The next time I stay at Dorothy’s again, I bring a swim suit. I don’t need Will to shadow my every move if he’s suddenly opposed to swimming, but the idea of a swim in that lake before it gets cold appeals to me.

“I brought my suit this time,” I tell Dorothy.

“I told you last week I don’t want to swim,” Will barks, and Dorothy looks surprised by his tone. I guess she hasn’t been exposed to quite as much of his barking as I have.

“I don’t need you to babysit me,” I snap. “I’m 21. I can swim without a chaperone.”

“There are snakes down there. You’re not swimming without me, and I’m not swimming. We’ll ride instead.”

I’d love to argue but the truth is that there’s no freaking way I’m swimming in a lake with snakes in it. Even my tough bad-ass routine has its limits.

After dinner we head out. Will rides ahead of me this time, finally trusting that he doesn’t have to monitor my every move, which allows me to monitor his. He looks good riding a horse. Really good. He wears the hell out of a pair of jeans on his worst day, and today is not his worst. His t-shirt skims his broad shoulders, and even from a distance I can make out the definition in his back and his arms. If they did some kind of farm reality-TV show with him in it, he’d be getting thongs and propositions by the truckload. I have a sudden desire to sneak up behind him and press my nose just to the nape of his neck, just below where his hair is shaved close. A small shiver brushes over my arms at the thought.

I don’t understand where these thoughts are coming from. This *isn’t* me. I don’t picture romance. So why the hell am I picturing it with someone I couldn’t have if I wanted? Which, more to the point, I do not. I don’t want him. Sure, it would be amazing to sleep with him. The idea of Will in bed is sometimes enough to make me feel like my entire body could melt into a small puddle of desire on the floor. Ever since I had that dream about him the thought’s occurred to me on a daily basis, and though I’ve wanted guys before it was never quite with the same abandon. But I *don’t* want his bossiness and his bad temper and the way his upper lip curls when he’s mad at me. Half the time I’d just as soon kick him in the balls as fuck him. I need to focus on the part of me that wants to watch him writhe in pain, because right now, at this precise moment, the other part is winning easily and must be quelled.

He’s in a bad mood through the entire ride, meeting my every comment with a grunt or some non-committal response.

After we’ve put the horses up and heading back to the farm, after I get yet another grunt in response and that curled-lipped disdain, I explode.

“I didn’t ask you to ride with me, Will!”

He looks surprised. “I know that.”

“So why are you acting like I just made you do hard labor? Did you just miss watching the Superbowl or something?”

“I’m not acting like that,” he says.

“Yes you are. You’ve been weird since we got here and I’m sick of it. Just take me back to my apartment. I didn’t ask for any of this.”

“You are not going back to your apartment,” he growls. “And I’m not acting weird.”

“No? Then what was your deal back at the house?” I ask. “Your mom suggests swimming and you act like your head will explode.”

“I just didn’t want to swim,” he mutters unconvincingly.

“Bullshit. You think I don’t know the difference between you not being interested in something and you being avidly opposed to it?”

“Olivia,” he snarls. “Leave it alone.”

“You are not the boss all the time, Will. You’re not in charge of me right now and if I want to ask you a goddamn question I will.”

“Fine,” he says, rounding on me. “Has it not occurred to you that this is already going far past any boundary set for a coach and one of his athletes? That you’re staying in my mother’s house and I’m under the same roof? That I’m hanging out with you during your down time?”

“Yeah,” I say, looking at him blankly. “So what?”

“So some boundaries need to stay enforced.”

“Swimming? Swimming is your line in the sand?” I laugh.

“No, Olivia. You in a bikini is the line in the sand. No matter what else is going on, I’m still a 26-year old guy. Maybe you and my mother should keep that in mind.”