

### Chapter 30 His Attempt

"Ruby?" Bex looks at me, turning back to Max. "I will cut you open!"

I groan when I hear Bex. "Don't; let's just go. Forget him; you're not getting arrested for him." I pull her out of the kitchen.

"It would be for you, not him." She glares at him as I pull her out. "You should let me. You have a black eye!"

"Forget it. I've had enough drama without adding to it. I don't exactly help, do I, kissing Oliver, then sleeping with Jake's dad." My eyes roll as we walk home.

"That's no excuse for him to do it. I'm going back, just letting you know that when you're asleep, I'm going back."

I smile at her. "Thanks, but don't get yourself in shit. Did you know Ivy hadn't told Oliver about Harry?" I'm hoping the change in conversation makes her forget about her quest to make Max bleed.

"No, I thought she had." She looked at me, shocked. "That explains things. When I mentioned it to her, she quickly changed the conversation." We continued to talk about it on the way back.

Walking in, I laugh at her explaining her threats to Oliver; I don't blame him for hiding from her. Any sane guy would after getting her threats.

"Alaric is in the living room." Ivy stares at me. "What happened?"

"Nothing." I go to walk past, but Oliver stops me. "I fell down some steps, don't." I walk into the living room, hearing them talking. Alaric is sitting glaring at his phone, acting like it can see his expression and portray his mood in whatever he is doing.

"If you glare at it a little bit harder, it might actually combust," I smirk.

He chuckles slightly and smiles. "I'm not glaring at the phone."

"Okay, well, you realise glaring at it doesn't make the person see, right?" He is wasting his energy on it.

Laughing, he looks at me, his eyes widening. "What the hell happened?"

"I fell down some steps. How did your meeting go?" I sit next to him.

"Do I really look that fucking dumb?" I sit, shocked by his bluntness. "Ruby, what happened?"

"I said. I fell down some steps." I smirk, and his eyes roll.

"Did Max really do that?" I turn, seeing Oliver at the door.

"No, I fell down steps." Fuck sake. I glare at Bex, and she laughs. I swear she loves drama and people fighting.

"Had you let me hit him a few times, I would have gone with your story of you falling down the steps, but you wouldn't even let me hit him once, so I'm not lying." She stands looking smug.

"It's nothing. All of you forget it." I turn to Alaric. "Your meeting?"

"What happened?" He looks away from me to Bex.

"No idea, I wasn't there to see."

"Because nothing happened, you lot can leave now." I glare at Bex.

"Then I will go ask what happened." Alaric stands.

"Fine! He tried it on. I said no, and he got more aggressive, so I bit his lip, and he hit me. Now leave it." I turn from Alaric to Ivy. "Just a warning: I in no way touched Oliver tonight, but Max seems to think something happened." I don't want her to hear things and not know the truth.

"Like I would believe Max." She laughs slightly.

"Right, now you can all leave." I sit down, and Alaric stands looking at me.

"Where will this Max be?" Alaric looks at Bex.

"No! Don't bother." I look at him, and he ignores me. "Alaric, you will make it worse."

"How?" He glances at me.

"Because this is caused by me fucking you. So, you showing up to defend me will make it worse. Just leave it." They all need to stay out of it.

"Okay." Alaric shrugs, but his tone suggests he has a plan. "You need to eat, so let's go out for food." He walks to the door, and I follow before stopping. I glance down at my top. "Yeah, you can't wear that outside. It's ripped."

"Let me change." I smile at him and walk off. Getting into my room, I quickly change and sort out my hair. Walking back down, I see Bex and Ivy. Wait. "Oh, I fucking fell for it!"

They laugh and nod. "It was so easy, you didn't even realise. You just walked off, and he walked out with Oliver." Bex stands laughing.

Standing, I feel annoyed. "It's not funny! You should have told me he left."

"I just did." Bex smirks. "Sorry, but Max needs to be taught a fucking lesson, and you can't stop them because they left in Alaric's car." She stands smiling.

"Forget it. I'm going to my room and hoping no one gets arrested." I slammed the door as I walked upstairs. I didn't want the drama.

Twenty minutes later, my door opens, and Alaric walks in; I glare at him, and he laughs. He moves and climbs onto my body, his mouth moving against mine, his tongue moving into my mouth.

Moaning, my hips push up as I pull him closer. His hands grasp my wrists and pin my hands down while his mouth moves faster.

"Let's go get food for real this time." He smiles at me and moves back, and my mouth drops open.

"No, you can't just come in, tease me and make me think about sex, and make me think it's happening to stop and say we're going for food." Nope, my head shakes.

"We're going for food. You're eating; the longer you refuse, the longer you have to wait for me to touch you again." He stands smirking.

"Fine, but I want to know what you did with Max?" I grab my bag and jacket, and he walks out. Moving, I follow him. "Alaric, what happened with Max?"

"I taught him manners in the same way I would my son if he hit a woman." He holds the car door open for me. That doesn't tell me what happened. I feel like texting Jake and asking what he would do to him if he had ever hit me, just so I know.

"Alaric," I watch as he turns, smiles at me, and starts to drive. "Don't smile; answer me. What happened?"

"I told you, I taught him manners."

Fine, clearly, he won't tell me, so I will ask Oliver later. He will tell me.