

## Chapter 32 Going Forward

Stopping the car outside the building, I walk inside. Alaric is leaning against the desk talking to someone so I wait for him to finish. I watch as he stands and notices me standing waiting.

"You could have said you were here."

"You looked busy." After his message, he had said to meet him here when I was free, so I came straight after class.

"Right, let's go sit through that side and eat." He walks through to the restaurant side, and I follow. Sitting at the table, I look at him. He seems more relaxed and less stressed today. "You need to eat, so pick what you want."

Nodding, I look at the menu. "Aren't you worried Jake will set fire to your kitchen or starve to death?" I smirk at him.

"He knows not to fucking cook. He will be fine." His eyes roll, and I watch the woman walk over and take our orders before leaving again.

"Okay, you wanted to talk. Go ahead." He gestures at me to begin.

"What happened with Max?" I consider my words. "I saw a video of it, Alaric. You threatened him."

"I was simply making him realise how it felt when he was weak and thought he had a right to choose and lost it."

He says it so calmly like holding a knife to a guy's neck is nothing, I quit with that. It's done, it's over with. Going through my bag I place the sample contract down.

"When are we sorting out a contract, you haven't mentioned it, why?"

"Is that what you want?" He looks at me, waiting. As I go to talk, his hand raises. "To me, we were dating. If you would rather have a contract and make it less serious, then I will agree."

Dating?

Sighing, he leans closer. "I didn't mention it to you because I didn't want to restrict it to that. I was happy to date you and have more than I normally would. If that isn't what you want, then fine. I will sort out a contract."

He has it wrong. "Alaric, I didn't mean a contract that states this is not serious, won't move forward, and is purely about lifestyle. A few times, you have mentioned you won't go any further with me in those rooms until we have this side sorted."

I enjoy spending those nights with him in that room, and I don't want it restricted. "I'm not saying we stop dating, and I'm not saying we have a contract like you had with your past submissives with the restrictions. I want the lifestyle, though, and not just behind closed doors."

He looks at me, considering it. I watch as the plates are placed down, and he tells me to eat. Nodding, I do as I'm told and let him consider his reply.

"So this stays as a relationship, but you want the other side combined into it?" He sits waiting.

"Yes, because the few times we have used the room, it has been amazing, Alaric, but you restrict me because you don't know my limits."

I can understand him holding back until he knows the full details, and knows everything.

"You said not just behind closed doors. Explain what you want."

What do I want? I consider it while I eat. I can show him, grabbing the contract I find a page. "I like these aspects." I point to the ones where it's rules, such as eating well, drinking water, punishments and treats for doing it and such. I then point at the ones where it talks about me being required to have at least one orgasm a day.

"I don't like these aspects as they remove the other side—the more serious side." I point to the paragraph about the submissive sleeping in her own room away from the dominant. Then I point to the part where it states that both parties agree nothing can come from this relationship; it won't become love, marriage, or kids.

"I like the aspects where we hold each other accountable and follow the rules, like me realising you had drunk too much coffee and telling you no more. I also like the idea of you messaging me with instructions or orders throughout the day."

"Okay, so what we need to do is sit down and talk, create a contract that is what you want, and that isn't restrictive on how the relationship can grow."

Nodding at his words, I smiled. I wasn't sure why he hadn't given me a contract—not when every other woman his entire life has had one. Then again, I hadn't considered our relationship.

For me, it was fun to start with, but now I guess we're dating. Shit. I laugh slightly realising that means I'm in a relationship, a real relationship with him.

"Consider what aspects you would like, Ruby, and which you wouldn't. For instance, the part about keeping our lives separate, not meeting each other's family and friends, won't count. We're not sticking to a formal Dom/sub relationship, so we will meet people from each other's lives."

"I will consider it." I had thought this would go one of two ways: He would be eager and instantly agree to sign the contract, or he would refuse, and I would have to push him to agree. This was why I wanted to talk to him before.

I didn't know what we were doing or our aim, and part of me had no idea what he wanted or expected from me going forward either.

"I will set it up here so that your hand can unlock the doors. Then you can get into my main room if you're ever here waiting for me rather than having to sit around people."

"Really?" I'm not sure why that has shocked me so much.

"Yes, I would rather you have access to my room here and be able to go to it than have to wait for me to show." I watch as he moves and places down some keys. My eyes move from them to him.

"To get in the gate and in my house, then you don't have to go searching for where I hide the spare key." I laugh at his words.

"I didn't go searching."

His head tilts. "I opened the door, and your ass was in my face. You were searching." Nodding I laugh, okay, I was, but I didn't think he was home. Picking up the keys, I place them in my bag. Shit, I have keys to his place.

That happened too quickly.