## 03 | Russian Roulette

Thank you for the messages <3 A couple people asked me about	
posting schedule. I'll be posting every Friday and maybe some	
Wednesdays too. I can totally be convinced of that midweek	
update ;)	154 d
03   Russian Roulette	541
Sometimes, life can be a game of Russian roulette. We don't know when we're rolling the cylinder.	ď
For example, when I showed up at camp today, I never expected my number to be up. This summer, I was living with a sex symbol.	326 C
Luke Dawson.	<b>a</b> 6
What does he wear to bed? Does he chill with his shirt o ? Will my evenings become live screenings of Magic Mike?	<b>4</b> 59
Legitimate questions. I've heard what girls say about him	å
"What's that smell?"	<b>6</b> 89
"Nature."	a
I took a deep breath as Luke and I faced the 10 hyper campers racing up the path to our cabin, screaming and running around in circles. We had pulled the short straw – landing with the youngest set of campers (8-year-olds) to look a er.	
"No, I really smell something," I insisted.	a ma
"Not my problem."	55 5
"Do you think you can try being a decent person today?"	a
"Who says I'm not trying?"	346
Ugh.This boy.	a
He looked irresistible in a white shirt, black shorts and Nike zoom sneakers. His athletic physique was obvious. I've seen him like this before but usually it's behind the safety of my bedroom window. And usually without his cocky mouth ruining the look.	314 C
It's amazing how a personality can dent an iconic image. Do other people know he's an entitled, arrogant jerk? Or is that just my special treat?	95
"Someone help mel I've burnt the cookies!" a counselor from the	a

	8 <sup>4</sup> 30
Luke stared at the engraved name on our neighbor's cabin, paying no	2 <sup>32</sup>
"All the groups are named a er fruit," I said and watched his expression turn to disgust.	140 d
"Please! Can someone help?" she called out again, clearly looking at us. "Do you think she'll go away?" he asked, squinting under the	ส
	446 44
	đ
"You handle that," he referred to the absolute destruction going on inside our own cabin as he started to walk towards our friendly neighbor.	đ
"Are you seriously leaving me to this?" I called out. "Be kind to neighbors," he called back, and I could hearthe smirk in his voice.	204
What does he know about being kind to neighbors? I amhis neighbor.	138 a
	a a²
Luke never came back. I had to settle six di erent bunking	đ
disagreements like I was the United Nations. Then I found the first aid kit for a kid who bruised her knee climbing her bunkbed. And then I spent thirty minutes comforting a crying boy who missed his mummy. Not to mention getting them all to shut up so I could run them through the camp rules.	392
Finally, and I mean finally, a little bus came to take them to the mess hall for dinner. They billowed past me like a hurricane, while screaming out random foods.	a
	කී ති
"Nutella!"	a a²
OK, that kid's my favorite. I collapsed into a chair, exhausted. My clothes were already dirty, and my hair was all over the place. I probably even have worry lines	1.5K
etched into my forehead. I've aged a lot in the last four hours.	167 100
As I stepped outside, I breathed in the fresh air and gazed at the luscious green trees around me. A blue lake spread out before me.	548 30
Banana Cabin was identical to ours. Except that the counselors there had 13-year-old girls to look a er, so it was much calmer. They were	G
also at dinner now. I peered through a window and saw a dozen camp counselors hanging out in the kitchen. Someone had brought alcohol and they were all chilling together. Cool kids central, I guess.	248 0
I've never been invited. I saw Luke in the center of it all, leaning back in a chair with a beer in his hand. His carefree style was contagious. He genuinely looked	552
charming	a² 1
	a r
uncombed hair and wild eyes. I ducked into the bushes, overhearing someone say, "She fell into the bushes I don't know. Some weirdo watching us."	420 965
Oh my godJ prayed no one would find me. I stayed in hiding, no matter how uncomfortable it became. The little branches were rubbing against my skin and I was pretty sure an ant crawled into my	a
I looked up.	463 28
Luke was leaning out of the window, his arms casually crossed over the ledge. He didn't look surprised to see me. He probably expected it.	384 C
"Hi hey, how's it going? You fix the oven situation already?" I asked, pretending like this was no big deal. I hang out in bushes all the time.	291 C
"You ok down there?" "Me? Ok? Yeah" I exclaimed way too enthusiastically, and the movement made a branch hit the corner of my mouth. I spat out dirt,	164 0
"This is the best day." A smile crept at the corner of his lips.	450 840
** I was in the shower when Luke returned from our neighbor's cabin.	ä
She had gi ed him a tray of her cookies, which he did not touch. My gi was a few scratches on my legs and one on my cheek. My elbow was a bit red too.	123 C
Steam clouded the air as I turned the heat up. I take hot showers and turn them into my own personal concert. So I had no idea Luke was home, since I was too busy singing.	598
"PLEASE HAVE MERCY ON ME, TAKE IT EASY ON MY HEART. EVEN THOUGH YOU DON'T MEAN TO HURT ME-"	598 C
	260
"Is a cat dying in here?"	257 1.8K
	190 50
Sometimes the heat can make you see things. Or else, this was the beginning of a porno.	537 C
I watched a dark shadow form on the other side of the curtain – the outline of a tall boy with broad shoulders. Like a Color Me book, I filled in the rest.	186 0
His confident, deep voice answered from the other side. "Singing	493
	а <sup>5</sup> 2.2К
Kill me now.	237 277
I have not gone through this much humiliation in a while. First, I end up in the bushes under a window and now I sing like a dying cat "I'll stop singing," I granted him his mercy, "If you get out of my	ส์
	යි රැ
"Luke! Now!"	සී ි
What was he doing? Was he going to join me? I was not ready for him to see me naked. We just spoke for the first time in my life today and now this has escalated-	381 C
"Stop freaking out. I'm not hitting on you." "So what are you doing?!" I was getting impatient. The shampoo was	381
	a
dripping down my neck like goo.	112 d
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