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As I push through the packed aisles, my voice is drowned out by the raucous celebrations. The Stanley Cup champions' fans are ecstatic, and it's a struggle to get down to ice-level. I'm stuck in a sea of red and black jerseys, confetti shooting from above, adding to the chaos. My original seat was too high up for me to get a good view, so I opt for climbing onto a folding chair to get a glimpse of the ice. That's when I see Maddison hugging Zanders on the pile of players. It's an incredible moment, and my heart swells with pride. As I take in the scene, I notice a man who looks eerily similar to Zanders' father. He's wearing his son's jersey with their last name emblazoned across the back. Seeing them hug fills me with mixed emotions – I'm thrilled they're together, but it also sparks hope that maybe one day Zanders will be able to believe I love him too. As Ella attacks Zanders by the knees, his face lights up with joy, and my chest is filled with pride. Watching him with the people he loves most reminds me that this is where he belongs – in Chicago with Maddison and his family. It still hurts knowing he doesn't think I love him, but maybe I can look past that. Zanders has been working on mending relationships – reaching out to his dad, cutting off his mom and agent. Maybe that's enough for me. If we were together, Zanders treated me like he loved me, which was all I needed. I hope he'll realize I truly loved him when he looks back. For now, though, this moment isn't about me – it's about Zanders enjoying his win with his teammates and family. But I'm not giving up yet. I need to see him tonight, and I know I will. He was supposed to come down, but he never did. Mr. Zanders had said he'd be back, yet he wasn't. His friend decided to wait for him, taking a seat outside his elevator instead of using her key. Things were complicated between them and she didn't want things to get awkward inside. She just needed him to know she was there supporting him at the big game. She wanted him to feel proud that she was there, not because of hockey specifically, but because it showed her appreciation for all the hard work he put in outside of sports. Time ticked by as they waited, and even small sounds made her hopeful. However, Mr. Zanders never came down. The post-game celebrations took time, but now it was after one in the morning. She called him again, this time leaving a message that went unanswered. She texted too, but there was no response. It wasn't necessary to talk things out tonight, she just needed him to know she was there. As the hours dragged on and the floor became uncomfortable, she finally gave up and headed home for some rest. She'd see him another day and congratulate him properly then. Mr. Zanders was known as her favorite player to hate in Chicago hockey, always playing his role well. He loved being a star player, leaving the penalty box with a new girl each night. However, there was something different about this season. The flight attendant didn't like how he treated her, but it seemed like more than just professional respect when she pressed the call button. Evan Zanders was known for his ego and love of himself as a hockey star in Chicago. Everyone loved to hate him. He knew his role and played it well too, enjoying the penalty box each game night with a new girl on his arm. But things were changing this season. The new flight attendant, Stevie, didn't like how he treated her. He was egotistical and arrogant but she found herself wanting more from him. She had seen everything in years of being a flight attendant, but Evan Zanders was different. I've vowed to steer clear of athletes after past experiences, regardless of their undeniable charm. Evan Zanders is a walking contradiction - unapologetically himself yet inexplicably captivating. He takes pride in his public persona, whereas I find everything about it grating... except for him, that is.