

## 8; Not a Cinderella Story.

Chapter Eight- “Not A Cinderella Story”.

Isabella Montague.

His lips slanted into a boyish, amused smile. “Yes. Me.” He didn’t deny it—reminding me that this is all real. He then leaned down to meet my height, yet again reminding me of his height over mine. “How was your night, Isabella?”

Even if I’d forgotten his face, I wouldn’t forget the way my name rolled out of his mouth—there’s a particular way he just does it that makes it sound different.

I blinked yet again, still nding it hard to accept and all. “How...”

He pressed his lips together, feigning confusion. “What do you mean, how? After you kissed me to get back at your ex, or the kiss later on and how we ended up here?” The corners of his lips tilted upwards slightly towards the end of his statement.

It was as if his words were a key to my memories, because I suddenly has ashbacks of a few scenes I had forgotten. This time around, I could see his face vividly in the ashbacks. I remember initiating the kiss after he’d saved me from James, and I remember my hands unbuttoning his shirt...

“No.” I was quick to shake my head, convincing myself I did, we didn’t go any further. I hesitantly met his gaze, with mine that were hoping otherwise. “We...” I swallowed thickly. “...we didn’t sleep together or anything, did we?”

He held my gaze, not answering though his smile slowly widened, giving him an even boyish expression. He suddenly shrugged, “I don’t know. You tell me, Isabella.” He unfolded to his full height making his way back to the nearby couch.

“We didn’t...” I’m not sure, I just want to believe that rather—and for him to conrm it.

He looked over his shoulder, “Whichever sails your boat,” He turned around to pick up something on the couch, before faced me again. Closing the space between us, he carried on. “But if you’re going to sneak out, then you should cover up.”

Before I could react, he stepped even closer, draping a suit jacket over my shoulders, the scent of his cologne instantly lling my olfactory lobes. “It’s chilly outside.” He added, taking a few steps back.

My brows drew in, wondering where the act is coming from. I don’t even know who is he, or his name to begin with and yet, we’re so entangled. He leaned down, and got on his knees. Instinctively, I took a few steps back, stunned.

“What are you doing?” I couldn’t even hide the accusatory tone.

He tilted his head up. “What? Do you think I’m proposing to you after just one night together?” he quirked a perfectly arched brow, his expression serious.

I scoffed, looking away. “Of course not, do I seem like the naïve type to you?” I didn’t think such, but why did his words make me feel as though I did—and I feel embarrassed by it? And...does it mean we did spend the night together?

Stupid Isabella. I scolded myself. I just had one task, gain connections at the ball last night and not get involved with any man. I’ve made up my mind and vowed to not get entangled with any man after what occurred with James, and yet, all in one night—I kissed this stranger—whatever his name is, and may or may not have slept with him after a couple of drinks.

The most annoying fact is that I can’t even recall whether I actually did or not, especially not when all the evidence proves so. I hate myself for being so careless. I should’ve known better.

My response had him chuckling, his face breaking into a small grin—and I hate how the deep sound had my stomach in knots. “No, you seem like the feisty type.” He picked up a paper bag I hadn’t realized was beside me, and pulled out a box from it. “My type exactly.”

Opening the box, it revealed a pair of beautiful at shoes. He picked it up, and placed it front of my legs. Then, he lifted his head to meet my curious gaze.

“--Will you put it on yourself, or should I do it for you? You know, like Cinderella and the Prince?”

I stared at him skeptically. “Cinderella? How old are you?” I slipped into the shoes myself, knowing deep down I wouldn’t want to walk around barefoot. Why should I push aside the chance I’m given to not do so? “That’s a childish mentally.” I mumbled. “And this is not a Cinderella story.”

“Maybe.” He got on his feet, his gaze levelling with mine again. “Though in this case, you aren’t as helpless as she is.” He turned around and made his way back to the couch he was occupying earlier no doubt, picking up the mug on the coffee table, and bringing it to his lips. “But you do have something in common.”

“Which is?”

“A handsome man you can call a Prince.” He stated, his smug expression there. “It’s not every day you come across a man like me, at least, none this good looking.” He’s a narcissist it seems. Why am I not surprised?

I hummed, quirking a brow, silently asking if he just said that. All I got was a smug grin in response, which I yearn to wipe from what I regretfully have to admit is a handsome face. That face belongs in the time of Greeks. It’s annoying because he knows he’s good looking, and he prides himself in just that.

Realizing arguing on this known fact with him wouldn’t take me anywhere, I shook my head, waving his words away. I looked around the living room of the penthouse, or so it seemed like with furrowed brows. “Which hotel is this exactly?”

I need to know whose territory I am in, so as to know how to handle whatever news would sprout up about me. After exposing my identity last night, I know to keep a clean slate if I want to last in this world.

The last thing I need is rumors spreading about me the very next day, even though I’ve already f\*\*\*\*d it up by kissing this man in public. I’ve asked my assistant, and best friend of course, Amy to handle it and stop the media from publishing any articles on it.

She’s reliable, I know she can handle the press on that matter so I’m not bothered by it. But, aside from that, I need to know where I am so I can ask Amy to pick me up from. I can’t trust anyone else to pick me and not as any questions.

His lips slanted into a small smile, a mischievous one that had his eyes holding a certain glint and I have no doubt whatever will come out past that lips of his wouldn’t be something I’d like. “It’s not a hotel. Rather, a safer place for, you know...” He trailed off, his smile widening from the side before he brought his mug to his lips, taking a sip from it.

If possible, my eyes widened even more. “Then where are we?” I better not be in some strange place else I swear; I’ll never take alcohol again. I seem to be making a lot of stupid decisions under its inuence. Speaking of which, I should make a pack never to take any alcohol, for my safety.

He took his sweet time to sip his tea, letting the suspense to drag—and with every second that passes, I’m a string of patience away from hitting his stupid head with my heel.

He brought the mug down after a few long sips, his amusement lled eyes meeting mine again. “My house.” He declared, dropping the bomb. “We’re in my house.”

My lips fell apart as I stared at him stunned, waiting for him to tell me he’s joking, a sick joke or something but he didn’t. I scoffed, looking away as I tried to make sense of this man and the way his head works.

I suddenly found myself chuckling. Not in an amused manner, but in an I’m so screwed manner because I know I am.

Did he just say his house?

You’ve got to be kidding me. Nice one, Isabella. Nice one.