

Chapter 14 Time Together

I follow him silently. "I have a question, Ruby." I nod at him, waiting for him to ask it. "From what I've heard, you never let Jake touch you when there was even the smallest amount of risk of someone seeing and knowing."

"I'm not sure what the question is." That wasn't a question, more of a statement. We stop when we hear noise from the kitchen. His hand pushes me behind him. I watch as he unlocks a unit and takes out a gun.

"Why do you have a gun?"

He points around us. "I've got money. It makes me a target. There's one in most rooms. Stay behind me." We step forward and hear something smash.

Then Jake's voice, Alaric, seems to relax slightly until we hear a woman laughing.

"Quiet before you wake them." Jake laughs, and I hear her moan. Alaric moves forward, and my hand grips his arm.

"Don't."

"That is damn disrespectful! He brought you here."

I nod and smile. "I don't care, Alaric. We're not together. He can do who he wishes when he wants to." His eyes glance towards the kitchen. "Plus, if you do this, he leaves, then I have to." He knows I'm right.

I've got until tomorrow night and would rather not leave early.

"Fine." Sighing, he locks the gun away and pulls me back through the way we had come. I look at him, confused. "There's stairs from my room upstairs down here. If less you want to walk through the kitchen?"

"No." I didn't think of that. We step into his bedroom, and he stops.

"Go to Jake's room. I will be a moment." Jake's room? "Look, if he comes up and sees you're not in there, it will raise questions. Go. I will be one minute." Walking out of his room, I go into Jake's.

Sitting on the bed I wait, and a minute later he walks in. I watch as he locks the door and places a chair under the handle. Well, Jake won't get in now. I doubt he will even try to come up tonight. He found a friend to fuck.

"How do you feel?" He sits next to me.

"I'm fine, Alaric; I don't care what he does." He doesn't need to keep checking.

He chuckles and nods. "I meant about what happened with us downstairs." Oh, I bite my lip and smile.

"Fine, it was different."

"That doesn't explain how you felt during and after."

I think back to it: "During, I felt relaxed, safe in some ways, and protected. Then I felt high and like I was flying." It was all still amazing, though.

"For many, they would call that subspace. It's the place your mind goes to when you give up control when your mind gives up its free will and accepts what happens will but knows you will be safe. For some, it's an intense feeling of safety and happiness; for others, if pleasure is mixed, it can make you feel like you're high."

I remember reading about that.

"You got to that place quickly, which confirms that you were relaxed and felt safe. At that moment, if I had asked you to do something else, something you wanted to try but were worried about, you would have agreed because your fears were gone."

"I can understand that." I forgot about the phone and video, which at first had me feeling anxious.

"Which makes me wonder, and it comes back to what I was trying to ask before. Do you feel safe with Jake? Did you feel safe with him?"

"Yes." I nod quickly, and he looks at me.

"Dig deeper. You wouldn't let him touch you in this room because I was at home. He makes it sound like you avoid anything intimate if there's even the smallest risk, like ensuring the curtains are closed."

"I don't get what you're hinting at." I felt safe with him; otherwise, I wouldn't have agreed to marry him.

"In the kitchen that day. You didn't consider the fact we were in front of the window. That was uncovered. On the sofa, you let me fuck you there facing the stairs, knowing he could come out of his room. Then again, on the sofa, he was in the next room. You let me touch you."

Oh, I sit shocked.

"See, I think you never felt truly safe with him, or maybe you had, and that went? There must have been a reason you didn't feel safe letting him touch you in this room knowing I was in the house, a reason you felt uncomfortable."

Maybe he is right? Okay, he is right. Now that I think back to it, I was uncomfortable, and I didn't feel safe. Which is crazy, as I let Alaric fuck me right there on the sofa, which was far more risky. I think back to the start. Did I ever feel truly safe and comfortable with Jake?

"There must be a reason or a cause?" He looks at me.

Nodding, I agree, and I know what it is: "We were at a party at the start. We had only been dating for about two weeks. We were in one of the rooms alone. I just remember the door opening and a guy walking in. I was facing the door. I tried to move, to cover myself, but Jake kept hold of me and kept going, telling the guy to get out." Maybe that was what caused the issue.

The fact I couldn't just grab a sheet or something to cover myself, and Jake didn't seem to care that the guy was standing looking at me while he fucked me.

Alaric sits staring at me. Now I realise that is the issue. I had no issue with going into that room with Jake and no issue with him fucking me while people were drinking around the house. After that, I did.

"I'm sorry. I'm still trying to understand that. Why wouldn't you just get dressed and walk out?"

Shrugging, I laugh. "I wasn't thinking straight; I was highly drunk, and once the guy had left, I felt fine."

"You didn't; the alcohol masked it." He's right, but still, at that moment, I felt fine. "I'm confused; the way you spoke was like before Jake; you hadn't done anything."

"As I said, my parents are very religious. They believe in the whole saving yourself for marriage. I did. So before Jake, I hadn't slept with a guy. I had done other things. Jake, I don't know."

Somehow I went from saving myself for marriage to well, sleeping with Jake. He's staring at me, shocked. I know why, I laugh slightly.

"No, Alaric that wasn't the first time I slept with Jake, it was the second time."

"I don't understand where I went wrong with him," I laugh at his words. "I mean that. I brought him up, ensuring that he knew he had to respect women and that he understood women weren't just objects. It's a reason I keep my businesses hidden from him."

"He has respect for women, Alaric." He looks at me. "Okay, he doesn't, and it's not your fault. It's not really his either."

"How can you defend him?" He stares at me.

"Everyone knew he had a lot of money. Even I know women used that, they would be happy giving him sex, for gifts in return. It got worse since you agreed to give him his inheritance. Most of the women he sleeps with, I realise are there for his money, and he likes it. He likes that the money gets him attention."

"So money is the issue." He nods.

"The fact that he told me that I should be grateful I got to sleep with him says it is. I didn't know him well enough to start with, but since we split, more and more people have told me his power comes from his money." People gravitate towards him because of this.

"I should have realised. I was brought up with nothing, so I learnt that relationships were built from the ground up. I guess Jake having money just meant he skipped that, and relationships were built based on what he had and could offer."

I didn't know he had nothing growing up. Then again, Jake only spoke about now and how much they had.

"Thank you, Ruby; I think I know what I need to do going forward."

He does? I stare at him, and he smirks.

"I spoke about capping his spending, and I plan to remove it entirely. Anything he wants he has to work for going forward."

Wait. "You can't not give him any money." I laugh slightly.

"Why not? He's not a child; he should be working to provide for himself. Maybe having nothing and realising that those women who let him use them aren't interested in anything but his money will remind him of things."

I mean, I want to agree, but I feel bad for Jake. This isn't a small step, this is going to be a big change. Like sucking him into a black hole and spitting him into an alternate universe where he has nothing.

"You need to realise Ruby, you were never the issue, my son was. When you find someone you can trust and feel safe with, things will be different."

My head nods. I have found someone, but me and Alaric in any relationship after tomorrow won't work. Jake is set to make my life hell when he realises he has no money. Add on him finding out about me and Alaric?

Yeah, I'm going to be tortured. There is no way he would keep that hidden if he lost his money.

"Ensure that you have everything, Ruby." He points around the room. "That way, there is no reason for you to return once you leave."

He's right. I should ensure I get everything and take it with me. Yet, leaving something will give me a reason to come back, which I shouldn't do.

Moving, I straddle him.

"Ruby, what are you doing?" He's staring at me.

"When I leave tomorrow, this ends, right?" I know it does, I don't want for his confirmation. "So let me have tonight, now." Leaning forward, I kiss him.

His hand moves up and tangles in my hair. My hands move down and unfasten his shirt, and he releases my hair and helps me undress us both.

With our clothes thrown to the floor, his body moves, rolling us over until I'm under him. His mouth presses against my neck as he settles between my legs.

He pushes into me slowly, his hips moving in a slow rhythm; my hands grasp his back as his mouth continues to kiss and bite against my neck. His hips speed up slightly, his hand gripping my neck, as his lips find mine. It's so gentle, and different, the other times he was quick, and hard.

My body rocks against him as I orgasm, and he groans, his hand staying wrapped around my neck as he continues to kiss me, his tongue stroking along mine. Whimpering, I push myself closer to him again.

He moves back slightly, and my hand tangles in his hair. "Don't stop." I don't care if we're here all night and tomorrow. I don't want him to stop yet.

"What are you wanting, Ruby?" His eyes focus on mine.

"You fucking me all night and until I leave. Something more than what has already happened, something worthy of remembering and something worthy of risk."

If this ends, it ends, but I want everything I can get from him. He moves and thrusts hard and deep. I scream, my body shaking as pleasure explodes within me. I cry out, and his hand clamps over my mouth, my body still shaking as he chuckles. Shit. I'm soaked.

"Oh, I'm making that happen again. More than once." His words end and thrusts into me, his body keeps mine pinned against the bed. He continues to fuck me deep and hard. Each rock of his hips causes me to lose more control of myself until I'm too delirious to make any noise. All I can do is hold onto him and drown beneath the waves of pleasure as the hours slip by, each one seemingly passing quicker than the last.

Our bodies fall next to each other. My mind is still not switched on. I asked him to keep going all night, and he did. Now, my body just wants to sleep, to pass out and give in.

His finger strokes down my back, each movement of it pushing me deeper into unconsciousness.

"You have no idea how much I would love to continue this, Ruby, every day. I have a son, though, and he will always come first to me." His words carry into my sleep, and I smile when I hear them. If only Jake wasn't my ex, maybe things would have been different.