

## Chapter 18

👁️ Rose's pov 👁️

I placed Ashley in her wooden high chair. I saunter to the cupboard and pull out the colorful cereal Lily had once informed me was Ashley's favorite. I took out a small bowl and filled it with some colorful pebble like cereal. I walked over to an eager looking Ashley and placed it before her.

Her grabby hands reaches out and takes a handful, stuffing her face. I giggled and poked her cheeks. "You're just like aunty." I cooed. Though she ignored me as she ate like she was starved. She probably was.

"You're good with her." Luke says, completely startling me. For a second it was so quiet that I totally forgot his presence by being so engrossed by Ashley. You couldn't blame me, the kid was pretty and would seriously break hearts when she grows up.

I turned to stare at him and send a shy smile. "You think so?" I ask, walk over to the counter and slide onto it. I made sure Ashley was in my line of vision before turning to face Luke. His head was tilted to the side, he was observing me and I shifted uncomfortably.

He nods and starts chopping onions. "Yeah, you'll be a great mother someday." He says lowly. My mind went blank as I stared at him. His head was down, focused on chopping the onions or making sure he didn't chop his fingers.

How did this conversation end up here?

"So have you decided on what you're cooking?" I tried to change the subject. It was awkward talking about this with him, normally we banter until our mouths hurt.

He lifts his head and cocks a perfectly shaped brow. "Are you trying to change the topic? What, are you scared talking about babies? I thought girls love talking about this shit." He snorts.

I rolled my eyes and folded my hands. His eyes snap to my chest area and I quickly drop my hands back on my thigh. "Eyes up here pervert." I suddenly felt very naked and underdressed in his presence.

The vest I had chosen to wear clung to my body like a second skin. It didn't help that my breasts were ready to spill out at any second. I hadn't taken heed of how I dressed earlier, I was too busy trying to clean up a toddler.

Luke chuckles and goes back to chopping the rest of the onions. "I'm making spaghetti and meatballs." He says, reminding me that I had asked him the question earlier.

I studied him, every part of him that wasn't hidden by the counter. He looked very focused on his task, his muscles flexed with every cut he made. I nibble on my bottom lip and averted my eyes.

I didn't understand why he seemed to insist on having a conversation with me earlier. It wasn't his usual. "What game are you playing at?" I voiced out my thoughts before I could think. He stops chopping the onions and looks at me stunned.

Then his lips quirks in the smallest of smiles at the corners. "What do you mean?" His blue eyes study me. I let out an irritated breath and passed my hands through the tangles of my hair.

"Why are you talking to me like we're friends now, what game are you playing?" I asked, my voice holding a tiny tinge of accusation. He stares at me before throwing his head back to let out a booming laugh. It startles Ashley a bit before she goes back to eating the cereal.

I folded my arms again completely annoyed that he was taking this as a joke. I didn't care that my boobs were ready to spill out or that he could see the peaks of my nipples through the shirt. I hadn't worn a bra and now I was regretting it.

"How is this funny?" I demanded, my lips curling up into a scowl. His laughter dies down until it was just low chuckles then it finally ceases. "You're funny blonde." He chuckles and goes to put the onions in a pan.

"I'm not playing a game if that's what you're worried about." He turns around to stare at me and smirks. "I promised Asher that I'll be on my best behavior and I'll try to be civil with you." He finishes and walks over to me.

I tense wondering why he was heading my way but when he reaches out beside me to take the opened can of tomato sauce I got my answer. He was so close that I could feel the heat radiating off his skin, the way he smelled of freshly fallen rain and the way his eyes seem to find mine the moment he clutched the can.

His eyes stayed locked into mine, not wavering once. My pulse quickened and I could feel the heat traveling in my body until it settled in my lower stomach. He pulls his hand and the can accidentally hits my thigh, the contents come spilling out. I gasp when the sauce is thrown onto my skin, the liquid lands on my thigh near the trim of my cotton grey shorts.

Luke's eyes bulges out in shock then he quickly places the almost half empty can back on the counter. He snaps his eyes to my thigh and winces. "Fuck sorry." He apologizes and quickly gets a napkin.

I look at the mess that was on my legs and groaned. I now smell of tomato sauce might as well turn into one. Luke starts cleaning up the mess and slows down when he reaches dangerously close to the trim of my shorts.

I stiffen when his finger grazes my flesh and watch him tense up, his breathing becoming heavier at the second. His head snaps to mine, and heated eyes stared into the depths of my soul.

I feel frozen in place when his finger slowly slips under the trim of the shorts. His eyes pierced into my own, my breathing became ragged as his finger heated up a trail.

His eyes falls down to rest on my lip and it glazed over with raw desire. "Rose." He grunts like he was in pain. His head was dangerously coming nearer. My entire body tingles and I suppress a moan.

"Roro more." Ashley demands.

And it was like cold water was thrown onto me. I hopped off the counter, pushing Luke away in the process. I was so embarrassed to look at him that I quickly walked over to Ashley to fill up her bowl again. She smiles then starts munching on the colorful cereal.

I stiffen when I hear Luke clear his throat and I waited for him to speak without turning to face him. "Do you still want me to clean up the sauce off your thigh?" His voice comes out sounding desperate but I pushed the thought away.

I didn't turn to him while I answer. "No it's fine, I'll just go and wash it off in the shower." I looked at the sauce currently on my thigh, it wasn't much. "Will it be a problem if I go have a quick shower and leave Ashley here?" I asked still avoiding to look at him.

"Yeah go ahead." He answers, poorly concealing his disappointment.