



10 | Put A Shirt On

Thank you @Ethannnn for DMing me this poster with such good summer vibes

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Chapter 10: Put A Shirt On

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When the sun doesn't shine on you. When the world forgets your name... then there should be some inspirational quote to li you up.

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Let me know if you find one. I still haven't gotten mine.

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Yesterday seemed like a dream. A chance to glimpse into someone else's life; a life where everything always shines.

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Luke was lucky.

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He was born with attributes way o the charts. Handsome, smart and athletic. And, even though I hate to admit it, he had charm.

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The only charm I had was in my cereal bowl. (Lucky Charms)

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Here we were, standing in the baseball pitch in the middle of the day – Luke Dawson and me.

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"Learn how to catch, Minnie," he said, with the ball he caught for me in his hand.

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I stared up at him, at his teasing smile and his deep blue eyes. His tan skin glowed under the sun. He saw how I was lost for words and he gave me time, drawing his arm back to throw a powerful shot. He flicked his wrist to add a backspin, as the ball flew out of his hand. It went flying straight towards the other thrower.

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The catcher took his cap o to admire the throw. A few compliments came his way.

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"Why?" I finally asked.

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"You'll let something good slip between your fingers."

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What does that even mean? I let a lot of things slip.

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"Why did you come here?" I asked.

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"I'm going to need you to give me back those keys."

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"I already did. Mr Woodhouse has them so he can pass them on to your new roommate."

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"Yeah, give the new ones to me." He repeated and held out my old keys.

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"I don't understand." Why did he have my old keys? Why would he give me my old keys? He must have just been at the admin cabin.

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Does this mean...

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"You're not moving cabins, Millie. I got comfortable around you."

a^{4K}

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I didn't react. I didn't even blink.

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Luke Dawson had called o the exchange. He must have gone to Mr Woodhouse and said he wanted me. Well, probably not like that. He said he wanted to stay in the Apple Cabin with 'the weird girl'.

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I think he saw the stars in my eyes. He ru led my hair with his arrogant smirk.

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"Don't go so , Minnie. You'll be able to pay me back for my laptop now."

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And there it was. Classic Luke back in play.

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I slept in the same bed that night. I even unpacked now that I knew I wasn't going anywhere. It felt weird knowing Luke requestedne to stay. No one had requested me for anything before... let alone Luke.

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No skunk cabin for me.

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I tried to sleep. It always takes me a while to get there. I replay everything that happens in the day and I think back to whatever chores I have le to do. Eventually, sleep comes.

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In the morning, Tamara's voice echoed out of Luke's room. She had stayed overnight, her clothes discarded on the floor.

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"Do it again, Luke," Tamara pleaded, naked in his bed. "I want to feel what I felt last night."

a^{6K}

"Not now," he said and wrapped a towel around his waist, low enough so his V-cut abs showed.

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The muscles on his body rippled as he moved. Luke walked out of his bedroom and walked through the cabin.

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I was pouring myself another bowl of fruit loops in the kitchen.

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"Hey," he greeted me, leaning his strong naked arms on the counter in front of me.

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I was so not ready for this. Luke should come with a warning sign.

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I covered my eyes with my hand, "Hi."

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He chuckled in his deep, sexy voice, "You can't look at me?"

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"Nope," I said, chewing on my loops. He was shirtless. "The campers will be up in twenty minutes, so you have time to cover that up."

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"You not going to take a peek?"

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It's hard to believe but I held on to my resolve. Luke uses his greek god-like body as power over the rest of us. I've seen how people melt in front of him.

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I blushed. "Shoo. And you can take all your sins with you."

a⁷⁶

I'm not even 18 and I've retired to life as a spinster.

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Then, a so voice interrupted our conversation, "Who is he?"

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I turned around to find Alicia standing in her pink pajamas, clutching her teddy bear. The door to the kid's room swung shut behind her. She was pointing and staring, open mouthed at Luke.

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"Alicia, what are you doing up so early?"

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Luke looked over at her, and said in a gentle voice, "Nice to meet you."

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This was a semi sweet side to him that I hadn't seen before. I didn't think Alicia's mouth could open any wider, but it did.

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"This is Luke," I quickly intervened, "He's the other Apple cabin counselor. He'll be looking a er you this summer too."

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She dropped her teddy bear.

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I sighed, and said to Luke, "Will you just go put a shirt on?"

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He was distracting everyone.

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I was picking up all the kid-sized socks that were lying around in the cabin. The yellow bus had just picked them up for breakfast and Tamara had le (stealing one of Luke's shirts on her way out), so we had an hour before activities started.

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"It's been a week and they don't even know who you are," I told Luke, "You should take some responsibility and meet them. Those kids are a handful but they're fun. They're going through their own stu every day. The least you can do is be a friendly face."

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Why did it feel like we were co-parenting?

a³¹

I reached under the couch, stretching my arm as far as it could go to try to get the Disney princess sock lying under there. I scraped my elbow in the process but emerged victorious. I threw it into the basket of other mismatched socks.

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"I'll make some e ort," he shrugged, drinking co ee.

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I had made a pot this morning for myself. Luke helped himself.

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He picked up a sock from behind the toaster and tossed it into my basket as I passed by.

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"You heard about the camping trip this weekend?"

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I almost dropped my basket. He smirked and picked it out of my wobbly hands. "I'll take that as a no."

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"What camping trip?"

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"The one you haven't heard about."

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"I don't remember that from last year," I said defensively. This was my worst fear coming to life. "Is it compulsory?"

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"You just made an emotional speech about supporting our campers. I think you should go."

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I hate it when he listens to me.

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"Well it's not safe to have me looking a er them in that kind of environment. I don't even know how to take care of myself. I can't brave the elements. If it's a survival course, I'm not only failing myself but they'll all-"

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"We don't need to go into this," he raised his hands to back o , moving away from my rambling.

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But I was already worked up. "Camping! All of us?! You've seen my reflexes. I barely survive a concrete jungle."

a¹⁶⁹

No wonder Luke doesn't care – he is made for outdoor sports. No way is this going to end well for me. It never does...

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Happy 10th chapter! If you want to roast my outdoor activities like Luke loves to roast Millie's, you can find me on Instagram @NatalieInACorner

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Xx

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