

## Chapter 21

🌀 Luke's pov 🌀

My knuckles are gripping the steering wheel in a deathly clutch as I speed through and weave my way around cars. I was driving for a good couple of hours, not knowing where I was heading, not even caring. I clenched my teeth and could still feel the slight sting of her palm hitting my cheek. I was furious, fucking furious.

I moved a hand away from the steering wheel to rake through my blonde mane. An irritated breath leaves my lips and I slammed a hand on the steering wheel in frustration. It hasn't been a full day yet and we're back to square one.

There's loud music and way too loud chatter up ahead. I drove a bit further and found out that it was a bar. People were littered outside, doing sinful things that would probably make a priest throw holy water onto them.

My eyes darted up to the bright glowing sign and read it ,dangon. What an odd name to name a bar. Yet I didn't care and parked beside it. For a minute I just stayed in the car trying to ration my own thoughts.

The people outside stared at the car in awe and confusion. Probably wondering who owned such an expensive car and had decided to park beside a bar that was no doubt filled with criminals who wouldn't second guess to steal it. Their voices were drowned out as I stared blankly at the dashboard.

What was I doing here? A picture of a beautiful blonde woman floats through my mind and I'm reminded why I had chosen to drive out into the night in the first place. I pulled the keys out of the ignition and swung the car door open then locked it. As soon as I was out, the voices stopped until they started to murmur.

I scan the crowd that seemed to be entranced by my car and I rolled my eyes. I proceeded to the bar, brushing past sweaty people who still gawked at the sight of me. I found myself heading to the bar and sat down on one of the empty stools.

The air felt stuffy and the smell of marijuana and perspiration reaches my nose. Red light surrounds the entire inside of the bar, making it difficult to see faces clear from where I was seated.

I leaned my hand on the bar top and turned to face the bartender. A woman with dark hair greets me, her lipstick so bold that it would be noticed instantly. "A full glass of whiskey." I shout over the loud music.

Her eyes danced around my features, drinking everything in. A sultry smile grows on her face and she tilts her head to the side. "What is a handsome guy like you doing at a bar?" She shouts over the music and tucks a strand of hair behind her ear.

I leaned over the bar, making sure that my face was close to hers. I could see her gulp and I let my lips curl up into a smile of satisfaction. "To fuck." I half lied and pulled away. Smirking when her eyes get darker.

She pushes herself on the bar, her forearm bracing on the counter. Her boobs are now directly in my line of vision and I couldn't help but let my eyes stray to them. But they didn't do anything but make me feel revolted. Her cheeks brush my rough one as she whispers in my ear. "Maybe I could help with that."

Her voice has a pitch to it, something I found annoying. I pull away from her and looked directly into her eyes. "Just get me that fucking drink." My voice is sharp and I watch as she wrenches back in shock before nodding.

I sighed staring around me. There were many beautiful women here tonight. I could easily get one of them in my bed. But none was that little blonde temptress that seemed to rile me up. The woman comes back with the drink, her hands brushing purposely against my own as she hands it to me.

"If you change your mind, my shift ends in ten minutes. We could go to my place, I promise I'll show you a good time." She whispers coyly. I didn't answer her as I took a swig of my drink, loving the way the liquid burned down my throat.

When she notices I didn't answer her she walks away to tend to another person. Her hips swayed with every step and I watched it intently. Usually seeing this would get me turned on but not tonight. A blonde haired woman haunts my thoughts and I found it difficult to even stare at another woman for too long.

This is why I came here in the first place, to do exactly what she thought of me and I just couldn't find myself to do it. Wasn't that what you wanted in the first place? To let her hate you enough to stay away? And it was, but why the fuck was I trying to make a move on her when I clearly didn't want her to get close to me?

I took a last swig of my drink, slapped a twenty on the table and placed the glass on top of it. I got off the stool and headed out. Why would I bother staying here when I couldn't even find another woman attractive enough to get laid. I was a fucking mess. She made me a mess.

I pushed past people to get to my car, they had crammed around it, staring at it in fascination. "Back the fuck away from my car." I grumbled as I unlocked the door and slid in. As soon as I closed the door and put the key in the ignition I drove off, leaving the people gaping at how fast I sped down. I wouldn't have been surprised if I had actually left them in the dust.

The journey back to Asher's is filled with silence as my thoughts are racing through my mind. I was contemplating if to apologize to her since I was the one who started it in the first place. If I hadn't called her a bitch she wouldn't have slapped me.

I didn't even know what had gotten into me for calling her that unforgiving word, I just remember feeling a sudden rage when she mentioned fucking in the bathroom. I knew she was referring to the day I had stupidly went to bang the wedding planner in the bathroom, the day she saw me and I had done nothing but stared at her while I continued to plunge into the woman.

I regretted it so bad, that night I scrubbed myself in the shower for hours, wanting to forget the mistake I had made. I was stupid, an ignorant fool that thought if I could just sleep with another woman then I wouldn't have to face the emotions she only seemed to awake inside of me.

I spent hours reciting an apology I would say to her but everytime we crossed paths, the way she ignored me completely fucking hurt and I couldn't bring myself to speak to her. She had every right to give me the cold shoulder. I deserved it.