

His Blonde Temptress

CHAPTER

6

✿ Rose's pov ✿

I felt frozen in place as he slowly turns. His face now on display as he faces me directly. His lips are pressed in displeasure and the hand that gripped the can was now clutching it in a deathly grasp.

I stumble back, now feeling completely stupid for coming here. He sees my action and his lips spread into a sneer. "What are you doing here?" His tone was anything but pleasant. His heated eyes scan my body before settling them on my legs.

Feeling bare and nervous under his gaze, I folded my arms under my breast, the bags coming to hang over my front. I looked away from him to stare at the damage he and his friend was causing.

"I should be asking you this question, you know what you're doing is illegal?" My eyes come to stare at him, my brows raised in question.

The guy beside him chuckles and picks up a stone, he watches me before flying it to one of the windows. It shatters, sending tiny bits of glass my way. I flinch back clenching my eyes shut.

"What the fuck!" Luke roars. I open my eyes slightly to see that Luke had wrapped his hand around the guy's neck. His face red with rage as he slams him on the wall he had just been painting on.

The boy lets out a stunned wheeze, his eyes widening in alarm. "You could have hurt her!" He rages on. His fist dangerously clenched at his sides, ready to give harm.

"Shit man so-r-ry." The boy stumbles over his words. His arms come to wrap around the hand around his neck and push at Luke's hand, but he doesn't budge.

I wrapped my hands tighter around my frame. Suddenly feeling cold and unwelcome. I wanted to intervene but couldn't seem to get my mouth to open. My throat suddenly felt dry as I watched the scene before me.

The look on Luke's face was stony and I knew whatever the guy would utter next wouldn't help him. He brings the guy forward only to slam him back onto the wall. The boy's head slams roughly and he lets out a groan.

"Stop this!" I finally found my voice. But it seems to go unnoticed as Luke raises his fist and slams it on the guy's face. His head snaps to the side but doesn't get the chance to retaliate as Luke continuously pummels his face.

My feet move on their own and I find myself beside them. My hands reach to grab Luke's arm that was inflicting pain. The grocery bags I held a while ago now at my feet as I tried to stop him from hurting the boy who looked ready to be knocked out at any given moment.

My heart accelerates as he jerks away from me but continues to punch the guy. His face screaming murder. My body shook with fear as I watched his brutal assault.

He looked so focused on hurting the guy, it was animalistic. The sound of a police siren could be heard in the distance, nearing slowly.

As if the sound of the siren brought him back to reality, he lets the boy go. His breathing ragged as he moves away from the injured boy. The boy stumbles to right himself then spits on the ground. "Fuck you man." He curses.

"Get the fuck out." Luke says so calmly and jerks his head to the side. The guy obeys and runs away, disappearing in the dark of the night. I

stoop down, now hands fumbling with the grocery bags as I pick them up. Next time I should mind my business.

The sirens are nearing and sweat starts coating my body. I'm frozen in fear knowing that they were heading this way. My stomach does unpleasant somersaults and I looked around frantically, my eyes darting everywhere for a means of escape.

"Come on." Luke's voice brings me out of my panicked haze. My eyes snap to him, only to see that he was walking away. The way he walked was so dominating and calm that no one would know what he had done a few minutes ago. This guy was trouble and I needed to stay away from him.

Even though my mind screamed at me to not go my body followed him. We were now in the glow of the street lights and he seemed to not care that at any moment now there would be a police car racing our way.

He stops beside a black Lamborghini Veneno that is parked near a lamp post. It screamed money and I wondered who owned it, only to have my mouth parted in shock a second later after the thought, as I watch Luke unlock the car and get in.

The window then slides down, his face forward not sparing me a glance. "Aren't you coming, or would you rather go to jail?" His voice is gruff. His hand on the wheel and other on the ignition as he starts it. It roars to life and I stumble back a little at the loud sound.

He finally turns to me, his face impatient. "Well?" He hissed.

I nibbled on my lip and nodded quickly. I watch as the door slides open and I get in. I buckled myself and rest the grocery bags at my feet. The car smelled new and a tiny tinge of vanilla which was a huge contrast to the owner.

The police sirens have become so loud now it was unbearable. I turn my head to stare at Luke wondering why he was taking so long to drive

away. His lips tug up into a smirk as he finally drives away. The speed he drove was so terrifying that I had to clench my eyes shut and pray silently in my head.

As if sensing my unease he slows down. There are a lack of words between us, almost suffocating in the tiny space. It wasn't long until he reached my apartment building, pulling over to the side.

I turn to stare at him. "How do you know where I live?" From my tone you could hear the confusion swimming through my voice.

He doesn't look at me as he answers in a dry tone. "I've dropped Asher here a couple of times."

I nodded still looking at him. His face was forward, blatantly ignoring me. He was treating me like I was annoying him. Yet I do not know what it was about him that intrigued me to a point that I couldn't stop thinking about him for the last two weeks.

Yes he was handsome, probably one of the most attractive male I've seen but his personality was a load of shit. I wasn't one to care about boys, I stayed clear from any kind of relationship with the opposite sex. But now meeting him all I could think about is him and how soft his lips looked when his hand had grazed mine while I held Ashley.

I was itching to speak to him more, something I wouldn't care about with someone else. "Have you done this before?" I found myself asking. I refused to remove my gaze from his face.

His head snaps to mine, blue eyes locked with my orbs and my breath get stuck in my throat. "Done what?" He questioned, his lips tugging into the softest smile before he presses it together.

The light of the lamp post wasn't doing justice as it spread against his face, creating a soft glow. He looked like an angel but I knew he was anything but.

I cleared my throat feeling it dry all of a sudden. "Vandalize and fight." I muttered almost afraid to trigger anger from him.

He lets out a chuckle almost mockingly. "What, is miss goody two shoes going to give me an ear full of why I shouldn't be doing these bad things?"

"I wa-" I stumble against my words.

"Save it." He cuts me off, his features darken into one of hate.

"Luk-" I pleaded. For some reason I wanted to get through him. I didn't want us to argue or hate each other. It didn't feel right especially since we would be Ashley's godparents.

He cuts me off again, his eyes now icy cold freezing me in place. What had brought on such emotion in him? Why does he hate me so much?

"Get out." He grits. The way he dismissed me made me furious.

"I was just trying to speak to you like a normal human being and you're here acting like a fucking dick." I spat now clouded with rage. He presses a button and the passenger door slides open.

His next words hurt me but I refused to show an ounce of emotion.

"We're not fucking friends or will we ever be." He snaps.

I grip the grocery bags in my hands and slide out of his car. I didn't spare him a glance as I walked up to the building. "That's fine because I wouldn't want to be friends with an asshole." I yelled over my shoulder as I opened the door to the building.

I slammed the door with a bang behind me and heard the revving of his car before he sped down the road. This would be the last time I'd try and talk to that fool. Fuck him and his good looks.

