

Chapter 46

"What do you mean you can't do this?" The words tumble out of her mouth.

He takes a step back, then two. He raked a hand through his hair, the same hand that a moment ago palm her hand that was placed where their baby was nestled. He drags it down his face, frustrated in the way he groaned.

He looks at her, his eyes portraying nothing, void. "I can't do this, I can't be the guy you need. I've already failed once, who's to say that I wouldn't fail again. I always fuck up Rose, I do not want to hurt you anymore."

She couldn't help but feel a burning rage when he uttered those words. " You're fucking up by saying this bullshit." She hissed, feeling her eyes prickle with tears she desperately tried to keep at bay. Yet she stood her ground and lift her chin, not backing down. Both her hands are fisted at her sides.

She knew he was hurting, she knew that he didn't mean what he was saying. It was obvious with the way he failed to hide the tender look he always gave her when he thought she wasn't looking. So it gave her hope, hope that he'll come to his senses soon.

Her nails dig into her palm as a way to distract her from the pain she was currently feeling in her heart. She could feel the sting as they bit into her flesh. It was red, that she was sure of.

His blue eyes shine with pain as he studies her. His heart squeeze in his chest, wanting to take back the words but not able to get his mouth working. He hated causing her pain, he hated that he was the one causing this to her.

The anger in her eyes dims and is replaced by hurt. The tears she hopelessly tried to stop comes trickling down her cheeks. His blue eyes follow and he steps forward but she backs away. "You're hurting me now." She croaks.

Her sniffles are loud in the quiet room. Luke's stomach rolls in unease. He always fucks up with her. He wanted to save her before she ended up like Elise.

He didn't love Elise, they were just fooling around, not serious. Somehow Elise had reminded him of himself. He cared for her and he wanted to save her like he couldn't save himself.

But Rose was different, he loved her with his whole being. He fucking loved his blonde little temptress. She was his woman. Yet he always seems to fuck up with her. He hated to see her cry, he needed to fix this.

He curse himself in his head for blurting out those stupid words he hadn't meant. Somehow touching her hand that was over their baby made him scared. He couldn't help feel the same way he felt when he was fifteen. Hopeless.

He was afraid that he would fail her like he had done to Elise. He couldn't bear the thought of failing her. So he blurted out those words but ended up hurting her more. "Rose-"

She lifts her hand to stop him. She was tired of him building up his walls. She was tired of making him walk over her. She had enough. "When you've come to your senses you'll come to my apartment. Right now I'm going home." She utters and turns around to open the door.

His heart hurts with each step she takes away from him. Yet he couldn't find it in him to stop her. He watches her leave and hear the door of the apartment close, letting him know of her exit. And there it was, the feeling of losing her and he couldn't bear it.

Whatever that happened in that past makes him fear for the future. But fuck it, he couldn't let her slip from his fingers anymore, he needed her and he would do anything to work on their relationship. With determination he found himself following after her.

Rose wiped the skin under her eyes. A sob gets stuck in her throat as she nears her car. A man with a white beard studies her. His eyes like a hawk as he stares at her sobbing mess. He frowns. "Are you okay miss?" He couldn't help ask.

Rose freezes not knowing how to answer. Was she okay? She didn't know the answer yet to her own question. But deep down she knew she would be. She loved Luke and knew he would come to his senses. But right now she needed space to think.

She nodded, giving the older gentleman a watery smile. "I'm fine, thank you for asking."

He nods seeming to be pleased by her answer and continues on his way. She enters her car a second later and starts to drive away. She breathes out and is stunned to hear Luke shout her name loud enough to get her attention.

Before she could even understand what was happening, her car is flipping. Glass shreds piercing into her flesh until all she could feel was the pain it inflicted. The airbag pushes against her chest as the seat belt bit into her flesh.

A gasp escapes her lips when her head knocked the seat enough for her to see tiny specks of white in her vision. She could feel the blood run down her smooth skin that was a second ago, free from any injury.

The car finally stops and she's left dangling upside down. Her body being restrained by the seat belt. Her vision became more unfocused and she couldn't seem to understand what was going on around her.

Her head hurt and the sharp pain in her arm makes it difficult to shift them. Yet she fought it and brought one of her hands to rest on her stomach, praying that their baby was okay before numbness envelops her body. Seeing Luke running towards her in a frantic haze was the last thing she saw.

Luke had just gotten out when he saw her already driving away. His body goes cold when a black car speeds head first to Rose. A second later it collides into her sending her car flipping. "Rose!" He yelled in agony.

His heart beating unsteadily in his chest. He hastily run towards her, not caring that the car was still flipping. When it finally stops, he couldn't help but let out a cry of anguish when he sees how injured and helpless she looked.

It felt like deja vu all over again. He couldn't lose her, he wouldn't lose her. He chanted in his head as he run towards her in a hast.