

## Chapter 47

☞ Luke's pov ☞

Numbness clang to my very being, drowning me in it's depths. The shouting, the screams and frantic sound of feet running towards the accident could hardly register in my head.

The only thing I could seem to focus on was the woman in the car. My woman. Who was fucking hurt. I fall to my knees beside the door, or what remained of it. I could see her clearly, blood stained her blonde tresses that I loved tugging when I made love to her.

The soft cheeks that I caressed were scratched up. Her soft lips that I loved nibbling on was burst open, blood trailing out. He couldn't bring himself to look at the rest of her body, afraid that he'll not like what he will see.

"Rose-" A choked gasp escapes my lips. I reach over, my hands shaking with every movement as I brush away some blood on her face with the pad of my hand. "Rose please." I begged, my vision so blurry that I couldn't see her face clear anymore.

"Please baby-" I croaked out as I fumble with releasing her from the restraints of the seat belt. I didn't care about the chatter or the protest for releasing her.

Since the glass on the door was broken it was easy to have her body fall into my arms. I pulled her to my chest, not caring that her blood stained my shirt. My hand pulls her more into my chest and my chin comes to rest on top of her head. I rocked her body and kissed her bloody hair.

"Please baby wake up." I begged, cradling her still body. I lift my head staring at the people around me. Faces I didn't recognize stared at me in pity. It made me feel more helpless than I already was. "What are y'all fucking staring at, call 911!"

A man with a white beard utters. "Don't worry son, I've already called, they're on their way." His tone is filled with pity, something I hate. If I was in the right state of mind I would've quarrel or say something snarky. But I wasn't, all I could think of was her and our baby.

One of my hands come to palm her stomach where I knew our baby was growing. My heart ached as I kissed her again, rubbing her stomach gently. I didn't care that everyone was witnessing this.

I didn't care that the other driver in that black car was also injured. I cared about the woman in my arms. She was breathing steadily and that brought me hope. "You'll be okay baby, I promise."

I could hear the sirens nearing, hear the chatter getting louder. It stops a couple of feet away from us and I could hear their frantic footsteps getting closer. Yet, I stayed there, not wanting to let go, not even when one drew her away from me.

I could feel rough fingers wrap around my bicep, pulling me away from her. Pulling me away from my life. I struggled against them, feeling rage over powering my body, but more came to pull me away.

"Fucking stop. Let me go! I need to be there, I need to be beside her!" I shout.

"Wait man, let them do their job!" One yelled near my ear. I hissed not liking their words. I looked down at her, watching as they pulled me away further.

My gut twisted when they put her on the stretcher and started towards the ambulance. With a groan I wrestled out of their hands, my feet racing towards her.

They placed her inside and I see red. They weren't gentle at all or maybe that was what I saw. "Be gentle, she's pregnant." I snapped, reaching beside her.

"Are you family?" One of the medics asked. I stared at her, noticing that she was probably in her late forties. Concern was etched on her face.

I nodded hastily, staring at Rose's unconscious body. "Yes she's my wife." I say without missing a beat. The medic's eyes drop to my finger that was supposed to have the ring wrapped around it. Her brows furrowed and she opened her mouth to speak but I cut her off.

"She's not my wife yet, we're engaged." I explain, my eyes still glued on Rose. "I'm staying by her side." I say bluntly and enter inside. If they thought I was leaving my woman then they really need to think again.

The woman doesn't protest and I distinctly hear another medic shout. "This one isn't breathing, she needs to be rushed to the emergency!"

I look out to see the other woman on the stretcher. I feel my face turn ashen as my whole being became cold from the sight of my mother, lying there, not breathing as they rushed to put her inside.

Realization dawns on me as I understand that she was the driver of the black car. My gaze shifted from my mother to Rose, not knowing what to do.

The door of the ambulance is closed shut and all of a sudden I feel claustrophobic. My heart increases as I contemplate which one I should stay beside. Even though Sophie was not my biological mother she still raised me. It was easy to see her as my mother since I hadn't known my own.

But seeing her now, I couldn't think. I stay rooted there for a second until I find myself going to Rose. I hold her hand tightly as the medics start working on her. "I'm here baby, I'm not leaving you."