

## Chapter 49 His Questions

We sit together at the table and eat, but I know Alaric is about to speak, and I need to address something first.

"Sir, why are you avoiding working?" I ask, knowing that he is.

"I'm not," his response elicits a chuckle from me. "Look, I'm still working. I'm still going to the business to help with issues," he explains, and I nod.

"You barely even looked at your phone yesterday," I point out, a tinge of concern creeping in. I get he might be worried, but he still has to work.

"Things were hectic that time because I pushed through a big change and didn't monitor it. This is different. The businesses run smoothly from day to day, and the staff tend to fix issues. Sometimes, baby girl, I could go weeks without contact with them. I worked to pass the time, not because I had to," his explanation leaves me puzzled.

"I don't understand. How can you not be needed at your businesses?" I inquire.

"I could have retired years ago. That's how well things are going. I chose not to; otherwise, I would have nothing to do. Last year, do you remember how I left the country and wasn't back for two months?" he prompts, and I nod, recalling his trip to visit his brother, who lived abroad. He wanted Jake to go, and there was a big argument as Jake refused.

"Exactly. Two months passed, and I had no contact with the business. Things were fine. Over the last six or seven years, I've been stepping back, putting others in charge of things, so I don't need to work." His explanation cleared my confusion and eased my worries.

I nod and relax, feeling reassured by his words.

"Now, my turn, baby girl," he begins, and I groan playfully, earning a laugh from him. "What is your plan? You're pregnant. Are you planning to find somewhere local for yourself, or are you moving in?" he asks, his gaze fixed on me.

"Did you just ask me to move in, Sir?" I smirk, teasing him, and he groans in response.

"Don't be a brat. I need to know," he insists, and I nod, understanding the seriousness of his inquiry.

"I'm happy to move in," I reply quickly, not giving myself time to overthink it. His eyes widen in surprise.

"Well, that was easy," he laughs, and I nod in agreement.

"Tomorrow is Saturday. We're having some guests around," he announces, and I nod, curious. "Bex, Ivy, and others will come, along with my brother and some people I know. No more hiding this relationship," his words make me feel a mix of excitement and apprehension.

He just ripped off my safety blanket. Goodbye, relaxed me; hello, overload of questions in my mind.

"Have you even told anyone you know that you're dating someone?" I inquire, watching his head shake.

"Nope, but we're not hiding this, baby girl," he asserts, and I nod in agreement. Sitting together, we discuss plans for the upcoming gathering. I agree to invite Bex and Ivy, suggesting that Alaric invite Lucas so that they can spend some time together. I also agreed to invite my parents, although I doubt they will attend.

As the day slips away, we spend it together, talking and sorting through various matters. I agree to visit my place next week for a few days to pack my things. Tomorrow, when Bex and Ivy come over, I'll have to explain the plan to them, though I'm sure Bex has already guessed it. She knows I'm pregnant, so it's not hard to piece together my next steps.

Turning to Alaric, I tell him I want to visit one of his businesses. "I've only seen the one close to where I was staying. I'd like to see the one closer to here," I request, awaiting his response.

"The one closer to here is different, baby girl," he cautions.

"Which I'm fine with, Sir. Shall we get ready?" I jump up eagerly, and he nods. We head into his room, where I contemplate my wardrobe choices.

Opting for a black wet-look dress with a cutout front, I excuse myself to the bathroom to get showered and ready. I decide to get dressed in the bathroom to maintain an element of surprise.

Emerging in the dress, I catch Alaric's gaze, which earns me a smile as I retrieve my bag.

"I changed my mind," he announces, causing me to laugh.

"Is there an issue with my outfit, Sir?" I tease, glancing down at myself.

"A lot. Just get out of the room before something happens, baby girl," he responds, his tone firm but tinged with amusement. I comply, leaving the room with a mischievous grin. Soon after, he follows me to the garage, where I notice it's already been fixed.

"I got it sorted quickly. Come on," he gestures, opening the door to a different vehicle than he would typically drive. It's small, and I shoot him a questioning look.

"What car is this?" I inquire, impressed by its sleek design but puzzled by his growing collection of cars and bikes.

"It's a Pagani Huayra. Oh, and I put your name on the insurance for all the cars so you can drive them. Didn't do it for the bikes, though. I doubt you can ride," he explains casually, prompting me to smirk.

"Who said I can't ride?" I wink playfully, relishing in the surprise that flashes across his face. "Just kidding. I can't ride a bike," I clarify, though my suggestive tone doesn't go unnoticed. He relaxes slightly as he drives us to the club, his eyes lingering on my body.

As we step inside the club, I can't help but smile at him, noticing how he keeps getting distracted by me.

"I'm hating my choice in agreeing now, baby girl," he remarks, his words eliciting laughter from me. "Come on." He wraps his arm around my waist, guiding me further inside. I stand there, momentarily stunned; the club is nothing like the ones local to me.

The foyer greets us with large desks for the receptionists, exuding an air of sophistication. To the right, I spot what appears to be a stylish bar area, complete with pulsating music and low lighting. To the left, a sleek restaurant beckons guests, its ambience distinct and almost seductive.

I take in the surroundings, feeling excited and curious about this. This is a far cry from the usual place I visit, and I can't help but wonder what surprises the night holds for us.

"Alaric," a woman's voice calls out, and we turn to see her approaching. She moves towards us with confidence, wrapping her arms around him in a greeting that almost knocks me aside. "It's nice to see you again," she says with a smile as she steps back, her gaze momentarily flickering over me.

"And you, Josie. I am busy right now, but enjoy your night," Alaric replies politely, though his arm remains firmly around my waist as he guides me towards the bar. Glancing back at Josie, I catch a glimpse of her narrowed eyes fixed on me. Why do I suddenly feel like the villain in this scenario?

"We'll sit over here and talk baby girl," Alaric says with a smile, leading me towards a secluded corner of the bar.

"Mr. Hendrix," another woman interrupts, flashing a dazzling smile as she approaches. Leaning forward, she plants a kiss on his cheek. "I noticed you changed the exterior. What's the reason for that?" she asks, her curiosity evident.

"For safety reasons. Now, only those with membership can gain entry," Alaric explains, gesturing towards the bar as he attempts to remove himself from the conversation. "Excuse me, please. I'm busy," he adds before continuing on his way, leaving me feeling the weight of the woman's hostile glare boring into my back.

"How many of the women have you fucked here?" I blurt out, surprising even myself with the question, but Alaric laughs heartily in response.

"None," he declares firmly, his grip on my chin forcing me to meet his gaze. "They know about my money, so I wouldn't. Besides, I'm here with you; stop feeling jealous, baby girl," he adds, leaning in to kiss me tenderly. His words ease the sudden surge of jealousy that had threatened to surface.

He finds us a quiet spot and we sit talking, his eyes constantly on me.

"I feel like I need to put a sign on you that says stop looking." His words cause me to laugh. "I mean it. Every guy so far has spent at least ten seconds staring at your body. Even some women are." He groans and pulls me closer to him.

"Possessive much?" I request.

"Very, now why did you really want to come here tonight?" He asks, looking at me waiting.

"Well, in the hopes that all this-" I point across my body. "Makes you fuck me, Sir." I mean, I can hope, right?

"Maybe I won't fuck you." His words are whispered into my ear, and I bite against my lip. "Come on, let me show you something." He stands and holds out his hand. I place mine in his, and he guides us out.

"Alaric." As Josie's voice interrupts our moment, I feel a pang of annoyance.

"I'm busy and have company." Alaric's firm response reassures me as he continues to walk, holding my hand tightly as we make our way upstairs. The air feels charged with anticipation, and I can't help but wonder where he's leading me.

As we navigate through the dimly lit halls, I feel a slight flutter of panic rising within me. Why are we going upstairs? My heart pounds with excitement as we finally reach a door and Alaric opens it, revealing a softly lit room beyond.

He releases my hand, and I watch with bated breath as he walks towards the small window and closes the blind. The room is enveloped in a cocoon of privacy, heightening the intensity of the moment.

Turning to face me, Alaric's presence seems to fill the room. His eyes fill with desire as he closes the distance between us. His hand gently cups the back of my neck, sending shivers down my spine as he pulls me towards him. His lips descend upon mine in a passionate kiss.

I melt into his embrace, surrendering to the intoxicating sensation of his lips against mine. The world falls away as we lose ourselves in the heat of the moment, the intensity of our connection igniting a fire within me. Moaning, I push my body closer to his.

With each tender caress of his lips, I feel myself being consumed by a wave of desire, my body responding eagerly to his touch. His kiss deepens, igniting a primal hunger within me as I give in to the raw passion coursing through my veins. My hands clutch onto him.

There is only Alaric and me, his hands slide along my body and he lifts me. My back hits against the wall as he continues to kiss me. His hand slides between my legs, and he groans.

"Ruby. Where the fuck is your underwear?" His words are hoarse as he bites his way down my neck to my collarbone.

"I must have gotten them, Sir." I pant, fighting for breath. His fingers plunge inside of mine, and his lips are back on mine instantly as his fingers move within me. Our bodies stay entwined in a dance of desire as we lose ourselves in the depths of the moment.

My moans against his lips getting louder. Time seems to stand still as we explore each other, each touch and caress sending waves of pleasure coursing through me.

As he finally breaks away from the kiss, I'm breathless and flushed with desire. I can't help but feel a sense of excitement coursing through me.

My hands stroke down his body and unfasten his trousers. I don't think this was his plan when we came in here, but it is now. I free his cock, and move, trying to lower myself on him. His hands grasp my hips tighter and thrust into me.

Each movement of his hips has pleasure clawing its way higher. The orgasm flows through me, and he breaks the kiss. His hand pulls the dress from my body as my hands pull his shirt, ignoring that it rips.

He turns, keeping my body wrapped around his and walks to the bed. Climbing onto it, he keeps me caged in his arms. His mouth kisses my body as his hips begin to move once again. His lips once again find mine as he kisses me softly.

In Alaric's arms, I have found passion unlike any other, and at this moment, there is nowhere else I'd rather be. The night disappears as he constantly fucks me. Refusing to let the night end, even though we knew we had to.