Later, after they'd walked home with waves lapping at their feet, they climbed the stairs of the beach house and stood between their two screen doors.

"Well, this is me." Jenna nodded toward her half of the patio.

Lucas glanced at his side. "It looks like your neighbor is a real slob."

She laughed. "Yeah, but his dog is really well-behaved, so there's that."

Their eyes met, and the air between them suddenly felt thick with meaning. It made it hard to breathe...or think...or imagine anything other than rising up on her tiptoes and kissing Lucas's cheek.

She took a preventative step backwards, shrugged out of his jacket and returned it to him. "Thanks for this, and for tonight. It was fun."

His eyes glittered in the moonlight. "It was."

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow."

"Yes, you will see me tomorrow." The corner of his mouth hitched into a grin. "Not that you have much of a choice."

Right. He was still her next-door neighbor. Tomorrow everything would probably go back to normal, even though a tiny part of her wished it didn't have to.

"True." She nodded. Maybe that part wasn't as tiny as she wanted it to be. "Okay..."

"Okay. Well, um. Good night." He turned to face his door.

"Good night," she said.

And then everything started to move in slow motion as he turned back around and walked a tiny step toward her. Her feet inched closer to him before she even realized what she was doing. He was going to kiss her. The warmth in his gaze and the little sparks of electricity bouncing between were a dead giveaway.

A long time ago, when Jenna had come to Tybee as a little

girl, her grandfather told her about beach wishes. He said that if she wrote a wish in the sand, the tide would carry it away and someday, when the time was right, the wish would return to her, fulfilled. Thinking about kissing Lucas felt fated somehow, as if the entire summer had been leading up to this moment...as if she'd written it in the sand all those years ago.

But as their lips drew closer, Lucas's arms were suddenly around her, pulling her into a tender embrace. It was a hug, not the kiss she'd wanted so very badly.

Jenna closed her eyes. There was that smell again, like endless summer. Only this time it was paired with sweet warmth and just enough disappointment that a lump formed in her throat.

When they stepped apart, all she could do was whisper. "Okay, bye."

"Bye," he murmured. "Good night."

She turned toward her half of the duplex but glanced over her shoulder in time to see Lucas disappear behind his screen door and let out a wistful sigh that sounded as if he had a few beach wishes of his own.

Then they went their separate ways—her on one side of the fence and him on the other. But Jenna's heart lingered in the space in between.