

Chapter 55 Planning

I wake alone. Last night, Alaric insisted I go to bed and get some sleep, and I didn't even try to argue. Getting ready for my day, I walk down and see him sitting alone. I glance around, confused.

"They are out for the day. We have the house to ourselves." He looks at me and smiles. I like that. I lift the dress from my body and walk to him, his eyes widening.

"Baby girl." His words are quiet, and my head shakes. Moving, I climb onto him.

"Yes, Daddy?" Leaning forward, I bite his lip and grind down against him. His body moves quickly, flipping us until I'm below him.

"Screw plans." His words growled into my ear, and I pulled his shirt, watching the buttons fly off. I give up on the shirt, it's half off, moving I unfasten his trousers as his mouth moves and teases my neck.

My hands push his trousers down, and I grasp his cock. His hands pull against my thong, ripping it from my body before thrusting into me.

He groans and holds me against him. My body tries to move, and his hands keep me captive. His head lowers to my ear, and he bites against it.

"I'm yours, baby girl." His words end and he thrusts, my body shakes against him, as he begins rolling his hips quicker, his mouth captures mine, and I move my body against him.

Pleasure ripples through me and I hear him groaning, it was quick but perfect. His body stays over mine, his forehead pressed against mine. I missed this. I missed him.

My head turns, hearing Callum and Alex.

"Boys, stay out of here." Alaric shouts and sighs, looking fed up. Kissing me, he smiles. "How about tonight we go in the room?" He smiles at me.

"I want to agree, but we have the wedding to sort, so how about the night of the wedding?" I don't want to be tired for the wedding, so that will help.

"Then me, you and that room have a date baby girl." He peppers kisses along my face. "Okay, get dressed before they get bored of waiting and come in anyway." He moves back and gets dressed. I grab my dress and put it on as he picks up my ripped underwear.

I laugh slightly, seeing his shirt ripped.

"Stop, it's not funny; you do it with all my shirts. I'm surprised I have any left." Kissing me, he walks towards the kitchen, and I go upstairs to get more underwear.

Walking back down, Alaric is sitting with the boys.

"I need to go home and pack," I say as I walk towards him.

"No need. Ivy and Bex left this morning. They said they would get it done for you so you can focus on the wedding." He smiles at me. Well, that saved me that job, but I still wanted to.

"Okay, what needs sorting for the wedding?" I ask, sitting next to him.

"This shop agreed to get the cake done in time, so you can call in this morning and pick the cake." He hands me the business card, and I take it. "This place can sort the flowers, so again, call in and pick the flowers." He hands me another card.

"I'll be sorting out what I'm going to wear today. I've also sorted out invites and sent them out already. Don't forget you need a bouquet for yourself. You also need to pick your bridesmaids and such and sort their dresses."

I look at him. I don't understand his system, but he clearly does. To me, it just looks like a bunch of lists. I laugh slightly, and he looks at me.

"Nothing, keep going." I smile, and he nods.

"Car, what sort of car do you want to go in?" he asks.

"Not a clue, you pick. Me and cars don't go." I shrug; it's the truth.

"Okay, well, you need to sort out hair and makeup. I wouldn't be good at those," he explains, and I nod.

"Totally fine with me. I will go sort out the cake and things now. I'll be back late, though; I need to do something later." I have a plan, so I won't be rushing back.

"That's fine. Talk to Bex and Ivy, as I know they will be your bridesmaids." He leans forward and kisses my cheek, grabbing my things. I go to leave, and he stops me.

"Eat. I will be checking in, baby girl, to ask if you ate lunch as well. Now get breakfast, please." He stands waiting. I should have known I wouldn't get out of it. "Have you been taking the tablets?" he asks.

"Yes, every day, don't worry. I will grab something now." Kissing him, I walk into the kitchen and make something quick. After eating it, I walk out, and he stops me again.

"Now, what have I done?" I laugh slightly.

"Nothing, baby girl, but you came back in my car, remember?" he says, and I stare at him. Did I? I can't remember it was that long ago. "Here, seen as if I tell you to take any car, you will ask which anyway." He hands me the keys, and I take them.

Kissing him I walk out and get find the car, this one at least isn't crazy like the last one. My morning disappears quickly, I sort out the cake, flowers and considering I know Bex and Ivy's size, I find the dresses and reserve them until they can try them on.

I'm hoping they will look good. As I walk through the store, I look through lingerie. I have a plan, and it involves the lingerie I will be wearing the night we get married.

I'm not sure how many shops I have looked in and failed to find what I want. Now, I'm in one of Alaric's, sighing. I look through the items, and I will find what I need.

My phone rings, and I grab it from my bag, seeing Alaric's name.

"Hello, Sir." I smile slightly and stop when I see the outfit. This is it. I can't wear it under my dress, but I can change into it on the night.

"Baby girl, I hope you have eaten." His words make me pull the phone away from my ear, oh crap it's nearly two. Putting it back to my ear, I open my mouth to lie and stop.

"No, I will pay for this and then eat, Sir." I forgot; I didn't realise the time.

"Where are you, baby girl?" he asks, and I pay for the lingerie. "Baby girl, where are you?" he asks again, and I smile.

"Give me thirty seconds, and I will answer." If I say where I am, it spoils my plan. I hear him sigh. Grabbing the bag, I walk out and sit on a bench.

"I'm outside a florist you said to go to," I explain and smile.

"Wait there for me, baby girl." The call ends. What? After food, I had plans that he can't know about. Sitting, I wait, and five minutes later, he appears.

"Come on." He takes my hand and guides me up, his eyes going to the bags.

"Don't!" I look at him, and he laughs.

"I wasn't. I haven't eaten, so I figured we could eat together. Then you can go back to your plan, baby girl." He guides me into a restaurant and we sit down.

"So you sorted the cake and flowers?" He looks at me as I eat.

"I also have Ivy and Bex's dresses sorted, they just need to try them on tomorrow when they come." I smile at him.

"That's good; Bex will be here late tonight, however." He smiles at me.

"How do you know?" Have they started talking now or something?

"Because Lucas has plans with her, they will stay with us until the wedding anyway, baby girl." She and Lucas are close, and I'm glad she found someone. "Which brings me to the next point," he says, and I nod, waiting.

"Lucas will be bringing his daughter around tonight." He looks at me, and I stare at him. "Rather than having Bex meet her privately with just him, he's doing it this way. Then it's not so personal. It will be more relaxed."

"I didn't expect him to introduce them yet." I didn't, sure it's been like two months of them kind of dating, but still.

"He really likes her. Bex being able to go to his will make it easier for them to see each other more," he explains, and I know he's right.

"Does Bex know?" I'm not sure if she does.

"Yes, she knows. So no crazy swearing or threatening to kill people." He smiles at me, and I laugh. "Now, we need to talk about your dad, baby girl."

"Nothing to talk about, Sir," I say, unwilling to accept that this conversation is going to happen.

"There is, because what is the plan? Are you letting him walk you down?"

I laugh slightly at his words. "He doesn't agree with this, so no, it's bad luck." I won't agree.

"Baby girl, calm down. Consider this: In five years, he has made amends. You're fine like you used to be. Will there be no regret at all for not letting him?" He looks at me, waiting. I know there will be, but I hate even considering letting him do this.

"Look, you can pretend you don't care what they think, but you do. You love them; they are your parents, but I get it. I didn't invite mine when I married Beatrix. I instantly regretted it, baby girl. Then she left and proved them right, and I was glad they weren't there, but at first, I regretted not inviting them." He looked at me, waiting.

"Okay, I will agree," I say, giving in.

"Good. I will speak to him and make him aware." He will speak to him? I glance at him, confused. "Look, your dad is fine. He's gotten over the initial shock. He has agreed that your mum is reluctant to accept this is real, but he is trying to make amends."

"So you speak to my dad?" I ask, waiting for him to answer.

"Yes, I've been updating him on the wedding. He will be coming tonight, but we're unsure if your mum will." He smiles at me. I doubt she will; the way she acted over the dress screamed she hadn't changed.

"Okay, I will arrange for someone to pick up your items once Bex and Ivy have packed." I nod, and we sit talking about things more. I'm amazed by how he's already arranged most things.

He literally planned the wedding in two days. I find it hilarious, but I know it was only possibly because he has money. Just how much extra is he paying to ensure we get married in three days? No, two days. Yesterday it was three, now it's two.

"When do we actually get married? You said three days?" Was that including yesterday? I don't know. I look at him, waiting.

"Saturday, baby girl." He smiles at me. So, not tomorrow or the day after, so I really only have today and tomorrow? I need to get my things sorted today.

First nails, then they are sorted for my plan and the wedding. It saves trying to get them done the day of the wedding.

"Right, baby girl, I will leave you to it." He wraps his arms around me and holds me against him. "Love you baby girl, don't take too long, and if you're not back in time to have dinner, please eat." Kissing my cheek, he walks away, and I walk to get my nails done.