Sam was late for some Tinder match she'd only agreed to meet with as a last ditch effort to get her well-meaning friends to leave her alone. The problem was, Marshmallow, her overstimulated puppy she'd failed to walk that morning, yapped and bolted out the front door. *She really should have attended those obedience classes.*

Still holding the leash, she chased the puppy down the street and into the local park, where he clearly thought she was playing tag. He'd bound over and zip away before she could grab him. Exhausted, Sam collapsed on the lawn, gasping. *Those Zumba classes hadn't paid off*.

A child screamed, birds took flight, someone whistled. A shadow loomed over her, and she glanced up to find a cute guy resembling Henry Cavill holding her puppy. He quickly clipped the leash to Marshmallow's collar.

"Yours?"

"Sorry."

"Can we walk him?"

She nodded. *Take that tinder.*

This was such a fun story to write despite taking a few tries to get it just right. In full disclosure, I mentioned Cavill because the going trend in romance books is to compare all the male main characters to a Hemsworth. Not to sound judgmental to fellow writers, but I find that a cop out way to describe your characters. At the same time, if you're familiar with the men spoken of it's pretty easy to envision what the writer did.

So why Cavill? I've no idea, I simply didn't want to use Hemsworth. My sincerest apologies to any Hemsworth should they have the misfortune of stumbling across this tiny corner of the internet. I should also disclose, the only thing I've seen Cavill in is a Mission Impossible film, and the only reason I know that is because when I was doing research — you know, by watching small clips of fight scenes on YouTube — I stumbled upon a scene where Cavill came up with his own moves for said fight.

As for today's story, it was brought to you be the genre: Rom-Com, Action: chasing a dog, Word: Marshmallow.