

Chapter 61 Happy Moments

I watch Alaric as he moves around the room.

"Baby girl, have you sorted it?" He looks over at me.

"No, I just sat there for the fun of sir," I smirk and he groans.

"Behave, please. After last night, behave and just answer." He looks at me unamused.

"I sorted it," I say, standing I walk to him and hold it out.

"I don't need it now, put it away. Do I look like I could do anything right now?" he asks, and I step back, looking at him amused. "Brat."

Laughing at his words, I nod. Leaning forward, I kiss him. "Hand her here, then you have two hands," I say, reaching for Isla, but his hand stops me.

"Or, you help." He smiles and walks across the room, putting her in the crib. Pouting, I nod. "Don't. She's settled, and you're helping me. Everyone will be here soon." He moves and begins to set the table. Okay, I will stop picking on him.

Walking through I begin to sort out the food, my eyes on Isla, it's crazy to think that she is already nearly two months old. Even more crazy is when I consider how much everything has changed in the last nine months.

Turned out, I was two months pregnant, so I had got pregnant pretty quickly with Alaric.

"Dad." I hear Jake and turn, watching him walk in. "Hi, mum." He laughs, and I groan.

"Fuck off, Jake." He nods and walks past me. "Wait, where is she?" I glance behind him.

"Coming, you're worse than dad. She was on the phone." Laughing, he walks through to Alaric. I watch as Harper walks in.

"Ruby!" Walking over, she hugs me.

"Are you okay?" I ask, my eyes going towards Jake.

"Perfect, I was speaking to Paul that is all." She smiles and sits.

"So, no Lilly this weekend?" I ask and watch her head shake.

"No, she's at her dad's, so I can drink!" She laughs, and I hand her a glass. "Tell Alaric he's being fine. Then maybe he won't keep giving Jake lectures."

I laugh at her words. "I doubt he will listen to me." Alaric is worried, and I don't blame him. A month after we married, he began dating Harper, and everyone was shocked to find out she had a five-year-old. Jake seems to be doing well, though.

"Are Bex and Ivy coming?" She smiles, and I nod.

"Yes, with Lucas and Oliver." I point out, and she nods. I watch as she goes to pick up Isla up.

"I wouldn't," I say quickly and watch her turn to me, confused. "I wasn't allowed to. Apparently, she's settled." I mean I get it, if she wakes we won't get to eat, still, I wanted to cuddle her.

"Well, I didn't get the memo." She reaches forward, and Alaric walks in.

"Do not pick up the baby." I laugh at his words. "She's asleep and settled. Wait until we at least sit to eat before waking her again." He looks at her, and she nods, stepping away.

"Fine." She hugs him and smiles.

"No Lilly?" He looks from her to Jake.

"She's at her dad's Alaric. Jake's fine." She laughs, and he nods.

"Sorry." He shrugs and walks through.

"He's just worried," I say, and she nods. After his relationship with me, Alaric seems even more worried about Harper, considering she has a kid. It's a good thing, though; he's working, moved out of the apartment he shared with the twins a few months ago, and got a house for him and Harper.

I turn when I hear the door and watch Lucas and Bex walk in.

"Where is..."

Lucas raises his hand and stops me from talking. "This is my first drink in a month and first night off in a month because someone insists on staying home as a family." He glares at Bex, and I laugh.

"I'm sorry that I put our daughter before alcohol." She laughs and grabs a glass, their daughter. It feels strange to hear her say that, but Bex adopted her.

"Bex." She looks at me. "You realise you can leave her alone more than one night a month, right?" Poor Lucas went from having one night off a week to once a month because she wanted to stay at home.

"Shh you, where's Alaric?" She smiles and walks through the room.

"Somewhere. Enjoy your night off, Lucas." I smile at him, and he nods.

"I will try, but something tells me I will be carrying her out later." He laughs and walks off.

"We're here!" I turn, hearing Ivy, and watch as she walks in with Oliver.

"I need a drink." Oliver reaches past me to grab one, and I laugh. "Don't laugh at me. She's stressing me out." He grabs it and leaves.

Turning, I look at Ivy. Her shoulders shrug. "Don't ask me. All I did was make him watch some birth videos."

Oh no. "You're joking?" I laugh slightly.

"No." She sits looking pleased with herself.

"Why is Oliver traumatised, and she is smiling?" Alaric looks at me, and I laugh.

"He's not traumatised, Alaric; I just showed him some videos of women giving birth, preparing him, that's all." Ivy smiles.

"That..." His head shakes, and he laughs. "I'm staying out of it. I'm glad you find it highly amusing that he's in there having a panic attack over you giving birth and him being alone while you do."

"Why is he panicking he will be alone?" That's not going to happen. I hear Ivy laugh and turn to look at her.

"Sorry, I pointed out that like 1 1/2 women in every 10 have an unexpected home birth, and the partners have to deliver the baby; it was a joke, but his face was epic."

Alaric stares at her, and she continues laughing.

"What is wrong with you women this week? It's like you spoke and planned to torment us or something." Alaric looks at me.

"In my defence, yeah no, there's no defence to my actions, it was just fun." I smile slightly, I joked around saying I forgot to take my pill. It seemed like a good idea at the time.

"Can we just eat, please?" He looks at me, and I nod.

"Sure." Walking through, we sit, and everyone begins talking.

This was Alaric's idea, to celebrate that we all got our results from studying. It's crazy to consider how different things were just over a year ago. Beatrix and her helper were locked up; Max shockingly apologised to me and brought me flowers and everything, which was strange.

Alaric winks at me, and I laugh. Today is officially one year since I came here to get my things. As if to remind me of that day, this morning, I found myself pinned to the kitchen side just like that day.

It's nice, though. At least once a month, his brother and parents come around, and so do mine. My mother is still reluctant to accept things, whereas my father has embraced the entire thing with open arms, including Isla.

It's crazy to see how much everyone has changed. Even Bex—I never thought I would see her staying in most nights as a family and not drinking. She still drinks a lot when she does, but she's calm, so much more than she ever has been.

I hear Isla and walk over to pick her up. As I do, Alaric stops beside me, his arms wrapping around me. All I can do is smile because this is perfect. I may get looked at weirdly when I'm out with Alaric, and I certainly heard the 'Gold Digger' comments.

I don't care, though. I know the truth behind our relationship, and he's the only one for me.

Thank you for reading, I hope that you all enjoyed the story.