

Chapter 17

👤 Rose's pov 👤

I was wrong, so wrong. "Hold her feet up Luke!" I cried while trying to wipe the poop off Ashley's bum.

"That's what I'm doing!" He argued, pushing her legs apart so I can clean up the poop better. The smell reaches my nose and I gag.

"I give up, I give up, look your turn." I say and throw the wipe at Luke. It lands on his face and he peels it off, his face wrenches in disgust.

"Please tell me that wipe doesn't have Ashley's poop." His eyes clenches shut, like he was in pain. I bite my bottom lip to stifle a laugh.

"Open your eyes dimwit, it's a clean wipe. Maybe I should've thrown a dirty one at your face, it looks like it needs it." I laughed holding Ashley's leg. Luke opens his eyes to send me a menacing glare.

He then throws the wipe at my face and it clings to my cheek. I grit my teeth, drop Ashley's leg and remove the wipe from my face. Luke laughs at me while Ashley stares at us confused. Poor kid didn't know her shit was literally killing us.

Luke and I stared at each other in alarm when a pfft sound comes from Ashley followed by a toot. We snap our eyes towards her bum and watch as the poop come out, filling the already filled pamper. I gagged and looked away. "I thought you said she was done shitting?" I argued, glaring at Luke who was busy pinching his nose.

"I'm not an expert Rose! You're the woman here anyway, don't you know this stuff?" He argues back, his voice coming out squeaky from pinching his nose.

"Do I look like I know this stuff?" I hissed and looked at Ashley. "Oh baby, what did you eat?" I cried. It's been two hours since Lily and Asher left.

Ashley had just gotten up from her long nap and Luke had begrudgingly discovered that she had pooped. Unfortunately the guy couldn't clean her up on his own so I offered my help, not knowing that it would be a difficult task. Wiping my ass was easy but a baby's a whole other level.

"Roro poop?" Little Ashley asks. I freeze staring at her. Did she just ask if I poop? Luke confirms it when he laughs, even snorting in the process.

"Yeah Roro did you poop?" Luke joked, laughing hysterically. I snapped my head to his and scowled. Roro was what Ashley called me, either she couldn't pronounce my name or she chose to settle with this nickname. I couldn't complain, I loved it.

"Lukey poop?" Ashley questioned, confused. Now it was my turn to laugh as Luke's face screwed up with distaste. He grumble while urging me to clean her up. When we were done, I picked her up and threw the dirty pamper to Luke.

"Throw that in the trash would you." It was a statement and not a question. "Along with your face." I snorted. He hold the pamper up with his thumb and index finger and pinched his nose with his free hand.

"Don't act like you don't like my handsome face Rose." He boasted and started walking away. I followed him out of the room as I carried Ashley, her weight resting on my hip with my arm wrapped around her small body.

I watch as he throws the dirty pamper in the bin and walks to the sink to wash his hand. Ashley tugs my blonde strands and I look down to face her. My lips split in a smile as I watch her be fascinated by my hair. When I turn back to face Luke, I find him already staring at me, something strange gleaming in his eyes.

He clears his throat when he notices that I caught him and strides to the fridge. "I'll cook dinner tonight." He states. I raise my brows and walk over to him. He bends down to take something and the sweat pants he wore cling to his firm buttocks.

I nibble on my bottom lip, liking the way they looked. I've seen them without clothes and they were a sight to see, if only it was under different circumstances that day.

At that second he gets up and turns to face me, clearly catching me in the act. "Were you just checking out my bum?" His voice held restrained amusement.

I tear my eyes away feeling my face heat up with embarrassment. "I was not." Even to my own ears I didn't sound a bit convincing. He chuckles, the sound making me look at him. His eyes twinkle with mischief as he scans my body. "It's only fair if you let me do the same." He laughs but I could hear the sincerity in his voice.

I scowled even though my heart was beating hysterically in my chest at his suggestion. "I was staring at the milk, what makes you think that I would want to be scarred again by your ass?" My tone held a bitter resentment and I knew he could sense it. It was very obvious that I was referring to that day I caught him fucking the woman. The day I never knew a man could hurt me so much and we weren't even together.

The mirth left his eyes and it dulls. I felt guilty that I had broken the little conversation we were having, we were actually getting along. Well being more civil to each other that is. "What are you cooking?" I asked, trying to break the tension that was suffocating the both of us.

He shrugs and moves his eyes to Ashley. "I don't know. What do you want little Ash?" He asks and comes towards us to tickle her sides. She giggles, her loose curly hair bouncing with her movement.

"Lukey." She whined, wanting to get away from his torturous fingers. "Roro help." She squealed, hugging my body as if it would stop Luke antics. I laughed and backed away. "That's enough Luke." I giggled holding her small body to my own.

His finger graze my stomach and we froze. He didn't remove his finger as his eyes come to find my own. And our eyes clash, blue and brown, staring into each other's soul. I could feel the pounding of my heart, it's rhythm uncontrollable. It felt like I was drowning in those pools of blue and I didn't seem to care. Neither did he.

"Roro?" Ashley mumbles.

And just like that I was out of the trance. Luke jerks his hand away and backs away from us. I looked at Ashley and give her a soft smile. She giggled and lay her head on my shoulder.

"Should I be worried that I'd get poisoned by what you'll be cooking? We can order takeout?" I joked wanting to ease the tension.

But this tension wasn't awkward, it was far from it. It was sexual tension and I think we both could feel it. A lazy grin grows on his face and my stomach tightens. "Don't worry, I won't poison you. Well at least not yet." He jokes.