

15 | Cabin Fever

I had fun writing this chapter. You can probably tell... 175

Chapter 15: Cabin Fever 104

1 day a er the camping trip. 145

Luke strolled towards the cabin, shirtless. He'd spent the morning working out and he returned now, exhausted. His black hair was messy from the number of times he'd run his hand through it. He held his shirt in one hand and a water bottle in another. The veins on his arms contoured his muscles, which flexed when he moved. 571

I was frozen in place, hand trapped midair as I was about to drink. I put the glass down and stared at the drinkable man walking towards me. 230

His upper torso glinted with a thin layer of sweat. It added to the rough sex appeal emanating from him. 145

His smooth lips parted as he came up to me, "Look who got out of bed." 50

The way he said bedmade me think of all the things... 815

No! 54

I can notlet my mind go there. 74

"The campers are doing their activities and we have the a ernoon o," I said, closing my book. I was trying to stay professional. 37

Stay focused on the job and not on the hot man in front of me. He licked his lip absentmindedly, thinking about something else. I wish I could see what was going on in his mind. What turned him on- 394

"Stop!" 431

He glanced at me weirdly. 74

Did I say that out loud? 89

Oops. 38

"Was I doing something?" he asked, confused. 230

My eyes could barely stay focused on his face. Every time he breathed in, the muscles on his chest rippled like a wave. Every inch of him was carved like a sculpture. 63

He didn't wait for me to answer. He walked into the cabin and I could finally breathe again. Whenever he was near he sucked the air out of the environment. This must be cabin fever. 78

Suddenly, music blasted through the air. The front door opened, and Luke walked back out, still without a shirt on. It's so wrong what that does to my mind. He had a cold beer in one hand and wireless speakers in the other. I watched him drink, tracing the line of his adam's apple as he swallowed. The condensation on the beer bottle dripped onto his fingers. 225

His blue eyes poured into mine, catching the lust that clouded my eyes. 243

He winked. 887

I felt my cheeks blush. Was I that obvious? Did he know what he was doing to me? 107

His jawline tensed. "Do you like this?" he asked in a sultry voice. 767

Every word was so frickingsensual. Every drop. 33

I held onto my book like it was the Bible. I needed holy water. 756

"Hmm?" I replied, barely able to remember any english. 106

"The music," he said and gave me a strange look, "What do you think I'm talking about?" 907

Oh wow. We are so not on the same page. 257

I opened my book to distract myself, but I was very well aware of every movement he made. He sat in the chair next to me, leaning back. He put the speakers on the armrest as he closed his eyes. His fingers were loosely curled around the beer in his hand. 71

I tried to focus on the book, but it was hard when I had 50 shades of greysitting next to me. I kept re-reading the same line over and over again. Finally I gave up and put it aside. I glanced over at him. His features perfectly symmetrical and an angular jaw that gave way to smooth, pink lips. He looked so angelic under the sunlight. 424

"I like the music," I said. 81

Cringe, I know. It's all I could think to say. 20

He didn't open his eyes. I wished he would. I wanted to see his blue iris. I wanted to see him see me. 39

"It's Rūfūs du sol. I saw them at Coachella this year." 570

I listened to the melody play in the background to his voice. 1

He was sharing his music with me. A er listening to my singing/cat killing and taking my headphones from me, I think this was his way of returning the favor. 52

We relaxed under the sun. He wasn't in a talkative mood but he was down to chill with me. He seemed relaxed around me. I don't know how or when we got to that level... but I was cool with it. For whatever reason, I felt relaxed and safe around him too. 36

Maybe because he saved me from a grizzly bear. 60

Near death experience? That'll break the ice. 35

And somehow, at some point, I dri ed o to sleep. I hope I didn't snore. 1

"WHORE!" 576

No, I said snore. 598

"WHORE!" 282

I jumped up, a bit of drool trailing down my lip. My eyes adjusted to the sunlight, my dream quickly disappearing. I spun around in the chair, almost falling over as I did, trying to locate the person yelling out insults. 36

I saw our neighboring counselor come out of her own cabin to catch the drama that was unfolding. She'd been baking cookies again. 16

"YOU ARE THE REASON HE BROKE UP WITH ME!" 15K

I came face to face with a furious, red-faced Tamara. 210

And she was yelling at me. 1

Me. 15

What has Luke done now? 215

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ANNOUNCEMENT: Starting today, I'll be publishing a new chapter every other day for the next 2 weeks! It's my own challenge to myself! So that's Wed, Fri, Sun etc. Really appreciate your votes & comments to keep me headed in the right direction! 10