

Royal Contract 4

Chapter 4 - One Night Only

When he went out to grab a drink with his crew, he was not expecting to get a stray back home. A beautiful stray at that, but big trouble no doubt.

He should have stayed in his hotel room like he originally intended, but the men deserved a treat after their hard work. When they insisted that he joined them tonight, he found it hard to refuse.

When he saw one of his men gave her a drink, he knew he had to step in or else, this woman was in for a rough ride. Although he could trust Sebastian when it comes to his work, he had heard a lot about him when it came to women, and in his opinion, he was bad news.

"Now, what should I do with you?" He whispered as he stared at the girl he just took home with him.

He never was into a one-night stand. He had too much respect for women to use them or objectify them in a demeaning way. He was no saint neither was he a monster. During his younger years, he did have his fair share of relationships, but he was always serious in his relationship.

Then, he fell in love, unfortunately, the woman in question did not feel the same way. Now, here he was mending his broken heart because he had to learn to accept that she belonged with someone else.

He grabbed a drink from the minibar and poured himself a scotch. His nightly routine, his way of drowning his sorrow and making himself forget about her.

After his second glass, he poured another one and moved to the armchair in the lounge area. Looking at the amber liquid in his hands, his eyes wandered to the woman stretched on the sofa adjacent to him.

"Who are you?" He questioned more to himself, knowing that the girl was not in any condition to talk to him.

Watching the sleeping form on the sofa, he wondered what had brought her to the club alone. Why was she trying to get herself drunk? Was she trying to drown her sorrow too, just like him?

He knew he needed to stop thinking about her. There was no point in doing so. Tomorrow morning, he would be sending her on her way, and he had no plan to get to know her. He had enough of getting involved with a woman who had too much baggage.

He wanted to focus on his career, to build his name in the industry because of his accomplishment. Not simply be known because of his bloodline. He had worked very hard to get to this point of his life and another disastrous relationship would only be distracting him again from his goal.

The girl stirred from her troubling sleep. She was having some sort of an internal struggle. A bad dream perhaps. Her brow furrowed and soft whimpers escaped her lips.

He drank the remainder of his drink and knelt beside her. He realized that he was beginning to get curious about what was going on in her mind at that moment. What was causing her to have this unsettling dream? Was it about her family, her job, or someone perhaps?

He was a bit intoxicated but he believed that he could still think coherently. He touched her hair that was scattered around her face, moving it aside so he could have a full view of her beauty. He caressed her creased forehead down to her beautiful smooth hair hoping to calm her down and removed her worries.

He started tracing his fingers in her chin, then back to her cheeks. It was flawless, soft, and fair, a contrast to his tan-colored skin. Her nose was dainty, perfectly proportioned to her cheekbones. She certainly looked young and innocent at his angle.

Her lips parted a little as she leaned a bit on his hands. Red lips that were good enough to kiss. He wondered what it would feel like pressed against his, to feel her body against his.

What was he doing? He scolded himself. He should not be fantasizing about a girl who was going through something. However, he was just speculating, he was not planning to do something about it. He had no intention to take advantage of her.

His thumb drifted down to her lips, tracing its line, feeling its softness. The next thing he knew, she was staring at his eyes. They stayed like that for a few seconds, just looking deep into each other, hoping to read what the other one was thinking.

Then he felt her lips moved and pressed a soft kiss on his thumbs. He immediately jerked his hands away. Suddenly feeling like a child caught stealing from a cookie jar. "Sorry, I didn't mean to disturb you. I think you were having a dream. I just want to check on you." He explained still kneeling in front of her.

When he tried to stand up, she stopped him. "Please, don't leave." She said as she bit her lips trying to moisten its dryness.

He could not take away his eyes from the simple movement while she was aware of what she was doing to him. She moved her hands towards him, encircling them around his neck.

"I think I should." He replied, but unable to move from his position as he was lost in her eyes.

She pulled him towards her and when she was near enough to his ears, she whispered. "Kiss me." Then her lips were on his.

The way she said it was like a plea. An appeal that he could not deny. He lost the power to stop what was happening and he knew that whatever would happen next was already beyond his control.

The following morning, when he woke up and reached for her, her pillow was already cold and her side of the bed was empty. He also searched for her in his living room, in his kitchen, but there was no trace of her anywhere. She was gone.

As if she was just a dream he only conjured in his mind. Only, he knew that she was real as he recalled the way she felt against him. However, the question remained in his mind.

He gazed at nothing in particular, wondering about the girl who gave him a memorable experience, even if it was for one night only.