

Chapter 60 The Truth

"Morning, baby girl." Alaric's voice wakes me, and I open my eyes looking at him confused, he's dressed and everything? "You slept all morning, but you need to get up and eat after everything last night." He watches me, and I move to sit up as he holds out the food.

Taking it, I look at him.

"Before you call me more names, let me explain." He looks at me, waiting for me to confirm I won't swear. Nodding, I wait.

"Max got in touch with Jake. Nothing bad happened. He apologised for what happened and wanted Jake to tell you. He warned Jake, though, that Beatrix had been asking him to help her get revenge."

"So you knew?" He knew all this time and kept quiet.

"We were told Beatrix wanted to hurt you. Apparently, it was your fault she didn't get the money. He told Jake that it was her who set fire to the car. I didn't see the issue. It's Beatrix." He shrugs, but something tells me there is more.

"And?" I say, waiting for the full story.

"I got this." He slides the paper to me. "I wasn't willing to hand over everything, not when there was no guarantee she wouldn't still go ahead with her plan and hurt you." My eyes scan the paper as he speaks.

"This talks about killing me, Alaric?" I state.

"Which is why you didn't return home to pack. Even had I stayed there, you wouldn't have been safe. Max continued to pretend like he was pissed off with you so that Beatrix would tell him things. Which is how we found out that she had promised someone half of everything if they helped to kill you."

My head nods. "That's what you were all discussing when we got back from getting my dress." That's what they were talking about.

"You were safer not knowing, baby girl, and I know you hate me for locking you in there, but I wasn't willing to risk you getting hurt." I want to shout at him, but I can't.

"Are you okay?" I ask, and he nods. "I mean it, they said you were stabbed." He acted fine, but I'm still worried.

"Fine, see." He moves his arm, and I see the bandage. "Nothing too bad."

"So who was it?" I ask, as Desmond said here was two people?

"Beatrix and some guy. Both were arrested, that is a copy." He points at the paper. "They took the original; they also have recordings of the calls between Beatrix and Max, plus footage from here which shows the guy shooting at me and Beatrix stabbing me. It's sorted."

Is it sorted? "It's not sorted, you locked me in there." I point towards the door.

"It was the safest place for you. No one but me could get in."

"Right, and what if something bad happened? Would I still be locked in there with you in hospital?" I honestly thought he was dead, and I was stuck in there, unable to get to him.

"I'm sorry, I didn't consider that. I also didn't consider how you would feel being locked in there, hearing things and not being able to see if I was okay. I will have monitors set up, so next time you can see."

"Next time?" I laugh at his words.

"You think this is a one-time thing? Something tells me I will need to protect you a lot, baby girl."

Moving, I place the plate time and climb into his arms.

"I am sorry for scaring you. I just didn't want you or the baby at risk, so I told myself locking you in there and removing your ability to open the door would be worth the abuse if you were alive."

My head nods. "I'm sorry. I panicked and thought you were hurt, and that made me swear and hit you." I hadn't even noticed his arm was hurt.

"It's fine. I'm sure we'll find another night for make-up sex."

I groan at his words, and he laughs.

"I'm joking, baby girl. We have a week, then we leave on a holiday. Just us two, then when we return, the house will be empty." He smiles and moves. I watch as he walks across the room.

Opening the safe, he takes out the box. "I was surprised you hadn't taken this baby girl. It had your name on it." He turns with the box.

"I wasn't sure if I should. It could have been a surprise, and you just forgot that you had put it in there." I remember it, though. When I put the pictures in the safe, the box was there, so I assumed he forgot he had put it there.

Sitting on the bed, he holds it out. "The plan is, baby girl, we go to my business more often, even just to socialise, and I wanted to make this more official in that world."

He opens the box and my eyes instantly see the silver and blue, and I can't help but smile when I see it. The necklace locks at the back with a padlock.

"Is that?" I point to the front; I'm sure during my research, I saw that symbol a lot.

"It's the symbol for BDSM; to anyone else, it just looks like a nice design with blue stones," he says, and I nod. Not to use, I recognised it immediately.

"So, will you accept this baby girl?" He holds it up, waiting for me. I want to be a brat and say no, but I can't bear to see him hurt, so instead, I nod and watch as he wraps it around my neck, clicking the padlock closed.

"Now you're mine in all ways baby girl." His words cause me to smile, I was before this, he just didn't realise it.