

Chapter 22

🌀 Luke's pov 🌀

I pull up to the house, all lights seem to be turned off, leaving the entire house in darkness. I yank the key out of the ignition and lean back on the seat.

For a second I just stay there, staring at the house. It was like I was waiting for something, someone, to come out and yell at me for not coming in earlier.

I knew it was late, I had checked my phone earlier. Some part of me hoped Rose had stayed up to wait for me, but I scowled a second later at the thought.

Why would she care when I've been nothing but a jerk to her? I laughed with no humor in my voice. I was such a hypocrite, I wasn't much different from Asher when he met Lily. I hated how I treated Rose yet I couldn't stop.

I finally got the courage to get out of the car. The air was chilly and everywhere was so quiet. I locked the car and proceeded to the house, my hands in the pockets of my pants. I halted before the door contemplating if to knock, though I doubt she'll hear if she's sleeping in her room.

I didn't know if she had locked it when I stormed out but I settled to go with my instincts and reach out to turn the doorknob. It slowly opens, I let out a breath and entered in. I closed the door behind me quietly, afraid that I would wake them with my sudden arrival.

After locking it I had intended to head to my room but the soft glow coming from the living room has me heading there instead. I flick on the light switch on the way. I'm surprised to see the television on and even more stunned to see Rose on the couch, fast asleep. My heart lurches as I ogle at her.

I find myself taking soft steps towards her, staring at how she was curled up and with hair sprawled on her cheeks messily. I loom over her watching her chest move up and down slowly. Every now and then she would let out a snore that I found cute and scrunch her nose in the most adorable way.

I sucked in my bottom lip, drinking in all of her alluring features. She really was one of the most beautiful woman I've ever seen and I hated myself for hurting her that day. I sighed and reach down to pick her up. I couldn't let her sleep on the couch and wake up with a sore neck tomorrow.

I pull her tiny warm body to mine, liking the way she fit perfectly in my arms. It was like she was made for me and that thought thrilled me more than it should. Her head shifts a tad bit as she brings her body closer to mine. Her nose is pressed on my shirt and I feel her take a sniff before she moans softly.

Fuck. She's sleeping and still manages to turn me on. Either she didn't know the effect she had on me or she chose to do it on purpose. I started walking with her small body snuggled in my arms and advanced to her room.

A little naughty thought in my head wanted me to bring her in my room just to see her reaction when she wakes up but I thought better of it. She wasn't like other girls I've been with, she was different and that's what I love about her.

So if by chance I had actually gone with that naughty little voice, I would've surely ended up in the hospital. I smirked when she continues to breath in my scent like it was a drug. I didn't find it odd one bit if anything it was adorable.

Her door was parted so I kicked it open using my foot and walked over to her bed. I laid her down gently, pulled the covers over her and draw back. For a few seconds I just stare at her, loving the way the moonlight casted a soft glow over her face because of the opened curtain.

Her blonde hair is sprawled on the pillow, lips puckered up in a pout and eyebrows furrowed. I wanted nothing more but to reach out and remove those creases in her forehead but didn't want to scare her.

She was a rare beauty, one that you'll want to have by your side twenty four seven. I wanted her, wanted her so badly that it was starting to physically hurt. But she was innocent, too innocent for me, I would just end up ruining her with the demons I had locked up deep inside of me. Demons I didn't want her to see.

I lean over and tuck a tendril behind her ear. I wanted so badly to just lean down a little further and kiss those lips I'd been dying to kiss from the moment we met. But I didn't, instead I whispered softly. "Sleep well blondie." And before I could do exactly what I was thinking turned around to exit the room.

I close the door softly behind me and pass a hand over my face in frustration. I plod over to Ashley's room, wanting to know if she was sleeping peacefully. And she was. I flicked on the switch and watch her small body on the bed, her little snores that could barely be heard reaches my ears. Not wanting to wake her up I switch off the light and closed the door quietly before heading to my room.

I kicked the door closed behind me, not too hard to wake any of the girls. I started to peel off my shirt when my phone starts ringing in my pocket. My hands work quickly as I finish peel the shirt off all the way and throw it on the bed. My hands dig inside my pocket to retrieve the phone.

The light is so bright that it leaves me squinting, trying to adjust to its intensity. The name that is popped up on the screen has my stomach dropping in anxiety. Father. Why was he calling me at such an hour? Why was he calling me at all when we haven't spoken in a year?

All these thoughts keep racing in my head. My finger looms over the answer button but I'm frozen. One part of me wants to answer, the other wants to call it a night and sleep. So I just let it ring and watch as it stops. I haven't seen my parents for a year or more, not since I moved out. So why now, why is he calling me now?