

Chapter 16 The Ball

I'm ready, or almost.

"I can't decide!" Bex shouts from her room. "Take pictures, then I'll know how I look."

Sighing, I walk through and take multiple pictures of her in the dress. I watch as she gets changed, and I again, take more pictures of her.

"Right, hand it here." She takes the phone from me. I watch as she goes through, muttering to herself and clearly zooming in. I watch her eyes widen.

"What? If you're going to say your ass looks big or some shit, you're wrong." I laugh, and she looks at me.

"I scrolled too far."

"What?"

Shit. Moving, I take the phone, and she laughs.

"His dad fucks good." I groan at her words. "Here, let me show you how to lock them." She moves next to me and shows me. Sitting, I do it with all the videos of us and password them.

I'm glad she saw them. I hadn't even considered it.

"Okay, blue it is." Bex laughs and gets changed. We leave together and get in the car. "Are your parents coming?" she asks, looking towards me.

"No, even after I said things with Jake were over, they haven't contacted me. Apparently, I am not worthy of their time." I shouldn't care, but I do.

"Well, at least you can enjoy tonight without worrying they will be watching."

I know she is right. Still, I'm not sure I'm looking forward to this. It's meant to be a family ball, only my family won't be coming.

The car stops, and we get out. Standing, I look at the people entering. Fastening on the mask, we walk in, and my eyes look around.

"I'm going to go see my parents. Are you coming?"

"No! I'm good, thanks. I will see you later." Walking to the bar, I order a drink. This is just awkward. Everyone's family is here, or they have brought a plus one. I'm alone.

We get called through, and I find my seat. I purposely booked a seat next to Bex. I watch her walk over with her family, sitting we eat and talk.

The empty seat next to me reminds me of how much has changed; it was meant to be Jake sitting there.

Turning I talk to Bex, before we go out into the hall, everyone stands around talking or dancing.

"This dress." Bex stares at me. "Even I can't keep my eyes off you." She laughs, and I join in.

"Yeah, he suggested it, then said no because of how bad it is."

"Bad in a good way, right?" She grins at me.

"Very much so." I freeze hearing Alaric. Is he here? I watch Bex turn and walk away, and then, turning, I look at him.

"You're here?" Why is he here?

"Well, I do remember months ago, I got a call asking if I would be willing to attend this so I could welcome a few families. I have given scholarships to some people. I refused, but I changed my mind last minute."

My heart beats quickly. He's in a suit with a mask, which is unusual. He didn't have one on at the business that time I was there.

"So you have a lot of people to welcome then." He's busy, no doubt.

"I already welcomed them all." His eyes fall to my body. "I wasn't comfortable letting someone else remove that dress from you, so I decided we would not see each other from tomorrow on."

My eyes roll. He leans forward, his mouth against mine as we kiss. Our tongues move against each other as my body pushes against his more.

"Jake is coming for you." I jump back, and Alaric turns and disappears into the crowd as Jake shows up.

"Who was that?" He points towards where Alaric went.

"Someone, a friend." Argh.

"A friend who talks with tongues?" He looks at me, annoyed.

"Jake, what do you want now?"

"To apologise." I laugh. "I mean it this time."

"Jake, you apologise, do it again, and do worse. So you can shove your apology up your ass!" Turning I go to leave, his hand stopping me.

"Did you know?"

"Know what, Jake?"

"About my dad?" I stand still.

I don't want to make it seem like I did. "What about him? Or do you mean the fact he had to drive me home because you fucked off?"

"He deserved it! He stopped my money."

I laugh slightly. "I doubt he has Jake." I need to play dumb.

"What did you two talk about that night? Why did he suddenly cut me off?"

"Jake, I didn't say anything. Maybe you should ask your dad why he felt the need to stop giving you money." I can't give him any answers.

"I'm asking you, something changed that night."

"Maybe it's because you spent the day on the computer and ignored me. Your dad asked for your help, and you refused. Then you just left, going out and leaving me at his place? Have you considered it's your actions?"

He laughs. "That isn't a good enough reason for him to stop my money. Everything Ruby, I don't even get what he gave me when I was a fucking child!" His words are shouted, and people turn to look at us.

"You're still a child. Look at now. Rather than ringing him or talking to him, you want me to give you answers when I don't have them? Leave me alone, Jake. This is over." Turning, I go to walk, and he stops me.

"Enough Jake! No more."

"I don't know what to do, Ruby." He looks at me. "I've got nothing. I can't do what I used to. People will find out, and then what will they think?"

He's such a fool. "You're bothered about what people will think if you don't have money? That's the least of your worries. You no longer have the money that keeps those women quiet. Now, they will speak up about you in bed." Turning, I pull away from him and walk away.

I look around for Bex but can't find her. Right now, I want to leave. Giving up, I walk out. Going in my bag to get my phone, a hand grasps mine.

"I'll give you a ride home." Turning, I look at Alaric.

"That's dangerous, your son could see your car." It's foolish and stupid.

"I'm not in mine." He guides me down, and I watch the chauffeur open a door. Alaric gestures for me to climb in, and I slide into the car. He joins me.

"Alaric, we were not meant to see each other again." That was the whole idea of this.

"Technically, I'm not seeing you right now."

He's right, rasing my hand, I unfasten the mask and remove it.

"Just indulge me, Ruby. For tonight."

"You don't need to ask Alaric." I wouldn't say no, anyway. The car stops and the door opens, Alaric gets out and I do. He follows me into the apartment and to my room.

As I step in, he closes the door. His hand grips my hip, and his body moves and pins mine against the wall. My hips push up as his hand slips between my legs.

"I have to be the one to remove this dress." His words are quiet

His fingers push inside of my pussy, and my hips move against his hand as his lips find mine. His hand releases my hip and moves to my neck while his fingers push deeper, curling and hitting the perfect spot to have me crying out loud.

I watch as he unzips the dress, and it falls to the floor. My hands begin to remove his clothes as his mouth bites against my neck, his fingers unclasping my bra. I watch as it falls to the floor, along with my dress and his clothes.

Lifting me against him, his body pins mine to the wall. He notches his cock against my pussy, and sinks to the hilt in one smooth move. He keeps us in the same position, him impossibly deep within me, his body covering mine.

My body tries to move against him, but there's no space to move. He wiggles his hips slightly, and I cry out in pleasure.

"The perfect spot, baby girl, to have you dripping around me, begging me to move even just an inch to give you the orgasm you crave. He's right; the longer he stays like this, the higher the orgasm builds, but I'm dangling from the edge, waiting for that small bit of string to be cut so I can have the final result.

He begins fucking me with shallow strokes, never enough to push me over that edge I'm wanting to jump from. My head falls forward. What am I doing?

His mouth bites against my ear. "Ruby, get rid of the thoughts before I stop." His words are whispered into my ear, and I wish it were that simple.

"You were going to be my father-in-law." This is fucked up.

Gripping my chin, he kisses me. "And now, I'm your plaything, someone you call daddy and get pleasure from. No one will know. Stop thinking about others, or should I stop?"

Grasping him, I pull him closer.

"Good girl." His words growled as he begins fucking me with deep thrusts, each one sends pleasure rocketing around my body until I'm crying out 'Daddy' and forgetting why this is forbidden.

He walks to the bed, lying down with me above him. His finger beckons me, and I stay kneeling above him, confused.

"Sit on my face, baby girl."

I laugh at his words. His eyes tell me he's serious. "If I sit on your face, you will suffocate!" Like, fully, and die.

"Trust me, I will survive. Now, do it and don't make me say it twice."

Biting my lip, I go to move, but my body refuses. "Ruby, sit on my fucking face." His hands encase my hips and pull me up. With my pussy positioned above his mouth, he pulls me down. His mouth begins working against my sex, his hands moving my hips to cause me to grind against him.

It happens too quickly; one minute, I'm fine, then I'm grasping the bed and flipping out his name, hearing him groan between my legs. His body moves, flipping us until I'm calling me.

My hips lift up as his cock strokes along my bud and down to my pussy, then back up again. My body tries to push against his length, and he slams into me. His hands wrap around my throat, and he begins fucking me in slow deep thrusts. Each one causes me to scream.

"Ruby!" I freeze, hearing Jake and him knocking. My hand covers my mouth as Alaric continues thrusting into me. His hands grasp mine, pinning them down. His hips speed up, the words please and daddy floating from my lips as I rock against him.

The sound of the front door slamming only seems to make us fuck faster and harder.

"He will know never to try again." Alaric's words are growled into my ear. "You're. Not. His." Each word is punctuated with a hard, deep thrust. "Fuck." His word is groaned as I orgasm. I swear I can feel his cock jerking as he comes, and he pushes deeper, drawing out a scream of pleasure from within me.

His body stays over mine, our breathing hectic.

"You didn't stop." My words are broken as I fight to breathe correctly.

"Why would I? He had already heard you, so stopping for you to play pretend that you weren't getting fucked served no purpose." He smirks at me. "Plus, I wanted to ensure he knew he had no chance of getting you back." He moves and lies next to me.

Maybe he's right, maybe now Jake won't keep coming back to apologise?

"I would have stopped if you had told me to. You didn't, though." He looks at me amazed.

"I wasn't exactly willing to say stop right then. I knew he couldn't get in." That orgasm was also within grasping distance, and hell, I wasn't letting Jake stop that. Plus, to know he heard makes me feel better, somewhere inside of Jake he thinks I wouldn't fuck someone else.

"You locked the door downstairs. How did he get in without knocking?"

"He still has the key." Which I need to get back.

"Hmm." His words are quiet, and he pulls me against him.

"Sleep, baby girl." All I can do is nod at his words and give in, letting sleep take me.