

What a Catch

1.

"Alyssa, what is the one thing you want for your birthday, more than anything else in the world?"

"Why are we talking about my birthday? It's still over a month away."

"Allie!" Kyle hissed with mock disdain, "answer the question!"

Done mopping up the last few crumbs of a cinnamon-apple muffin scattered around her plate with one finger, Alyssa Reid shook her head slowly, stalling while she came up with a palatable response, not daring to answer the question truthfully. What she *really* wanted was simply for her boyfriend, Tyler, to start showing real signs of committing to their two-year old relationship and to stop spending so much time with the blonde who had just moved in down the street. She couldn't prove it, of course, but she was starting to suspect Tyler's interest in the newest resident of Bougainvillea Court had little to do with demonstrating he was a good neighbor. Alyssa had already lost track of the number of times he'd stopped by there on his way home to supposedly fix a sprinkler, program the security system, move a major appliance, install a new light fixture, help find a runaway cat or set up a home theater complete with surround sound. Of course, the traits that Tyler was displaying while showering attention on their needy neighbor were also the ones that Alyssa loved deeply: his utter selflessness, his willingness to lend a hand to anyone in need and his ability to adeptly wield everything from a screwdriver to a compound miter saw.

Devina Douglas

Kyle, her best friend since college, and her standing date for their weekly Sunday brunch, however, was sick and tired of hearing about Tyler's possible indiscretions, and wanted nothing more than for her to move on to a new guy. One who wasn't preoccupied with what he did for a living, capturing the attention of every cute young thing and asserting his masculinity by taking up one adrenaline-pumping sport after another. Needless to say, Alyssa asking for a miracle of relationship-repairing proportions was out of the question.

"I want..." Having wasted precious moments thinking about resurrecting what remained of her dwindling romance, she spit out the first thing that came to mind, "a Maserati."

Kyle, obviously building up to something and needing her to play her part properly, didn't see the humor in this request. "Try again."

Putting a little more thought into her reply this time, Alyssa sipped her now-lukewarm cup of coffee, staring contemplatively out the cafe window, watching crowds of her fellow San Diego denizens basking in the September sunshine on the beach below. "I want... a... You know, what I really want is a new toaster."

Kyle's face dropped. "Wrong answer. What you want for your birthday is for Tyler to take you to go see the New York Highlanders beat up on the Saints when they come to town next weekend, and then take you to that restaurant you were reading about in *Food & Wine*." Allie smiled instinctively. Baseball and fine cuisine. Now he definitely had her attention.

What a Catch

"Ooooh. You're right. Getting to take in a Highlanders game would be a much better birthday present than a toaster. Why? Have you heard something? Because I can't believe Tyler could ever pull that off." She smiled easily at the waitress who had just refilled her coffee cup, then returned her attention to the subject at hand. "Not only would I wager he's going to completely forget my birthday, orchestrating a trip like that would require a LOT of forethought, especially as he has a business trip to D.C. next week which he would have to cancel. I can't see him doing it."

Again, Kyle's face dropped in disappointment. "He's out of town next weekend?" Reaching into the pocket of a windbreaker he'd been wearing all morning, despite the temperature already in the low 70s, he pulled out a small envelope with an even smaller bow on one corner, and flicked it across the table with equal parts disappointment and delight. "Happy early 29th birthday."

Allie's jaw dropped in disbelief. "You got me tickets to the Highlander's game next weekend?"

"Well, Friday's game, but yes. And made you guys poolside patio reservations at Blue on Blue. I thought that being the loyal Highlanders fan that you are--" here he inserted a playful roll of the eyes-- "you should at least have seen your team play once in person. And I thought it might be good for you and that asshole you're seeing to get away for the weekend. But apparently that isn't going to happen."

This time it was Allie's turn to roll her eyes. "'That asshole' has a name. And you seriously have to be the best friend ever."

"Maybe. Either that or I am living my love life vicariously through you."

Devina Douglas

Alyssa's ecstatic grin faded as she tried to think of something upbeat to say, distracting Kyle from the fact his own two-year relationship had just ended. "Anyway, what are *you* doing next Friday? I know you're not working. Come to the game with me."

"Me? Yeah, I'm sure Tyler would *love* the idea of us going out of town together."

"Ky. It's *you* who doesn't trust *him*, not the other way around. He's a very trusting soul. ...Unlike you, who apparently hates and distrusts everyone I date."

"Wait. First. I do not hate everyone you date. I just don't trust him and that scandalously stupid, naughty neighbor of yours. I mean, how many times can she really expect him to blow off plans with you to help her with a minor home repair emergency? Secondly, I suppose if you're okay passing up dinner at a place that's been on your to-do list for over a year, we could drive up to L.A. and back in a day. It *is* an afternoon game."

"Yeah? You'll come with me?" Allie swatted the tickets, still wrapped, back and forth on the table in front of her, like a cat playing with a toy, her attention totally diverted from the remainder of the brunch dishes around them. "Ach. But eight hours in the car in one day? And missing out on one of those Blue on Blue martinis? Why don't we just stay in L.A. Friday night and we can go do touristy things while we're there on Saturday? We could go to the La Brea tar pits. Pleeeeease?"

Kyle shrugged apathetically. "Fine with me. But just so there is no confusion, *you* are paying for the first round of martinis and, if you're

What a Catch

really going to make me waste an afternoon learning about saber-toothed tigers, admission to the tar pits."

Five days later, feigning symptoms of a cold that had been floating around her office, Alyssa left a raspy message in her supervisor's voicemail and then, at a little past eight, they set off.

That day everything changed for the better. Not only did the Highlander's catch up with the AL East-leading Puritans, Allie caught the attention of one of the Highlander's brightest stars.

The Highlanders won the game by a stellar seven-run margin and she had sat bouncing in her seat during the entire thing, screaming against the home crowd, one of maybe only a couple hundred other Highlander fans in the Saints' home park. Together, she and Kyle gorged themselves on hot dogs and peanuts enjoying a lazy afternoon at the park. Kyle wasn't exactly a baseball fan, preferring the action of hockey or football, but he did a good job of faking it, knowing just how much being at this game meant to Alyssa. As they followed the rest of the crowd trickling out of the park, Alyssa knew it was a day she'd never forget, but, almost intuitively, she also knew the magic wasn't over *quite* yet.

"So, what now?" Kyle asked casually as they finally emerged from the park's cold concrete walls and out into real daylight, steering Allie away from a crowd of autograph seekers waiting outside the player's entrance to the stadium. "Don't forget we have other things to do tonight. We're supposed to be meeting Chris at 6:30."

Devina Douglas

Allie looked over at Kyle to assess her options. On one hand, she wanted nothing more than to get a chance to see any of the Highlanders, real, live, in person. Less than twenty feet away. On the other, she knew that seeing them from twenty feet away was really no different from seeing them from the one hundred feet away they'd been inside the stadium. ...And it was apparent Kyle didn't want to keep an old friend of his from high school, a friend who was joining them for dinner then being kind enough to take them out around L.A. that night, waiting. "Fine," she groaned, turning to back towards the parking lot.

After getting changed quickly in separate rooms at their hotel, a clean but otherwise less-than-noteworthy Holiday Inn, Alyssa and Kyle headed back downtown where they met up with Chris Sutton, a short, intensely intellectual looking guy, complete with Coke-bottle glasses and unkempt hair, who seemed more interested in talking about himself than getting to know Allie or reacquainted with Kyle. Over dinner the guys rambled off countless stories of their time wreaking havoc the small Maine town where they had grown up, ostensibly for Allie's amusement. She did her best to follow along, but as the guys kept getting derailed, one story splitting off into two more, ultimately fracturing into four, she had a hard time keeping up. By the time they'd both finished eating and had grown tired of bleu-cheese-hand-stuffed olives in their \$14 drinks, relocating, instead, to a much less pretentious watering hole, Allie was beginning to tune them out completely. Seeing that neither one of them really cared she

What a Catch

was awkwardly out of the loop, no sooner had their group sat down at a table than Allie excused herself to go to the bathroom.

Alyssa was somewhere in that middle ground between being 5'6" and 5'7", with the eyes of Jennifer Anniston, the expressive face of Drew Barrymore, the shy smile of Emily Deschanel, and, if you could imagine the actress with somewhat darker tresses, the hair of Kate Hudson. Although time hadn't yet left a simple mark upon her face, one could tell she would have the lasting beauty of an Audrey Hepburn. ...Not that Allie could appreciate any of this in herself. Looking in the mirror, Allie saw that her eyelashes would never be long enough, her nose was too small, her face was too round, and her hair neither blonde nor truly brunette. Nonetheless, she knew it wasn't her looks that drew people to her. It was her personality.

Beyond the physical, Alyssa was a hard one to define. Trying to describe her was an exercise in contradictions. She was brilliant in her own "bubbly Southern Californian" way. A little goofy, she took herself too seriously. Despite having a wicked sense of humor, she frequently failed to see the zaniness of her own occasional failings. She was often prone to overanalyzing. She could ferret the truth out of the most hardened liars with one up-turned eyebrow. She had an unrivaled insight into others, but hardly ever knew how to put into words how she felt, herself. She lived her life with an almost ineffable gusto. She could hold a grudge with the best of them, however customarily forgot she was upset with someone until they asked her if her most recent display of friendship meant they were forgiven. But overall, she was totally a sweetheart,

Devina Douglas

willing to go astonishing out of her way for any of her friends, and they for her.

Because she bubbled over with enthusiasm, it wasn't uncommon for a person's first impression of her to lean towards her being merely a bottle of peroxide away from being another ditzy blonde. However, once they got to know her they realized there was a lot more hiding behind that zeal and verve. She had graduated from a semi-prestigious California university with a degree in microbiology and a minor in public relations near the top of her class and was as creative as they came. She was witty, clever and a natural born leader. Of course she'd landed a great job right out of school too, working with the Centers for Disease Control. A job she loved.

By the time Alyssa had returned from the restroom that night, Kyle and Chris had company in the form of two very attractive young women, and the four of them seemed mired in conversation. Almost relieved she'd been spared the horror of enduring one more epic tale, she gave Kyle a quick nod to let him know she'd stay out of their way and that there were no hard feelings, then she flopped down into a bar stool, ordering her second drink of the night. As the tall glass was slid across the bar, she smiled politely at the bartender, paid and then stared deep down into the glass, absentmindedly stirring her martini with the two olives stuck on the end of the pick.

Before she could get too lost in the gin, a group of three guys approached the bar, so involved in heated debate they failed to take notice of anyone around them. If Allie had been aware they were there, she

What a Catch

surely would have seen the man doing the majority of the talking was turned around backwards, blindly approaching the bar, gesticulating grandly trying to make his point, and she might have been able to do something.

But she didn't.

So she couldn't.

The man slammed into her, nearly jarring her from her seat, her glass slipping out of her hand, shattering, violently sloshing gin and vermouth all over the bar.

He broke off in mid-sentence when he felt himself come into contact with something, then cringed when he heard the sound of glass breaking. Bracing himself, he slowly looked over one shoulder to assess the damage and immediately started apologizing. "Aw, hell, I'm really sorry about that," he gasped sincerely, squeezing in between the barstools in an attempt to help. "I..."

"It's okay," Allie sighed without even looking up, instead diverting her attention to reaching in front of him to snag a pile of cocktail napkins to absorb the liquid before it dribbled down onto her new Seven jeans. "It's probably my fault. It's been one of those days." In her haste to clean up the mess, her hand brushed against a shard of glass and a fine drop of blood appeared on her fingertip. "Ouch."

"I'm really sorry," the man gushed again, quickly following suit and doing his best to help mop up the pool before the bartender, much more equipped for the job, icily intervened with a towel.

Seeing the situation was under control, Allie peered up at the guy with a glare that was supposed to indicate that, although she wasn't pleased, as

Devina Douglas

a polite member of society she wasn't going to make a scene. But as soon as her eyes locked on the deep green eyes staring down at her, she froze and her expression went blank. The man was easily 6'2" with short sandy-blonde hair, rugged good looks and, although this was the first time she'd ever seen him out of uniform, there was no disguising his athletic build. New York Highlander third baseman Scott Miller stood towering above her, clearly concerned he'd inflicted irreparable damage. "You alright?" he probed, sympathetically resting a hand on her shoulder and simultaneously handing her another napkin for her bleeding finger.

"Yeah," she gasped self-consciously. "I'm. I'm fine. Don't worry about it."

"Okay," he began cautiously, "but can I at least buy you another drink? I feel really bad about this." Her eyes instantaneously flitted over to the other two men with him, then back.

"Umm, sure," she glowed once she found the ability to speak, her eyes now fixed on his, doing everything she could to suppress a giddy smile as she realized she was in the presence of not one, but three, Highlanders.

Although she was trying not to read too much into it, Alyssa was delighted to see Scott hadn't taken his eyes off her either and he seemed equally as intrigued in prolonging their interaction. "...Martini, right?"

"Yes." This was the first word to so easily slip past her lips since she'd realized to whom she was speaking, but, nonetheless, she made a mental note to use small, easily pronounceable words.

"Gin or Vodka?"

"Gin."

What a Catch

Scott smiled knowingly and then finally looked away, allowing Allie to breathe for the first time in what seemed like hours. Thankfully, he was distracted for a bit arranging and paying for a round of drinks (making sure to leave a ludicrously generous tip, no doubt to apologize for the mess), and Allie did her best to regroup.

By the time he carefully deposited the fragile glass in front of her and had sat down on a stool recently vacated during the commotion, she was starting to come around, silently vowing to project a cool, calm and collected façade, no matter what happened in the coming moments. There would be no screaming. ...No gushing declaration she was his biggest fan. She was going to have a polite conversation. Still, it was taking every ounce of resolve she had not to squeal like a schoolgirl.

In the meantime, Hayden Chase and Orlando Silva, the Highlander's respective shortstop and back-up catcher, realized their third basemen had become fully unaware of their presence. Seconds after Scott had settled into his seat, they flashed one another the trademark look indicating that a member of the pack has turned traitor and wandered off in search of greener pastures. Out of the corner of her eye, Allie watched them disappear into the crowd and she winced apologetically.

"Don't worry," Scott chuckled, "I'll catch up with them later."

For the next few tense seconds all they did was look at one another, both floundering for something intelligent to say. "My name's Scott, by the way," he finally burst, extending a hand for her to shake.

"Alyssa," she twinkled, sliding her hand into his. "Nice to meet you."

After the handshake, he held her hand for another split second longer, almost anxiously testing to see if she recognized him. At first she didn't

Devina Douglas

understand what was going on, but as soon as she got the subtle impression he didn't *want* to be recognized, she furthered her conviction to play it cool. "Nice to meet you, too." Another heavy silence was about to befall them when Scott finally came up with something else to say. "So, do you live here in L.A.?"

"No," she proudly trumpeted. "Just here visiting."

"Really? Where are you from?"

"I grew up in the San Francisco Bay Area, went to school about four hours north of here and then just a few months ago I moved down to San Diego for work. ...I guess I'm slowly migrating south, or something. You?"

"I... live on the East Coast. A suburb of New York." He paused, again testing to see if this would ring a bell. Apparently, it didn't. "So, what is it you do?"

For the next five minutes, Alyssa rambled on about working for the Centers for Disease Control in their San Diego field office in the Media Relations department. Although a lot of people thought what she did was a little--to say the least--boring, Scott seemed genuinely interested, asking her all kinds of questions.

"That sounds like a lot of work," he commented as soon as she was winding down.

"It is. But I love it."

"So, let me guess: like all your other Californian counterparts you spend all your free time at the beach?"

What a Catch

"No, not really. I've got a dog who tries to eat any other dogs in sight and so I usually take him to places a lot less crowded. And anyway, I practically grew up on the water so I'm sort of over the beach. How about you? What brings you to here and how do you spend your weekends?" Allie had to look away, marveling at her own ingenuity, purposely asking about "weekends" instead of "spare time," knowing it would require him to pick his words carefully.

Scott paused for just a second, still unsure whether or not he wanted to give away any clue as to who he was. Reasoning that anyone who recognized him would surely have let on now, he mistakenly decided she was clueless. "I'm here on business and Saturdays and Sundays my friends and I can be found playing in a baseball league back home."

"What position do you play?"

"Third base," he replied, almost choking on the words, certain he was about to blow his cover.

Alyssa's response was nothing if not cool, almost bordering on disinterested. "...So, you guys any good?"

Seeing very little in Allie's behavior that would lead him to believe he was dealing with someone who knew their way around a box score, he settled on a very understated "we'd like to think so." Alyssa was playing her part perfectly and it was obvious her efforts were appreciated. The more he found out about her supposed ignorance, the more he seemed trust the fact she wasn't another starry-eyed fan and that she might be interested in him for *who* he was, not *what* he was.

Some of the tension melted and Alyssa settled into her seat, taking a small sip of the drink in front of her. "Thank you for the drink, by the

Devina Douglas

way," she cooed somewhat guardedly, all the while congratulating herself on doing what felt like a reasonable job thus far of hiding the fact she was utterly star-struck. Despite managing to keep her voice at an even tone, her hands were shaking, her heart was racing and it took almost all the concentration she had to keep from saying something stupid. She had never before felt so overwhelmed. She was a smart girl; holding a normal conversation shouldn't prove to be this difficult. Really, though, who was she kidding? This was anything *but* a normal conversation. Every time she reached for her martini, she had to make a conscious effort not to accidentally bump Scott Miller's elbow.

Quietly taking all this in, and trying to distract herself, she looked down at Scott's left hand. Although it was heavily rumored he was married--to an award-winning, nationally renowned photojournalist, no less--she was disappointed to see confirmation of this in the form of a gold ring shining back up at her.

In the still of the moment, Scott misinterpreted Allie's nervousness as her being generally uncomfortable in talking to him and he quickly switched gears. "Oh, hey, I didn't mean to intrude," he backpedaled, rising from his seat. "You're probably here with people."

"No, don't go," she spit before she knew what was happening. Scott froze again, impressed with the zealousness of her plea. "I mean... stay...If you want." This being exactly what he was hoping she'd say, Scott noticeably relaxed.

"So, you're *not* here with anyone?" he asked cautiously.

What a Catch

"Oh, I am. See those two guys over there...?" Allie asked, pointing nonchalantly towards the table where Kyle and Chris were still deeply absorbed in conversation with the two brunette girls, Kyle having succeeded in getting his arm around the girl sitting closest to him. "...The one with the dark brown hair is Kyle, the friend I came up here with. The other guy is Chris, his best friend from high school. And I have no idea who the girls are that they're talking to, though. I got up for a minute and when I came back my seat had been taken. But, as much as I hate to admit it, I'm not even sure they've noticed I'm missing yet." She and Scott exchanged an easy laugh. "So where'd your friends go?"

"Who cares?" he smiled instantly, putting her further at ease.

Alyssa couldn't help but feel all of a sudden a certain connection to him and she then decided in the name of fun to push him a little further. "So, seeing as I just spent about ten minutes rambling non-stop about myself, it seems you know a whole lot about me, but I know very little about you."

"Well, what do you want to know?" he asked bravely, scooting a little closer.

"Let's start with what you do for a living." Allie bit the inside of her cheek and then sat back, eager to see how he'd respond given what seemed like his predilection for glossing over certain details of his professional life. Scott stalled before attempting to answer this question, prompting her to feed him all the rope he'd need to hang himself. "What, are you a serial killer or something? How bad can this really be?"

Scott took another breath, buying himself time to get his story straight. "I work for the New York Highlander organization." Before Alyssa could

Devina Douglas

playfully ask what, exactly, it was he did for the organization, he beat her to the punch with the first outright lie of the evening. "I'm in player development. It's actually really boring. Not a lot to tell you about."

So the game was on again, huh, she thought. Feeling truly cruel, she rocked forward in her seat, her eyes wide and gushed breathlessly, "The Highlanders? I love basketball!" A little annoyed, but more relieved, Scott looked away and lightheartedly rolled his eyes for a second. "So do you know any big-name players?"

"Well," he whispered, leaning in, "those guys I was just with...? Hayden Chase and Orlando Silva!" Playing along, her gaze clouded and her brow furrowed. "Man," Scott sang sitting upright, "they'd be brokenhearted if they knew you didn't recognize their names."

"Well, who are they?"

"Oh, Hayden Chase? No one really. He's only got the best jumpshot in the NBA."

"Oh," she purred taking another sip, wondering just what he was up to, but delighted to see he had a sense of humor. Seeing he wasn't going to let up, she didn't either.

"So are guys here in L.A. for a game?"

"Yes," he chirped proudly, "we're playing the, uh, Lakers tomorrow night."

"That's awesome."

"Anyway, enough about me," he glowed, putting a sudden end to that line of discussion. "I don't really know much about you either, other than you have friends with questionable loyalty, but it seems, unquestionably

What a Catch

good taste in women." Blushing, Allie was forced to look away for a second, truly at a loss for words. Thankfully Scott bailed her out. "So, tell me more about Cujo-reincarnate." Allie immediately burst into giggles, readjusted in her seat, taking the opportunity to move in a little closer, and then once she'd regained her composure started talking about her dog, Wembley. This then melted into a conversation about their respective families which, in turn, spiraled off into abridged autobiographies, Scott sprinkling his own life story with enough falsehoods to keep his career path resembling that of a man whose suit, not uniform, had pinstripes.

After all they'd exhausted almost every neutral topic, Allie was sad to see they'd both finished their drinks and was painfully aware Scott no longer had any obligation to stick around. Usually very shy in situations which could inevitably lead to rejection, she was amazed when the words "So... do you have time for another?" came tumbling from her very own mouth.

In response to her blatant flirtation, Scott gave her a big smile. "I'd love another, as long as you let me buy again."

Once the drinks were worked out and they'd both made a serious dent in their poison of choice, Scott glanced over at Kyle, wondering how he could chose the company of anyone else when a girl like Alyssa was around.

"So Kyle...? Just a friend?"

"Just a friend," she confirmed.

"Good friend?"

"Possibly my best friend."

Devina Douglas

"That's a shame, because, uh," he drawled discretely, "it seems your best friend is about to head out and if he's your ride, you might want to remind him that you still exist."

Allie glared across the room and, seeing that Scott was all-too correct, everyone at the table was gathering up their coats, no one as much as looking her way as they made motions towards leaving, her insides turned.

As soon as she looked back at Scott, it was as if he could read her mind. "Why don't you go see what's going on? I'll stay right here. ...And for whatever it's worth, if you need a ride home later I'm sure we could take care of that."

"Thanks," Allie groaned, quickly excusing herself to go talk to Kyle. Chris wanted to go and, apparently, there was no arguing with Chris who didn't care who Allie was talking to. Summoning every ounce of fortitude she had on the walk back to her barstool and nearly empty glass, she did her best to explain to Scott why she had to go. She muttered a little of this, a little of that, never quite satisfied with what she'd said.

"You really have to go?" Scott asked a fair bit later, honestly saddened.

"Yeah," she sighed. "But I had a great time talking to you."

"Me too," he smiled rising out of his seat, unsure of what to say or do next. Allie cracked a smile, scared to say anything else. Scott hesitated, then burst "hey, could you leave me some way to get in touch, maybe a phone number or e-mail address or something? Maybe the next time the Highlanders are playing the Lakers I could get you and your friends some tickets."

What a Catch

"Sure," she smiled in spite of herself, suddenly conscious of the fact this was going to be the last time she'd ever see Scott Miller face to face. She pulled a pen out of her purse, scribbled down her cell phone number on the back of one of her business cards and then hesitantly handed it over. "It was *really* a pleasure to meet you."

"Well I hope you and your friends all have a great time doing whatever it is you're doing up here this weekend. You never did get around to telling me what brought you up here..." Scott tucked away the card in his wallet, almost seeming sorry she had to go. Sensing she wasn't going to reveal the nature of her visit, he extended one hand and then added "and trust me, the pleasure was all mine." And then he sputtered, desperately needing something to say, "and I promise, next time we come to town, those tickets are as good as yours."

As soon as she had finished zipping up her coat she looked up, her eyes meeting his and she smiled devilishly, knowing she could no longer resist. "Yeah, about that... I don't know... To be honest, I hate basketball. But if you know someone who could get Highlander-Puritan tickets, you know, the *baseball* Highlanders... well, that, *Mister Miller*, would definitely be worth the travel time."

Stunned, it took a second for him to fully comprehend what Alyssa had just implied. As soon as the fog lifted though, Scott sat back down, his jaw draped open. When he recovered, he gasped, "You knew? You knew this whole time?" In that moment he was instantly transfixed with her, unable to concentrate on anything else.

"Yep," Allie chirped, "I did. That's actually what brought us up here. The game today. I'm a huge Highlander fan." A quick glance over her

Devina Douglas

shoulder revealed Hayden was approaching bringing a smile, anew, to her face. Once he was within earshot, she threw him a nod and then continued with her perfectly executed goodbye. "...And actually a good enough one to know that Mr. Batting Champ here would kill you if he knew you were telling people he played a lame sport like basketball."

Allie turned to go, only giving Scott one last look before she disappeared out the door, hardly able to believe how she'd just spent her evening.