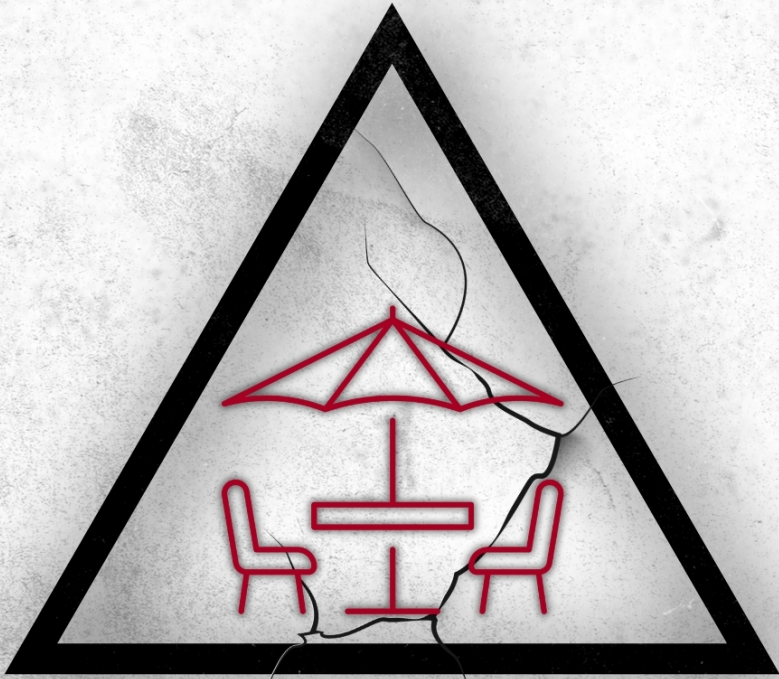


WHY ARE YOU
HERE?

ARCHIVE BONUS CONTENT



G.A

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THE_ARCHIVE

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LYNN

A MOTHERFUCKING PORCH DATE

LANDRY HAS MADE IT his personal mission to crash tonight's sacred porch date, all because Elius sent him a text and now he's acting like he's got a golden ticket to the chocolate factory.

Then he just texted back: *'We're on the way.'*

Excuse me, but what fresh hell does he mean by *'we're'*? *Who is 'we'? Is he bringing a marching band? A cult? The ghost of bad decisions past?*

He's not staying, Elius isn't staying, and if the universe tries to send any more men my way tonight, I'm putting up a velvet rope and a bouncer.

Tonight is supposed to be sacred: just me and Rosalie, porch date edition, at her place. Landry's only job is to drop me off, collect his boyfriend, and vanish like a magician's assistant who knows when to make himself scarce.

But Landry has been tap-dancing on my last nerve, and if he thinks he's sneaking into this porch date, I'm about to go full WWE.

Last night, he spent twenty minutes reorganizing my spice rack like he was on a National Geographic expedition, and when he found the cinnamon, you'd think he'd unearthed the Ark of the Covenant.

All I want is one peaceful, drama-free evening on this fucking porch.

Honestly, after the infamous 'game night incident', where Landry tried to host charades and somehow managed to lock us all outside for forty minutes, Rosalie and I made a blood pact that all future group events require a safety briefing and possibly a waiver.

The porch is supposed to be our Switzerland, our one drama-free zone in a world full of chaos gremlins.

"I think this is gonna be kinda fun," he says, all golden-retriever energy as we pull up. "Like a meet-and-greet with the Golden Girls."

My eye twitches so violently it's about to unionize.

Honestly, that eyelid is drafting a formal complaint and demanding hazard pay. If Landry keeps this up, I'll be rocking an eye patch and answering to Captain Overstimulated, sole survivor of Landry's Relentless Nuisance World Tour.

Men are not fucking allowed on porch dates.

We deal with them every waking moment.

Now they want to storm the last safe haven we have left?

Not on my watch, buddy.

"Landry."

"Yeah, baby?" he asks, grabbing my hand as we walk up the driveway.

"Why are you trying to join our porch date?"

"I just thought it'd be cool if we all hung out together."

This

Fucking

bitch.

"The invitation wasn't open to you. We hang as a group all the time. Porch dates are for Rosalie and me." My voice is steady, but I make sure he sees the steel in my eyes.

"Oh, it'll be fine—" Landry insists, but I shoot him a look that could curdle milk.

"It is fine, because this is where porch dates happen. You, Laramie, and Elius can head back to our place while we stay here."

He stops and stares at me like I'm speaking in tongues.

I clear my throat, wrestling the irritation demon that's clawing at the bars of its cage, desperate to break free and start throwing hands.

Landry's still looking at me with those big, innocent eyes, like he's not a menace of the highest order, and he's never committed a single act of chaos in his life.

"Landry."

"Lynn."

Elius chimes in once he sees us, "Hey what's—"

"Me and Rosalie are having a porch date." i snap out, because he doesn't look like he's ready to go anywhere.

"What's wrong with us all hanging out? We're all friends; I don't get the problem."

"ME AND ROSALIE ARE HAVING A PORCH DATE." i can feel my face turning red The living room goes dead quiet.

Rosalie's already set up in her glittery gummy bear slippers, throw blanket ready, snacks lined up like she's prepping for war.

She gives me the look of pure solidarity.

"Why are you yelling?" Elius asks, his confusion written all over his face.
Nope.

Not today, Satan.

Not today, Landry.

"Come on, Landry. I'm only explaining this once."

"Lynn, what—"

The death glare shuts him up quickly.

I grab his forearm, march us back outside, and motion for Rosalie to follow. "Hey, stupid," I call over my shoulder. Elius knows I'm talking to him, but he doesn't even acknowledge it.

"Get up and come on."

Elius makes no attempt to move,

TODAY IS THE FUCKING DAY!

"Get up before she kills you," Rosalie mumbles.

Once we hit the porch, I claim Elius's rocking chair like I just won it in a high-stakes poker game. *That seat is mine now.*

Elius walks out the door and turns to sit, and then he notices me.

I raise my eyebrows in silent question.

And when I make no move, he turns to find another chair. "What the fu—"

"Zip it." I cut my eyes at him.

Landry's standing at the bottom of the steps with Laramie, who's clutching a stuffed dinosaur and looking every inch the confused little kid.

"We," I say, gesturing between Rosalie and me, "are having a porch date tonight. Baby—" I flash Landry my sweetest smile, "I love you, and I'll see you at home later. But you're not staying, and neither is your goofy-looking best friend."

"This is my house!" Elius throws his hands up.

"And it still will be, little fella. I'm not taking your manhood. Just borrowing Rosalie and your rocking chair for a few hours."

Elius's mouth drops open like I just told him Santa isn't real and punted his dog.

"You can't just- this is porch piracy! That's my favorite chair! It's got the perfect ass groove!" Elius adds

Landry blinks slowly. "Baby, I thought porch dates were just... sitting on the porch. Together. Like normal people." He looks honestly baffled, as if he's missed the sacred ritual memo his whole life.

"Normal people?" I hiss, gripping the arms of the chair. "Normal people don't have their boyfriends trying to unionize and invade sacred female territory! This is the last bastion of estrogen in this godforsaken parish!"

Rosalie, wrapped up like a chaotic glitter burrito, points one manicured finger at them. "Y'all are ruining the vibe. We were going to talk about feelings, eat snacks, and maybe burn pictures of our exes." She grins wickedly at the memory.

"Last time, we did a dramatic reading of old text messages, and I nearly spat Dr.Pepper out my nose when Rosalie tried to do an accent. You two would just mansplain our trauma, tell us to '*calm down*,' then immediately follow with '*we'll get it figured out*,' and then start a sports debate."

Elius, suspiciously quiet until now, offers weakly, "I got wings." His voice is tentative, like he's testing the waters.

The betrayal hits like a freight train full of broken promises.

"You got wings? For *MY* sacred porch date?" I ask in outrage,

"Landry, leash your golden retriever before I start speaking in tongues."

"This is my house!" Elius counters, like that somehow is going to change this situation.

Landry rubs the back of his neck, looking genuinely distressed. "Come on, Lynn. We're all friends. It'll be like the Golden Girls but with more testosterone."

I shoot up out of the rocking chair so fast it nearly tips over. "Golden Girls with testosterone?! Blanche, Dorothy, Sophia, and Rose did not let useless boyfriends crash girls' night! They had cocktails, shade, and zero dick energy! You think Sophia would tolerate some man named Elius talking football while she's having a cheesecake emotional breakdown?!"

"I don't even watch football that much—" Elius starts.

"ZIP IT, CUPCAKE. You lost porch privileges the second you tried to make '*we*' happen. This is *sacred*. This is where we talk about how y'all breathe too loud sometimes and how Landry says 'kinda' like it's a whole personality trait."

"I do not—" Landry protests, his voice cracking in mock outrage.

"You do," Rosalie and I say in perfect unison, grinning at each other like co-conspirators.

Elius makes one last desperate play, holding up the wings. "They're lemon pepper..."

My eye is twitching out an SOS in Morse code. *I'm fixing to snap.*

"Lemon pepper will not save you from the consequences of your crimes, Elius" I supply, while composing myself

"Take your wings, your wounded man feelings, and go watch whatever testosterone-fueled chaos you call entertainment. Rosalie and I are about to reach emotional enlightenment and maybe sing off-key to Celine Dion. You are not invited to the sacred ritual."

Landry steps forward with those big pleading eyes. “Baby, I just wanna be near you—”

“Near me is the couch at home. Near me is the bed later. Near me is *absolutely the fuck not* the holy porch during sacred estrogen hours. I love you more than Red Bull, but I will throw hands for this rocking chair, and I will win.”

Rosalie nods solemnly. “She’ll do it. I’ve seen the aggressive rocking. It’s terrifying.” Her eyes widen for effect, selling the story. Elius looks between us like we’ve collectively lost our minds. “This is insane. It’s just a porch.” His hands are up in surrender, baffled.

“IT’S NOT JUST A PORCH!” I bellow, slapping the arm of the chair, with each syllable of the statement.

“This is holy ground, an estrogen-soaked temple where secrets are sworn, and the traumas of childhood are exorcised. This is the sanctuary, the sacred hall of glitter and gossip. Membership is earned in blood, snacks, and oversharing. You think you can march up here like it’s a dman flea market and all dogs are welcome?! You haven’t even passed the Ritual of the Sacred Slipper, a ceremony where new members must kiss the Ancient Gummy Bear Slippers.”

Rosalie wiggles her gummy bear-clad feet meaningfully, as though daring anyone to challenge the ritual.

“Then you must pledge allegiance to the Porch Code, recite last month’s most ridiculous thing a man said, and do it all while clutching a nutty buddy like your life depends on it.”

I take a deep breath and calm down, giving my rocking chair a subtle wiggle to regroup.

Just then, Pearl, the judiest of basset hounds, waddles out onto the porch. She surveys the chaos with those mournful eyes, then, after a dramatic pause, plops herself right between the two rocking chairs with a groan loud enough for everyone to hear. Her ears flop over her paws as she settles in, utterly unimpressed by all human business.

I point at Pearl like she’s just made the most valuable point. “See? Even Pearl knows it’s time for the menfolk to clear out. She’s ready for the estrogen temple. When the basset hound claims the porch, it’s girls’ night, no exceptions.” My voice is triumphant as I give Pearl an approving nod.

Elius, not missing a beat, raises an eyebrow. “Pearl judges everyone, *especially* you two,” he says, deadpan. Pearl just sighs again, as if confirming his point.

“Elius, this is our secret society, our girl gang, our emotional bunker. It’s the only place we can talk about how y’all sometimes smell like gym socks, and we still love you anyway!”

Landry stares for a long second, then lets out the longest, most defeated Husband sigh in history. “Fine. We’ll go.”

As they shuffle off like two kicked puppies, Landry calls back over his shoulder, “Love you!” His voice is half-mocking, half-sincere, lingering in the doorway for a beat too long.

“Love you too, now leave faster!” I shout back, waving him away with a flourish of my hand.

Once their tragic silhouettes disappear inside, Rosalie bites into her nutty buddy and grins.

“You think they’re gonna sit in there and cry about it?”

“Absolutely,” I say, rocking in my stolen throne like the undisputed queen of snacks and secrets.

“And that, my friend, is the sweet sound of a porch date victory.”

Rosalie raises her nutty buddy in the air. “Porch Date Forever!”

I clink my soda can to hers, and we both chime together, “No boys, no drama, just snacks and secrets and spite!”

We dissolve into laughter, the porch date code echoing into the night, sealing our sacred sisterhood with crumbs and cackles.

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S.G. writes psychological thrillers and dark romance where Southern grit meets Gothic mystery.

With a firm belief that healing often begins in the darkest places, she crafts high-stakes stories that explore trauma, resilience, and the quiet strength it takes to reclaim your life.

For S.G., writing is more than storytelling, it's transformation, creating a space where even the most fractured souls can find a place that feels like home.

In her stories, you will always find:

Found Family: Because loyalty is the ultimate anchor.

Wicked Banter: Because sometimes survival comes with a smirk.

Unflinching Truth: A refusal to look away from the hard things, and a belief that the light is always worth fighting for.

When she isn't crafting her next high-stakes universe, S.G. is busy reminding herself (and her readers) that being "*too much*" was never the problem.

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