

**We reached 600k reads! I can't quite believe it. Thank you so much for connecting with this story and with a little bit of me. I can't wait to share where this will go!**

### Chapter 32: Good Girl

We were in Austin's basement. Heat and pool water in the grotto had made us wet.

Luke stood at the base of the staircase. I was a few steps above, my arms extended against the banisters. His hands were on my body, as he traced his fingers down my side.

I felt his finger hook onto my bra, tempting me, before he let go. His touch sent waves of desire pulsing through me. I restrained from ripping his shirt. His eyes had me hypnotized. And I was weak to his touch.

I craved it.

His finger trickled down to the side of my skirt. He pushed it up and rested his hand on my outer thigh. He lowered his lips towards mine.

Champagne showers sprayed over us.

I gasped, wiping it out of my eyes. Bianca was standing in her bikini with a champagne gun in her arms.

"Open your mouths!" she giggled, spraying us with more alcohol.

Luke stepped up the stairs to my level, his back shielding me from the champagne.

"Let's go," he said, his hands on my waist, pushing me forward.

I hurried up the staircase with him following easily behind. Bianca was drunk and she didn't stop aiming at us, accompanying the sprays with her screams. I shoved the door open and we tumbled out into Austin's corridor.

What a stark contrast.

Classical music trickled out of a little radio. Old fashioned furniture decorated the room. It was peaceful. Nothing like the dance crazed grotto underground.

Gloria's shrill voice chastised us, "You're not allowed up here! Oh, Luke it's you. Welcome back. Care for a towel?"

Gloria's attitude changed entirely when she saw Luke. Only Austin's close friends were allowed in the house and Luke was her favorite. Gloria guided us to the kitchen, where the marble tiles could be cleaned easier than the living room carpet if we stained them with the champagne dripping on our bodies.

She gave us a towel each and led us to check on Chad, who was passed out on the couch. I found it funny that Austin's nanny was taking care of a grown 17 year old.

I leaned against the kitchen counter, feeling dizzy after being in a sauna for the last few hours. The rush of cool air was getting to my head. Luke picked me up and set me on the counter. I leaned back against the wall. He poured a glass of cold water for me to drink, one hand still resting on my leg, as he raised my hand for me.

I downed the glass in a couple seconds flat and handed it back to him. Luke used the same glass to pour himself water.

I avoided his gaze. I was nervous to be around him. I wasn't quite sure what had happened downstairs. What almost happened.

He took the towel and walked closer to me. He stood between my legs, wiping the sticky alcohol on my neck and down to my-

"Luke, I have your girl-" Austin barged in with a girl behind him.

As soon as he saw us, he cursed loudly and tried to close the door on the girl that was walking in.

"Shoo! Shoo!" he told her.

My lips were expecting Luke's lips - but a big divide separated us now.

Luke backed away from me and exhaled, running a hand through his hair in frustration.

"What?!" he commanded Austin.

He looked pissed. I bit my bottom lip.

"Don't do that," Luke growled at me.

His breathing was still uneven. I don't even know where mine went.

The girl started knocking from the other side of the door, "Hey, what's happening? Is Luke in there?"

"What should I say?" Austin asked, "I didn't realize you two were... you two should definitely... hey Millie," he nodded at me, realizing a bit late that he hadn't fully acknowledged my presence.

"Hey Austin," I said, breathlessly.

Luke pushed past Austin and shoved the door open. I heard the girl squeal with delight before the door shut us out. I was left in the kitchen with Austin.

"Who was that?" I asked him.

"Who?" Austin played dumb.

"The girl, Austin. Who is she?"

He mumbled something.

"What? Say it louder," I asked him.

"The coach's daughter."

Of course Luke was not going to mess around with that. In fact, being the player he is, I could totally see him going for the coach's daughter in his daily - and twisted - efforts to become the best basketball player.

If there's only one thing Luke is serious about, it's basketball.

So to answer my earlier question - Luke and I may have sexual tension, but he may also have a girlfriend.

I felt something stir inside of me. Pain.

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I couldn't leave without Luke. He had driven me here and now I was stuck. So I stood in Austin's living room, next to an unconscious Chad, holding onto a beach towel. And I was in pain.

Chad swung an arm in his unconscious state and almost hit my leg.

I stared at him, his head plastered against a cushion, drool dripping from his mouth. I remembered how Stacey and her friends had taken advantage of me when I was asleep, using the camera on their phone...

I helped move Chad's arm in a more comfortable position.

I wouldn't do that to anyone.

Phone!

I grabbed my phone out of my jean skirt pocket and ordered a Lyft. Forget this crap, I wasn't stuck here, I was going home!

**3.5x surge price and driver 12 minutes away.**

That's gonna hurt my bank account. I guess this is what happens when you live recklessly without a backup plan while out in suburbia.

Austin cleared his throat. I looked up and saw him stand uncomfortably by the door. Luke and the coach's daughter were somewhere else, doing who knows what.

"Thanks for inviting me," I said, awkwardly, "It's a great party."

Austin shrugged, "This place is one hour away from being an orgy."

"More like ten minutes late," I said.

He smiled at that. "Listen, Millie, it's not what you think. Luke was really excited you were coming today."

"I don't believe you. He has a lot of girls-"

"Not like you."

"You always have his back, Austin, I get it. But I lived with him. I know what he's like too."

"Don't make that same mistake. You should know by now that he's not the image people have of him."

"I know that. I think he's incredible," I said truthfully, "I really do. But I also know that what keeps me in his orbit is our deal. As soon as I pay that laptop, it's over."

Austin was about to respond but the door opened and Luke walked in. His expression was despondent and the girl was nowhere in sight.

"I'll leave you two to talk," Austin said.

Chad snored loudly in the background.

"Or you could go somewhere more private," he suggested, shoving an unconscious Chad to keep him quiet.

"Meughli," Chad mumbled in his sleep, slapping the air in response.

Luke was looking at me, trying to search my face for an expression.

"I'll drive you home, Millie."

"No thanks. I have a Lyft coming," I checked my phone, "Oh, it's here."

I lied. It was still a few minutes away, but I didn't waste any time. I folded the towel onto the arm of the couch and left without saying more than a goodbye.

The sun was coming up. It was already morning.

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Tonight showed me where my heart was, and it was getting uncomfortably close to his. I couldn't let myself get more involved.

What was I thinking, expecting him to be different for me?

I played with a player. It's my fault. I should never have played a game I didn't understand.

"You can't give your heart to a wild thing" (Truman Capote).

I was never going to win. I mean, have you seen me? He was always unavailable. And he never made any false promises. It's my fault I didn't hear the hell in his 'hello'.

**A/N: Sad chapter. Is Millie right to stop herself from letting anything happen with Luke?**

**I ended the chapter with a phrase I've heard before (hear the hell in his hello), but I can't find the author. It may be a poem. Does anyone know where it comes from? I'd like to give credit!**