

### Chapter 33 Craving

I must have been sitting here for at least an hour; the contract is on one side of me, and a notebook is in front of me. Alaric is working, so I'm trying to figure out what I want.

There's a lot I want, but there's also a lot in the original contract that keeps a relationship locked and unable to progress. I don't want those added.

My phone buzzes. Looking at it, I see Bex's name. An SOS message shows on the screen. It's not a SOS. She sends that when she simply can't find a dress or a shoe.

Muting it, I slide it away and continue to work on the contract. A few minutes later, I hear the door and turn, smiling. I watch Alaric walk in. His eyes glance to the papers and then back to me.

"How's it going?" He takes off his jacket and sits down.

"Good. Did you get the issue fixed?" I'm not sure what it was; he just said he had to go fix something.

"I did."

Nodding at his words, I turn the sheet and begin skim-reading the page.

"Ahm." I glance at him briefly before going back to the papers. "Baby girl put down the pen. Strip, and get here."

Smiling at his words I place the pen down and stand, walking to him, I remove my clothes. He keeps his eyes fixed on me the entire time until I stop before him.

"Now go back and pick up your clothes baby girl, don't throw them on the floor."

Turning, I roll my eyes and walk back over. Picking up my clothes I fold them and place them on the side before going back to him.

"That wasted time." A lot of time.

"Holding you accountable baby girl." His hand wraps around the back of my neck and he pulls me to him. "You have a habit of just throwing clothes on the floor, no more." Throwing clothes on the floor is a good thing though for when I'm trying to strip us both.

"Turn, and raise your arms."

Following his order, I turn, raising my arms above my head I feel him wrap the restraints around them. My breathing quickens.

"No holding Daddy?" I bite against my lip.

"Yes, holding back. Behave."

Groaning, I put in disappointment.

"Enjoy that baby girl, as if you want a contract, your tantrums won't be ignored." I smile hearing his words, then I need to get it worked out faster.

"I am only sulking because you're going to hold back Daddy." My words purposely trying to taunt him. I feel his breath hit against my ear.

"Remember the traffic lights naughty girl?" My head nods, and he grips my ass. "Words."

"Yes Daddy I remember them." I'm not about to forget something that important.

"Good, you may need it." My body shakes hearing him. His hand slides between my legs, the wetness already there, I hear him groan as his fingers move inside of me.

He works them slowly while his thumb rubs over my clit, I swear it feels like his fingers are moving in a come hither way over that perfect spot inside of me.

Pleasure builds as his fingers move faster, rubbing perfectly. "You're not allowed to orgasm dirty girl."

Wait, is he serious? I bite my lip feeling it building, my body shakes and he stops, a whine escaping my lips. His hand tangled into my hair before pulling my head back.

"One more act of defiance and I will punish you naughty girl." My body explodes at his words, opening my mouth to talk back and make it happen, his hand covers it and silences me. "By that, I mean I won't touch you or fuck you until we sort everything out. Even if it takes a month."

My mouth clamps shut, and his hand drops from it. Sure I want to taunt and push him into giving me more, but I don't want to risk getting nothing.

I feel his fingers moving again, my body ready for the orgasm, and he stops. He stays still, watching for my breathing to settle.

"How many times do you think I can do this before your body just gives you that orgasm even if I stop right before it hits, dirty girl?"

That feels like a trick question. If say two, I feel like he will drag it out, keeping me on the edge for longer than needed. Or maybe he will call me weak and add a zero onto it?

His fingers go back to moving, and once again stopping just before I orgasm.

Surely if I say like ten or twenty, he will aim to do it before that number?"

"I'm waiting dirty girl."

"Twenty." I pray I got this right.

"Then you best count." My body shudders. "You can't have it until we hit twenty dirty girl, if you do, we start again and I aim for thirty."

Well I got it wrong, his fingers begin moving, and I consider just pushing myself to orgasm before he stops, but the possibility of him going for longer has me wanting to behave.

His fingers stop suddenly as it's about to hit. "Count."

"Four." I'm hopeful the first three times already count.

He chuckles slightly. "You're not dumb are you baby girl, I will let you start at four." He has no choice, his fingers move again, and slowly I become delirious with needed to orgasm. Each time he stops it is worse.

Each time he starts again, I am back at the limit quicker than the time before. When I hit twelve I consider begging, but decide against as I'm over half way there already.

As I hit fifteen, I begin to beg. My body is shaking against him as his fingers stop again. The word eighteen is whispered from my lips. I thought by now my body would just take over and let me orgasm. I was wrong, he seems to stop at the perfect time to prevent it from happening.

His fingers move again, and it's barely seconds before he has to stop to prevent me from getting the orgasm. His hand moves from between my legs and whine in protest, has he really stopped one before I'm allowed?

"Taste yourself dirty girl." His fingers slide into my mouth, and I decide seen as he's taunting me I will taunt him. I suck against his fingers, my tongue moving around them, trying to taunt him as I imagine it's his cock.

It works, he groans and pulls his fingers out calling my a brat. His hand drops between my legs again. His fingers push inside, stroking perfectly while his thumb runs over my clit. I shatter, screaming Daddy, as the orgasm hits me brutally, he's barely moving his fingers, but it makes no difference. My body quakes as I have multiple orgasms, the word please cried from my lips.

Even after this I feel like I need him. His fingers remove, and he thrusts into, at the same time as his hand taps my clit, and I'm gone again. I'm nothing but a shell of energy as he pounds into me, each orgasm ripping my apart as I hear him groaning my name.

His arms stay wrapped around my body as it shakes. I feel him moving, walking around to the front of me. His lips find mine, and he lifts me against him. The restraints are removed from my wrists and my arms fall.

His continues to kiss me softly, slowly waking up my mind as he steps into the shower with me still against him. The feel of his hand washing across my body has me smiling as he cleans me. My mind wakes up more as he dries me, and pulls me to the bed.

Moving, I wrap my body around his.

"You weren't meant to agree to that baby girl. I was waiting for you to negotiate the number."

Maybe I should have? Yet, part of me craved to know how it felt. Sure I hated having him stop so much, but it felt amazing. The multiple orgasms are proof of that. All I can do is smile and cuddle closer to him.

I'm too far gone right now to care. It's a fact, my eyes close and I enjoy the feeling of my body being in another universe.

"I love you baby girl." His words shock me, as he kisses my forehead. My heart wants to reply, but my body is refusing to let me do anything right now other than fall asleep.

Ringling wakes me. I reach out for Alaric but he's gone. I fumble around trying to find the source of the noise. I see my phone on the bed and grab it.

Hitting answer I hold it against my ear.

"Good morning baby girl." Morning? I groan slightly and he laughs. "I left about an hour ago, I put your phone on loud to ensure you would wake. You need to get up, eat and drive back to get home in time."

"Do I have to? I could just stay in this bed and wait for you to return?" My body moves and gets comfy under the blanket.

"Yes you have to. Someone will be bringing you food soon, so put some clothes on baby girl. I will speak to you later, please eat." The call ends and I groan.

Climbing from the bed I walk to the shower, using it as a way to wake myself up before getting dried and dressed. Just as I am finishing getting dressed there's a knock.

Walking to the door a man smiles and hands me a tray before turning and walking away.

I guess there is no way to get out of eating. Sitting I eat, and look at my phone. I've a lot of missed calls from Bex. I'm not ready for her drama right now. Ignoring them, I eat and climb back into bed.

The plan is, I go straight to class, that means I can have another hour to sleep. Setting the alarm I fall back to sleep. It seems far too quick when my alarm wakes. I almost just go back to sleep, but knowing my luck, Alaric will ask someone when I left.

Getting my things ready I leave and drive home, an hour later I walk into class and sit down. I don't focus though, my mind is stuck on last night. Stuck on how every second of it felt, and how much I want to do it again.

Maybe not daily, I'm not sure my body can handle that. I'm constantly looking at the phone waiting for his message. It doesn't come through. I know that I need to stop avoiding Bex.

As I walk out of the building my phone beeps, I smile seeing Alaric's name.

Meet me at my place, I'll finish up business and see you there, we should talk.

I reply with okay and begin the drive there. It's still early, but I want to be able to spend time with him, not just an hour or two. I'll call Bex when I get there, I know her messages will no doubt be over a missing shoe, hence she gave up after last night and hasn't tried to call or text me since.

She is as bad as Ivy, where Ivy leaves her keys at home and locks herself out, but claims she lost her keys, Bex loses her shoe, or claims she does they are just in the giant pile of shoes she owns.

Stopping at the gate I put the key in and turn it, I watch as the gate opens, driving in, I park up and walk to the door. I go to unlock it and find it open. Jake must be home.

Stepping in, I walk to the kitchen and stop. A woman stands smiling at me she's in lingerie while wearing Alaric's robe. Standing, I stare at her.

"Hey, I'm beatrix, you must be Jake's girlfriend."

My head shakes at her. "You're Alaric's ex?" Why is she here?

"No, I'm his wife. We never divorced." Her words are like a punch to gut. He's fucking married?