

## Royal Contract 38

### Chapter 38 - Worse Night

"Daniella, you look lovely tonight." One of her mom's friends commented when she accidentally bumped into her as she walked towards the bar. She was not usually clumsy like this, but she was not particularly enthusiastic to be part of this celebration.

"You look lovely yourself." She said politely as she excused herself and continued to walk forward.

She still regretted ending up at this party. Every time her father asked something from her and she refused, he would send her mother to do his bidding. Then, she would have no choice but to do what he wished. It was a cycle that never ended.

She examined the luxurious reception hall, with its extravagant decorations. She could see that nothing was spared to make this one of the most grandiose events of the year. Trust her dad to organize this fundraising. The media circus and the paparazzi would surely be celebrating tonight.

"Good evening." She greeted the couple who passed her by. They were always present at all of her dad's events. Come to think of it, these guests were the same people who frequently attended her dad's elaborate parties. They were the wealthy and the most influential people around the world.

She used to enjoy this kind of party. Being the center of attention with her dad parading her around. But not this time. She was done being his puppet. She loved her dad, but it did not mean that she would just blindly follow his lead.

As she continued to her path, she saw her dad with some of his friends and associates. She quickly changed direction, not wanting to confront him just yet.

As she moved to her right, she accidentally bumped into someone. "Excuse me. Sorry about that." She did not get the chance to see who it was because she was in a hurry to get as far away from her dad before he started noticing her.

She avoided her father like a plague, making sure that she was out of his sight. She already knew what would happen once her father found her. He would either start telling his friends about how proud he was of her accomplishment or make a mockery of her present job.

Either way, she was not interested to hear his opinion about her. But recently, upon hearing her new affiliation with an established firm, her dad started offering her a new position in his company. One that included a generous fund for her pro bono cases.

He must have learned of her condition to her present firm. Now, he was desperate enough to add that clause to his offer just for her to join his company. As he always pointed out, was also her company.

"Uncle Ben." She immediately walked to his side when she saw him in the middle of the ballroom. She hugged him and gave him a hard pat on his arms. "Where's is Aunt Eliza?" She asked when she did not spot her around.

"Hi, my Princess." Her uncle greeted her back. "She's probably somewhere around here with her friends. I'm glad you decided to join us tonight."

Knowing his niece, she would never have attended this party if it was not for his sister's doing. He could not blame her. She grew up in this world and probably got tired of all the hypocrisy of most of the people who attended this kind of event.

If it was not for Laura, his sister, and Eliza, his wife, he would not wish to be part of this event too. There was just too much politics and manipulation happening in this place, especially when powerful and rich people were concerned.

Each individual's interest would be their priority and not the actual fundraising event. The organizers usually used the cause of the charitable institution as a cover-up to their actual personal intentions.

"Just like you, I had no choice." She placed her arms around his as they moved to the bar. She needed a drink before she lost her wits and made a scene that she and her father would never forget.

"So, how was your new job?" Ben asked her. He heard from her mom that she just accepted a new job. A better one compared to the last firm she was with.

"Great. Still adjusting but I got my pro bono cases funded." She told her uncle proudly, remembering the contract that was still inside her table back at the office.

She had skimmed through the initial pages and read about her part in the deal. She never finished reading the entire contract. She decided to put it back inside the envelope and hid it in her drawer. She found the proposal laughable. There was no way that the contract was authentic.

"That's good to hear." Her uncle cut through her reminiscing. "I'm looking forward to seeing you in my courtroom again."

"Me too." She honestly wished that. She could not wait to win her first case under this new firm. She already made a good case for her first pro bono. She already gathered several pieces of evidence that could help her case. All she was waiting for was a schedule for the preliminary hearing.

"Judge Roberts, may I disturb you for a minute. I just have a few things I needed to discuss with you." He excused himself and left her alone in one corner of the room.

She sipped the last drop of her champagne and walked back to the middle of the room as she tried to look for her friend. Jacky insisted to come with her, wanting to experience a night with the rich people. To her, this was a perfect way to gather new gossips.

She wondered if Jacky was in the right job. Or maybe she was better off in a gossip column or media establishments. She was wasted as her secretary with the way she absorbed her stories.

Then, out of the corner of her eyes, instead of seeing her friend, she saw him. The last person she wanted to see tonight or any other night. Now, she regretted coming to this party. She should not have allowed her mother to persuade her to attend. This moment just became the worse night of her life.