

# His Blonde Temptress

## CHAPTER

### 5

✿ Rose's pov ✿

\*Two weeks later\*

A smirk makes its way to my lips as the sounds of gunshots resonated through the air. I cheered loudly when I had aimed perfectly and had shot one of the zombies. A thrilling rush washes through me as I continue to play the game.

I had been playing for hours, though I was supposed to be studying for the test that was coming up in a few days. I needed to ace this exam, my future counted on it but here I was, playing on Noel's playstation that I had managed to buy back. If he sees me with it, I'll surely get an ear full of complaints but thankfully he wasn't here.

"Fuck!" I gritted out when I had managed to lose. At that moment my belly decides to let out a grumble, reminding me that I hadn't eaten as yet. I cursed softly and throw the controller beside me. It falls on the soft cushion with a light thud.

I looked around now noticing how the room dims as the sun sets below the horizon. How long have I been playing? My brows furrowed as I reached over to pick up my phone from beside me.

The brightness of the screen has me squinting before my eyes adjusted to the glare. Six o'clock. I had been playing the game for eight hours straight.

I pushed the phone in the pocket of my cotton shorts. I stand up and lift my arms up. The popping of my bones felt satisfying as I stretched out my limbs.

I padded against the wooden floors, heading to the light switch on the wall. Flicking it on, I walked over to the fridge. My belly let out another growl and I winced. It was loud enough to hear if you were a few feet away from me.

My hand grip the door of the fridge and I yank it open. My eyes scanned the half empty space for something to eat. There was a carton of milk, two eggs and orange juice that could barely fill a glass.

I slammed the door of the fridge and watch as it rattles. My mood instantly dampens as I realized that I would have to go out to the grocery store to stock up the fridge. Noel had gone out with the car which only gave me the option to walk.

My fingers tug up the knee length socks I wore as I walked over to where I had placed my flip flops. Flip flop and socks? Yeah not a good combination.

I slid them on and walked over to the door. My feet halted when I realized that I had forgotten to take some cash with me. I turned around and stomped to where we left extra cash. After retrieving it, I strutted out of the apartment, locking it on the way.

The chilly night air whips against my face when I get out of the building. My blonde hair tosses back at the slight breeze. The hoody I had on kept me warm enough from the cold brittle wind. It was nearing Christmas and the weather was definitely showing it.

I pulled the hood over my head, pushed my hands in the front pockets and played with the paper money I had in my grip. The grocery was just an eight minute walk and I busied myself by looking at the scenery.

"Nice socks old lady!" A mocking voice shouts followed by laughter. My head snaps to the kid who had yelled those words and I send a chilling glare his way as I stopped in my tracks.

"What, haven't seen SpongeBob socks before twat? Did your parents refuse to buy a set for you, is that why you're being a little sh-" I stopped myself before I could finish, reminding myself that he was just a kid who probably got his candy stolen from him.

My eyes turn to slits as I studied his vexed face. "Why are you out here by yourself, where are your parents?" I asked, now fully concerned.

It was now dark and the streets were already getting empty. He was probably around eight and could probably take care of himself but he was still a kid.

"Mind your business old lady!" And with that he turns around and walks away from me. My mouth parts open in shock as I stared at his retreating form. This is what I get for showing compassion. I thought sadly.

"I'm not old!" I yelled at him before he completely disappeared from my sight. He raises a hand and I could figure out the middle finger he had up. What a brat.

I shook my head and continued my way to the store, now walking so quick that it could be mistaken as a sprint. When the grocery store came into view I quickly scanned the area for any incoming vehicles before crossing the road.

My phone vibrates inside my pocket and I quickly retrieve it. I rolled my eyes when I saw the caller and pushed the glass doors of the store open. I smiled at the cashier before answering the phone.

"Hey can you feed Bruno for me?" Noel asked through the phone. Loud music blasted through his end and I wondered where he was.

I clenched my jaw as the grip I had on the phone tighten at his words. "How about I feed Bruno to you or better yet chop your balls and feed it to Bruno?" I spat before hanging up. It was his fault that the rodent had taken a liking to stay in the apartment.

I pushed the phone back in my pocket and continued to scan the area for what I wanted. Wherever he was, had probably influenced him to drink because by his tone, he was not exactly sober.

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"Thank you." I smiled at the cashier as she hands me the last bag. I gripped the two plastic bags filled with food in my hand and started towards the door and opened it. My hood tosses back when a strong cold breeze brushes pass. I didn't bother putting it back on as I closed the glass door.

I padded against the concrete. The streets are now completely empty as I continue my walk. In this part of town, barely had civilians roaming at this hour even though it was early. Yet I was the only idiot walking at this time.

A violent sound shatters the calming silence. My body freezes and my grip on the bags tighten. My heart pummels in my chest, fear growing in the pit of my stomach.

I looked behind me, considering if to run to the store or continue my walk. Another loud sound of glass shattering has me looking around frantically. I don't know what had possessed me to do such a thing, but I find myself taking small steps to the sound, my nerves on edge.

The sounds got louder as I neared the dark alley. From afar I could spot two shadow figures, both male from their silhouette. My steps start to falter as I neared them, watching as one swung something that oddly looks like a baseball bat at a window, shattering it into a million pieces in the process.

Their loud laughter floats through the air as the other picks up a huge stone and throws it at the other window. With just the soft glow of the street lights lighting the way, I could see what they wore. Both clothed in black and wouldn't be noticed if they stayed in the dark.

I find myself walking towards them, feeling intrigued as I watch the taller one pick up a spray can and start spraying the paint on the wall. His back faces me as he continues to vandalize the building. He turns to face the other guy. The glow of the street light hits the side of his face and I let out a stunned gasp.

"Luke?" I asked my voice a soft whisper as I stared at him. At hearing my voice his body instantly tenses as he ceases his actions.