

Chapter 43

🔒 Rose's pov 🔒

With a sigh of relief I got to my feet and pulled my panties back into place then righted my skirt. I stride towards him, place the cup on the marble countertop and wash my hands after. He pushes the tests in my hands and with a murmur of thanks I took it.

My heart begins to hammer behind my breast. I brushed away some of my blonde hair from my face with shaky fingers. "Are you nervous?" Luke questions.

I face him and give him a silent nod. His lips tilts into a grin and I couldn't help the instinctive sucking in of my breath at the mere sight of him. I tear my eyes away feeling ashamed that I couldn't control my feelings.

"Want me to do it?" He suggests.

I faced the mirror staring at my reflection. I looked pale and almost ghostly. I was terrified of the results, but not knowing if it was good or bad. "Yes please." I says softly and handed him the three intimidating tests.

He takes it gently and starts to dip the test in the urine. I look away feeling the pressure of every second that he dips each test. After finishing he places them on the counter and washes his hands.

"Now we wait." He breathes out leaning on the counter.

I nod. "We wait." I mumbled feeling the prickling of anxiety in my stomach.

A heavy silence starts to throb between the two of them. Both nervous and on edge for the results. What would she do if she was actually pregnant? What if he doesn't want nothing to do with the baby? She couldn't possibly raise a baby on her own.

Thoughts are swimming in my head like a flock of pigeons. My heart is pumping in every part of my body as the minutes pass by in a blur. It's only when Luke shifts that I come out of my haunting thoughts.

He braces himself on the counter and peers over the tests. His mouth opens and he freezes. Seeing his reaction my body goes cold. Was it bad? Was I pregnant?

It took me a minute to get enough courage to peer over the tests. I stared at the two red lines in horror. I felt the color draining from my cheeks. Nausea rolls in my stomach and I made a desperate lunge for the toilet.

My throat burns as I throw up what little food I had left in my stomach. I feel his presence come behind me. A second later I feel his hands hold my hair back while I continue to puke. His palms rest on the middle of my back and later starts to rub soothing circles. "You're fine." He mumbles.

I couldn't help the speck of anger I felt when he said those words. I push him away with little strength. "No I'm not!" I hiss, turning to face him and glared into his blue orbs.

A frown starts forming between his dark brows. "It's not the end of the world Rose."

I opened my mouth to answer him with one of my snarky remarks when another wave of nausea stops me. I wrench into the bowl one last time and sighed in relief when I didn't feel the urge to puke again.

My elbows come to rest on either side on the toilet seat as my hands come to pull at my hair. "How could this happen? I was on the pill, this couldn't be happening right now. I'm hallucinating, this isn't real." I mumbled to myself while I tug harshly on my strands.

"Is it that bad that you're pregnant with my kid?" Luke says, getting me out of my thoughts.

I turn to him and scowl. "How can you possibly be so calm right now, when I literally have a tiny human growing in my stomach? One we created unintentionally."

He shrugs and swipes some hair out of my face. "It's not that bad Rose, we can work-"

I pull away from him and get up. He does the same, watching me with hawk eyes. "You can't honestly think that this will work? We're not together Luke, you hate me remember? This isn't how I imagined my first pregnancy." My eyes are blurry now, filling up with tears.

She never imagined getting pregnant like this. She at least wanted to be in a committed relationship with the father of her future kid and not someone who avoids her like the plague. But not everything goes the way anyone plans it.

I turn around, ready to walk out of the bathroom when he snatches me and brings me into his arms. He kept me there by wrapping his arms around me. His front is pressed to my back and he dips his head to the crook of my neck, hugging my body to his.

"I don't hate you Rose, I could never." He whispers against my neck. I pull away and turn to face him.

"Then why did you avoid me for two months, why don't you want me?" My voice breaks. And there it was, what I wanted to ask him the moment I saw him again after two months. I wanted him to want me for me and not because of the pregnancy.

"You know I want you." He groans.

"Then show me." I whispered.

He stares at me for a couple of silent minutes until he sighs almost in defeat. "I can't show you because you deserve someone better, more deserving-"

My jaw ticks in hot burning rage. "Are you fucking kidding me right now? What about what I want, don't you think I have a say in who I want to be with and who I think deserves me? Why do you keep pulling away, what are you hiding?" I step towards him, eyes of fury glaring into his equally stormy eyes.

"Tell me Luke, who fucking deserves me? Because I have no fucking clue." I laugh dryly and pushed at his chest. He doesn't move. "Why are you hell bent on pushing me away from you?" I yelled.

His hand comes to wrap around my wrists stopping my movements. "Because you'll hate me if you know the truth, if you know who I really am, you'll not want me anymore." He roars.

"Then fucking tell me the truth asshole!" I gritted out tugging my hands out of his firm grip.

"I murdered her Okay! I fucking murdered her!" He roars so loudly that I flinch away.