

Royal Contract 451

Chapter 451 - Power Of The Pen

It was late, and he had been more than two days on this accommodation he rented for the week. It was already cramping his style, and he hated it.

The woman entertaining his bed at the moment was not quite filling his needs. She was not good enough to distract him from the failures of his men.

"What is your name?" She asked, remembering he failed to mention it earlier while they were drinking in the bar and dancing seductively on the dance floor.

"Let us not ruin this night with names." He suggested, not interested one bit to know hers. "Don't you find this more exciting?" He teased her by letting his fingers slide on her skin.

He laid on the bed, thinking of the report he received an hour ago. On top of him was the woman he picked up from the local club before he left the premises.

He had his hands on her hips, guiding her to where he wanted her to be while she shifted herself in a more comfortable position. He allowed her hands to explore his body, hoping her touch would take off the edge.

"Do you like that?" The woman asked when she spread her palms on his pectoral muscles, letting her fingers tease his senses.

In her mind, she landed on a jackpot tonight. Finding a stranger, looking like a prince. He looked loaded, living in a large villa located in a prime lot.

"No, but I like this better." He immediately took the control back, not wanting to prolong the inevitable. He had enough of playing games with her. It was becoming tedious.

He craved to release the pressure that was building up inside him and nothing else. He was not seeking company, especially the female kind.

After what Cassie did to him, he could not trust another woman on his bed. But the frustrating part, he kept craving for her. He still could not get over his obsession with her body, touch, and kisses.

"Oh!" She was surprised when he suddenly pulled her off him and made her turn around, putting her on her knees.

Without any warning, he took what he wanted. He did not care if his partner enjoyed the performance as long as he had taken care of his gratification.

She did not expect his sudden harshness, but she was not offered an option either. She had to take what he was giving her without much of a complaint.

"You like this, don't you." He moved behind her, faster and deeper, squeezing her hips tighter with his hands.

He closed his eyes, imagining her, shouting for more, laughing with him, and enjoying every inch of him. Then, he released himself into the rubber, protecting him from the bitches of the world.

After that, he loosened his hold on her body and let himself drop on the other side of the bed. He knew he was far from pleased, but at least he had his released.

"That was a bit rough." She complained when she finally had time to breathe and relax as she lay on the soft mattress of the bed. "Are you exercising some kind of demon out of your body?"

It was the only thing she could think of from the way he acted right now, or otherwise, she just had sex with an unstable man. He might have a face of an angel, but he might have a heart of a devil.

"Leave." He simply said as he placed his hands over his face, resting his body on the soft cushion of the bed.

He had already taken what he needed from her. He had no more use for her. She already served her purpose, now he wanted to be alone to himself.

"What?" She was not quite sure if she heard him correctly. It was as if he was asking her to leave right after they had sex.

She admitted that this was not what she was expecting when she decided to go home with him. When he had charmed her at the bar, she assumed that he was a perfect gentleman.

"I said leave." He shouted, shoving her aside and standing from the bed, irritated that she did not do what he said on his first command.

He walked straight to the liquor cabinet, uncaring of his state of undress. He poured himself a whiskey in a glass and took it in one gulp. He did not even offer her one as he refilled his glass and stared at the window outside.

He had to rethink his plans before everything collapsed on his face, and he found himself losing in this battle. Now that the tension on his body had been lessened, he could finally envision more ideas.

"You asshole. You don't pick up a girl, have sex with her, and just tell her to leave." She was outraged that he would just dismiss her like she was just a common whore he picked up on the street.

It would seem that she had chosen the devil as she was proven wrong on her assumption that she was lucky. She landed again on a prick who had no respect for women.

"How much?" He asked without looking back, continuing to stare at the dark sky outside. Well, this time, he had made sure that she understood how he saw her. A hooker he hired for the night.

"I said how much do you want me to pay you." He repeated the question when she failed to answer, this time turning around with his naked glory, walking to his desk drawer.

He put on a robe and then opened the drawer, taking a wad of cash on his hands. He strode towards the bed and dropped the bunch of the bills on the mattress.

"Excuse me." Her jaw dropped upon hearing his question. "I am not a prostitute." She exclaimed in anger.

Her eyes turned into slits, eyeing him with so much contempt. No one had ever dared insult her before and disrespected her in such a manner. He would never get away from mocking and humiliating her.

She stood from the bed, not bothering to cover herself up from him. He had seen her naked and more, so there was no use. She grabbed her clothes and quickly put them on.

"Better. You know your way out." He said as he moved towards the bathroom. "By the way, don't expect a call from me." He mentioned before closing the door on her.

He had to deliberate on his plans and discuss them with his men. Time was running out. He could not waste more time by arguing with this woman.

"No, I won't." She shouted back to the closed door. "But you will surely hear from me." She mouthed with so much rage.

He did not know who he had messed with, she thought as she rummaged on the table. She was not looking for money. She did not even touch the one on the bed.

She needed any form of identification to find out his name. He might not be interested to know who she was, but she was currently very intrigued to know his identity.

She did not believe in the justice system or the balance of the law.. But she trusted the power of the pen and what it could do to anyone.

Chapter 452 - Secret Rendezvous

The entire day had been fun, exciting, intriguing, and tiring. But it also left several issues to think about. Not exactly ideal for a bride who should be relaxing and not having a care in the world, except the wedding.

At the end of the day, she laid awoke on the bed, staring in blank space. Her mind kept swirling around different thoughts that nagged at her since she left the king's company.

"Will I?" She questioned herself, finally closing her eyes, still thinking of the question the king dropped on her.

It was an idea that never crossed her mind since Alex adamantly decided never to take the throne. But what if he did change his mind and finally accept the offer.

Would she support him with his decision and be his queen? Could she just uproot her life and transfer? That would mean leaving everything, her family and friends, and all she had worked hard to build for herself.

"Dani, are you still awake?" A voice was trying to penetrate her bubble, but she chose to ignore it.

She was already far gone in dreamland. Returning to reality was impossible when the illusion was better than what the present offered. Well, at least that was what her dream was convincing her.

"You still look gorgeous with your eyes closed shut." He mumbled, realizing that she was already in deep slumber.

He continued to stare at her face, kneeling by the bedside. He observed her face looked so peaceful, her eyelids slightly moved, and her lips partially opened. It might be an indication that she might be dreaming.

Still, he enjoyed talking to her, telling her things that happened to him during the day. Although, he understood that she would not remember any of this when she woke up.

Eventually, he, too, succumbed to his own exhaustion, dropping down beside her in a deep sleep. Unlike her, he preferred the real thing as he reminisced every moment he had with her.

The morning light sipped through the windows, slipping through the glasses and landing on the two occupants, still passed asleep on the bed. But not for long.

"Hey, wake up, babe." Alex was the one to first open his eyes to the bright sunshine. He did not expect to oversleep since he did not have much drink last night.

But seeing her partner still sleeping at his side was a welcome sight. It was a future he was looking forward to every day once they were married.

To his friends, marriage was a death sentence to their happiness and freedom. But to him, binding himself to her was the epitome of the success of his dreams finally coming true.

"Hi," Dani opened her eyes, slightly covering them with her hand as the light partially blinded her sight. "What time did you come home last night?"

It was the first thought that came to her mind, seeing that he was still lying beside her, wearing his clothes from yesterday. She did smell a slight hint of alcohol in his breath, a clue of what he did last night.

"You know." He smiled, knowing that she already suspected what he was busy with last night. "Just out with Marcus and the rest of the gang."

He did not lie but gave her a vague answer. Where he had been was not absolutely a good topic of conversation with his bride the day before the wedding.

But he would not lie to her if she persisted in asking her about his whereabouts. He did nothing wrong, so he had nothing to hide and be guilty about.

"Well, if out meant alcohol and strippers, I guess I expected more from Marcus. He is really going soft." She teased him, pretending to know where he had been.

She did not mind if it was true. After all, that was what most men do before taking the plunge. Besides, she knew she could trust him. He might have seen those girls in their skimpy bikinis or even naked, but he would never touch another woman.

Just like she did not try to look but failed. But one thing for sure, she did not want to touch another man ever in her life besides the man she was about to marry.

"Fine, you caught me. But I promise, I only drink with the guys." He put up his hand, swearing to her that he was telling her the truth.

Although he heard about the stripper in her party, he was not about to use that to call it even. He trusted her implicitly, and he would not make a big deal of this little silliness of their friends.

But he was curious about how she handled herself in that kind of situation. She might be intelligent and well versed in the world. But he knew that sexually, she was not very experienced.

"I trust you, Alex." She ran her fingers through his hair, pushing it out of her forehead and clearing her view of his face. "What about me? Aren't you going to ask about my activities yesterday?"

She had no plan of keeping things from him. If he was interested to know what she had been up to, then she was more than willing to spill it all out.

"Ok. Tell me. I know you are dying to share whatever Jacky had planned for you." Alex prompted her to continue, seeing the excitement in her eyes.

He pulled her closer until she sat on top of him, pulling her hair on the side. He never broke eye contact with her as he waited for her to share her story.

He would prefer to be on top of her, but he also needed to listen to her. Whatever he wanted to do to her that he missed last night could wait.

"Well, it was not actually that I was thinking about, but sure, why not." She was not surprised that he knew about that. "Jacky, my best friend, was very thoughtful enough to get me a very muscular and sexy stripper."

She decided to tease him by slowly unbuttoning his white dress shirt, then running her fingers on the lines that outlined his muscles.

Suddenly, she was sidetracked from her thoughts as he enjoyed the little foreplay they were playing. She could feel that he was starting to respond to her ministrations.

"And it appeared that you enjoy every moment of it." He replied, knowing too well that she was playing with him. But who was he to complain when he liked her hands on him.

He would have enjoyed continuing with their game, but he still would like to hear what she had to say about her night. He was sure that there was more to it than just dancing and drinking.

She was testing if he would take the bait and be jealous. But it would take more than that to make him see green. After all that they had been through, he had learned a few lessons along the way.

"I did. The man was indeed a good dancer. Although I think you can do better, would you like to confirm my assumption?" She challenged him.

She had seen him dance on a dance floor, and he was indeed a casanova with a woman in her arms. But, she had yet to see him dance for her on a closed door.

"As much as I want to prove you right, I don't think this would be the right time." He answered, not biting her dare.

However, he was glad that she was beginning to be more open to him. He realized that they had come a long way with their relationship.

"Some other time then. But there is one more thing I want to share with you." She told him as she looked at him more seriously.

She had no idea if he was aware of her dinner with the king. But if he was not, she was not about to keep that from him. Especially the things that she discovered last night.

She would like to hear his opinion on the matter. Liked what the king said. His fiance's decision would definitely affect her life in the process, whatever it might be.

"What is it?" He was curious about what else she was about to say.

Aside from the party, he was not aware that she did anything else. Then, he remembered she was with Jacky. Anything could happen.

He just hoped that it was not something she was regretting at the moment, based on her expression. He did not want some scandal overshadowing their wedding ceremony.

"I don't know if you were aware, but I had dinner with King Edward last night." She revealed to him, surprised to see him with a confused expression.

He stopped what his hands were doing and stared at her with narrowed eyes. She could see that he was trying to read her if he heard her correctly.

Judging by his reaction, she could already guess that he did not expect that at all.. It would seem that he was not notified by her secret rendezvous with the king.

Chapter 453 - That Ship Had Sailed

"Hey, you better be decent because I am coming in." Somebody outside the door shouted.

It was late, and Miss Dragonbreath was already breathing fire on all the staff and the entourage. She quickly volunteered to check on the bride to flee, away from the chaos.

Then, when she turned into a corner, she accidentally bumped into someone. Well, it would seem that she was not the only one who grabbed the opportunity to escape the heat.

"Hey, man. Whatever the two of you are doing, better make it quick because Antonette is about to rain fire on the both of you." Another voice joined in the disturbance.

He did not sign up for this when he agreed to be his best man. He loved his friend, but it did not mean that he had to put up with the dragon lady.

"What are you doing here, anyway?" Jacky asked while they waited for the two to emerge from the room.

It was getting very late, and the wedding rehearsal was about to start, followed by a few programs that Antonette prepared. But since she met her, all Antonette did was bark orders.

Her nose would flare up, and her eyes would be on fire when she felt her commands were not being met. Thus, the label Dragonbreath, Dragon fire, Dragon Lady, and so on.

"I am here to escort my friend to the party, same as you, I supposed." He assumed that it was also her reason for standing outside their friends' room.

He did not mind her company. In fact, he was glad that she also thought of it. It was a chance to be near her and spend time with her.

"Fine." Accepting his answer. Well, she did not have a monopoly on their friends. Anyway, she did swear to be friendly with him.

She knocked this time on the wooden panel. If the two still did not answer, she swore she would break the door. At least the man on her right would do it for her.

"Come on in. The door has no lock." A man's voice finally responded to the two outside.

"Are both of you decent?" She asked the question again, not wanting to walk into a sex scene.

"We are now." Her friend finally answered with a chuckle. It was as if she was being tortured while talking, giggling, and squealing in the process. "Go in, Marcus, and bring along Jacky."

Marcus held on to the knob and twisted it. As his friend said, it was indeed open. He guided Jacky inside the door that they realized was not locked at all.

Upon entering, the two noticed that both were still on the bed, in a state of disarray. But like what they said, they were still decently clothed in their nightwear, except for Alex, who was bare of his top clothing.

"Aren't you two attending your own party?" Jacky finally snapped at the two, smiling like small kids who were a bit naughty. "People are already filling the room, and the honor guests are still shacking up in their bed."

"Correction, Jacky. We never did make it to the sex part since we were rudely interrupted." Dani complained to her friend, not embarrassed about what she said.

"Oh, is that right?" Jacky turned to her and stared at her friend. "Who are you, and what have you done with my best friend?" She jokingly said, not surprised about the changes she had seen in her.

As a matter of fact, she was glad that she had seen quite a significant difference in her, good ones as far as she could tell. She knew that the dominant factor in this would come from her relationship with Alex.

"Why don't the two of you make us some coffee while we change? The kitchen is downstairs." Alex stood from the bed and pushed Marcus and Jacky out the door. "You won't miss it." He said before closing the door on them before they could complain.

"Please hurry up. I don't want another earful from the Dragonbreath today." She shouted to the already closed door before Marcus ushered her downstairs and into the kitchen.

"You go make the coffee. I hope you have learned by now." Jacky ordered Marcus as she went to the refrigerator. "I will try to create a sandwich for a quick bite." She supplied.

As she busied herself in the kitchen, she could not help but keep on bumping into him. Either the kitchen was relatively small compared to what she was used to, or she was just not used to moving around him.

Or more like, uncomfortable being around him again in a familiar setting. It had been a while since they woke up in the same room and prepared breakfast together. So, it was, in a way, nerve-racking on her part.

"Yes, Mam." He even saluted, patronizing her command. But he was enjoying every minute of this. It was bringing back so many memories.

Memories that he should not be entertaining but could not help himself. For a few more times, he would like to indulge in his fantasies before they finally faded away forever.

He was about to grab the cups on the other shelves when he accidentally bumped into her again. Fortunately, it was not much of a physical impact. Besides a slight unbalance, no one was hurt or needed rescuing.

She only shifted in her direction, and he was back on his way to the cups. But emotionally, he felt the longing of having her in his arms again. That slight contact had him wanting to beg for her forgiveness.

"Are you going with someone to the wedding?" He could not think of anything else to ask, but the silence was definitely getting on his nerves. He looked down at her and locked eyes with her.

He ended up speaking his mind without thinking much about the question and what she would feel about it. Now, he regretted saying it. It was not his business to know her current dating life.

Besides, it was only common sense that she would be going with Lance. He was, after all, her boyfriend, based on what he was hearing around the palace.

"Is the coffee ready?" Dani interrupted the two of them before Jacky could answer him. The couple walked into the kitchen and sat on the opposite side of the counter.

While the other couple broke their tiny eye contact and walked on the opposite side of the counter. He poured the coffee while Jacky cut the sandwiches, putting them in front of all of them.

"Bona petit," Jacky responded with a smile, ignoring the question that lingered in her mind.

She wondered if he was trying to ask her out to the wedding. But then again, she chastised her heart for beating too fast. It would seem that she was excited about the possibility.

But could she trust a man like him? She had once given him a chance, but he ruined it, hurting her in the process. Could she go through it again?

Or should she just end it here, now before she had her hope up again, only to get disappointed again in the end? Finally, she came up with a conclusion. She could not trust him again.

Chapter 454 - Treasure Hunt

"Get me everything you can dig up with this Nickolas Travis." She ordered on the phone, talking to her technical team.

If he had some dirt lying around, her team could find it easily. But for the more juicy ones, she would need someone else to do that for her, another source that had been reliable for some time.

For the rest, she could do the digging herself. She wanted everything she could use against this man. Nobody messed up with her and had gotten away with it.

"What are you still doing here?" Her assistant said when he saw her still busy on the phone.

He came by her hotel room to get some of her stuff, only to be surprised that she was still inside. He had expected her to be at the palace or at least on her way.

But the only response he received was a signal to keep quiet while she was on the phone. He zipped his mouth shut and started tidying up the room.

A bit surprised to find that her bed was neat and still in order as if nobody slept on it. Although scenes like this were not new to him, he still wondered who his boss ended up hooking up with last night.

"Aren't you supposed to be in the palace by now, covering the most talked about wedding of the century?" He quickly asked when he noticed her ending the call.

As one of the best reporters in this country, his boss was always given special privileges in the palace. She was the first to get the latest scoop that would happen before it was announced to the public.

Today, she would have a sit-down interview with the lovely couple. An inclusive to the lives of the Prince of their country and the Princess of New York City. The union of two powerful and wealthy families.

"I just dealt with some asshole, but I am about to leave right now." She realized that she would be late if she did not leave immediately.

She had to vent on someone before she exploded, and her assistant was the best in handling her mood. Since she left the place of the man she had slept with last night, she had been hell-bent on making him pay for humiliating her.

She was not usually bitter when a one-night stand ended badly, but she was never treated that way before. She liked the uncomplicated sex with a stranger because it did not tie her to a relationship.

But it did not mean that the guy had a right to treat her like trash. In her book, no one had a right to be rude, judgemental, and an asshole after getting what he wanted.

"Oh! I knew it. Something happened last night." He giggled excitedly, knowing that it would be something intriguing and fun.

Whenever his boss went on a trip, she always winded up with a man on her bed. Or, in this case, she was on his bed. But he had never seen her this riled up.

"It is far from what you are thinking." She contradicted him, seeing that he was beginning to formulate his own ideas. "Do you want to ride with me? I will tell you all the details."

She grabbed her bag and put her phone inside, taking her keys out in the process. Then, she walked towards the door. She had to hurry. She did not want the royal family to wait for her.

Her assistant quickly took the things she might need for today with him and hurried after his boss. She could not wait to be inside the car and hear all about her sexcapade or the disaster afterward.

"That man was a total shithead." He exclaimed, adding a few more profanities with his description of him. "But he is indeed a devil in an angel's disguise." He whispered.

He could not help but admire his angelic face and superb body structure. If he was his boss, he would also fall for the guy's charms.

But his boss was also correct. No woman deserved to be disrespected in such a manner, not even him, he supposed. If the same thing happened to him.

Not even if the man had the looks of a god, wealth, and all the power in the world. He still did not have the right to step in anyone's shoes.

"Anyway, I am taking him as my personal mission. A special project. I will make sure he has not seen the last of me yet." She told her assistant as she continued to drive to their destination.

She was not doing this only for herself, but for all the women he had done wrong. She could bet she was not the only one who suffered under his atrocious behavior.

She believed if she searched in the right direction, his stench would lead her to the largest landfill of his trashes. Then, it would be a field day for her and her colleagues.

"Count me in." He also would like to join in this personal vendetta of his boss. "But before we focus on that, let us first discuss your latest story."

Although he could already see the wheels in her head turning about this new personal assignment she was thinking about. There were pressing issues that needed to be addressed.

"Are the crew set up already on the site?" She suddenly shifted back to her job, putting aside her other task for a later discussion.

She had to focus her attention on her job first, allowing the royal couple to showcase their royal affair to the world. As of now, this was the biggest news of the season.

A true-to-life love story of a modern-day prince and princess. A royal wedding, ending up in a happy ever after. A story that the world would eat up in the palm of her hands.

"They are already waiting for you." He confirmed, proud of his skills in handling all her needs.

He knew that this story would once again put his boss at the top of the leader chart in broadcasting. She might not be well known worldwide, but this could be her stepping stone in the international market.

"Good, but while I am doing my interview, keep a lookout for this man. I have a feeling that he would be appearing in the scene." She instructed, indicating the picture on the screen.

She already suspected that a man like him would find an opportunity to be on the guest lists, especially if he was the ex-fiance of the bride.

After making a quick search on the web, she did find a handful of articles about his business and failed relationship with the bride. A very intriguing story that she could not wait to get her hands on.

"He will not be hard to spot if he decides to grace us with his presence. He had a way of standing out in a crowd." Her assistant commented, looking again at his facial features.

He could see that it would be an exciting change in their pace. It had been a while since his boss had been passionate about a story.. He would like to see where this treasure hunt would lead them to.

Chapter 455 - Darling Sweetheart Of The Press

"Thanks, everyone," Antonette announced to the crowd that gathered in the colossal ballroom where the reception was to take place.

She acknowledged all who participated in the wedding rehearsal, which was recently concluded. Although the actual wedding would take place at the cathedral a few kilometers from the palace.

"I'm glad that was over," Jacky said as she moved to join the couple in the front of the stage.

It was not an actual wedding ceremony but a slight staging of what to expect from the program. Antonette wanted everything to run smoothly according to her perfect plan.

"Yeah, I thought she would ask everyone to do it all over again." Marcus seconded Jacky's complaint.

He had enough of Antonette's voice commanding and noticing every mistake he made or someone else. It was just too much for one day, especially not for grown men and women such as him.

"You two, you should stop complaining since you both are the reason why we kept repeating the same thing over and over again." Dani shushed the two, who had been like two teenagers bickering at every turn.

Although she was glad that the entire ordeal was over, she could not help but pity the old woman for wanting perfection. She could not find fault for someone who worked hard to do her job.

"You should talk. If you did not keep on laughing, then Antonette would not be pissed off." Alex interjected, pointing out what happened earlier.

But she quickly defended herself before he pinned all the blame on her. "I would not have been giggling so much if you did not keep on pinching me on the side."

He was more to blame with the earlier incident if he had kept his hands to himself. Instead, he was like a child, out to play a game of 'catch me if you can' with Ms. Antonette.

Anyway, it was needless to say that the four of them had a part in the trouble that happened during the rehearsal. Overall, it still turned out fine, and nobody was left with a bruise or a headache at the end of the day.

"One more appointment, and then we are finally free," Dani said as if it was the brightest news she had received all day.

In all honesty, she wished this trial wedding was the real thing. She just could not wait any minute longer to be married to the perfect man beside her. Besides, she knew he felt the same way.

"Yes, so it is best we finish that early so that we can go on our last dinner date before we become a couple." He whispered in her ears, letting her feel the excitement in his breath as it tickled her skin just at the side of her neck.

He wanted to see the thrill in her eyes of the prospect of being alone again tonight. They had barely been together since last night, although they had slept together.

Then, when they were talking, or rather, teasing each other upon waking up, they were rudely interrupted by their friends, postponing what he had in his mind.

"Prince Alexander, and Ms. Hamilton, if you will proceed to the library, your private interview awaits for you." The woman from yesterday was assigned to take them to the other room.

Compared to yesterday, her aura was a bit brighter. She smiled at her for a change. Dani wondered if what she said to her had mended her view of her. She hoped. The last thing she needed was for the people to misunderstand her intentions.

"This is Miss Eida Harlowe of The Tribune. She is here, representing the press to conduct a personal interview about your relationship." The reporter offered her hand to the couple, which the two gladly shook.

"It is an honor to see you again, Prince Alexander, and a pleasure to meet you, Miss Daniella." She greeted them, offering her hand to the couple, which they gladly accepted and shook.

Pictures did not do these two specimens of a human being any justice according to her standard of beauty and elegance. They were picture-perfect, a match blessed by the gods.

"It is our pleasure to be interviewed by one of the best. I heard so much about your work and what you did last year." Alex stated as all of them settled on the chairs prepared for them.

Miss Harlowe sat on the lone chair at the other side while the couple settled on a settee opposite her. The cameras, lights, and microphones were turned on, the entire interview was set.

He had read her accomplishment at such a young age. She had worked hard personally with every case she handled, researching and verifying every story before releasing it to the world.

She had built a solid reputation in the journalism world based on the reports he had gathered. She did not do cheap rumors and scandals to create popularity which was rare in reporters today.

"Shall we get started?" Ms. Harlowe asked them politely, signaling her team that they could start recording.

She never felt more exhilarated than right now, doing a story about a royal love affair that had a making of a fairy tale story. However, she could not easily believe what she was seeing.

Nothing could be this perfect unless they were both hiding something. It was not so farfetched when many high-profile marriages, similar to these, started with an arrangement between families.

"Sure." Both agreed, wanting to end the interview as soon as possible. They both knew they had nothing to hide, so there was no reason to fear.

They were more concerned with the dinner date waiting for them after this interview. And afterward, of course. All this preparation was not helping the couple with the anxiety to be together.

"Let me begin by asking how the two of you met and when." The reporter started rattling one question after another.

She wanted to ask the right questions and dig up the correct answers. But finding dirt was not easy to come by when they were prepared to answer all her questions in a heartbeat.

If she had to assess the interview so far, she would say that they were genuinely in love. Judging from the way they looked at each other and how they finished each other's sentences, they could not be faking it.

"How about past relationships? Do you have ex-lovers crying on the side? Regretting letting you go." She could not hold out the curiosity of learning her relationship with Nickolas Travis.

She wondered if his heartless action had something to do with Ms. Hamilton. Did she break his heart, making him play out his anger with other women?

"Don't we all have a past? But luckily, we don't have skeletons hiding in our closets. If that is what you are asking." It was Alex who decided to answer the question.

He already expected that kind of question from the reporter. He actually was waiting for more.

"You know me. I just have to ask." She jokingly blamed her natural curiosity. But she could not help it. She had to know more.

Or he was just honestly cruel, and Ms. Daniella was another victim who luckily got away. She might be another one of his conquests that realized the truth about him.

Although, she could see the appeal of the two together.. They were both the darling sweetheart of the press that the high society adored.

Chapter 456 - Out For Blood

"If you don't mind, I would need Prince Alexander in the other room." Antonette interrupted the conversation between the reporter and the couple.

The official interview was over, and the media crew had turned off and started to pack up the cameras, lights, microphones, and the rest of their equipment.

The couple slightly wiped out the tiny beads of sweat that formed on their foreheads from the heat of the lights, mildly relaxing on their seat, knowing that the spotlight was gone from their faces.

Ms. Harlowe was only conducting a few more follow-up questions and small talks to tidy up the interview before ending the session altogether.

"Excuse me, but I am sure Dani can answer all your remaining questions." Alexander gave Dani a small peck on the lips before leaving the two to go with Antonette.

He trusted that Dani could more than handle herself without him. He could not see the purpose for him to stay at her side every minute of the day, although he would prefer it.

"It was my pleasure to meet you, Ms. Hamilton. Thanks for taking my offer to do your exclusive interview before the wedding." Ms. Harlowe said, almost satisfied with the outcome.

After almost an hour of question and answer exchange in front of the cameras, she was in no doubt that the couple was tired of hearing her voice.

But she was not yet through. There were still a few questions she had to ask before concluding her session, off the record, of course.

"We are delighted that you took an interest in our relationship. But we are just like the rest of the people in the world. We simply fell in love." Dani stated, not wanting their relationship to be branded as anything extraordinary.

In her opinion, they were no different from the ordinary folks who found the right person to share their life with. They were not blessed by some external power to make their love affair exceptional compared to the rest of the world.

"Still, no matter how you downplay your situation. You could not escape the fact that you are not ordinary people, Ms. Hamilton," Harlowe stated, knowing she was right.

Based on her research, her interviewee never liked the limelight. Despite being an heiress to a throne and a fortune, she had stayed away from her birthright. A rare story she only encountered a few times.

Well, there was the prince who also did the same. It was some of the things that the couple had in common. She realized that she might have uncovered a gem of a story.

"Unfortunately, you might be right." She guessed she could not keep on running away from her destiny.

Tried as she might, she kept going back to the things she worked so hard to leave behind. She never wanted it, but she still landed in a situation she had been avoiding all her life.

She was now in front of the press, dressed like a princess. Dolled up to play the role of the bride in the royal wedding of the century.

"I guess every dream has a price," Harlowe concluded for her, having some form of understanding of what she might be going through.

It took her numerous sacrifices to get to where she was today. The plaque of recognition did not just land on her lap one day. She had to fight tooth and nail to get the best story and find the truth behind it.

But for this princess, it was the other way around. She was handed everything, but all she wanted was the freedom to prove to herself that she was not just a pretty face with a dollar sign on her forehead.

"I could not agree more," Dani replied, finding the young, successful reporter interesting.

Dani did like how Harlowe processed the information she gathered for her story. She had seen some of her news and was impressed by her work. She wondered why she had not ventured yet on the global scale.

Harlowe always followed the lead and never made accusations without enough evidence to support her claim. She would definitely do good in the media circus, in her opinion.

"Anyway, there are a few more questions that I am meaning to ask you. It is off the record, and you don't have to answer if you are not comfortable." Harlowe began, hoping that she would indulge her request.

Her following questions were not directly related to the article she would be writing about them. But she was very interested to know the answers to them.

It was more of a personal question for her next story that she planned to do, rather than a follow-up question in their love affair.

"Sure. I will try to answer as truthfully as I can." She raised her hand at her, a girl scout honor, assuming it would be a light conversation, just like earlier.

So far, she never felt anxious or threatened in the way she delivered her questions, so she had no reason to think that would change.

"That is more like it," Harlowe answered her with a friendly smile, genuinely liking the woman in front of her.

She could not see any pretensions in how she moved or interacted with her. More than she could say about the other interviews she had done in the past with celebrities, politicians, and even royalties.

"So, what is your question again?" She would like to get it over with, hoping to get ready for dinner.

She only wished that Alex would also be over with whatever he was doing in time for their dinner date. For tonight, it would be her last night as Ms. Hamilton.

"Again, this is off the records. For confidentiality, I hope that you will keep this between the two of us for now." Harlowe grabbed the glass of water on the side table, trying to lessen the dryness she felt in her throat from all the talking.

Harlowe looked at her for confirmation that she understood her request before proceeding with her next question. She could not end up ruining her plans because she read the situation wrong.

"You were once engaged to a man named Nickolas Travis. Is that correct?" When she nodded, she continued with her line of questioning.

She breathed a sigh of relief, learning that she was willing to cooperate with her. It was more than she had expected from this interview. A chance for a one on one with her.

"Why did you call off the engagement? Is it because he is a scumbag?" She could not help herself when she added the last part.

She planned to carefully thread with her inquiries until she could convince her to answer all her questions, but she slipped up. She could not take it back.

"You said that this is off the record." She was suddenly on alert, but she was not nervous, just curious about the manner of her inquiry. "Is this personal? Because if it is, I am more than happy to answer all your questions."

She was done protecting her past and her relationship with Nick. She was about to get married tomorrow. She had nothing more to hide anymore.

"I guess you trust me with your story. I should be able to trust you with mine. Who else is best to stick together but us." Harlowe confided, hoping to garner her trust to make this work.

"I want to do an expose about him for the scum that he is. I am sure you had fallen victim just like I was by his scheming ways. I just wish to prevent more women from falling into his charms." In her book, no one deserved to become prey to a predator like Nick.

"Count me in. I am sure that there will be several more who would wish to join your crusade." Dani could not help but smile, finding a friend in the woman before her.

Some friendships did start with a common interest, goal, or objective. In this case, Nick had become their focal point. Something that would connect them together till they established a stronger bond.

On the other hand, if she could help this lady put Nick in his place. Then she would be more than happy to supply her with the details. Nick did deserve to be knocked down from his pedestal.

Judging from how she had read the situation, Ms. Harlowe was not a mere victim.. She was a fighter, out for blood.

Chapter 457 - Illusion Of A Dream

"You look amazingly delectable." He stood behind her as they stared at the mirror in front of them.

He bent a little until he had his lips covering her long neckline. Then, his hands held her hips, steadying her. Before he knew it, he was wrapping his arms around her waist, pulling her closer.

"Hey, if you keep that up, we might skip dinner." She warned him as she enjoyed his touch on her body.

She lifted her arms and entwined it on his neck, savoring his soft caresses on her skin. Instead of pulling away, she moved her body around, facing him.

She ran her fingers through his cheek, loving how his stubbles tickled her fingertips. She stared into his eyes, adoring the depth in them.

"Would it be that bad? I think we will survive for one night without food." Alex lowered her face to her, claiming her lips as his prize for behaving all day.

He knew he would have all of her to himself by tomorrow. But, he could not wait that long when he could have her now. He had been wanting to touch and kiss her all day, but the moment would give them a break.

He rolled the loosed tendril of her hair in his fingers before mildly pushing her back against the vanity mirror. With his other free hand, he started rubbing her arms.

He allowed it to slide down to her hips. Then up again to her left breast, hidden seductively in her red gown. He dragged his hands down until he gripped on to upper thighs, ready to yank her dress off her body.

But, she had another idea on her mind, stopping her before he could execute his plans. "Nope. We are not ditching the dinner. You wanted a wedding, so I am giving you a wedding according to your tradition."

She pulled his hands away from her body and held them both in her hands. But before letting them go, she tiptoed in her high heels to reach his lips for one more time.

She gave him a soft kiss as a promise of what was to come. But they did have to wait till the end of the ceremony before they could consummate their love again.

"Why do I feel like I am suddenly being punished?" He asked, feeling the sexual frustration of having a blue ball.

He could not blame her. He did put her up to this ordeal. At least, they only have to deal with all these wedding shinanigans until tomorrow.

"Fine, we can continue this later after dinner." She promised him, knowing she could never say no for too long when it came to him. "But can you blame a starving woman?"

Not that she had no agenda of her own. She also felt frustrated for stopping her own gratification. But they had a dinner to attend to, which she did look forward to all day.

Besides, she barely ate anything. In between the breakfast that they had to rush, then the lunch that they had no time to eat. She was definitely starving. Dinner was the only way she could regain sustenance.

"Then, let me feed you woman so that you will have no more excuse later when I ravish you to oblivion." He warned her of what was to come after dinner.

But in truth, he was also in bad shape and needed food. He could already feel the larger intestine, trying to eat his smaller ones.

He escorted her to the other wing of the palace, where the dinner was set. He had ordered only her favorites for the night, flying one of her favorite chefs in New York to create her dishes.

"Close your eyes. No peeking." He checked her face, securing that her eyes were shut closed before proceeding to one more set of narrow stairs that would take them to their destination.

It was a long way up, so he was glad that she opted to wear a sneaker despite her gown. It would have been a struggle for her and him if he had to carry her again, going up on these steps.

"Are we there yet?" She could not see the point of a surprise when she believed she had seen everything there was to see.

Although she was slightly intrigued to hear a metal clinking as if an old rusted gate were opened. Then, she felt the cold wind graze her skin.

If she would guess, they were having dinner in an open area. It could not be a garden since they had climbed several steps up to the heavens. Maybe a balcony in the palace or a rooftop could be her final assumption.

"Almost. Just a few more steps." He explained, continuing to walk her like she was a blind man, unable to see her path.

In his view, he could already see that she would love everything he had prepared for the night. He hoped he could continue to do this for her throughout their married life.

"Are you sure you are not about to push me on a rooftop or a cliff?" She slightly grumbled as she mildly slipped off on a partially raised stone floor. She struggled with her balance, not seeing where she was going.

"We are here." He stopped in the middle of an enormous space, allowing her to find her bearings as she opened her eyes.

He had taken her to one of the towers that held their palace together during the wars it endured. It had a perfect view of the land they owned and the town not far from their location.

"This is so magical." It was the only word to describe how she felt about the place.

She could see the picnic he had set up on the top of the old rocky palace. Then, the elegance was magnified by the magnificent backdrop that the midnight sky displayed around her.

Everywhere she looked, the stars sparkled in the darkened sky. Then, the partial moon illuminated the lake she had seen the other day.. The entire scenario held an illusion of a dream.

Chapter 458

He assisted her to a pillow seat on a carpeted covered floor. Numerous pillows in different colors and sizes littered the floor. While candles and flowers, situated around the perimeter of the carpet, brightening the place.

He offered her a soda and the food he wished he had personally prepared. But for now, he settled for someone else's handiwork to satisfy her craving.

"Wow, burgers, fries, hotdogs, and a pizza." Dani was amazed at the food that was laid on the table.

She did not expect that from her fiancé, but he always had a way of surprising her. He took the canned soda and pulled its tin lid. Its spirits soared to the darkened sky, creating a sizzling, bubbly sound that resonated on a silent night.

"Everything you love to eat," Alex explained as he took a slice of pizza and dared her to share it with him.

It had been a lovely evening of no pretensions, no forced smile, and silence from the demanding crowd. Precisely, what the doctor ordered before the big day.

For the first time today, they finally heard each other, their laughter and nothing else. It was refreshing not to listen to what everybody thought of the upcoming wedding.

They had laid on the pillows, enjoying a delicious meal of junk foods to fulfill their hunger. A meal that did not need to cost a fortune to consume.

"You certainly know how to treat me like a queen." She taunted him as she placed a few pieces of fries on his mouth. "This is for my future king."

She had no other intention but to tease him about using the titles. She referred to ruling her heart and being the king in their home.

But something must have shown on her face for him to look at her funnily. Then, she also was reminded of her dinner with the king. They never had the chance to discuss it earlier since their friends interrupted them earlier.

"Speaking of king, you mentioned earlier that you had seen the king. My Uncle Edward. How was it?" He casually asked as he chewed on the fries in his mouth.

He leaned forward in his position on the pillows to get a better view of her face. He wanted to know everything that happened in that palace. He would find out the intention of his uncle for meeting her.

He was unaware of the meeting, and he was curious about it since she mentioned it earlier. But with all that had happened, he had forgotten to ask again until now.

"He invited me for dinner. He was also quite an entertainer. I can see that charm really runs in your family." But she still wondered where Edward got his. He was nothing like his family.

But the king did take the blame for his son's behavior. He believed he had been an absentee father to his only son. Without a mother to guide him, Edward was lost.

"I hope you are not reconsidering marrying him instead." Alex jokingly said, grinning naughtily at her.

He did not mind that his uncle decided to interview and get to know his fiancée without him. But he could not help but think of what they might have discussed during the meal.

"If you don't marry me by tomorrow, I might consider his offer." She taunted him back.

But she knew he understood that they were just joking around. She could not help herself from going along with his silly games. But in truth, she could not think of marrying anyone else except him.

"Did he challenge you to a game of chess?" He could almost imagine the two in a battle of will.

His uncle was a master in the game. Even he had a hard time beating him when the king was in his element. He could almost guarantee that the king would not pass up the chance to play with her in a game.

It was his way of measuring his adversary. He used the game to disrupt the attention of his opponents. He would find their weakness when their defenses were down.

He learned valuable information about his opponents by studying how he decided on his moves on the board game. It gave him a slight view of his character in real life.

"Yes, we were able to play two games. I actually enjoyed playing chess with your uncle. I still owe him a rematch." She sipped on her soda, letting the cold drink wash down the greasy food she had already consumed.

Although, she knew that the king was sizing her up. She did not mind since she was also doing the same. Joining a family was like auditioning for the role in a play.

She could either contribute to the betterment of the program or ruin the entire show. But no matter what, she would have to play her part if she chose to stay.

"So, that was it. You never talked about any other matters." He could not help but snoop for more details.

He doubted that the king would discuss royal family issues with her since she was not technically a family yet. But he could sense that his uncle wanted something else from her.

"Actually, there is one more thing he did discuss with me." She could remember it too well. It was something she did not foresee coming.

Although the rumors did reach her ears. She did not put much thought into it since her fiancé never once considered it. But now that the issue was opened, she also had to think about it.

"What was it?" He asked anxiously, but somehow he already had an idea of what she might reveal to him.

It was a topic that he had been putting aside, away from any conversation, because it was the last thing he wanted to include in his future.

"He wanted you to be his heir. To be the king of this nation." She paused as if voicing it out would make it real. "Then, I should be ready to be your queen." She added, uncertain of how to react to the news.

The king was convinced that Alex was the rightful heir to follow his footsteps. In addition, she would be perfect, to stand beside him, to rule by his side as the second in command.

Chapter 459

She could sense the jolliness in the air, but she could not pinpoint the exact reason for the celebration. She could hear the commotion going on around her, but her dream was too exciting to leave behind.

The illusion running around in her mind beckoned her to stay a little longer. Alluring her deeper into her dream, preventing her from awakening into her consciousness.

"Dani. Wake up."

"Dani, it is time."

"Dani, aren't you excited. It is your wedding day."

The loud sound of a familiar voice slowly penetrated her attention, pulling her away from the other side. Finally, she was aware again of her surroundings and their chaotic state.

She stretched her hand, trying to feel him on the end of her arms, but all she felt was the cold empty space. The mattress was bare of any sign of him. It appeared he did not sleep by her side last night.

"Alex," Dani called to him, slightly confused by her situation.

She was used to waking up by his side or at least feeling his warmth on the other side of the bed.

But all she heard was a female voice nagging at her to get out of the bed. Her persistence forced her to open her eyes, but her attempt had been a tremendous effort.

It took her a while to pry her eyes open. Finally, giving her a glimpse of the bright room before her. Her friend sat down on the edge of the bed, waiting for her to acknowledge her presence.

"Dani, come on. You have to get off the bed and start preparing for your wedding." She persisted, not letting her slip away again into merry land.

She remembered Antonette asking her to slip a mild sedative to her milk last night. It was supposed to give her a relaxing sleep so that by morning, she would be fresh, radiant, and alive in this grand celebration.

She was hesitant at first but seeing that she was restless last night after parting with Alex, she was eventually convinced that she would need the pill.

"Oh, yes. Jacky, it is my wedding today." Dani was still a bit groggy from her sleep, though she recognized her friend.

Jacky, on the other hand, blamed the white substance. Although her friend seemed more relaxed now, she did not precisely look better either. But she hoped it could not be that bad at all.

Now, all she had to do was to make her move her ass towards the shower. They still had plenty of time before the battalion of wardrobe, makeup artists, and Antonette arrived.

She assisted her out of bed and into the small table by the window. Luckily, a hot pot of coffee and some breakfast assortment were already waiting for them.

"I think you should drink this." Jacky helped her sip some coffee, careful not to burn her lips.

She wondered what kind of sleeping pill was given to her, but she hoped it would wear off soon. Or they would have sleeping beauty as the prince's bride.

She admitted it was partially her fault. She did not follow Antonette's instruction to give her the pill immediately after dinner.

Instead, she waited until the wee hour when she noticed that her friend was still wide awake and pacing her room when she passed by on her way to her room. As a result, the pill's effect was still evident in her present condition.

"Oh, that is hot." Dani bit her tongue, blowing heavily on her mouth, feeling the burn from the black liquid that her friend was shoving on her lips.

She was now totally aware of her situation. She was getting married and needed to start preparing for it. But her body would seem to be uncooperative as her eyes kept closing despite her effort to wake up.

"Please, try to drink a little more." She begged her friend as she insisted she drank some more.

At least the incident slightly woke her up, Jacky thought as she assisted her friend, handing her a glass of water. She just had to wait for the caffeine to kick in once she had consumed the entire cup.

"What is wrong with me?" She voiced out her concern, feeling the sluggishness of her movements.

She could barely take control of her motor skills as she still felt sleepy. Although she had no doubt, she had more than enough rest last night.

"My princess, are you sick?" Another female voice joined them in the room, making Jacky turn her head around.

Laura entered the room, carrying a vase with a beautiful flower arrangement on top of it. She immediately placed it down on a side table and marched towards her daughter to check on her.

"She is not." Jacky quickly answered for her. "It is actually my fault. I sort of drug her last night."

She realized the error of her words when both mother and daughter looked at her as if she did a capital crime. Though she might as well if Dani did not recover from this misfortune she caused.

"You what?" Laura was the first to react, while Dani could only stare at her in shock.

She could not believe that her daughter's best friend could introduce her daughter to drugs. It was not something she would expect from two grown women to mess up with an illegal substance, especially on her daughter's wedding day.

"Wait, what I meant was that I slipped a sedative on her milk last night?" Suddenly, she realized that it still sounded wrong even in her ears.

"Let me refresh my statement. Antonette asked me to put a mild sedative on her drink to calm her down and put her to sleep." She began explaining her side of the story.

She felt that her reason was not enough to convince them that she meant no harm, she added. "It was recommended by the palace physician. I checked, so I slipped it on her drink when I saw her pacing the floor late last night."

"Why did you not tell me about it?" Dani reprimanded her as she slowly recovered from her situation.

Fortunately, drinking the coffee and putting some food on her belly was helping her body restore its energy. She was slightly gaining control of her body functions.

"Because you are as stubborn as me. I know you would insist that you don't need it. Then, we will be ending up with a zombie as a bride." She adamantly made her point.

Well, they were friends for a reason. They had their differences but also similarities. Unfortunately, being a stubborn mule was one of the traits they shared.

"I guess I have to agree with Jacky in that one." Finally, Laura felt some form of relief that the situation was not that worse as she initially thought. It was at the very least fixable.

In truth, it was easier to cure oversleep than a hangover. So, a coffee boost and a warm bath should do the trick, according to her motherly skills.

"Come on, darling, let's get you to a bath. I don't want my daughter turning into a bridezilla or zombie bride on her wedding day." She laughed at her statement, unable to picture her daughter in such a state.. Both did not exactly sound appealing to her.

Chapter 60

"Wake up, sleepyhead." She whispered to him as he opened his eyes to a woman dressed in white that knelt before him. He had to rub his eyes several times to verify that he was not dreaming.

He could only make out the outline of her face, the white clothes covering her body as the lights from behind her poured in. His vision was slightly impaired, driving her to the conclusion that he was with the presence of an angel.

He was not exactly expecting that he would oversleep, end up sleeping on a couch and wake up with a beautiful angel at his side. If this was a dream, he would rather sleep some more.

"Really? You are just going to stare at me. I am trying to wake you up for almost an hour." The angel complained as she stood up from her kneeling position and walked to the other side of the room.

She was bored out of her mind, and another minute longer, she would explode. She had to convince her friend to take her out or else she would sneak out again by herself.

"Wait!" He was confused. He once again rubbed his eyes to clear them from his state of sleepiness.

She could not be an angel. Angels did not complain and threw tantrums just like that. He must be mistaken, thinking that he was already awake, when clearly he was still dreaming.

"Wake up, Jacob." The angel returned to his side and sat on the edge of the couch.

She grabbed both sides of his cheeks and cradled them in the palm of her hands. This time, he had a better view of her face when his vision had eventually cleared.

"Cassie." He automatically said, finally fully awake. He could not believe that he had mistaken her for an angel.

Anyway, despite some of her crass ways, she did have some saving grace. He could still consider her an angel for trying to mend her ways.

He had dropped by her place last night after a long shift at the hospital. It was late, so he decided to sleep on the couch instead of going back to his apartment.

"I am sorry to wake you up, but I do wish you would go out with me today." She put on her sad face, trying to convince him that he should reconsider his decision to accompany her outside.

All she wanted to do was to breathe some fresh, to feel the sunlight on her skin, and to do some shopping. It was what most women her age would be doing at this time.

She also heard about her ex-friend's wedding today. She could bet that Nick was snooping around the palace, trying his best to ruin the day.

It would mean that she was free to go out without constantly looking behind her back. Nick's men would be busy following their boss to hell, so no one would be around to look for her.

"I already told you that it is not such a good idea for you to be out in the open. Someone might recognize you and report you back to Nick." Jacob begged her to listen.

He had to try to appeal to her rationale before she did something stupid that they would both end up regretting. He might not know his brother too well, but he could guarantee that he was serious about his plans with her.

"Nick and his men are busy with the wedding. I am sure that this is my only opportunity to go out until Alex had ultimately found a way to put Nick behind bars." She pleaded with him.

"Besides, I am about to go crazy if I stay here without seeing the outside world for a few hours." She continued begging. "Please, please, please."

Her face suddenly looked like an angel, begging for mercy. She knew if she kept insisting, he would finally give in to her pleading.

"I am not so sure about this, but I still think this is a very, big mistake." He could not believe that he was caving in with her manipulation.

He stood up from the couch and moved towards the bathroom to clean himself and prepare for a day out. Unfortunately, she knew it was his day off today. He had no plans to do but spent it with her.

"Thank you, Jacob. I promise you will not regret agreeing to this." She jumped in her place, excited about the idea of spending the day with her friend.

She did not care much about shopping. She did not need much inside the apartment. But she was indeed looking forward to seeing new things, people, sights, and spending a day with him would be a bonus.

"Hurry up, Jacob. There is this special diner that I want to go to for breakfast." She shouted over the back of the apartment where he was taking a shower at the extra bathroom.

She still could not understand why he would choose to hang out with her when he could spend it with the new people he had been meeting at the hospital.

She doubted that he was developing some sort of feelings for her. That would be insane. After all, his brother was her ex-boyfriend.

Then again, she did feel guilty that she might be using him. She might be taking advantage of his kindness since he felt guilty for what his brother did to her.

"Almost done, just a few more minutes." He yelled back at her.

She settled on the sofa as she waited for him to finish getting dressed. Luckily, he had a few clean clothes in her spare room. The ones she had borrowed when she was still living with him.

She watched him come out of the bathroom only in a tiny towel wrapped around his waist. It was not the first time she had seen him in such a state of undress. But she could not help but admire his physique.

For a doctor, he had really taken good care of his body. Eating right and exercising was basically his health regimen. But she quickly looked away when he noticed that she was staring as he strode towards the spare room.

"Where are we going anyway?" He finally asked when he returned to the living room, fully clothed.

He had a smile on his face, showing her that he was excited about this little adventure of theirs. But his eyes still showed some weariness, a concern for her safety.

"Breakfast first, then a little going around town. Then, let our feet take us to wherever they wished to be." She stated, clearing her mind of all the thoughts that suddenly surfaced in her consciousness.

Today, she was setting aside all bottled-up feelings. She only wanted to look forward to a good day with him. Fear had no place in her emotion, only happiness and having fun.

"Sounds like a great plan." He agreed with her, guiding her outside the door of her apartment.

Something was telling him to stop this nonsense and to return back inside the safety of her room.. But another part of him wanted to give her a chance to be free, even for a moment.