

Chapter 59 The Sirens

I say in Alaric's arms and can't help but smile as I feel him remove my lingerie and step into the shower.

"What was that?" It wasn't what I asked for; it was better, however, so, I won't complain.

"Well..." His word stops, and he kisses my neck as his hands wash across my body.

"Well, what?" I ask, feeling tired.

"Whenever we had a fallout, baby girl, we never got to have make-up sex, so that was all the make-up sex I owed you." His words have me laughing. Make-up sex?

It was different, and he was certainly relentless. I smiled against him as he carried me to his room and into his bed. His hand gripped my chin, and he raised my head so I could look at him.

"I love you, baby girl." Leaning forward he kisses me.

"I don't trust you right now," I say while laughing. His eyes roll and he pulls me closer. "I love you as well, though, even if I don't trust you."

"Just shut it and sleep." I laugh at his words. "Now, go to sleep; it's late." Kissing me, he pulls me closer, and I find myself falling asleep in his arms, smiling and grateful that he did something different. It was a side of him I hadn't seen or witnessed.

Loud sirens wake, and I feel my body getting pulled out of bed.

"Alaric, I will walk, you don't need to drag me outside this time." I laugh slightly, still trying to wake up.

"Just stay in here." He pushes me through the door and hands me a robe before closing it. Why has he put me in here? This is the secret part of the house that even Jake doesn't know about.

Standing, I wrap the robe around myself and realise that the noise is different; this isn't the fire alarm. I go to open the door and find it locked. Using my thumb, I try to unlock it, but it doesn't work.

He said he added me on so I could open it?

"Alaric!" Shouting I bang on the door, trying to push it open, but it doesn't move. I try and scan my thumb again but it does nothing.

Everything goes silent, and I struggle against the door. "Alaric! Let me out!" Screaming, I hit it; he can't lock me in a fucking room. I keep trying feeling myself panicking.

The other door, I rush down the steps; I pass the room and office; I am going to push the door open, but it doesn't move. I place my thumb on the scanner, but it doesn't unlock.

"Alaric!" I scream, hitting the door. Why isn't he replying? I keep moving between the upstairs and downstairs doors, yet my thumb doesn't unlock them, and no one replies as I bang and shout.

Walking into his office, I begin searching for something that might help. The sound of a gunshot has me panicking. Rushing through, I bang on the door and continue to try to unlock it.

Why won't it work? I shout, crying, as I use the paperweight to hit the thumb sensor in the hopes it unlocks the door. I'm not sure how long I have stopped here crying, trying to break out before the door opens and I see Alaric.

Rushing I hug him.

"You fucking asshole." Screaming, I hit him; I thought he was dead. "You're a fucking prick!" My words are loud and he laughs.

"It's not funny." My words are quiet as I cry, my body shaking against him.

"I'm fine. Stop worrying." He grips my chin, forcing me to look at him. "I'm fine, see. Calm down, please, before you make yourself sick." He pulls me to him.

"I would be fine if you didn't lock me in there; what happened to my thumbprint working?" I could have sworn he said it would work.

"I will explain. Just sit with Emily and everyone." He pushes me toward them and walks off.

"Can someone tell me what is happening?" I look at them.

"Don't ask me, this asshole locked me in the bathroom." Emily glares at Desmond.

"I was also locked in my room, which makes me think you guys planned this." Sally looks at William, and the men don't speak. I look between them.

"Don't ask me, I didn't know." Jake shrugs.

"Maybe we just all had the same idea, lock the women in a room to keep them safe?" William states, but he's lying.

"Forget that, what happened?" I am more bothered about that right now.

"Alarms went off. We searched the house, couldn't find anyone, but the door had been broken into. Someone ran at Alaric and shot at him, so I shot them in the leg." I hear done shot? Or was I just so hysterical that I didn't hear the second?

"Someone else jumped out and stabbed Alaric, but Jake hit them with something, and they passed out.

Wait, Alaric was stabbed? I look in the direction he disappeared.

"Just wait." William smiles at me. "He's fine, I promise."

He's fine? Desmond just said he was stabbed.

"Who was it?" I ask.

"No idea, they had a mask on. Alaric is sorting it, the police showed up, so just wait and he will explain to you what happened." Desmond smiles, but I can't settle.

"Here, you're in shock." Emily smiles and hands me a throw. I wrap it around myself, sit on the chair, and fight to stay awake. My body and mind are exhausted, and I feel like I only slept for a few minutes.

"I'll go see if there is a timeframe." Desmond stands and walks out, my head getting heavier. Surely it shouldn't be taking this long, and why can't we just go through anyway?

"Why can't we just go through?" I ask, still feeling confused.

"Because Desmond shot someone, so they are likely gathering evidence, just wait." William smiles at me. Just wait?

"Where's Bex and Ivy?" I haven't seen them, I sit up and panic.

"Bex and Ivy went to a hotel, it was closer, and Bex could barely stand." Jake laughs. "Actually, Lucas and Oliver had to carry them out of the manor they were that drunk." He continues laughing, and I roll my eyes.

My head grows heavier as I wait, and Desmond walks through what feels like half an hour later. "We can go back to bed now." His words are quiet, and I watch them walk out as Alaric walks in

I glare at him; he hides something; none of this makes sense.

"You already called me an asshole and a prick, baby girl, and we got married less than twenty-four hours ago, save some insults for tomorrow."

"It is tomorrow." I point to the clock. It's 4 a.m., so it is tomorrow.

"Okay, save them for when I've had some sleep, an hour isn't enough." Lifting me he walks up the stairs.

"Alaric, you need to tell me. I still don't know anything." My words are quiet and I fight to stay awake.

"You're exhausted. Just sleep. Ask tomorrow." Kissing me, he pulls me into bed.

"You knew, didn't you?" I ask, there is no way all of them had the thought to lock women in a room.

"You really want me to tell you everything tonight?" He asks, his eyes focused on mine. I want to say yes and demand he tell me, but I can see he is worn out.

"I'll wait. Just never lock me in a room again," I say, and he nods, pulling me against him, I watch as he quickly passes out. I can't now, though; I can still hear the sirens; I can still hear the gunshot.

I don't know how long I lay there watching him sleep before my mind and body got too tired to stay awake any longer.