

Chapter 133

I wasn't sure how many times I emptied and refilled the bath water. He was right, it helped. I didn't think I could feel any more relaxed. He lit a few candles and I had Luke Combs playing on my phone.

But it was time to get out.

My skin was wrinkly and I think I used up all the hot water. Getting to my feet I wrapped the towel around my body before stepping out. I pulled the plug watching the water disappear.

Drying off my body I slipped into the pjs he had left for me by the sink. I guess I wasn't going out today. Not like I had anywhere to go. Heading back into our room I stopped when I noticed he had stripped and changed the bed.

My heart fluttered.

Oh god.

He had only changed the bed and already I was in awe. Shaking my head, I grabbed a jumper before heading downstairs. I knew we had company, strangely enough I could smell their scent.

That was new for me. I couldn't make out who it was but I'm sure I would in time.

His mom, but Jake wasn't here.

"He needed a run sweetheart. How are you feeling?".

I wish people would stop asking me that. I poured myself some coffee before sitting at the table. I wasn't expecting company until my heat was finished.

"A little uncomfortable but I'm okay". I couldn't believe how well I was handling this. "I think I'll survive the five days". I smiled.

"That's good Leah. Are you bleeding heavy?".

I almost choked on my coffee. I sometimes forget how forward Charlotte can be. I didn't mind but some things were a little personal.

"It's not that bad". I lied.

I didn't want anyone fussing over me. It was just like a period, well that's what I kept telling myself.

"Have you had sex?".

This time I did choke on my coffee.

"Mom".

His voice sent shivers down my spine. I swallowed the lump in my throat the minute my eyes landed on him.

Shorts and sneakers.

No t-shirt.

Hot and sweaty from his run.

I squeezed my legs together.

I wanted him.

My breathing shaky I brought the mug to my lips. I couldn't think about sex right now. Not with him mom here. But why did he have to look so damn attractive?

Why did I find hot and sweaty sexy?

"I'm only asking". His mom's voice knocked me out my thoughts.

"It's none of your business. Why are you even here?".

"Jake". I frowned.

He took a bottle of water from the fridge and disappeared upstairs.

"Are you two, okay?".

A sigh fell from my lips. "We're fine". I wasn't going to get into it

with his mom. I didn't need any advice or tips. He would come out his mood the way he went into it.

"He seems off".

I loved his mom; I loved his whole family but there were things they didn't need to know or involve themselves with. Our relationship was our relationship. We were going to argue and have disagreements. It wasn't his moms place to try and fix our problem.

Not that there was a problem. Jake was just being Jake. Stubborn. He was waiting for me to blow up but that wasn't going to happen. I swear you would think he likes it when we argue.

Maybe he just likes it when I'm mad.

"He's probably tired". I took another sip of my coffee trying to avoid her stare. "But I'm sure he's fine".

"I'm guessing he changed his mind?". She asked.

"He did". This is the conversation I was trying to avoid. Charlotte always found a way to get me talking and I hated it.

"I knew he would". She smiled.

We fell into a comfortable silence. She was doing whatever she was doing in the kitchen while I sat drinking my coffee. For some reason it felt a little awkward. I had the feeling she wanted to ask me something.

"Did you have a good time at the cabin?".

I frowned. I wasn't sure what she was asking. We went to the cabin for one reason, to mate. Was she trying to ask me how it went? I didn't want to talk about sex with her.

Especially when it was with her son.

"It was fun. I like the open space".

"Good honey, that's good. You are welcome to use it whenever you want".

I wish I was back there now. Just the two of us. Back in our little love bubble.

"Leah?".

"Yeah?".

"How would you feel about coming to dinner once this is all over?".

Dinner, really? That was what she wanted to ask me? We had family dinner almost every Sunday and I really enjoyed it. It gave us all a chance to catch up and talk about life.

"Sure, I'd like that".

"And how would you feel about your dad joining us?".

And there it was.

I wanted to meet him but I was afraid. I've already told myself its normal to be afraid. Meeting my dad was a big thing. I chewed the inside of my cheek. I knew I had to go through with it one day but was family dinner the right place for it?

"I'm not sure".

"He really wants to meet you".

"Can I think about it?". I was starting to feel a tad uncomfortable. I already knew my answer. If I was going to meet my dad, it would be on my terms and I would be doing it without an audience.

"Of course, you can". She poured herself some coffee before coming and sitting opposite me.

I guess she was staying.

"Are you sure you and Jake are, okay?".

I ran a hand down my face. I swear, it was like I was in a relationship with his whole family.

"We're fine mom". He entered the kitchen fully dressed. Hair still wet from the shower; his mood seemed better.

"Okay well I'm going to head home. Your dads taking me to lunch".

We said our goodbyes and Jake walked her out. I still sat at the table drinking my now cold coffee. His mood changed more than the weather.

"Are we fine?". I asked.

"I don't know, are we?".

"Is this because of this morning?".

"Why won't you let me explain?".

"Because I don't want to hear it. I don't want to hear the lame excuse you're going to give me". I scraped the chair back and got to my feet. My heart rate spiked, I could feel the rage building. And then the words started to flow. I couldn't stop.

"You fucked up again and me being me just let you off with it, again". I promised there wasn't going to be a storm. I said I wasn't going to bring it up again.

And here we are.

I didn't want an argument but I couldn't stop the words coming out of my mouth.

"You chose a tradition over me. You wanted me to suffer for your fucking ego". I slammed my hand on the table. The anger cursed through my body, the rage building deep within my stomach.

I was a pushover.

I was weak.

I forgave everyone that did me wrong. Him, Lana, even my gran.

No more.

I had said it before but this time I was sticking to it. I was sick of everyone taking my good nature for granted. I didn't deserve it.

"Leah calm-...".

"You wanted this". I laughed. "You wanted a fight; you wanted me to call you out on your shit. I'm sick of everyone taking me for a fool. Do you even like me?".

"I fucking love you". He took a step toward me but I kept a safe distance.

"Then fucking show, me you love me. Stand up for me, fight for me. If you love me like you say you do, then you would never have made that decision". The sob escaped my mouth. "No". I yelled as he went to grab me.

"Baby I-...".

This is why I didn't want to talk about it. I was happy to put it to bed. Move on and get through the next few days. Everything was heightened for me. My emotions, my rage. I couldn't control it.

I was sobbing because I was angry.

"You never put me first". I whispered. "I'm always second best". I wiped the tears from my cheeks. I needed him not to be here right now. I didn't want to fight with him anymore. I was exhausted and my head felt like it was going to burst.

"Can you please go".

"I'm sorry".

"Yeah, me too".

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I just want to explain something. Not everyone is going to like every chapter that I release but I have to write it how I see it in my head. Sometimes it takes me a while because I can't get the wording right. You may hate it you may love it but each chapter ties in with the rest. I upload once or twice a week because that's all the time I have. I wish I could write all day but I can't. Life gets in the way sometimes. Thanks again for all the support.



RV.Elliott

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