

Chapter 58 Our Night

Standing with Bex and Ivy, I laugh, my head shaking at them.

"It's a good plan." Bex nods in agreement, it is, but I'm still unsure.

"And Lucas is fine with this?" I ask, unsure of how he would be.

"Yes, he's like Alaric and has a few locations open, so moving closer to you and Alaric isn't an issue." She smiles at me.

"But he has his daughter to consider." I remind her.

"He has; this isn't like she is in school with friends, Ruby; she's too young for that. So moving before then is more ideal," Bex replies and smiles at me.

"Can I have this dance?" Jake looks at me, and I nod.

"Oh. My. God." Bex shouts, and I turn to her, confused. "Ruby is like your stepmum." She laughs and falls off the chair. Groaning, I lean down and pull her up.

"Behave, don't make him feel more awkward." I laugh and push her back onto the chair.

"It's a good job we're staying with you and Alaric, I don't think Lucas would want her at his place this drunk." Ivy laughs, and I nod.

"I'm sorry but I just realised. You're Jake's stepmum."

"No, Bex, no!" I say, trying not to laugh.

"She's right." Ivy joins in. Turning, I look at Jake.

"Let's just go for that dance," I say and walk away, hearing them laugh.

"They are right, though; I hadn't even thought of that." His words are whispered as we dance.

"It doesn't mean that stop agreeing with them." That's just awkward.

"Don't worry, I won't start calling you mum." I groan at his words, and he laughs. "Joke, I swear it's a joke." He smiles down at me.

"I just wanted to say thank you." He looks at me.

"For what, Jake?" Why is he thanking me?

"I thought that would be obvious for not pushing him out. I meant it. I've never seen him as happy as he is with you. After what my mum did, now I know the full story, I am glad he has you," he explains and I nod understanding him.

Alaric had just told Jake his mum had left and couldn't handle being a mum. He never told him that she was there for money, no doubt because it hadn't been confirmed.

The song ends, and he walks away.

"My turn." I smile when I hear Alaric and turn to see him. His arms wrap around my waist, and he pulls me into him. 'Snake Bite' by Jared Benjamin begins to play as we dance.

We don't speak; we dance in silence, and it's perfect. I listen to the song's lyrics, and I'm grateful he chased me down that day I ran from Beatrix's lies.

"Baby girl," he says, and I peer down at him. "I love you." I smile at his words.

"I love you, Sir," I say before leaning up and capturing his lips with mine.

"So, Jake will be moving out in the next week," he says, and I stare at him.

"He's moving in with the twins. I'm not entirely sure it's the best idea, but he wants his own space again. Desmond and Emily should have their house sorted as well in the next week."

So, within a month, we will be living alone? "Are you sure Jake will be fine?" I ask, genuinely worried for him.

"He will be. The twins are...wild but not like Jake. He has his job, so he will be fine." He pulls me closer and kisses me. "Now, about tonight?"

"We're in that room, Sir." He can't back out of it now.

Chuckling, he nods. "I wasn't going to change the plan, baby girl. I'm just checking to make sure you're sure."

"I am, so when?" I ask, eager to get him alone.

"We can leave now." He guides me out and into the car. I can't stop smiling. When we get to the house, he carries me in. He goes to walk to the room, and I stop him.

"Alarm?" He always puts it on.

"They will be back soon. They know to put the alarm on. They have every night if they were the last ones up, don't worry." Hearing his words, I relax, and he continues to carry me through and into the room.

He places me down, and I smile as he stands staring at me.

"It's a perfect dress, baby girl." He says that, but his words say differently. I laugh slightly. "But very off-putting when I was meant to be looking at you, now your breasts." His finger strokes along the exposed skin, and I smile.

I feel him pull the zipper down at the back, and it falls to the floor.

Stepping out of the dress, I watch as he picks it up. He walks towards me, and my hand raises.

"Not yet, turn." I smile at him, watching as he does as he is told. Moving, I grab the outfit I had bought and put it on. "Now I'm ready," I say quietly, watching him turn.

His eyes widen.

"I just got you basically naked, and you put on my clothes?" He laughs, stepping closer to me.

"I thought you would like it, sir. Do you not?" I ask, waiting and watching him.

"Of course I do, so I will play while you wear it, then remove it and play some more." His words end, and he kisses my neck. "Arms up, baby girl."

I follow his order, raising my arms above my head. I feel the restraints wrap around my wrists.

"They aren't too high, so your body isn't stretched, baby girl." He kisses my body and kneels at my feet. His fingers slide down my underwear, and he helps me step out of them.

His tongue begins to tease me, and I moan, pulling against the restraints.

"I changed my mind, baby girl." His words are mumbled against my sex. He stands and unhooks my arms, carrying me to the bed. I don't argue; he seems to have a plan; his mouth kisses down my body, and his tongue strokes along my clit. My hips push up, and his hands grasp mine and place them on his head.

Moaning, I pull his hair as his tongue goes deeper inside me. His finger begins to rub against my clit. My moans get louder as he pushes me to the edge. Moaning, I push my hips up, my hands holding his head in place, ready to let go. His hands move, gripping my waist.

Flipping me over, I lie on my stomach. The feel of the leather hitting against my ass makes me moan. Pushing myself up onto my knees, I wait for the next whip. A moan escapes my lips just at the thought of it. The whip swings down, hitting harder than before. My body jumps forward, a small scream escaping my mouth. Rolling over, I look at him, his relaxed expression turning confused.

"You want me to stop?" he asks. I do, but I want something different. Looking at him, I nod, a smile forming on my face.

"I don't want this." My words are quiet and his face becomes a picture of hurt at my words.

"What do you want? I can leave if you really want?" I'm not sure if he means that or is mocking me.

Looking at him, I can see the pain in his eyes.

"No, I want you. I just want..." What do I want? "I want you to fuck me like you were leaving me, like that night in Jake's bed, where it was all night."

His eyes look at me, and I hope that he remembers that time, that he remembers everything.

"The exact same?" He asks.

Do I want the same or just that feeling of will I ever see you again?

"I just remember the feeling of wanting you, the urgency to have you. It felt more real because I honestly thought that was the last time you would touch me."

Nodding, he understands. "I can do that, no problem, baby girl."

His body slowly crawls up to me, his eyes piercing into mine, into my soul.

"Are you sure?" he asks, and I nod quickly—too quickly because he laughs. Yes, I would love him to taunt me for hours, to use the toys on me. I just want that feeling again.

His hands grasp mine, pulling them above my head. One of his hands rubs down my body, squeezing my breast hard as his cock pushes against my sex, a small whimper escaping my lips. The excitement of him fucking me all night makes me wet.

His hips thrust hard, and a scream escapes my mouth. His hand lets go of mine as both his hands grip my legs, pulling them up and around him.

"Are you ready, baby girl? I won't have mercy. I won't stop or stop until you beg me to." His words send a flurry of pleasure through me. My pussy clenches around his cock, and his smile tells me he knows his words affected me.

So I will taunt him back. "Yes, Daddy."

His smirk scares me a little, and I now wonder what I got myself into. His hips thrust hard, deep and fast, screams escaping my lips, his hand grasping my throat as he keeps going.

My body tenses as the orgasm rises. He isn't slowing down or teasing; normally, when I orgasm, he slows and teases me, but not this time. His hips are still going at full speed. The orgasm takes over, moans escaping my lips as he continues thrusting. I have never seen this side of him, ever. His hips keep going fast. His grip on my neck is tighter, and my screams get louder until his hand clamps over my mouth.

"Shh, baby girl, we don't want you waking anyone. Your screams only make me want to go harder and deeper." His words send me over the edge, another orgasm rippling through my body as my screams are muffled by his hand.

He's lying, though; I know all his rooms are soundproofed.

My hands grasp at his back, my nails digging in deep. His body winces from the pain as I pull my hands down, scratching his back. His hips seem to be moving faster and harder still. How is that even possible?

He moves, grabbing my body and throwing me over. He pulls me up until I'm kneeling in front of him. I feel his mouth kissing the back of my neck, his cock pushing into me, before his hips begin pounding again, moving harder and faster.

His hand wraps around my neck while the other silences my screams; my body is stuck against his. I've no escape as his hips continue to move quickly and hard. My body tried falling forward, but his hands held me against him.

My body is aching. What has he done? I can usually take so much more yet right now he's pushed me to my limit so quickly. His hips are still thrusting hard, the sweat dripping from his forehead.

He moves back, and my body falls forward, his hands pulling me to the edge of the bed. He pushes me down until I'm bent over it, his cock pushing deep inside of me.

His hips move instantly. Moaning, I struggle to control myself. His need to drive me insane and wild makes me want to turn and take control. My moans get louder as the orgasm rises within me, his move just as fast as before, as my body screams in pleasure and I fall forward.

"Oh no, you don't, baby girl; I'm not finished with you yet." His words are growled, and my body shakes.

Moving, he pulls me up, his body pins mine against the wall, his hands lifting me so I can wrap my legs around him. He thrusts, and my body shakes from pleasure, the wetness becoming more noticeable.

"Baby girl." His words are whispered into my ear as he continues to thrust. "I want you to squirt." His words are growled, and it makes me weak.

I feel the him shift and the toy placed on my clit. The vibrations are stronger than ever before.

"Hold it for my baby girl."

Slowly, my body obeys him, and I hold the toy, his hand moving to clamp down on my neck, and my hips thrust harder and faster.

My screams become louder as I feel it building within me. Moaning, I lean forward on him, which only makes it worse as I push the toy against me harder. I muffle myself a moan escapes my shoulder and hear him groaning my name.

He bites against my shoulder, as hips somehow go deeper, my body letting go as he wins and I squirt. My body goes numb, and he groans my name, cursing as his hips slow slightly before beginning to speed up.

He wins.

"Yellow, I'm tired," I say, and he stops, his arms staying wrapped around me.