

07 | Broken Record

- Should I post another chapter tomorrow?? Vote and comment to let me know!!** [41](#)
- Chapter 07: Broken Record** [42](#)
- I was in trouble. [59](#)
- Luke Dawson and Austin Tayler stood angrily in front of me. Two boys that make your knees weak on any day... had my knees trembling today. [276](#)
- Steam was coming out of Luke's ears. He was furious and Austin did not want to get involved. [36](#)
- "I'm just going to leave you two to...do what you do," Austin backed away, taking his shirt off so he could enjoy the beach in peace. [165](#)
- No, come on! Who'll be my buddy now? [58](#)
- There was no one between Luke and me. Luke likes to box and I was sure I looked like a punching bag to him right now. I was sweating. [54](#)
- He inhaled. He exhaled. I couldn't take it anymore. [16](#)
- I tried to be optimistic, "At least we're all alive and well..." [204](#)
- "You call this well?!" [16](#)
- "Fine. Alive. At least we're all alive." [79](#)
- "Do you know what could have happened to you in there?! You got in the middle of a fight. Are you **crazy!**" [904](#)
- Woah, woah, hold up. This was not how I expected it to go. [59](#)
- I cleared my throat, "Let me get this straight... You're, uh, you're angry that I'm hurt?" [237](#)
- It took a moment for him to react. Then he said, "Only you would be flattered when I yell at you." [522](#)
- "You always yell at me, so I wouldn't exactly be upset." [114](#)
- "I wouldn't yell if you weren't getting us f*cked up." [241](#)
- "I was doing you a favor." [8](#)
- He paused, "How does your crazy mind figure that one out? You abandoned position to hang out with a middle-aged man." [399](#)
- "He saved the situation. Thanks to my new friend, your debts are forgiven. You don't need to run away, the leather jacket gang went astray and let us to enjoy this beautiful day... Wow, I just rhymed." I took a moment to admire my language skills, "A bit like Shakespeare." [1.6K](#)
- Luke stood there, staring at me in disbelief. [32](#)
- "I don't have the energy to normalize that comment," he said, and that's when I realized the extent of his injuries. [85](#)
- He had a bruised jaw and a black eye and who knows what else under his shirt. I don't know how he managed to take on so many of them and not be broken himself. I kinda felt guilty. [70](#)
- "You're injured-" I reached out to him, but a pain shot through my side, "OW!" [54](#)
- Being in the middle of the fight had its side effects. I hadn't realized but I had gotten hurt too. [38](#)
- "Ow," I whined, "Luke, it hurts." [1.5K](#)
- I sounded like a baby, but this thing hurt like a mother- [132](#)
- Luke smirked, "I hope the pain won't stop you from enjoying the beautiful day, Shakespeare." [771](#)
- I was ready to hit the boy. [62](#)
- Oh no, wait, someone had already done that. Inner victory. [460](#)
- ** [51](#)
- The sunset faded behind the ocean and a cool breeze settled over us. We were lying in sunbeds on the beach. Austin handed me another chilled beer can. It wasn't the idyllic picture it looked to be. [7](#)
- I pressed the can against my rib. "Ow. The pain." [134](#)
- "We get it. You're in pain. Enough with the broken record." [287](#)
- My injury was nothing compared to theirs, but I was milking it. I hadn't changed tune all afternoon and I knew they felt guilty. I reached for the last cool beer, but Luke grabbed it, cracked it open and drank it. [77](#)
- "HEY!" [59](#)
- He ignored me. Luke glanced back at the trash can two sunbeds behind us. He raised his hand to shield his eyes from the sun and aimed. The can went soaring in a perfect arc and clanged into the trash. [18](#)
- Two girls behind us started clapping. I don't know where they came from. "That was amazing! Are you a professional basketball player or something?" [264](#)
- "No," he said gruffly. [42](#)
- "Even if you're not famous, you're really cute. Can we get a picture with you?" [282](#)
- "No." [75](#)
- "What about your phone number?" [39](#)
- Austin and I turned around at the same time, "NO!" [494](#)
- They blinked at us. Their attention then honed in on Austin, "Hey, you're really cute too. What's your-" [512](#)
- "OK, let's go," Austin said, "It's getting late." [26](#)
- "Who's driving?" I asked. [7](#)
- "Not you. You are not touching the driver seat," Luke answered. [260](#)
- He still thinks I'm a bad driver?! Well, to be fair, I did run over his laptop and then forgot to drive the getaway car... [256](#)
- "You get a real kick out of insulting me," I commented dryly. [6](#)
- "No," he answered, "I get a migraine after-" [61](#)
- I kicked him. [154](#)
- "What the hell?!" [14](#)
- "I get a kick out of it too." [853](#)
- That was for drinking my beer can. [79](#)
- ** [28](#)
- "I'll drive until we get to my car," Austin volunteered, sliding his surfboard onto the back of Luke's jeep, "It's parked on the other side of the beach." [26](#)
- "You can sit in the front," Luke told me, and even opened the door for me. [242](#)
- I was surprised he was being such a gentleman, but when I saw him stretch out across the back seats, I was instantly jealous. He closed his eyes and fell asleep. For once, he looked innocent. [79](#)
- Gentleman, my ass. [177](#)
- Austin caught me staring at him in the rearview mirror. "Like what you see?" [498](#)
- "No!" I blushed and looked away. [202](#)
- We drove without incident along the strip. The beach remained on our left side as the sun started to set over the calm waters. I rested my head against the windowpane, as the steady hum of the engine lulled me into a sleep. [34](#)
- When we reached Austin's car, we stopped. I opened my eyes to find Luke already out of the car. He popped the trunk open, sliding Austin's surfboard out. [4](#)
- "Didn't he get injured?" I asked, "He acts like he wasn't hurt at all." [43](#)
- "That boy is a natural athlete. His body recovers fast." Austin said, pulling his shirt up to look at his own wounds. [210](#)
- I tried super hard not to stare at the rock-hard abs. Luke waited for Austin outside his car. He handed him his surfboard and they exchanged a bro hug. I waved at Austin from the passenger seat and watched him walk away. [37](#)
- The door opened, and Luke slid into the driver seat. He took his sunglasses from the dashboard and put them on his flawless face. He flashed me a charming white smile. [87](#)
- "Missed me?" [1.1K](#)
- I rolled my eyes. [47](#)