

👤 Rose's pov 👤

I slammed the door behind me, seething silently as I walked to the kitchen. I kicked the flip flops off my feet and placed the grocery bags on the table counter not so gently.

Some glass rattles but I don't bother to check if it was broken. I send my head back and let out an angry groan, passing my hand down my face. I hate him so much.

My hand fumbles with the grocery bags and I grabbed a bag of fruits and another filled with vegetables. I strutted to the fridge and opened it with my foot. The door bangs on the wooden counter and I cringe.

"We're not friends." I said, mocking Luke in a childish tone as I started packing the fridge up with groceries. "Well guess what human Naruto, I don't want to be your friend either." I hissed as I slammed the door of the fridge shut using my foot.

My body stiffen when the sound of the apartment door being open reaches my ears before someone comes stumbling in. Noel's head peeks out from behind the wall and he squints. "Why is it so bright in here?" He whines.

My tensed body relaxes before I grumble, glaring at him. "Maybe you're seeing the light of heaven, you're dying, don't go into the light Noel." I said sarcastically.

His eyes widen comically before he runs, then stumbles on the rug before planting himself on the floor with a loud thud. I winced and walked towards him.

His face was pushed into the rug and he turns around. His body now facing up as he stares at the ceiling. "Oh fuck, I really am dying Rose, I can't fucking feel my toes." He cries.

I rolled my eyes as I leaned over him. "It was a joke Noel you're alive, an idiot, but you're good." I finally said to ease his mind.

I could smell the strong scent of liquor off his breath and I nearly gagged. He must've drunk an entire bar to smell like that. "How much did you drink?" Concern was in my voice as I kneeled beside him.

But he ignores me as he lifts his head slightly and looks at his feet. "Oh my God, I don't have toes anymore! I'm-I'm toe less!" He yells and brings his hand to his chest. "And where are my boobs?" He gasp and looks around frantically. "Did someone steal them?" He asked, then gapes at me. "Help me find them Rose." He cries, tears now rolling down his face.

I gave him a bored look. "Noel you never had boobs and you still have toes the last time I checked. They're just covered up by the sneakers you're wearing."

He doesn't look convinced and drags his hand to his crotch, slapping it softly. "I thought momma said I had a vagina?" He whines.

An irritated breath leaves my lips as I pinch the bridge of my nose. I stand up and walked to the kitchen leaving him a whining mess on the floor. My hands reach for a glass and I filled it with water before walking over to him.

Water spills out as I tip the glass above his face and let the cold liquid pour down on him. He splutters out like a dying fish sucking in some air. "I'm drowning, I'm drowning!" He yells and lifts his palm up to stop the water from reaching his face.

The glass empties and I bend down to place it on the floor beside him. "Are you okay now?" I asked and stoop to his level.

He pushes himself up on his elbows and glares at me. Water dripped down his hair and slowly trails pass his cheeks. "Were you planning on killing me?" He hissed and wipes the water off his face.

I snorted and whacked his arm, he flinches and scowls. "Don't be silly brother if I wanted to kill you it wouldn't be this way."

He sighs, drops his body back on the rug and stares at the ceiling in contemplation. He slowly turns his head to me and arches a brow. "Who dropped you off tonight?" He questioned.

I was muted for a minute before asking him a question of my own. "You saw me?"

He nodded then turns his head to face the ceiling again. "Yeah I was just a few feet away when I saw you get out of the car and storm inside the building."

I bite my lip and look away from him and lower myself to sit down on the rug. My legs crossed together as I stared at the wall blankly. "That guy Luke was the one who

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dropped me off, he saw me walking home from the grocery store and decided to be a gentleman and give me a lift."

I avoided telling him the truth, not wanting to dwell on what happened. I turn my face slightly to see him nod. He looked more sober now, more of my brother. I wonder what made him drink so much, he was never one to let alcohol consume him.

"How did you get home? Hope you didn't drive here while drunk." I voiced out, now staring at him completely.

He shifts uncomfortably and turns his head to face the opposite side. "Arthur was the one who dropped me here."

I raised my brows now completely confused." What, but I thought you two were broken up, are you guys back together?" I asked.

"No we're not back together. I so happened to call him in my daze of being drunk and he came to meet me and insisted on driving my car to drop me off." He informs me, then snaps his head to look at me. His features are now in a frown as he stares at me.

"I found out I got accepted in Harvard Medical school today-" He pauses then sighs like he was in pain. I stayed silent waiting for him to continue.

He clenched his eyes shut then opens it back up, it was now filled with pain and my heart clenches. "I've decided to change my mind about becoming a doctor, it was

never my dream but mom and dad's." He whispers.

I scanned his features waiting for him to burst out in fits of laughter at any moment, but he stays mute, almost like he wasn't here but in his head. "So what are you going to do now?" I questioned softly.

He clears his throat, pulling his arms to be under his head. "I'm leaving Rose, I want to travel the world like I dreamt of doing. Maybe then I'll know what I want to become in this life. I've saved up so much money from bursting my ass off working it'll be enough to travel the world for at least two years." He says and doesn't look at me.

My throat feels tight, like I was suffocating. My mind completely goes blank for a second not being able to comprehend his words. Until it finally settles and I can feel the pain of his words.

He wanted to leave, he wanted to go out on his own. And even though the thought hurt me I knew I couldn't resent him for trying to live his own life. I had followed him like a lost puppy after mom and dad put him out for being gay.

He worked hours and days on end to provide for us while he took classes online, hoping he'll do good enough to get accepted in a good medical school. But it was time for him to go on his own and without me.

I nodded biting my lip as I find myself bringing my arms

to wrap around myself to comfort me. "What about Lily and Asher's wedding it's just in a few months?" I asked him. My voice trembles but I didn't cry.

I was happy for him but still I've never been on my own. Never have I been away from him for too long. I knew this day would come but now staring at it, I wish it hadn't come so soon.

"I'll come back for the wedding don't worry." He laughs quietly trying to ease the tension.

"When are you leaving?" I asked the most dreaded question. He clears his throat then speaks. "In two days, I've already bought the flight tickets."



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