As I watch her leave the aisle and head to the checkout stand, I realize I didn't catch her name. And I wish I had.

Chapter 3



MOLLIE

The brief, yet highly amusing interaction with the handsome dad and his sensitive little girl has a calming effect on me. At least until I see Ms. Nike in the parking lot unlocking her e-bike. I would have felt much better if she were hopping into a large gas guzzler, but no—she's environmentally conscientious like us. Jessica notices her too.

As we finish putting the groceries into the van, I nod in the woman's direction. "She probably won't contact Sunrise Island to complain. I mean, anyone could have a T-shirt like mine." I shut the back of the van and get into the passenger seat. "It's not like one of those 'how's my driving?' bumper stickers with a phone number," I add as I fasten my seatbelt.

Jessica continues to ignore me as she puts the van in gear, pulls out of the parking lot, and starts driving us home.

After ten minutes of silence, I'm tired of being ignored. I pull the box of condoms out of my backpack and wave them in Jessica's direction. Her eyebrows arch up