

Chapter 34

👁️ Rose's pov 👁️

"Here." I muttered, sending the extra blanket towards him. He had gone into his room after we had argued about which room we'll sleep in. I won the argument and a defeated Luke went to fetch some things from his room.

He catches the blanket with one hand and starts fixing it on the rug that was beside the bed. He planned to sleep down not wanting to intrude in my personal space. He placed a pillow and fluffs it. When he was happy with his makeshift bed he lowers himself onto it.

I kneeled on the bed, watching him make himself comfortable. I had placed the baby monitor on the nightstand beside the bed. He lowers his head on the pillow, closes his eyes and heaves a sigh. "Are you sure you're comfortable sleeping on the floor? Do you need an extra blanket?" I asked worriedly.

His blue eyes snap open and he flicks it to stare at me. "I'm fine Rose." He insisted.

I nodded reluctantly and fall back on the bed. I pull the covers over my lower half and reach beside the bed to put off the lamp. "Goodnight." I uttered and settled back into the bed.

"Night." Luke responds in the darkness of the room. My eyes are open staring at nothing in particular. There's only the soft glow of the moon light seeping through the curtain.

I toss and turn trying to get comfortable but it was useless. Somehow I couldn't sleep, not when he was in the same room with me. "Would you stop tossing around?" Luke grumbles.

I fling the covers off my body and spread my legs and arms in the position of a starfish. I sighed deeply and closed my eyes. The noise of Luke shifting around and a hiss has me opening my eyes. My brows furrow as I hear him let out strings of curses until he jumps up. "Fuck." He hisses.

Startled, I reach over and on the lamp. The sight of Luke hopping about and swatting at his clothes has me stifling a laugh. "What is it?" I asked and look over his body for any signs of why he was hell bent on swatting at himself.

He pulls his shirt over his head and stumbles back when a huge spider falls out. He lets out a screech, something I thought he would never do. He jumps on the bed and looks down at the spider that crawled away for fear of its life. I'm a laughing mess on the bed, tears running down my cheeks as I replayed the scene over and over in my head.

"I've never seen a grown ass man afraid of a spider before." I snorted out between laughs. "Especially one who acts all tough." I cackle.

"Shut up." He grumbles still staring at where the spider had disappeared. After making sure it wouldn't come back he reaches down to tug up his pillow and blanket. "I'm sleeping here." He claimed and placed the pillow beside my own.

My laughter dies down when his words register in my head. I stare at him wide eyed. "On this bed?" I asked dumbly, my heart beating uncontrollably in my chest.

He nods and lowers his body on the bed. "I'll just stay on my side, don't worry."

I nodded and gulped. My throat had all of a sudden gone dry as I fix myself to rest on my pillow that was just an inch away from him. We both are lying on our backs staring at the ceiling. Our arms are almost touching, I could feel the heat radiating off of him. "Put off the lamp please." I mumbled lowly.

Since he was now on the side of the lamp that was on, I didn't want to reach over him to turn it off. "In awhile." He responds. His tone had taken a husky one. I didn't question why he wanted it on still, instead I focused on getting my breathing and heart under control.

But it is fruitless when every second our hands are unconsciously getting closer. "I never said I was sorry for calling you a bitch." Luke breaths out, his head turning to face me.

I turn to face him. Our eyes are staring deeply into each other. My breathing has now become short puffs. "It's fine. I'm sorry I slapped you." I apologize.

His stare is piercing and my mind is clouded, unable to focus on anything but him. His heated eyes fall down to my lips and he deliberately grazes his fingers against my own. And it's like a sudden pull as he hovers over me in a swift move. His lips hungrily capture mine.

I wrap my legs around his waist and pull him closer to my body. Luke nips at my bottom lip. A gasp escapes my lips and he slides his tongue in. His bottom half is closely latched on to mine. I could feel his hardness through the material that separates us.

Luke begins to roll his hips in a tantalizing movement. A feeling of warmth spreads in between my legs at his movement and a raptured groan leaves his lips.

He detaches his lips from mine only to kiss down my jawline to the hollow of my neck. "Luke." I breathed out, tightening my legs around his waist. His movements are quicker now as his hardened cock rubs against my center.

He groans in response and sucks the soft skin of my neck. "mmm." I moaned and reach out to thread my fingers through his soft hair and tug. "Fuck." Luke groans and brings his head forward. Our eyes are silently communicating, agreeing that we were far too gone to back out.

I nod giving him the go to continue. He moves his body off of mine only to pull my shirt over my head. I'm left with my lace bra that I hadn't bothered to move. Usually I went to bed without a bra, since I love my girls free.

But since Luke's sleeping in the same room I hadn't. Now I was regretting leaving it on when all I wanted to do was get every cloth that separates us off. I lift my body slightly so he could unclip my bra. It falls off and I fling it to the floor.

His blue eyes are drinking me in as his tongue sneaks out to lick his bottom lip. He doesn't waste a second and removes my pants along with my panties. I'm now bare in front of him and I have the sudden urge to cover up.

"Fucking shit, you're beautiful." He rasped out. His head comes forward to bring his lips to mine. I wrap my legs around his waist, feeling his cock being restrained by his boxer.

I'm making a mess between my thighs, I could feel my juices coating his boxer. He drags a hand down between our bodies and settles it between my thighs.

I let out a groan when he starts rubbing the tender flesh of my pussy. I'm moving against him, desperate for more friction, more of him. "Ahhh." I moaned when he sank a digit into my pussy. "Fuck you're so wet and tight Rose." He grunts and starts to trail wet kisses down the valley of my breast until he reaches my pussy.

I suck in a sharp breath when his lip latches on the tender flesh. Sucking like he was starved. As if it wasn't enough he spreads my legs apart and plunges his tongue into my core. I'm left gasping for air as my stomach tightens. "Yeah baby just like that." He groans adding another finger.

My hand finds its way into his hair and I tug at his strands. A low scream passes my lips as I felt myself cum. He drinks it like he does to water and comes forward to kiss me. I could taste myself on his tongue as he glides it along my own. "You taste so good baby." He moans.

He settles in between my thighs and I use my leg to bring down his boxer. Desperate to feel him close to me. He detaches his lips so that he could reach down and discard the boxer, throwing it on the floor.

Within a second he's on top of me and latches on to my lips. I could feel the head of his dick near my entrance. For a second I'm afraid because of how big it felt against me. As if sensing my unease he speaks up. "Don't worry baby it'll fit."

I nod and tighten my thighs around his hips waiting for the intrusion of his cock. Our eyes are locked when he positions himself. With one thrust he's lodged into me, breaking my hymen. His eyes widen in shock as he breathes out. "You're a virgin?"