

🌿 Luke's pov 🌿

I slammed the front door shut, it shudders on its hinges. The loud sound reverberating through the entire house, silencing the loud chatter that was happening in the dining room.

My hands are fisted at my sides as I walk to the kitchen area. I could feel their stares on me as I passed through the dining room. I knew they could see the blood trickling down my knuckles to my fingertips. But I honestly didn't care, neither did they.

"Luke honey!" I could hear mom's overly cheery voice shout to get my attention. I stopped then turned around slowly, my eyes heated with rage for the woman who raised me.

"What do you want, mother?" My tone was sarcastic and I knew they could detect it. She scowls displeased, her lips curling up into a sneer.

But it was my father who spoke up. "You've been on one of your rampages again." He noted, his gaze directly on my fisted hands.

I unclenched and clenched my hands, feeling the slight sting of the teared flesh on my knuckles. I shrugged and leaned back on the door frame, my hands coming to fold in front of my body. I stared him down.

"Yeah what's it to you?" It was obvious I didn't give a fuck what they thought of my rebellious ways. In fact I thrived on it.

His jaw clenched, the hand that was wrapped around the glass tightened into a hard grip. I smirked seeing that I had gotten under his skin.

He then relaxes when mother puts her hands on his shoulder. His finger swirls around the glass rim as he sighs. "Look son, you can't be seen doing those things. I'm going up for president this year and you'll ruin my chances-" He starts but I cut him off.

I move away from the wall and dropped my hands to my sides. "Do I look like I give a fuck about you running for president? You can never be satisfied with your status, always wanting more money, more power. You're a vile man just looking for ways to bring the innocent under your thumb." I spat.

Mother gasp before standing up, she stocks towards me and before I could react slaps me across my face. My head snaps to the side, my cheek feeling the force she used. "You ungrateful brat, we feed you, give you a roof to have over your head but yet you do nothing but bring this family shame." She hisses and raises her hands to slap me again.

I snap my head to face her, instantly stopping her hand mid air with my own. I roared with laughter seeing the shock on her face. "That's funny coming from you mother, weren't you the one caught by the paparazzi fucking the butler in the car? Or what about dad? Who slept with all his female clients and raped a little girl last year? What mother, wasn't that shame to the family?"

And I see it, the flash of embarrassment before it's

concealed by a nonchalant look. It wasn't surprising. "You act like it's the worst thing ever, that little girl was begging for it." She snarls then jerks her hands out of my grip then walks towards father.

"You're a disgusting human being, both of you." I spat. "And you know what's even more disgusting and shameful? You trying to molest me on my fifteenth birthday, your fucking son mother." I finished and walked to the kitchen. I could hear their soft chatter but I refused to waste my time on them anymore.

It's been long since I've seen them as my parents. They were the kind you should run away from but couldn't. Sick human beings that looked primed and proper from the outside only to have a bunch of skeletons in the closet.

I opened the tap, letting the cold water wash away the blood off my hand. I clenched my hands under the water imagining that I had used those brutal punches on father instead. I closed the tap and just stayed there, staring at the droplets of water falling in the sink.

My mind travels to her, the girl who made me punch a guy who I considered an acquaintance of mine. Every time I was near her it brought a sudden rage that I couldn't understand. It was like I hated her but didn't at the same time.

Her beautiful brown eyes that I easily got lost into. They were the color of honey and as much as I hated honey I couldn't seem to hate her eye color. Instead it ignited a flame inside of me, one I refuse to let out.

Her pink pouty lips that seemed to always be in a purse everytime I'm near her was bewitching. I hated the way she looked cute in the large t-shirt she wore that night at the hospital. The way her button nose twitched when I got her mad.

I couldn't get the image out of my head for days. I was never one to dwell on a girl for long. In fact I wasn't ashamed to admit that I slept around, alot. But it takes a little blonde girl in a huge shirt to turn me on to a point that all I thought was her.

I sighed looking at the water drop inside the sink. I needed to stay away from her, I couldn't bring her into my world. No matter how tempting she was I wouldn't allow myself to be with her in any kind of way, I would ruin her.

I sighed and moved away from the sink and brushed my hands through my strands. I could still hear them, still hear all the bad things they're saying about me but I couldn't seem to bring myself to care.

I sauntered out of the kitchen walking pass them. I stopped when I heard the clearing of the throat by father. I didn't turn around and waited for whatever stupid thing he would say next to ruin my night even more.

"My client will be coming with her daughter tomorrow for lunch, don't forget to show her a good time." I could detect the warning in his tone.

I knew he wanted to show off his so-called perfect family. But I was never a saint and I knew I would fuck this lunch over. If he thinks that he could try and push

another kid of his clients onto me, he'll be making a great mistake.

A cruel smirk makes its way to my lips as I continue to walk. "Don't worry father I'll make sure to give her the time of her life." I said over my shoulder as I walked to the staircase.



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