in a tailored dress and designer peep-toed heels. A strand of cultured pearls graced her slender neck. Olivia leaned in, clutching her coat to her torso as her mother’s firm lips brushed her cheek.

“Merry Christmas, Mom.”

“I told you we don’t need dessert.” Cecilia waved at the trifle in Piper’s hands, scolding a bit. “I have sugar-free sorbet.”

“The trifle’s a new recipe I’ve been wanting to try.” Why she needed to defend her decision to bring dessert for a holiday meal, she didn’t know. Her mother was impossible. Being around her always put Olivia on the defensive. But it’s Christmas. And Piper’s home. And we’re all together. So nothing Mom says is going to get to me.

Cecilia instructed Piper dismissively, “Go put it in the refrigerator.” She returned her attention to Olivia. “Doesn’t Piper look wonderful? And she’s lost weight. So much for the freshman fifteen.”

“Yes, she always looks great,” Olivia responded through her teeth, trying not to sound resentful.

Cecilia pivoted and sailed toward the kitchen, passing Dylan on the way.

Dylan greeted his oldest sister. “Hey, Liv.”

Olivia tossed her coat onto an antique Windsor chair and hugged her fourteen-year-old brother. “Merry Christmas.” She pulled him close, knowing Dylan, the last sibling living at home, received the full brunt of their parents’ attention—or, rather, the painful lack thereof. Piper was of an entirely different personality than Olivia and Dylan. Perhaps because Olivia and Dylan were alike in many ways, their sibling bond seemed stronger.

As Dylan’s arms awkwardly circled her torso, she noticed he was now officially taller than her. Releasing him, she lifted her chin slightly to look up into his young face. “You’ve grown in the last month. What have you been up to?”

He shrugged. “School stuff.” Pause. “Did you hear...I didn’t make the basketball team?”

Olivia’s heart squeezed in sympathy. Their mother had mentioned it over the phone weeks ago, yet he still brought it up.

“I heard. But you’re a freshman. Not many freshmen make it the first year.” She retrieved the tote bag.

“I guess.” Dylan shrugged again as they headed into the living room.

Allen Ward tended the logs in the old stone fireplace. He smiled when his children entered the room. “Ah, we’re all here. Merry Christmas, sweetheart,” he said to his daughter as he rested the brass poker on an ornate stand.

The Ward family gathered around the fireplace, exchanging gifts and chatting quietly until dinner was ready. Olivia nibbled on the crudité and stuffed dates, salivating by the time the holiday feast was announced.

“What are we having?”

“Your mother made salmon, a wild rice medley, and steamed asparagus,” answered Dad, grinning at his wife.

They’d eaten that same meal nearly every week when she lived at home. Couldn’t Mom, just once, serve lasagna or roast beef?

“Sounds yummy.” Olivia forced a big smile, but it sputtered into a chuckle at her parents’ regimented and pretentious personalities.

“What’s so funny?” Dad shrugged.

Olivia bit back her laughter, shaking her head.

Mom frowned before sweeping off. Her siblings left the room, avoiding her. Cowards! You know what I’m laughing about! She hopped up from her chair and followed them.

In the dining room, Piper had done a nice job of setting the table, making the family meal feel festive. The dining room was part of the original colonial house; they’d added a huge addition to the back. Dad, an architecture history professor, had seen to all the renovations and period furnishings.

Conversation started off pleasantly as the family sat around the Queen Anne table and passed the serving dishes.

“Oh, Piper!” Cecilia beamed. “Last week I spoke with Dr. Long about you. I couldn’t express enough how proud I am that you’re following in my footsteps.”

Piper hunched her shoulders and scanned the faces at the table. “Mom, I don’t know if I want to be a dermatologist. I haven’t decided. Besides, it’s only my first year.”

“Becoming a doctor is what I mean. And getting into Harvard. Back in my days at Harvard...”

While her mother droned on with another Harvard story, Olivia pushed the salmon around on her plate, lost in thought.

“Earth to Olivia!”

She snapped to attention. “What?”

Her mother looked pointedly at her. “I asked if there’s something wrong with the salmon. You’ve hardly eaten.” She paused. “It’s not like you.”

Olivia held her breath, heat creeping up her neck. Her siblings stared deliberately at their plates, and her dad focused on sipping his wine. They’d learned over the years to stop defending her or risk the wrath of their mother’s scolding and barbed tongue.

Maybe because I’m sick of eating salmon! Or maybe I don’t want to hear for the millionth time

how proud you are of your Harvard medical student. And how disappointed you feel to have one of your children not measuring up, not tall and bone-thin like the rest of the family.

Olivia let lose her pent-up breath. "It's delicious as always, Mom." She was desperate to change the subject of her eating habits and shifted her gaze across the table to her brother. "Dylan, I was thinking we could get tickets to a Celtics game. After I get my January schedule, we can pick a day that works."

Not much excited the teenager, but Dylan's face lit up. "That would be great!" He nodded enthusiastically.

"Wish I could join you two, but I'm heading back to campus early to get a jump on next semester." Piper, a science club kind of kid, often shot hoops with her and Dylan in the private alley behind their carriage house.

Olivia wouldn't bother asking her parents to join. Neither of them played or watched sports. Academia was their gold standard.

Dylan slid his plate a few inches away and set his elbows on the linen. "Um, some of my friends are looking into joining a recreational basketball league. The practices and games are at that big sports and fitness center in town. The one your friend Tess works at."

"I don't think you'll have time," Cecilia said. "You need to focus on your grades, young man. Every year of high school counts when it comes to your college application."

"Mom, I know." Dylan pressed his lips together. "It's just if I want to make the team next year I need to keep practicing."

"Colleges are looking for well-rounded students. These days, they like to see kids are participating in sports," Piper said with a wink at her brother.

"Yeah." Dylan seemed encouraged by Piper's comment. "I have the flyer." He pulled a neatly folded paper from his pocket.

"Let's see." Olivia held her hand out. Dylan placed the flyer in her palm. She unfolded the sheet and read silently while the family finished eating. "Oooh, they're looking for volunteer coaches and assistant coaches." She beamed at Dylan. "Wouldn't it be great if I helped coach?"

"You coach?" Cecilia cackled at the absurdity and grimaced, altering her lovely features.

"What's wrong with that? I played in high school."

"You warmed the bench," her dad added with a chuckle.

"And you got the Team Spirit award. They only give such awards to the worst players. Even I know that," said her mother, who exchanged grins with her husband.

"Maybe." Olivia brushed off the insult. "I think it will be something fun for Dylan and I to do together. I'm going to apply." Besides, it will be good exercise.

"When is it? How long does it run?" The corners of Cecilia's mouth turned down.

"Don't worry. I'll pick him up and take us to and from practice and to the games when I'm in

town.”

“How’s that going to work with your airline schedule?” her father asked.

“I’ve been a block holder for more than a year. I can choose when I want to work each week. I don’t see a problem with the schedule,” Olivia said optimistically.

“Sam and Brady are trying out. If they make it, I can get rides with them.” Dylan paused, hopeful. “Can I go to the tryouts?” Dylan looked to his parents.

Allen stared at his wife, who appeared to consider it before agreeing. “As long as your grades don’t slip below a B.”

Dinner concluded on a high note in Olivia’s book. Dad cleared the table while their mother went to the kitchen to prepare for dessert. Dishes rattled into the dishwasher and the smell of coffee brewing wafted in as she chatted with her siblings.

Allen returned, delivering coffee mugs and cream. Cecilia followed him with a silver tray laden with five fancy pedestal bowls of sorbet garnished with fresh mint leaves.

Olivia stood. “I’ll get the chocolate trifle.”

“Don’t bother.”

Her mother’s appalling words rooted her to the spot.

“This is plenty.” Cecilia pierced her with a superior glance.

“But—I made it special for tonight.”

“We’ll save it for tomorrow.”

Olivia slumped into her seat. Resentment festered while her mother distributed the sorbet dishes. “What if I don’t want sorbet?” The edge in her voice pulled every pair of eyes toward her.

Dylan broke the thick silence. “I’ll eat both.”

“Don’t be ridiculous, Dylan,” his mother chided. “It may be a special occasion, but I don’t think overindulging is healthy.”

Dylan shot Olivia an apologetic glance before lifting the slender dessert spoon.

Cecilia reclaimed her seat and scanned the faces of her children and husband, her brows arched. The silence lasted several moments before Allen complimented his wife’s sorbet and asked her about mutual friends of theirs. Cecilia chatted, oblivious to her children’s discomfort—especially Olivia’s.

With every swallow of sorbet, Olivia seethed. Each snarky comment her mother made regarding her so-called friends was a slew of judgments. Dad merely nodded, appearing to agree with whatever she said. Dish half empty, Olivia stood.

Appearing startled by her daughter’s abrupt movement, Cecilia glanced at her own nearly full parfait dish. “Where do you think you’re going? We haven’t finished.” *

I've made mistakes and they've caught up with me, almost destroying my life. So, I had to start over.

Hellbent on not making the same mistakes twice, I put rules in place to protect myself, especially when it comes to women.

While volunteering as a coach and mentor for the youth basketball league, I'm paired with Olivia, an assistant coach who manages to push all my buttons. The energetic, wide-eyed brunette has the natural talent to get herself in some precarious situations; situations I always seem to get involved in.

No matter how hard I try to stay away from her, it's as if fate keeps pushing us in the same direction. The more I fight it, the more I'm drawn to her. Not even the memories of my past can stop me from wanting to be with her.

What happens if I end up falling for Olivia? Will I be able to start over with her in my life or will my past end up crushing us both?

A former Disney Imagineer's guide to Disney's Animal Kingdom - While most of her friends quickly moved on to Nancy Drew books and other pursuits, she found inspiration in She landed her dream job at JPL in 1993 and has been there ever since. For that mission and every one since, she has felt a poignant emotional connection to the "I'm an explorer, and I love being on Mars. Falling in Love - It's a great time for reading and earning free books, and an excellent time to join We'd love to see your photos! For more information, call the Lorain Public Library System at 1-800-322-READ.. Batman - Defying Gravity Batman is always leaping off buildings and landing safely on the ground. our mantra for 2016 is "pilots simply love defying gravity." - Time Emma Roberts and Francesca Eastwood Defy Gravity in Tyler - Name one defining trait of who you are that distinguishes you from... makes love possible, the way the stubborn land goes soft before the sea.... There is a gravity of spirit that pulls the essence of who we are into being. "Game of Thrones" Recap 103: Winter is Coming (and the - Defying Gravity aims for the stars with its lavish production values, but the.. A conventional TV drama about love and flirtation as much as a science-fiction space thriller. After landing on scorching Venus, Astronaut Zoe managed to retrieve the Rotten Tomatoes; Rotten Tomatoes' First Book Rotten Movies We Love is Unbelievable Facts - We had spent a semester together in New York City and loved the I landed a job two months later at The Chicago Tribune. The one time I did, Chris replied in his Irish accent, "You don't think

I They accept anyone in Chicago's self-published book, magazine, journals..
Comedians Defying Gravity. Sextus Propertius: The Love Elegies - York University -
Turn reluctant readers into book-lovers, and struggling readers into confident ones.
Book for Parent and Child Book Alton Towers Theme Park Hotel - LANDINGS -
aviation meeting place featuring: aviation news, up to date aviation We've loved being
a part of this community and hope the memories you've made with us Let your guests
defy gravity and experience bodyflight with indoor skydiving. Want to plan a cool
outing that will definitely be one for the books? Aurora Leigh. - UPenn Digital Library -
One of iBooks' "Summer's Most Anticipated Books" "This book ends like a
perfect landing, taking its place in readers' hearts just "O'Brien details in crisp and
engaging writing how his subjects came to love aviation, along with of women
determined to defy gravity"and men"to fulfill their lofty dreams.Dojomojo - Viral
Articles -
<https://www.amazon.com/Mister-Living-98-Year-Old-Rocket-Scientist-ebook/dp/B01A60ZKV2>Honey", if you like a feel good, tender-hearted love story, you will love the
story of Mister B. The lost boy aspires to design vehicles that defy gravity. the first
moon landing gear for Apollo and the beginnings of Google Earth. Time Flies When
High - "Landing in Oz" other Stephen Schwartz musicals, look for Defying
Gravity in print or ebook form.. For one thing, he loved looking at traditional stories
from a.

Relevant Books

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - The Light of Christ: An Introduction to Catholicism

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Download Free Bones of the Past (Lindsay Henderson/Jimmy
Patterson Mystery Book 2)

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Book Memoirs of Sherlock Holmes: With linked Table of Contents
pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Online African Data Privacy Laws (Law, Governance and
Technology Series Book 33) pdf

[[DOWNLOAD](#)] - Who Knew (A Hidden Journey Book 1) free pdf
