

Chapter 28

🔒 Rose's pov 🔒

My eyes narrow before I roll them in irritation. "Don't call me baby." I mumbled.

His smirk widens, mirth dancing in those blue eyes of his. "You're going to have to get used to it baby since I'll be calling you it tomorrow." He crosses his arm and leans on the doorframe.

"Well tomorrow isn't here yet, stick to Rose." I argued and bent down to pick up the fallen tomatoes. When I stand up and turn back around I'm surprised to see him close.

"Nah I think I like the word baby much better, it suits you." His lips tugs into a crooked grin. I suck in a breath and walk over to the counter to place the tomatoes.

It was my way of trying to distract myself from how yummy he looked right now. I don't think I was hungry for food anymore, I was hungry for something more, something only Luke could give me.

I then walked to the sink with the tomatoes that had fallen and open the faucet so the water could pour over them.

I brush off his words, not wanting to make a fool out of myself. All the while his intense eyes are on me, watching my every move like a hawk.

I grab a knife from the drawer and placed the chopping board on the counter. His stare unnerves me and I couldn't help but feel self-conscious. I nibble on my bottom lip, put the tomatoes on the chopping board and started cutting.

"What are you cooking?" Luke ask, his voice holds a bit of fascination. I could feel his stare and shifted slightly. I shrugged nonchalantly. "Spaghetti and meatballs." I answered.

He gives off a low laugh. I'm surprised to feel the little jolt that travels through my stomach at the sound. "So you're going to attempt to cook the meal I did last night?"

The amusement in his voice makes me grit my teeth. "I won't attempt to do it, because I can. I promise you that it'll even taste better than yours." I defend. The knife I hold in my hand continues to cut through the vegetable.

"You're cutting the tomatoes wrong by the way." He pointed out. I could tell by his tone that he was holding himself from laughing.

My brows furrowed in confusion as I look down at the tomatoes. Nothing seems off about the way I cut them. "There isn't a specific way to cut tomatoes Luke."

My breath gets stuck in my throat when I feel him come up behind me. His front pressed to my back leaving no space. I could feel everything and my mind goes blank for a second.

My heart thuds in my chest when he brings one of his hands to wrap around my waist. His fingertips pressing into my soft flesh. His other hand comes to wrap around my hand that I was chopping the tomatoes and stops my movements.

His head dips, lips brushing my ear as he says softly. "You could've cut your fingers off with the way you held it. This is how you cut tomatoes Rose." He shows me by guiding my hands.

But I couldn't think properly with his body pressed to mine like that. My breath is shaky, skin already heating up by the close proximity. Jolts of pleasure swarms my lower belly and I could hear Luke's own breathing become ragged.

We both are itching to touch each other, do what we wanted to do a long time ago. I could tell I wasn't the only one affected by the hard thing poking at my back. It thrilled me to know that I had done this to him.

But before things could escalate I decided to stop it. I drop the knife and use his moment of shock to move out of his hold. "I don't feel up to cooking anymore." I stated, still feeling the tension in my body.

"I'll finish cooking, although you didn't start in the first place." He tried to joke to ease the tension. But at the moment I couldn't find it funny. How could I when his eyes are still dark with raw desire? How could I when I still feel my body heated up by just his touch?

I nodded. "Thank you." I pointed to the living room. "I'll just be in the living room." I say and turn around, not staying to hear his response. I was fucking embarrassed by my reaction. Since when does a guy occupy my thoughts for so long, in fact at all?

Thirty minutes later he called me over to eat. The meal was good but we stayed silent. We were too busy fighting with our thoughts to engage in a conversation. After we were done Luke had mentioned a movie. He wanted to watch it together. It was his way of trying to ease the tension that was building up.

I agreed and we found ourselves in the living room watching the hangover. I was curled up on the sofa laughing at the humorous parts of the film. I didn't dare look in his direction afraid that he'll catch me looking. But during my laughing fits I could feel his gaze piercing at the sides of my face.

I would place my palm over my mouth to stifle my laugh, in case it was the few snorts that got out that had caught his attention. Half way through the movie I could feel my eyes become droopy. Exhaustion had finally caught up to me.

I shifted on the sofa, trying to get comfortable. I ended up throwing my feet over Luke's thighs, not caring if he protested and lean my head on a throw pillow. He surprises me when he places his hands on my feet and starts rubbing it soothingly.

Within seconds I've fallen asleep with the noise of the television in the background. Later on I feel my feet being lifted and afterwards felt the presence of someone hovering over me. I knew it was Luke and snuggled up to his chest when he lifts me in his arms.

"I'm heavy." I say drowsily.

"You weigh like a feather blondie." He chuckles. The movement felt nice against my cheek. I couldn't find it in me to answer him back, too tired. After what felt like ages but was probably a few minutes he places me down gently on my bed. Well I hope it was mine. I was too lazy to open my eyes to see what room he placed me in.

He pulls the covers over my body and brushes my hair away from my face. He leans over me and I feel his warm breath hit my cheek. He places a soft feathery kiss there and whispers. "Sleep well Rose."

It was the last thing I heard before darkness consumes me and I'm left dreaming of marrying naruto.