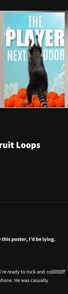

04 | My Fruit Loops

If i didn't burst out loud when I saw this poster, I'd be lying.
Thank you @nikbookgram

Chapter 04 | My Fruit Loops

"Settle down, everyone! I can see you're ready to rock and ~~roll~~!" Mr Woodhouse yelled into the microphone. He was casually transforming into Elvis Presley.

We were in an open-air theatre for our first *counselor meeting*. It may sound fancy, but it's just a few benches around a wooden stage. Mr Woodhouse wanted to make introductions and run us through our duties for the summer.

I sat by myself in one of the rows. People had filled all the other benches except for mine, like I was a crime scene.

I recognized a lot of the counselors from last year but, unfortunately, no one seemed to remember me. I watched how they chatted with each other, catching up on life. It made me wish I had someone to talk to, but I suppose it's ok if I don't really know what I'm missing. You can't miss what you never had. Right?

Luke and I separated on our way over here. He got stopped by a group of girls and I didn't wait to hear how they'd infiltrate his ego even more.

Mr Woodhouse continued, "I know you're a bunch of hormone-driven teenagers ready for me to get a the stage, but there are some responsibilities this summer. We're going to lay down the ground rules and-"

Luke walked into the theater in the middle of Mr Woodhouse's intro. Every head turned to him. Whispers were spread in waves like a tidal wave, until gossip exploded amongst the crowd. His name was popping up in conversations all around the theater and some people took photos of him.

He hadn't expected that reaction.

"Luke Dawson!" Mr Woodhouse announced into the microphone, pivoting from Elvis impersonator to game show host, "Welcome to the wonderfully warm Camp Beaver family! With you here, everyone can see **this** the place to be!"

OK. Luke has already become a camp marketing tool. I guess I'm not surprised, he's probably on the front of next year's brochure.

"Why don't you have a seat, Luke?" Mr Woodhouse said, "Who's your partner again?"

"It's ah..."

Did he seriously not remember my name? His eyes locked on me.

"Millie," I mouthed.

"It's Minnie," he repeated louder.

Mi **lie** you ass.

"Wonderful. We're all about dream teams, here. Our famous Counselor Cup is a prize awarded to the best counselor duo at the end of the summer. Anyway, Tamara why don't you kick us o with the logistics?"

Tamara, the resident summer camp beauty queen, stood up to address the counselors. She was Mr Woodhouse's niece and happened to be a runway model. I think she was going to college at Miami Dade in the fall. Last summer, every guy here wanted to hook up with her.

Luke sat down next to me. He had a lot of space to settle down in, since my row was empty. I tried to ignore the stares that were coming our way.

"Are you saving these seats?" he asked, wondering why the bench was so empty.

"No."

I let the silence hang out. I didn't need to admit to Luke Dawson that I don't have friends.

People were still staring at him. I felt awkward being so close to so much attention. I snuck a glance at Luke. He seemed used to it.

Hot boy problems.

Can't relate.

**

The birds were chirping, and the rising sun cast a golden glow over the treetops. Camp Beaver Hills was an idyllic paradise, away from the gritty world that I grew up in.

I woke up the next morning, undisturbed by my family screaming or the lights shutting o because mum had forgotten to pay the bills. It felt like Goldilocks let me borrow her cottage.

I got out of bed, wearing flu y green pajamas, and walked to the kitchen. I never expected to see this.

Tamara in a thong and a t-shirt, eating my fruit loops.

"Are those my fruit loops?" Because that was the first question on my mind.

"I don't know, are they?" she replied in an uninterested voice, "You could do with eating less."

Ohh she wentthere. I watched her eat another spoonful.

Tamara was the beauty queen of our summer camp and an actual model in the real world. I've never spoken to her. She always walked around camp with her admirers. And yet here she was, eating stolen fruit loops.

"Does Luke know you're here?"

"What do you think?" she retorted.

Less than 24 hours into summer camp and they've already....

"Why are you asking me so many questions?" she asked.

"Because you're half naked in my kitchen," I answered.

I heard a deep voice laugh. Tamara jumped at the sound of him. She sprazed her hair and pouted seductively as she spun to face Luke. Dawson. The reason why the hottest girl in camp was having a sleepover in my cabin.

I looked over and understood why the girls here fawn over him. Luke was leaning against the doorway, one arm crossed against the door frame, watching us. How could his blue eyes be so bright in the morning? I swear mine were still half closed. And his hair was messy in an I just woke-up way that was so flipping irresistible.

Meanwhile, I had my night braces and flu y pajamas on. I need co ee.

He walked towards us and Tamara visibly perked up. She wrapped her arms around his neck to kiss him, but he barely kissed back. He opened the fridge, separating them.

"Your roommate's obsessed with me," she pouted, adjusting her shirt to half cover her ass.

He took out a carton of eggs and uncooked bacon, "Is that right?"

I could see the smirk on his perfectly pink lips. He sprayed oil into a pan and heated it, clearly unscarred by her comment.

Tamara sidled up to his side, nudging the salt and pepper closer to help him. She cooed at him, "She was asking so many questions about us. People are so jealous."

The sound of eggs cracking into a pan and sizzling made me hungry. I grabbed the carton of fruit loops and stared inside... ok, Tamara didn't eat much. I poured myself a bowl.

"Where's the hot sauce, Millie?"

I looked up. I think that was the first time he ever said my name. And it was in a sentence with hot sauce.

"Um... upper cupboard I think." I pointed with my spoon, "Can you pass me the milk?"

Luke slid his eggs onto a plate and grabbed his hot sauce from the top shelf. He chucked a small carton of milk in my direction.

I freaked out.

I thought he would hand it to me. Ewkide it along the countertop but THROWwithout warning?It not coordinated!

I tried to dive for it - which was silly since he aimed it perfectly towards me - so I basically moved outof the way. I missed it. And as I was falling against the adjacent bar stool, I tried to twist around and catch it again but only ended up plastered on the floor like a pretzel.

From down on the floor, I heard Luke's clear voice say, "I'm still getting used to this."

**

Tamara had to leave before the 8AM bugle call. It was a daily camp tradition: a kid plays the trumpet into a loudspeaker to wake everyone up. At the sound of the bugle call, our campers would be getting out of bed. And any 'big kid' sleepovers had to be kept under wraps.

Luke still hadn't met any of our campers. We had ten 8-year-olds to look a er. I went into their room to check that they were getting up and making their bunk beds. One of the girls, Alicia, asked if I would help plait her hair.

In thirty minutes, they were all dressed and ready for the day. 9-year-olds know how to tie their shoes. The little bus pulled up outside our cabin like clockwork to take them to breakfast and then for their day of activities. As camp counselors, we had to help with some of the activities. I think I was doing volleyball again.

I dressed into a relatively sporty outfit – tracksuits and a white t-shirt – and when I came out of my room, I found Luke standing beside his laptop.

His broken laptop.

The one I swiped with my car.

"I need a favor," he announced.

His voice was silky smooth, which made it so tempting to do whatever he wanted. I'm sure that's what he was used to. Girls saying yes to anything.

"Sorry, I'm all out of those," I said.

Since meeting Luke, I had tripped and fallen too many times to count. I was not about to volunteer any more time with him.

"I wasn't asking."

" Excuseyou?"

Was this boy tripping?

"This favor is worth $50."

A bribe? Hell no.

"You can keep the money."

There was a mischievous glint in his eye, "I plan to. You're the one who owes me a new laptop."

And just like that I remembered how I stupidly swore to pay him back for every cent. I stared at his laptop on the counter. There was a giant dent in the middle where my car ran over it.

"You want me to do you a favor... and you'll deduct it from the cost of the laptop?"

"You're a genius," he said sarcastically.

"Is that your way of saying thank you?"

"Is this your way of apologizing?"

He opened the laptop and pressed on A screeching sound and rows of neon green, red and black lights flashed across the screen. I cringed.

He smirked, shutting the computer, "I'll wait for you in the car."

Damn, this was an expensive mistake.

I was torn. Were we really about to bail on our responsibilities as counselors? We had work today. I needthis job.

Luke's voice penetrated my thoughts. "You didn't leave something in the driveway, did you? I don't want to run anything over. I'm responsible like that."

UGH!

"I saved a raccoon once!" True story. I swerved my car out of the way just in time.

But my protest fell on uncaring ears.

I sighed and reluctantly grabbed my purse. "Where are we going, Luke?"

Again, no response. I guess this would be a surprise. Like most things involving Luke.

A/N: Millie has a special place in my heart... maybe because she came from a special place in my imagination. Either way, please vote if you enjoyed this chapter!

And don't hesitate to say hi on Instagram if you came from this story (@NatalieinACorner)

See ya!