

Chapter 27 Talking

The room is quiet, and I know I need to leave soon.

"Oliver had mentioned you went to your parents?" He smiles at me.

"It was a disaster; safe to say they will never forgive me now."

He laughs slightly. "They will, Ruby; yeah, you went against their beliefs and slept with me before marriage, but even they will come around and realise that's nothing."

"Jake, they know everything. In their eyes, I destroyed your and your dad's relationship. I used you two for money, so they won't come around."

"How would they know?" He sits confused.

"That night at the party, everything was filmed. So everyone has shared it, and someone sent it to my dad."

"Shit, I'm sorry. I went through your phone. Honestly, I thought you were seeing Oliver, so seeing the videos, well, yeah. I don't know."

I wouldn't go with Oliver, not in that sense. "I'm sorry, Jake. Even if I didn't do it as revenge, it was wrong." It's his dad.

"Ruby, you don't need to apologise; I caused the mess."

Nodding, I stand and grab my bag.

"You're leaving?" He looks at me.

"I need to get back, Jake." I need to leave before Alaric shows up.

"I can't believe these words are coming out of my mouth. Don't leave; he loves you." I laugh, and he stares at me. "I'm being serious. He's avoiding you and running because he's scared. Looking back, I realise that the times I saw him around that time, he was happy—in a way, I hadn't seen him before. That's gone, and it's my fault, so stay."

"Jake, I can't stay."

"You can. I'm going to see a friend. Just wait and speak to him; he will be back soon." He walks out, and I stand awkwardly. I kind of wish he had stayed. Staying in the kitchen, I wait and watch as it hits eleven and the door unlocks.

Alaric steps in and stops. His eyes look at me briefly before moving.

"Why are you here, and how did you get in?" His words are cold.

"Jake invited me. He wanted to talk and apologise for everything, so we've sorted it out." I now know why he acted the way he did.

"So you two are getting back together. That's good." His words are cold, and he walks past me to grab something.

"No, Alaric. That would be fucked up."

He laughs and stops walking, turning to look at me.

"About as fucked up as using me for revenge."

"Wow, you really think that is what happened? That I used you for revenge?" What the hell?

"What am I meant to think? I had just agreed to let you in, Ruby. I had told you about four hours before that my son is an adult and can deal with it. I said I had given up considering him, and I chose you. Then he found out, and you walked away."

My mouth opens to talk, and his hand goes up.

"As soon as Jake found out the truth, you ended things. What was I meant to think, Ruby? As that just screamed now that Jake knows I'm useless to you. So yes, I shouted and said fuck you because you used me."

Maybe that moment wasn't the right time. Now that I consider it, it does make it look like once Jake found out, I didn't care. Which then makes it seem like everything was for revenge.

"I didn't mean it was over, Alaric. At that moment, I could see Jake was hurting. I realise now that I saw the guy he was at the start when we were alone, just broken and lost. Your focus should have been on him."

"And it was, so thanks."

I ball my hands into fists. "Stop being so fucking dramatic!" His body stills. "I get I hurt you. I get it looked like I used you, Alaric, but I hadn't. I'm trying to talk, and you're acting as bad as fucking Jake had been!"

He stands shocked. "I'm sorry. You have to realise, though, that I had decided to tell Jake everything that night. Even if it meant I lost my son, that's how much this meant to me, Ruby. I was going to tell him about us, and it felt like you had planned to end things all along."

"I hadn't planned to end it, and I didn't end it either. I was saying we needed to take a step back until everything with Jake was sorted. You ended it by blocking my number and ignoring me when I tried to contact you."

He's unbelievably good at avoiding people. "So what now?" I look at him, hoping he doesn't say it stays ended.

"I don't know. You loved Jake. Can you honestly say now you know he hadn't stopped loving you and that he was an asshole who got sucked into the wrong crowd that you don't feel anything for him?"

"I never loved Jake Alaric." His eyes widen at my words. "I thought I did. I would never have gone against my parents' beliefs had I not thought I did. I realise now, though, that I didn't love him; I was just stupid." Stupid is the only word to describe it. I didn't love Jake; it was lust.

It was fun to break my parents' rules. That ended, though. Their knowledge made those feelings disappear.

He doesn't answer; he just stands quietly. "You know, you broke about ten clauses in your own contract, right?" I smirk, and he laughs.

"I was ready to break every rule in those contracts if it helped me forget you and get over it." I nod at his words and step closer to him. "Which was a mistake, I will admit it. Maybe if I had left open one form of communication, this would have been sorted a month ago." He peers down at me, and I smile up at him.

"So now what, Daddy?"

He groans and pulls me to him. "For now, we carry on as before and go slow."

I pout at his words. "But you had just finally stopped holding back with your whip." I bite my lip, and he chuckles.

"By slow, I mean everything else. I won't hold you hostage here and make you move in. We need to tell our families, and we slowly tell people about us."

"I have no family, Alaric."

His head shakes. "You have parents."

"Who officially disowned me." I won't tell them, as I won't speak to them again.

"They haven't. Believe me, they will get over you not saving yourself for marriage."

"Alaric, they know about everything. I went to see them, but they struggled to even let me through the door. It doesn't matter anyway." It doesn't.

He pulls me to him, his arms wrapping around my body.

"I'm sorry. You were here trying to save mine and Jake's relationship, and I just destroyed yours and your parents."

"No, they did. Not you." He didn't destroy it.

"Are you staying?" he looks down at me. "It's your choice. Normally, I would refuse to let you drive home because it's late, dark, and the weather is bad, but it's your choice."

I don't want to leave; my hands pull him closer, and I kiss him. "I give you permission to kidnap me for the weekend." He pulls back, confused.

"The whole weekend?" I nod, and he laughs. "Wow, I get to spend half a night and half a day with you."

Standing, I look at him, confused. "It's nearly midnight, Ruby, on Saturday." Oh, my eyes roll.

"I'll stay Monday as well." Moving, I go to kiss him, his finger covering my mouth, and I pout.

"No. You will go back and do your course. I won't let you skip classes." My eyes roll at him. "Don't sulk. It would be wrong of me to drag you out of your world. I am fighting every urge to keep you here and let you skip classes, but that would be wrong and inappropriate of me. I'll sort out coming to see you through the week."

Leaning down, his lips capture mine. My hands begin moving, and taking off his clothes, he laughs against my lips. "Ruby."

"I'm deaf right now, so I can't hear your objections." I lift the dress from my body, and he lifts me, sitting me on the kitchen counter. My hands push down his boxers before grasping his cock. His hands hold mine.

"We still need to talk."

I nod, accepting we do. "After." I push my body against him, and he groans.

"After." His head nods, and his mouth presses against mine. He keeps my hands in his as he pushes me back onto the side. He stands, smirking at me. "Right here is where this whole thing began." His eyes move over my body.

He releases my hands, "I still remember the way you screamed in pleasure, baby girl." His hands stroke up my body before wrapping around my neck. His head lowers, and his mouth begins its sweet torture.

Teasing me slowly, his hands tighten on my neck, my hips pushing towards him. He keeps going, slowly speeding up, he groans against me as I orgasm, and continues seducing me with his mouth. He's so different. He makes it seem like a pleasure, like something he enjoys, rather than a chore.

He pushes me into another orgasm, my hands grasping into his hair. His mouth and tongue slow down before he kisses up my body. His hands pull me to him, and I feel myself stretch around his cock. Leaning back, his eyes look across my body, stopping at my pussy.

"You look amazing dirty girl swallowing my cock." His words end in a thrust, and I came undone. Holding me against him, his hips begin moving faster and deeper, my hands clawing at his arms as he holds me in place. Fucking me in hard, deep strokes.

His hands pull me to sit up, my legs wrapping around his waist as he continues thrusting. His hand tangles into my hair as he kisses my neck and bites against it.

"You're mine, dirty girl. All. Mine." I cry and nod, accepting that I am. I feel myself fall over the edge hearing his words, him claiming me is hot as hell. He groans, pulling me closer, his hips slamming into me as he comes.

"Eew! Dad, no, fuck." I hear Jake and the door slam, and he rushes off. My head falls forward, and Alaric laughs.

"I thought he was with friends. He said he was going to friends?" That is what he said.

Alaric steps back and hands me my dress. "He has no friends here, not ones he's willing to get involved with again. He probably just said that and sat in the bar waiting until he thought it was safe to come back." I pull the dress on and listen to him talk.

Lifting me from the side, I wrap my body around him. "I forgot about him; you made me forget, so from now on, we'll be careful where we do things. Sure, he says he is okay with it, but seeing it, not so much."

I nod and cuddle into him. He makes me feel safe, which is crazy, but he does. I barely know him—but not enough—but I know he will protect me and keep me safe.

"Are you okay?" He looks down at me.

"Totally, just don't ignore me again." It fucking hurt. "For a month, I tried. I rang the businesses, and you ignored me even when you were there."

He nods and carries me into his room. "I'm sorry. I panicked and didn't want to be hurt, so I blocked you in every way possible so you couldn't confirm it was over." He climbs into the bed with me, keeping my body wrapped around his.

I want to say things will be great now, but something tells me things are just getting started.