

Chapter 11 The Facts

This morning has been awkward. Jake keeps cuddling me, trying to make it look like we're fine. Is that because he told Alaric he cheated on me and wants to prove I'm over it?

I want to leave, more so that I can escape Jake, yet leaving ends this with Alaric as I won't be coming back. I'm watching Jake play one of his games; he's barely even looked at me since he picked up the controller; that is one good thing about it.

"Are you busy?" Alaric looks at Jake.

"Yeah, why?" He's not busy. I almost laugh.

"I wanted a second opinion on something for the business. I'm looking through the reviews and debating whether it's working or not." Alaric looks at him.

"I'm busy, Ruby can help. She does business anyway, so she knows more." Jake speaks and keeps his eyes on the screen. "You will help, right? Ruby?"

"She might be busy, Jake." Alaric laughs.

"With what? I'm here; what else would keep her busy other than me?"

Ouch. "I'm not busy, I will help." Just so I don't stab Jake in the eyeballs, I walk upstairs and go into the office. He points at the papers, and I lean over to look at them.

"These aren't reviews?"

"No, I wanted to know what you thought of it, the parts you had read." He places down a pen.

"Well..." I consider it. "I like the fact that it isn't just in the bedroom." I circle parts. "The fact that even outside the room, he is dominant and she is submissive, but in a way that gives them both freedom and makes them feel safe and cared for." I do, I read enough to know that in this contract, this relationship the dominant is caring.

He holds the submissive accountable for ensuring she drinks enough water, eats well, and sleeps well. I like this; he's almost like a mentor for her, guiding her and ensuring she gets the most out of life.

Flipping the page, I continued circling things that had stood out to me. "I like the aspect where he ensures she is looked after in all ways. Like the part where she has to have at least one orgasm a day. I like how even if he isn't there in person, he has control of it and helps her achieve it."

I do, it's not just about been told, but the dominant will also assist in her, whether asking for pictures, and a video, or by sending her some or even recommending a toy she uses.

Flipping through, I find the part I want: "The part I connected with and never really thought about, though, was the commitment, the security, and openness." I enjoyed reading about how they would speak. Discuss things after each scene.

They would both talk about what they enjoyed and hadn't, but the contract also discussed trust, building it, and ensuring both parties felt committed and secure in the relationship. It was open, everything was discussed, and nothing stayed hidden.

"I like that the main foundation, the main concept is trust, communication and commitment, the rest comes after."

"You did your research."

I nod and smile. After Jake left, I spent hours awake reading the contract and researching. I read far more than I had thought. "I noticed a lot of things while reading." I turn the pages and find the section.

Circling it, I hear him chuckle. "Ah, see, now many have it where it states the submissive must worship the dominant." His breath hits against my neck. "That is in there, but I believe the dominant should equally worship his submissive."

My body shakes as his finger strokes along my leg.

"Alaric."

"Hmm?"

I turn and look at him. "We need to talk; why am I still here?" I should have left, and he shouldn't have wanted me here.

"Do you not want to be here?" His body pushes against mine.

"People are going to think that..."

His hand covers my mouth. "Turn, read clause 7a. Out loud." Turning, I flip through and find it.

"7A, the submissive understands that the view and opinion of those outside their dynamic make no difference and hold no power. Therefore, it shouldn't even be considered by the submissive or impact their actions."

Oh, I must have missed that one. I laugh slightly.

"Still, you're Jake's dad. He cheated, this going to be seen as revenge." Turning back to face him, I smile.

"And if what we did isn't revenge, what is it?" He looks at me.

It's not revenge, but. God, I don't know. "Something that I want, somehow, I feel things and feel ways I never have before when I'm with you. It makes me forget about the fact it's forbidden. It makes me forget about what everyone else might think."

"Then when you're considering running because people will see it as revenge, remind yourself why, the real reason." His body pushes against mine. "Answer me this. If he wasn't my son, what would we be doing right now."

What would we be doing? "That depends on what you want me to do, although..." I turn and bend over the desk. "I have a feeling it involves me being bent over the desk."

He chuckles and steps behind me.

"So, I have a question for you." I stay leaning over the desk.

"Ask away." His finger strokes up my leg.

"This." I tap the contract. "You're clearly in the world, so where is she? Surely you have a submissive or similar?"

He laughs slightly. "I don't. I'm very picky when it comes to things, and I wouldn't have touched you had I had a submissive or anything, not without talking first." My body shakes as he pushes against me more. "And, yes, I'm in this world."

"Is that where you met his mum?" I don't know why I'm asking that.

"No, my relationship with his mother was normal, as normal as they come. After she walked, I decided this-" his finger taps the contract "-was the way forward for me."

All I can do is nod. I know Jake's mum left when he was young, and Alaric raised him alone. His hand slides between my legs, his fingers rubbing against my sex above my underwear before sliding them to the side.

His fingers push inside of me. Moaning, I push my hips back.

"Good girl, ride them." My hips begin to move, his other hand tangles into my hair, pulling me against him. Pleasure begins to build in me. "I can't wait until later..." His words are whispered into my ear.

His fingers move as my hips move against him. The orgasm hits, his hand covering my mouth to silence me.

"Dad, Mr Davidson is here." I feel Alaric move away from me, his hand still covering my mouth. He moves, pushing me into the seat, and hands me papers.

I lift them to cover my face, fighting to compose myself.

"I'm coming," Alaric speaks, and I hear Jake walk in.

"So I didn't need to come up then and pause my game." Jake grunts and walks out, the papers disappearing from my hands.

"While this is fun and exciting, we need to be more careful. That was close; I hadn't even heard him on the stairs."

I nodded in agreement. Had Jake not spoken, he would have walked straight in. I hadn't considered that.