

Royal Contract 2

Chapter 2 - Predator And The Prey

"How come you're drinking alone?" She asked while intentionally bumping her foot at his lower legs as she waited for a reaction. Nothing still. Either he was just not into her or something was wrong with him.

She was beginning to think that he might be gay, but she was not ready to give up. Not yet.

"Ok. Just tell me straight." She turned his head towards her by using her fingers to pull his chin until he was facing her. "Are you gay?"

Under a different circumstance, she would not have bothered with him after his clear rejection, but tonight, she sensed something different. She could not stop herself from getting his attention. Her interest was making her bold and more driven to pursue him.

"No." Was his very curt answer. "Do you even have any idea who I am?" He asked her, curious that she seemed to be clueless to who she was dealing with. Most women who threw themselves at him only wanted two things from him, a fairy tale romance or the prestige of his name.

However, this girl seemed to be only flirting with him for the fun of it. He could sense that her innocence was genuine, which was a way refreshing, but he was still not interested to play her game.

"Well, you are someone I would like to know if you'll give me a chance." She mischievously purred to his ear as she leaned closer.

"You're not in luck. I'm not interested. So better pack up now and go home." He could sense that she already reached her limit in her alcohol consumption. He observed that she was starting to slur her words and her eyes were starting to droop down.

"Then, tell me what you don't like about me?" She began to run her fingers along his cheek, liking the feel of his fresh stubbles against her skin.

She never felt this strong pull towards a man before, besides from him. She quickly blinked the thought away. The reason why she was in this situation was that she needed to forget about him.

She returned her focus on the man that was bringing her an electrifying sensation as she continued to work her fingers behind his ear.

"Ok, young lady. Let me explain something to you." He snatched her wrist and held it in between them. "I didn't warn you to encourage you or pick you up. I'm here to drink in peace and not to be bothered." He stated as clearly as possible, exasperated at her ministrations.

He was not looking for a quick hookup. It was never his style. He just wanted a moment of peace, together with a friendly glass of strong liquor.

Unlike her, he wanted to keep in mind what the woman he loved did to him. He wanted to remember so that it would remind him constantly, never to repeat the same mistake.

He only wanted one woman, but he lost her to a friend. Her betrayal was enough for him to believe that love did not exist. It was an emotional illusion used by people like her to fool another person like him. But, never again would he fall into the same trap. He had learned his lesson.

"What if I want you to take advantage of me?" She said boldly, touching his arms again seductively. Running her fingers along his muscled arms down along his expensive watch.

"I think you're drunk and should go home." He uttered as he looked away from her. He could not keep entertaining her advances or else she might get the wrong impression. He did not want to encourage her. He wanted her to go away, hopefully safely back to her home.

"Don't you find me attractive?" She continued with her flirtations. The liquor was finally doing what it was supposed to do. Making her bolder than her true character. If she was sober, she knew she could never do what she was now doing.

"Please stop that." He grabbed her hand once again, which was now busy playing along his nape and then placed it on top of the bar gently.

"What's wrong? Am I that ugly?" She pouted, acting hurt by his action. She did not want to accept defeat, not yet.

"I think you're a decent girl, and you shouldn't be doing this." He was now looking directly at her eyes. Trying to convince her that what she was doing was not a good idea. "Go home."

"I came here to have a good time, not to be lectured by a prude guy like you." She snatched her hands away from him, grabbed her bag on top of the bar. Finally, she had enough of his negative response. "If you're not interested, I'm sure he is."

Tired of his treatment as if she was a child, she decided not to pursue him anymore and aimed for the other man who seemed to be more interested. She believed she could still salvage the remaining of her evening, as she eyed his other prey.

Standing up from her seat proved to be more difficult than she initially thought. How many drinks had she consumed? She thought, unable to remember. Anyway, she tried to get her equilibrium and spotted the guy who offered her drinks seated with a group of men on a table a few feet from her.

She slightly wobbled as she took a step in his direction, determined to finish what she started. If men could do this, well, so could she. She certainly believed in fairness and equality.

This would not be her first time to be with a man, but this was the first time she would be initiating it with a total stranger. She was determined to get what she wanted without the necessary complication. This was perfect, a place where nobody knew her and after tomorrow, she would not see him again.

The man saw her walking in his direction and she could see the smile displayed on his face. A good indication that her presence was more than welcome, unlike with the man she left behind.

In this new scenario, who would be the predator and the prey?