

## Chapter 29

👤 Rose's pov 👤

It was eleven thirty five and I was in the room looking at my reflection in the mirror. The red dress was just a few inches below my bum.

At first I thought Lily made a mistake so I had sent her the photo of the dress, asking if it was the one she was referring to. After she confirmed it I begrudgingly wore it.

It was tight fitting and enhanced my figure. I had decided to borrow Lily's strappy gold heels to finish it off. I tugged the bottom of the dress self consciously. What if Luke's parents think I was a slut?

I'm pulled out of my thoughts by a knock on the door. Looking at my reflection one last time in the mirror I turned around and walked to the door. I twisted the knob slowly and revealed Luke.

His eyes are the first thing I notice as they rake down my body. They linger on the bottom of the dress and skimmed up to my breast. His lips part and tongue darts out to wet his bottom lip.

My stomach tightens and my core starts to tingle. He makes me feel small by the way he was peering at me. My body twitches with anxiety and I shift on my foot.

"What?" I looked down at my dress tugging at the end. "Is it too much?" I asked shyly. My eyes lift and they're instantly locked with his blue orbs. They burned through me, not blinking once.

His eyes fall down to my lips and he groans lowly. "Do you always have to be this fucking beautiful?"

My heart does a flip at hearing his words. I suck in my bottom lip between my teeth, looking at him in uncertainty. "So I'm not overdressed?"

He shakes his head, clears his throat and turns to walk away. "You're not overdressed. Now hurry up we're late as it is." He says over his shoulder. His voice has now gone back to being unemotional. Sometimes I'm still shocked at his sudden changes of mood but I was now getting used to it.

"We're late as it is." I mocked quietly, not wanting him to hear as I follow after him.

Ivory and Ivan had called earlier to inform us that they will be dropping off Ashley in the late afternoon. I had an inkling feeling that Lily had something to do with the change of time. But I didn't dawdle on that thought.

I locked the door behind me, not wanting to come back to only find out someone robbed the house. I seriously didn't have enough money to pay Lily and Asher back their belongings. Though I could just blame it on Luke.

"What are you smirking at?" He asks as he leans up on the car. His arms are crossed as he stares at me.

"Just thinking of murdering you that is all." I joked. He rolls his eyes, lips split in the tiniest of smiles and my heart does another flip.

He moves off the car and turns to open the passenger's door. I thank him while I get in. When I was safely in the coffins of the car I leaned over to look at the rear view mirror.

My hands reach up to fix some loose hair that had fallen from my high messy bun. I had also left a few tendrils to fall on my cheeks and I brushed them aside. Luke gets in and buckles himself, laughing at me.

"I'm now worried about who you're trying to impress." He says in a joking manner but I could hear the undetected seriousness in his voice. He sounded jealous but I could have just been imagining it.

A smirk carves on to my face, feeling giddy that I potentially had made him jealous. I settled into the seat and strapped myself securely. "No need to get jealous Luke, I'm all yours today."

He starts the car and the hand he didn't have on the steering wheel settles on my thigh. I sucked in a breath, pressing my body into the seat. His head turns to face me. "I like the sound of that." He mutters and drives.

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The drive was filled with silence. The car felt like it was getting smaller with every passing second. His palms were burning through my skin and every now and then he would squeeze it.

I tried looking at the scenery to distract myself from his tormenting actions, but it was useless. Everything he did got me on high alert. And now I was going to have lunch with his parents with my panties wet.

I just couldn't find it in me to move his hands away. It felt oddly calming and right. Thirty minutes later and he slows down to some large gates. I felt intimidated when two men in black suits opened the huge gates and ushered us in.

"What are your parents doing for a living? Are they secret mafia's?" I joked, staring in awe at the huge house .

He snorts, not sounding a bit amused. "My parents own a company. My father did run for president last year though he failed."

I gasp now turning to face him in astonishment. "Wait, are you Rathic Knight son?"

He rolls his eyes not seeming to be impressed. "Unfortunately." He grumbles.

My brows furrowed in confusion at his attitude. Though I shouldn't be surprised since I've heard him speak to his father. And it wasn't pleasant. I could tell that they didn't get along. And now my stomach was twisting in anxiety at the thought of having lunch with two males who didn't see eye to eye.

He parks beside the house and retracts his hands away from my thigh. I couldn't help but miss the warmth it had caused. He opens his door and before I could unbuckle myself comes to my side and opens the door.

I stare at him and say a thank you as he gives me his hand so I could place my own. When I got out of the vehicle with my hands safely secured in his, I couldn't help the prickling feeling of being watched.

I turned around and my eyes widen at the sight of a well dressed man and woman standing before the door. Their lips are split into the fakest of smiles as they regarded us. "Luke, son you've arrived." The man's gruff voice speaks.