

Royal Contract 3

Chapter 3 - A Long Night

"Just want to thank you personally for the drink." She said incoherently as she stood in front of him, bracing herself in the chair's backrest, afraid that she might fall flat on her face. She realized now that she must have more drinks than was necessary as she found it hard to balance herself.

"Would you like to join us?" He offered as he made room for her to sit down beside him.

Before she could move, somebody yanked her body towards something hard. She ended up plastered to the side of this jerk who rejected her. "Sorry, but we needed to get out of here." He said to the men sitting around the table.

"Do you know her 'Boss'?" The man on the farthest asked, nodding in her direction.

She realized that this group knew him. They even called him their boss. Or was she just imagining it? However, the man in front of her was visibly not happy with the intrusion, but he did remain silent.

She was beginning to feel a slight buzz in her head, but she held on to his support. Then, she remembered what this jerk did, now she was fuming again. He had the nerves to meddle with her affairs, she thought.

"Yes. She's my friend, and I think she is a bit drunk so I'm taking her home." He announced to the group.

He was not about to leave this girl to the hands of his men. He would make sure that she would be safely back to her place. Whatever her problem was, this was not the solution. She would surely regret it by morning when the alcohol lost its power and reason took over.

"Sure Boss." The older man near to him said. "Pack up, we're leaving." The man ordered the rest of the men seating at the table.

"No need." He stopped them. "I just need you and Bob. The rest of you can take the night off."

"Thanks, boss." The man again on the farthest said, smiling happily as he raised his glass to him.

"We'll just see you tomorrow, boss." The other man on the left agreed.

Before she could react to what was happening, he started to drag her away from the table and out of the club.

Between the dizziness of her brain from the alcohol and the sensations his body was radiating while attached to hers, she found it hard to think straight.

When the cool air hit her as they exited the pavement, she felt a bit refreshed. She suddenly realized what was happening.

"What are you doing?" She said slurring, a bit unstable at her feet as the full effect of the alcohol hit her once again. She tried turning her body to come face to face with him, but the sudden movement made her dizzy and nauseous.

He was about to retort something when she held up her hand to stop him and went to a nearby trash bin beside the entrance and hurled her guts out. She braced herself in the wall with her hands and forehead while she tried to control her world from spinning.

The next thing she knew, one firm hand held her waist and another hand tried to clear her face from the locks of her hair. "Are you done?" He said with a slight hint of irritation.

Of course, this was not what he was expecting this night would be. He came out here to treat his men. He told himself that he would just have two drinks and excused himself to go back to his place.

Now, he had to babysit this drunk attractive woman wrapped around his arms. Not exactly what he had in mind.

"Will you take me home now?" She could not care about how he felt. What mattered to her was what she was feeling right now. The small contact that his hands were creating to her senses was making her excited and alive.

"Where are you staying? I'll take you home." He offered, he lightly tapped her shoulder, trying to get her attention.

She found it hard to stand on her own so she leaned her body to his length. The connection was bringing good sensations in every part it made contact with and she did not intend to lose it. She stretched her body to reach the side of his face and whispered to his ears. "With you."

She started nibbling at the side of his neck, just below his ears. "Stop." He grabbed her shoulders and put a space between them.

"Stop fooling around." He was starting to regret rescuing this woman from that asshole, but he knew it would not sit well in his conscience if he allowed something bad to happen to her.

Well, it was not helping that her seduction was working on him. After all, he was still a man. Despite his strong self-control, he was finding it hard to resist her temptation.

"I want to go home with you." She said with conviction while slurring. He realized that she was quite drunk as he held her upright so he could not just leave her in the street to fend for herself.

He could see that his two men were already looking at him curiously. They were already seated at the car parked just a few meters away from him, waiting for him to leave, so they could trail behind him.

Feeling that he had no choice, he walked her to his car and deposited her in the passenger seat.

Walking on the driver's side, he entered his car and stared at his hands on the stirring wheel. He finally gazed at the girl seating slightly dazed opposite to him, debating what to do with her.

"Put on your seatbelt and tell me where you live." He asked again, waiting patiently.

She fumbled with the seatbelt unsuccessfully. "I'm not from around here so you have no choice but to take me home with you." She uttered, trying to be seductive, but failing miserably.

"I have no time for this. Where are you staying?" He asked again, getting a bit exasperated when she ignored his question.

She twisted her body and propped towards him, landing her right hand on his chest. "I want you." She leaned forward and attempted to kiss him, but she slumped down on his chest before her lips touched his. She murmured something that he could not understand before everything was silent.

He did not expect what happened next. Why did he felt disappointed that the kiss did not happen?

A few seconds later, she started snoring lightly. "Just great. Real nice." He muttered to himself. He scooped her upper body to her seat and fixed her seatbelt.

He suddenly realized that he got too close for comfort. He could smell her lingering delicious scent. He could see up close her beautiful luscious lips, which he almost tasted as his mind reminded him.

It was doing something to him that he did not want to analyze at this moment, but he was confused as hell.

He started the car's engine and went on his way. He just knew that this was going to be a long night for him.