

Chapter 20

👁️ Rose's pov 👁️

After the call from Lily, I slid the phone in the pocket of my sweatpants. My eyes darted everywhere else but Luke, who I knew was staring at me. I could feel his stare as I sat back down on the stool beside him. I picked up the fork and twirl spaghetti around it.

"So we're not going to talk about what just happened?" Luke questions, breaking the awkward silence.

"There's nothing to talk about." I shrugged, still swirling that damn spaghetti that refuse to stay on the fork. He was silent for a while and I had thought he would just let the situation slide, but I was wrong.

"So you're saying that I wasn't just about to kiss you and that you would've let me?" He asked. I snap my eyes to face him, my eyes heated up with rage.

"I wasn't going to let you kiss me, it was just in the heat of the moment, I lost some senses back then." I hissed glaring into his blue orbs. His eyes turned to steel as he scowled. His body turning to face me completely.

"Heat of the fucking moment, what are we five? Let's act like adults Rose and confess that we were actually going to makeout." He snaps.

I scowled, my lips curling at the corners. "What, then you'd leave, hop in your fucking expensive car and pick up a random bitch to fuck, preferably in a bathroom since you like them nasty." I snarled, dropping my fork on the plate, it makes a clinking sound as it hits the glass.

He glowers, jaw clenched from holding his anger. "So that's what's it about, the day of the wedding?" He asked through clenched teeth. "This is why you've been such an uptight bitch ever since."

I gasp and before I could think, I raise my hands to slap him across his face. I freeze and he does too. My eyes fall to my hand in shock, I pull them to my side and looked at Luke. His head was snapped to the side from the force of my hands. "Luke I-" I started, my voice heavy with regret.

In a swift movement he gets off the stool. "Save it." He grumbles and starts walking away. I stumble off the stool and walk to reach his pace. "Where are you going?" I questioned when he takes his car keys on the table.

He doesn't turn to me when he answers. "To do exactly what you think I would've done if we kissed. I'll pick up a woman and fuck her tonight." His voice is void of any emotion, so cold that my heart froze. He opens the door. "Don't wait up." Was the last thing he said before slamming the door shut.

I hear the screeching of the tires before I hear him drive off. I stare at the door blankly as tears pricked my eyes. My throat felt impossibly tight as I swallowed back a sob. I lift a hand to rake through my tangled strands, cursing at myself for slapping him.

We were making progress, speaking civil to each other, now I messed it up. I wiped the skin underneath my eyes and took one last glance at the door before walking back to finish eating. But I couldn't, my appetite was long gone as time passes and the food gets cold. I push the plate away from me and stared at the food.

I then took out my phone to check the time, it read 10:32. I sighed and slid it back in my pocket. I got off the stool and walked to the living room. I was worried about Luke, he left in such a fit of rage that I was fearful that he would do something reckless.

I flopped down on the couch and bring my feet up under my chin. I wanted to talk to him and make sure that he was alright. I scowled at myself for even caring, he perfectly made it clear that he didn't give a fuck, he was probably balls deep in a hoe like he said he would be.

Even though that thought enraged me I couldn't bring myself to head to bed, I needed to know if he comes home safely and in one piece. Why do you care Rose? I asked myself and didn't have the answer to.

I reached for the remote and put on the TV. I clicked through channels until I found one of the animations I loved but even that couldn't bring me out of my dampened mood. The constant ticking sound of the clock as time passes by gets me irritated. I was now staring at the television blankly, its sound just a whisper in my ears as I zoned it out completely.

My eyes shift to the clock, it was now 12:50 and still no sign of Luke. I let out a breath, I wish I had his number so I could've called him. But sadly I didn't and now there was no way I could get in touch with him and know if he's alright.

I lay my body down fully and curl up on the couch. I stare at the television and let out a yawn. A few minutes later I find my eyes start to flutter close as I drift off to sleep. The last thing on my mind was Luke and if he would come back soon.

I feel arms wrap around my body until I'm pressed to a warm solid body. I was so tired that I couldn't find it in me to wake up and see who was now holding my body to their own. Whoever it was held me with one hand under my bum and the other under my neck as support.

I could tell that whoever it was, was male from how I could feel the muscles through his thin shirt. I found myself snuggling closer to that warm body and taking a whiff of his cologne. It was when the pleasant scent of freshly fallen rain reach my nostrils that I realized it was Luke who was the one carrying me.

I wanted to ask him questions, if he was alright, if he slept with a girl tonight, though it wasn't supposed to be my business. But I couldn't find myself to wake up and ask him since I know it would only make us banter.

He lays me down on something soft and pulls the cover over my body. I could feel him loom over me as he brushes some of my strands away from my face and tucks them behind my ear. "Sleep well blondie." He whispers before I hear his footsteps fading away.