

## Royal Contract 1147

### Chapter 1147 Rather self-explanatory

Zach hated his mother at moments like this when she believed that she could manipulate his life according to her wishes. He was not a child anymore who she could control. He had learned his lesson never to fall into her trap.

He did not doubt that Bianca had something to say about this. He was starting to believe that running into her at the hospital and the restaurant was not a coincidence. She might have planted it.

Tonight, she was here because she had conspired with his mother to snare him into their trap. Luckily, Ria was not here to witness this. Or he might have a hard time explaining this to her.

"Would you excuse us for a few minutes?" His mother said, pulling his father to his feet. But I love this song." His mother theatrically danced to the music. "We are just going to the dance floor."

If he had known better, that was just his mother's ploy to leave them alone. But, he welcomed the chance. He would use it to point out to her that they were over if it still did not sink into her brain.

"Aren't your parents the sweetest? You can see that they are so in love." Bianca uttered dreamily as her eyes followed his folks to the dance floor as soft ballad music aired around the place. "Just like we used to be."

He already knew where she was going with this. She wanted to remind him of the good times that they shared. Yes, there were many because he thought he was in love with her. He even planned to propose to her.

But no matter how much he loved her then, it seemed it was not enough for her. "I remember." He answered her. "But I also recall how you ruined everything. How you stepped on my heart and broke it to pieces."

Then, she felt her hands covering the top of his on the table. "I know what I did, and I have regretted it since the day you left me." After that, her eyes glistened with unshed tears.

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He wanted to pull away from her hand, feeling scorched by her touch, not because he liked it but because he never cared for her anymore. But he did not want to make a scene. He did not want to shame her, just like she humiliated him.

"Well, I don't." He knew there was a time that he wished she did not cheat on him. But now, he was happy that he did not end up with her. Because the woman in her life now was more than Bianca would ever be.

"Please. I don't know how I can make it up to you. I know saying sorry would never be enough. But I only want a chance to ask for forgiveness." She pleaded with him, showing genuine remorse in her expression.

Honestly, he did not hate her anymore. Maybe he felt sorry for her. But there was no more anger in his heart.

"It is over now. There is nothing we can do but move on. Maybe I can forgive you. But I will never forget what happened." He told her.

He remembered what she had done as if it was still just yesterday. Truthfully, he did not want to forget so that he would never be in the same boat again.

He just came home from a trip with his parents. Then, he decided to visit her at her apartment. During that time, she was unaware that he was back because they had to cut the tour due to an emergency.

He intended to surprise her. He had already bought the ring hidden in his jacket. Slowly, he entered her apartment, wondering if she was home or out.

"Bianca," He softly called out, but nobody responded.

When he saw no movement, he concluded that she was out. He began with his plans, putting candles and roses around the living room, then spreading rose petals on the floor.

As he moved to the mezzanine of her apartment, throwing petals on the stairs, he finally heard noises. It was coming from her room. As he neared the door, the sound became louder and more audible.

"Uuummmhhh!" Came the muffled voices behind the door. "Aaaggghhh!" Moans of passion instead of words.

He could not believe what he was hearing.

Could that be her? Did it sound like her? Or it could be one of her friends using her apartment.

He still wanted to give her the benefit of the doubt. But he could not leave it to chance as he held the doorknob in his hand, debating whether to enter and see who it was.

But curiosity won as he slowly opened the door, afraid of what he might see. And just like that, his world fell apart. Looking directly into his eyes was his girlfriend in the throes of passion with another man.

It seemed she still did not notice his presence as she continued thrusting herself against the man underneath her. Her back faced him, but he recognized her body and long straight hair.

"Are you fucking kidding me?" He shouted, but instead of confronting them, he closed the door and walked downstairs.

He felt sick to his stomach, disgusted with her. He knew if he stayed, he might have killed her and the man with her. But he did not think she deserved an easy death for what she did.

"Zach!" He could hear her call his name as he descended the stairs. He could sense her footsteps as she ran after him. "Wait!" She kept yelling behind him.

He grabbed the keys he left on the counter and was about to open the front door when she caught up with her. She hugged him from behind, stopping him from exiting.

"Please, Zach. I have to explain." She mumbled as tears covered her face. A part of his heart wanted to listen, but the rest died from the pain she caused.

“We have nothing to talk about.” He hissed angrily at her. “I think it was rather self-explanatory.” He added as he pried his body away from her grip.