Chapter 39 Taking The Test

After emailing everything to the university, I run out of things to avoid taking the test. Everything changes if I'm pregnant. Walking into the bedroom, I sit with it in my hand. Alaric looks at me.

"If you're not, you need to figure out contraception. We need to be safe until you're protected."

All I can do is nod in agreement. I know he means wearing condoms going forward, which sucks. I prefer sex without them, but I am happy with it if it stops me from getting pregnant. My hand stays wrapped around the test.

Moving, he takes it from me and looks at it. "You're not pregnant, Ruby; you can breathe." He chuckles slightly, and my eyes roll. "Anyone would think you didn't want to be tied down to me." He smiles slightly.

"It's not that Alaric; I would be happy if I were pregnant, but it's not ideal. I'm still studying, or I hope anyway. We live four hours away from each other. I'm not comfortable having you support me financially, and people will think I trapped you."

Right now, I need to sort my life out—that's my priority. I need to figure out everything, fix the issues with university, and get a job. I had my trust fund, so I didn't need to work while studying, but now I do.

If I have a job or some way of earning my own money, people will be less likely to see me as a gold digger. What will his family think? I hadn't even considered that.

I met his brother once, briefly when I was dating Jake. I didn't even know his parents were alive. They must be old, as he's turning forty in a few years.

"What happened to not caring what others think? They don't know the truth, we do. That's all that matters, baby girl, what we know." He grips my chin. "Let's go back to mine and wait for you to hear the results of their investigation." He stands waiting for me.

I should go. I can look locally to him for work, or maybe an hour away, then I'm only three hours away from Bex and Ivy when I move?

"Pack some things, Ruby; you can't keep wearing the same clothes over and over that you have at my place. I'm not saying move in, but bring enough so you at least have a fucking choice."

Laughing I nod, grabbing a bag I throw some items into it. I go to walk out and he stops me.

"Your laptop as well." He points at it and takes the bag from me. I walk over, grab the laptop, and we walk out. As we go into the kitchen to say bye, Bex looks at me and then at the bag.

"You said you might be moving out after you finish your course. That's not now?" She turns from me to glare at Alaric.

"Ruby, I'm not moving out. It's literally a few clothes for when I stay there. Calm down." I Hug her and step back.

"I did like you, but now not so much." She glares at Alaric.

"Well, that's a shame. Lucas asked me about setting up a double date because he didn't feel confident enough to ask you out away from the business." Alaric grins and her jaw drops.

"I didn't mean it, I take it back." Bex looks at him, and he laughs.

"Don't worry, Bex. I won't steal her forever. I'll speak to Lucas later and find out when he's free. I will let you know." She nods and seems to cheer up.

Walking out, we get in the car, and I look at him.

"He realised that I knew you and was close. He likes Bex, but he's not very confident. Because of his daughter, women tend to not want more than a quick bit of fun with him. I said I would invite her out for dinner with us and him." He smiles at me as he drives.

"How much do you know of him?" That is what I care about. Sure, Bex said another woman had spoken about his ex, but that could still be a lie.

"He and his wife used the business together. Three years ago, there was a bad accident, and she didn't make it. He's safe, I promise."

Well, at least I know it won't be like Alaric and Beatrix, where she just shows up. "What else do you know about him?" He laughs and looks at me. "Sorry, I just don't want her hurt." I don't, sure she acts hard, threatens people but that's a cover.

"I can tell you that after his wife died, he didn't get into a relationship. He hasn't tried. In the three years since she died, I believe he's used the business with someone, maybe six times. He goes for connections over anything else."

I relax, hearing his words.

"He likes her. From the very small conversation I had, he likes how she is 'an angry little devil'. She spoke a lot about your friendship, so he knows she has a tendency to threaten people."

Smiling, I nod. "She didn't scare him away."

"If a man is scared away from a woman, it says he can't handle her. She isn't the issue, just the man doesn't have enough experience to understand her. He won't run."

I'm glad that even if nothing comes from the relationship, he might make her realise she isn't the problem. We talk as he drives, and he explains that his brother will be here at the weekend.

That has me anxious, but I guess I can't avoid people finding out who I am to him. I feel like it will create more drama, though.

He's sitting with the laptop, clearly reading through things. I think I got the main aspects I wanted in the contract sent to him. I'm currently looking at a list of acts and items, going through them and marking each one to my preference.

"There won't be a physical contract, Ruby." I raise my eyes to him. "There isn't a need. I will have your list; that is important. The rest, we can incorporate within our relationship without the need for a contract."

"I don't understand." I really don't.

"Look, contracts are used to ensure that the lists are followed and that both parties know what to expect from the relationship and the boundaries going into it. I can still do all this without the contract. Do you need a contract to tell us how we will spend our time or where?"

My head shakes. "No, because we decide on the moment and along the way."

"Exactly. It's part of the relationship like me ensuring you went to class. It's part of the relationship, and this can be included. We need your lists, but there is no contract. At any moment, you want to stop any of these aspects, you say, and it stops."

"Okay." I'm fine with that. "I've emailed my lists over." I was surprised by how easy it was, but then again, I merely ticked boxes.

Tried | Disliked. Liked. Hard limit. Soft limit. Kink. Fetish.

Not tried | Hard limit. Soft limit. Confident about.

Each item and list are the same. Most come under not tried. There are so many under hard limit, some under soft limit, and more under confident about.

Alaric explained that a hard limit means no. No way in hell will I ever agree. A soft limit means I'm willing to do it, but I need a bit of coaxing or a specific situation for it to happen. A confident limit means I am happy to do it; no coaxing is needed.

"So, those on the not tried, when you try, you need to update the list to tried and input what you think going forward. It will update on both laptops."

My head nods at his words.

"Your safeword, have you decided?"

"Red, why change it? I mean, I could say something like Antidisestablishmentarianism if you wish?" I grin, and he looks at me, confused. "No? So stick to red, right?"

"Behave, what was that word anyway?"

"You mean Antidisestablishmentarianism?" I laugh at his face.

"Is that even a real word, yes stick to red because...I don't even know." He laughs, and his head falls forward.

"Sorry," I smirk at him. "Yes, it's a real word. It means opposition to the disestablishment of the Church of England, by the way, to save you trying to figure out its spelling and googling it later."

"I wouldn't have even tried baby girl, my brain short circited when you said it."

Grinning, I lean forward. "Antidisestab-" My word stops as his hand covers my mouth.

"Don't pick on baby girl. I need to go to work and do a few follow-ups. You need to sleep."

Sleep sucks, I pout slightly, and he stands. Leaning over me he begins kissing me, my hands move to unfasten his shirt. His tongue pushes into my mouth, and I whimper, trying to undress him quicker.

"Later, baby girl." His words are whispered in my ear. "There's plenty of space in my walk-in for you to put your stuff, so go unpack your bag and get some sleep." Kissing my cheek, he steps back and leaves.

Well, he's not fun. Here I was, thinking he was going to fuck me, and he walked out. Sighing, I grab the bag and walk upstairs to his room. Opening the door, I step in and unpack my bag before showering and climbing into bed.

I'm not happy he left without fucking me, but I guess I will sulk about it tomorrow when he's not working.

The bed moving wakes me. Turning, I smile at Alaric.

"You weren't meant to wake baby girl." He pulls me against him.

"Well, you were meant to fuck me before leaving, but you didn't." Pouting at him, I sulk.

"It starts tomorrow, baby girl, so you enjoy sulking right now as tomorrow, you will get punished for it, not fucked."

My smile widens. "Punished is just as good as getting fucked, Daddy." I think it is, anyway; I still get some attention. His body rolls over until he's above me. My body wiggles as he kisses my neck.

"I'm not fucking you, baby girl." His fingers move and push into pussy. "Not until we get some form of contraception sorted, and I have no condoms." My hips raise as his fingers push deeper.

"Jake will have some." His head raises at my words.

"I'm not knocking on my son's door at 2 am asking him for some. Behave, or I go to sleep." Leaning down, he bites against my neck, his fingers moving, and I give in.

My hands grasp his hair as his mouth teases my neck while his fingers stroke perfectly along the spot within me that has my body shuddering and begging for more.

My moans begin to get louder, and I clamp my hand over my mouth feeling the orgasm rise within me, his head raises and he removes my hand.

"The room is soundproof baby girl, I want to fucking hear you." His thrusts and rubs perfectly as he stops talking, and I tighten around him, my hips rolling against his hand as the pleasure burns in my bones. His fingers seem only to speed up as the orgasm begins to die, which starts off the next one. My hands grasp his hair as his teeth bite against my nipple, and I come undone for a second time.

I watch him raise his head slightly, my nipple still between his teeth. A whimper escapes my lips, and he releases his grip on it. "God, I regret the no fucking you now."

Laughing I nod, tomorrow. He can fuck me tomorrow. The words are silent in my mind as I feel myself falling back to sleep.