

## 02 | The Devil Himself

Thank you samlubooks for the poster! All posters and character	
inspiration are on Instagram @natalieinacorner	a
Chapter 2: The Devil Himself	a <sup>112</sup>
I'm 50 inches away from Luke Dawson. From all the hotness dripping o of him, what are the chances some of it will rub o on me?	487 Cl
He's a Michelangelo painting come to life. A temptation in male form to abandon morality and make sin a virtue. If I sound dramatic, it's because I am. I've just been dumped.	220 C
"There's been a mistake," Luke said, pointblank. "That can't be my roommate."	1.5К С
"She."	361 C
He gave me an irritated glance, "What?"	a
"I'm a she not a that," I explained.	<b>1</b> 7К
He ignored me and focused back on Khloe, who was rummaging through a lot of random papers behind the greeter's desk.	<b>*</b>
"I'm so sorry Luke, I don't understand what happened. We thought you were related."	448 C
"This has to be a joke," he said, looking around the room as if there were hidden cameras.	,282 C
Khloe now had tears in her eyes, "I didn't mean for you to be living with a rando like this. Especially thatone. I'll get my boss to fix this."	з.3К С
She ran into the backroom and came out seconds later with Mr Woodhouse, the Camp Director. His sunglasses were perched on his cap and he was eating a Cli bar. He was the woodsy type for sure.	84 0
"Luke!" Mr Woodhouse exclaimed, "Our national basketball champion! We're thrilled you agreed to this. You're raising the bar on our athletic capabilities by just being here."	190 C
Luke folded his muscular arms across his chest and nodded in my direction, "Why am I rooming with her?"	295
He does not beat around the bush.	ang Br
"It's an honest mistake, son. We thought you two were siblings. You live in the same house."	424 C
"We don't."	<b>4</b> 5
"We live across the street from each other," I said.	171 a
"We do?"	,854 C

"Yes Luke, we do," I mumbled, embarrassed that I was coming across as a creep.	212
Or a friendly neighbor. I mean, he should know this! I've lived across his house my whole life. He used to kick his soccer ball into our front	187 d
applications.	a ta
	185 a
Sort of.	ส⁴ ส³
"No, that's my house," he disagreed, reading aloud, "9 Dupont Avenue." "That's a nin@" Mr Woodhouse brought the page closer to his face,	,338 C
I leant over his shoulder to re-read the address myself. His 9 was	1,1K 286
	ପ ,891 ପ
	474 C
"So, you're not related," Mr Woodhouse contemplated the ramifications of our rooming situation, "Shit." "We could trade places," Khloe eagerly jumped in, "I volunteer to	<b>8</b> 8
What a sacrifice.	12к А10
"You're a female who's also not related to him," Mr Woodhouse pointed out how her solution solved none of the problems. "Luke, I could be in a lot of trouble for messing up your situation. You're the MVP here. Do you mind tolerating the girl for a few days until we figure something out? I'll reshu le the cabins, so you can sleep in whichever one you like. In the meantime, you both have separate bedrooms within the cabin." A yellow bus pulled up outside and we heard noises. Happy campers	Ъıк
Luke was unwilling to deal with that right now.	ත් ස්
"I'll give you three days to fix this," he growled, grabbing the keys from the desk, "Otherwise I'm out." No one asked me if I was ok with this arrangement. My opinion didn't	Тзк
seem to matter. Luke le . Mr Woodhouse returned to his o ice and Khloe took a couple deep meditative breaths to realign her chakra.	637 Cl
I get it. Luke can really mess up a girl's chakra.	937 0 132
Apple Cabin was a beautiful wooden cabin by a crystal blue lake. The interior was decorated with so rugs and wooden furniture. I dropped my du el bag in the kitchen area and found myself face-to-face with the devil himself.	а4 1,2К
"Who even writes a nine like that?" I snapped back. It's his fault we're	<b>a</b> °
	375 191
looks like a four!"	143 2.5К
"You're so immature." I scowled.	498 102
His smirk widened. I tried to ignore how flawless he looked. How his chiseled features were accentuated by his blue eyes and messy hair. How his presence	142 a
took over a room, like he could belong anywhere. And here I was; a	227 C
"I heard the campers arrive. I'll go collect our group," I said, backing out of the room and almost tripping over on my way out.	a
	256 0 305
	311 C
CRACK I screamed. I screamed like a maniac and was so spastic at taking my seatbelt o it took me three minutes. I slammed the car door open	a. A
and when I made it to the back, Luke was already kneeling. Of course, I wasn't registering who I was talking to or who I was dealing with. I literally ran up to him and dropped to my knees, falling against him. The force should have pushed him over, but he was strong and it didn't a ect him. With one arm he kept me steady, not even looking at me.	354 173
	310 64
"I'VE NEVER GOTTEN A TICKET IN MY LIFE! Once I almost ran over a raccoon in the driveway, but I swerved just in time and hit my	a
mother's flower pot, but it was ok because I saved the raccoon! I CAN'T believe I DID this!" I screamed. There were some other counselors and campers walking up the cobbled pathways to the neighboring cabins. They were all staring at	<b>1</b> ек
us now. Literally everyone. I couldn't tell how embarrassed Luke was to be seen with me –since emotion barely crossed his face– but I'm sure it was o the charts.	a²
	a
He waited for me to stop. Finally, he asked, "Are you done?" His voice was smooth and seductive. It instantaneously calmed me and, looking at him now, I felt like I was being transported to heaven. "Iglub gar fle fle," I gave up trying to speak. He got me tongue-	716 153
tied.	857 С 1.9К
**	461 35
"I didn't mean to destroy your stu," I said, "I'm a good driver I swear. I dodged a raccoon in my driveway once." He covered his beautiful face with his hand, "How is that story even a	,660 C
story?" "Well you had to be there; it was very dramatic at the time," I said, getting defensive about my story-telling.	262 150
"What's your name again?"	a 451 447
He shook his head, "Look, I don't care. Can you get back in your car so that I can get my bag and leave?" Luke wasn't too keen on my company. That was already obvious when he tried to trade out of our rooming arrangement. Now, I	114 Cl
"I" I felt bad. But I got in my car and he grabbed his bag and le , just like he said he would. The mouse-side of me wanted to stay here and hide. And usually, mouse-side wins. But today of all days, a more	a 153
	114 153
I called out to him in the middle of our driveway, just as he reached the threshold of our cabin door. He stopped, confused. I mustered up the courage and got out of the car. "You didn't let me	22 22 131
	<b>573</b>
"Hey. HEY!" I was surprised by my resolve, "You don't get to say things like that and leave. I don't care who you are, I'm trying to apologize here! And I'll pay you back for anything I ruined."	281 252
"You insinuating I'm cheap? I swear I'm going to pay you back for every cent that I owe you. Even if you don't deserve it. I mean, who leaves their bag on the ground in the first place?! That was a stupid-"	G
	326 A11
a brush of his hand.	188 6 70
It was the right thing to do.	40 30 147
Even if he was a jerk.	a

A/N: If you're wondering what the characters look like, I post	
photos and outfits on my Instagram @natalieinacorner. Let me	
know that you came from this chapter!	a
Bye!	a