

Chapter 54 Something Hidden

On the drive back, we're all talking, except my mum, who is quiet. I feel that is because Sally has told her off over the dress, so she is watching her words.

"I told the men to cook," Sally says, and I look at her shocked. "We've had a busy day." She laughs slightly, and I nod.

"Don't eat the mac and cheese if Desmond has cooked it." Emily looks at us, and Sally laughs.

"And don't eat anything William cooks either."

"Why tell them to cook if they can't?" I laughed at the fact she told them to cook and then said, don't eat it.

"So, what you're saying is, only the food Alaric makes is safe?" Ivy laughs.

"Pretty much yes." Sally laughs. She's slightly drunk but happy, at least. Half an hour later, we are finally back. I have to admit I'm ready for sleep.

As we walk through the door, Sally laughs and jokes about how the kitchen isn't burnt down from their cooking. I watch Alaric move and grab papers off the table.

"What is that?" Why do they all look like they are hiding something?

"Nothing." Alaric smiles.

"It looked like something." Sally walks in and glances between them.

"It was nothing, Mother." Alaric states, and she laughs.

"Okay, I know when not to ask." She shrugs and sits.

"I don't. So what is it?" I look at Alaric, waiting for an answer.

"Business stuff," he replies, but it's a lie.

"Why haven't you cooked?" Sally sits looking at them.

"We ordered because Alaric didn't want to eat my food." William laughs.

"I didn't have time to cook for everyone, and I'm not about to let Dad poison us all." Alaric laughs slightly.

"I'm going to put this upstairs," I say, holding up the dress before turning to walk away.

"Did you have any issues?" Alaric looks at me. My head shakes, but I glance towards my Mum.

"No, it was fine." Smiling, I walked out. It was, once Sally clearly told her to shut up. I'm assuming that is what she said, as my Mum hasn't muttered a word since.

"Baby girl," I hear Alaric as I'm just hanging up the dress. Turning, he's standing there watching me.

"So what's going on, Sir? It looked like you were up to something twice now," I ask, watching as he shrugs.

"Nothing, I promise, so you found the dress?" He glances at the garment bag.

"I did," I reply, watching his expression. "Why are you looking at me weirdly?" He is, and I'm not sure why.

"Well, baby girl, as I had it pointed out to me today, I've not spoken, or we haven't. We've not planned a day, and depending on the style, it may not be able to be altered."

Oh, I hadn't thought of that. "So what you're saying is we either get married quick or after I have the baby?" I didn't think of this.

"Can it be taken out and made bigger?" He looks at me, waiting.

In my mind, I picture the dress. "No, Sir, and well, it's not really a dress that can be worn when you have a baby belly." The dip goes down, and it wouldn't look right.

"Why not, baby girl?" He looks at me, confused.

"Nice try, Sir. I'm not dropping hints about what the dress is like." I smirk at him, and he laughs.

"I wasn't trying to. I was genuinely curious." Sighing, he looks at me. "We need to talk this through, so what are your thoughts on the wedding?" Sitting on the ottoman, he looks at me.

"It will have to wait, as we can't possibly get it sorted quickly enough for the dress to still fit." I don't want to rush to find an alternate dress for the wedding.

"If you're happy to marry quickly, it can be sorted, baby girl. I just want to be sure that you're sure." He looks at me, waiting.

Moving, I walk to him and climb onto his lap. "If I wasn't sure, I wouldn't have agreed, Sir. If you really think it can be sorted quickly and before I outgrow my dress, fine." I smile, feeling his hand stroke up my back, my body pushing closer to his.

"Okay, well before we move onto that, I need to explain something to you, baby girl." His words have me nodding, but I'm worried now. "Desmond, Emily, and the twins will be living here for a week or two. They have officially moved back, but the sale of the house is taking longer than expected." He looks at me, waiting for my response.

"I won't complain, Sir. I'm fine with them living here." It would be wrong to refuse to let him let them.

"I just wanted to make you aware. It does mean Emily will be here to help you plan the wedding." He smiles at me.

"Me plan?" I don't know about weddings.

"I can help as well, baby girl, but whatever you want, say, and I will get it. Tomorrow, we will sort out the location and date," he explains. I'm glad he is going to help sort out the location, as I wouldn't be able to do it alone.

"Come on, food should be here." He stands and places me down.

"You still didn't tell me what is going on?" I look at him, waiting.

"I did; it's something to do with work, baby girl." He's lying. I will find out what it is. Sighing, I give up for now and follow him downstairs.

Sitting together we eat, and Sally talks to me more about things. My parents are gone; they didn't even say goodbye, and I want to laugh at that fact.

"I may have caused more issues with Ruby's parents," Sally says while looking at Alaric.

"Mother, what did you do?" Alaric laughs.

"Nothing." She shrugs, and Bex laughs.

"I thought I was brutal." Bex continues laughing, and if she said that, I know it's bad.

"Ruby had found her dress—a beautiful dress. Her mother was very strict, trying to make them make alterations, claiming it showed too much skin and dipped too low at the front." Sally smiles at Alaric.

"And what did you do?" He looks at her, waiting.

"I simply told her it was Ruby's wedding and her choice." Sally smiles.

"That's a lie." Alaric looks at her.

"Fine; I told her to keep her mouth shut if she wanted to be able to open it again," Sally spoke, and my eyes widened. "I tried telling her nicely, but she was saying it was suitable for a prostitute, which it wasn't, so I got nasty." Sally smiles at Alaric.

"What is it with you and wedding dress shopping? You offended Emily's maid of honour when she got hers as well." William laughs.

"There is nothing wrong with me, dear. You should be asking what is wrong with them." Sally smiles.

"She's drunk. They got your mother drunk." William groans, and we laugh.

"We all know Mother got herself drunk, Dad." Desmond laughs. He's not wrong. Sally drank more than any of us while we were out today.

"Oh, by the way, the wedding is in three days." Alaric smiles, and I turn to him, shocked; how? "I was lying. I sorted the venue today, so it's a good job you agreed; otherwise, I would look like a fool, baby girl calling up to cancel."

Three days? He found the venue and booked it for three days. I want to laugh and panic; I won't, though.

It's nice though, this is nice. Something I don't think I've ever had.