

Royal Contract 58

Chapter 58 - No Room For Love

"Unfortunately, no one taught me. I learned to cook by myself during my college years. I find it relaxing when I am slaving away in the kitchen after a tedious day at school." He told her as he placed the final touch on his masterpiece on the counter.

He presented her with some of his favorites. He was certainly doing this to impress her with his culinary skills. At least he hoped that it would matter to her, most girls were amazed if a man can cook. Then again, she was no ordinary girl.

It would take probably a lot before he could impress her, but he would certainly try. He was not a man who easily gave up when the going got tough. On the contrary, it motivated him more.

"For starter, prawn and avocado cocktail." He placed two glasses on the table with a beautifully designed, perfectly cooked prawn on top of the avocado fusion. Before sitting in his place on the other side.

"Wow. Are you sure you cooked this?" She looked under the glass, examined the room, searching for a sign that someone else made this dish. It looked so mouthwatering. As if a gourmet chef had prepared their meal.

"Of course, I prepared all of them earlier and just finished preparing it when we got back." He was not offended at all by her doubt about his cooking skills. He liked her inquisitiveness. He believed that girls who easily fall for his charms were boring. Eventually, they could not keep up with him.

But Daniella was different from them. She was a challenge to him that he could not decipher. One minute she was hot, the next thing he knew, she was cold as ice. But he could certainly remember her wild side.

"I hope it does taste good as it looks." She teased him, not wanting to feed his ego too much. But from the smell of the room, she could already guess that he had something to brag about.

"I hope it is to your liking." Smiling at her, as if daring her to have a taste.

She grabbed her fork and took a bite on the piece of prawn on her plate. She must admit, he was indeed a good cook. If this was their starter, she could not wait for the main dish.

"Ok. It is delicious." She conceded when he would not take his eyes away from her face. She knew he was studying her, waiting for her reaction.

He then took a bite of his food too. "What about you? Do you cook?" He needed to know more about her too. Simple things liked that could put them in trouble if they were not careful.

"I can cook, but not as fancy as this." She admitted.

Growing up with everything handed down to her did not exactly prepare her to do household chores. She had learned most of it after she decided to leave her home and lived alone.

But her hectic schedule and trying to build a career in the legal world did not exactly give her time to indulge in mundane tasks like cooking. She was happy just to be able to toast some bread and fried some eggs when she was busy preparing for a case.

Fortunately, Jacky was a great roommate. She had someone to help her out in the house. In truth, she did most of the cooking and cleaning in the house.

"Tell me more about yourself," Alex asked as they started eating the first course of their meal.

The purpose of this date was to get to know each other, so they better started asking questions that they thought were relevant to their situation.

"I'm an only child if you have not read my file yet." Which she doubted. She believed that a man like him would have seen her data as soon as he began to get interested in her. Then, she talked about her parents, who she believed were public knowledge.

"I love to run in the morning, do yoga, and sometimes dance." She did take a lot of dance lessons when she was young.

"What about you?" She felt that in every piece of information she gave out, he should also do the same. It was the only fair way to do this.

"I am also an only son. I am not originally from this part of the continent. My parents did not want me to work here, but I fell in love with this country when I studied here as an exchange student. I have lived in this state ever since." He stated as he recalled the first time that he stepped foot at an American University.

She was about to make a follow-up question, but he continued with his statement. "I also love to exercise. Jogging if I have the time, but when I don't, I settle on my gym."

Then, an alarm started interrupting their conversation. "I better get that. It is our main course." He walked back to her kitchen and took out a tray of meat from the oven.

This time, she was sure that he was the one preparing the meal as he started working on the lamb. Placing it nicely on the plate, then plating it like he was a professional.

"Dinner is served. This is a lamb shank braised with red wine and rosemary." He placed the plate in front of her. Serving the delicious-looking and smelling meat with a decent amount of mashed potato on the side.

"Are you sure you are in the right business?" She jokingly said as she took a bite of the nicely cooked medium rare, pinkish meat on her plate. It felt like it was melting in her mouth as she chewed on its delicious flavors.

"I thought so too. But this is just a hobby. Not something I wanted to do professionally." He answered her query, fascinated at the way she was attacking the food on her plate.

"But, if you ever decide to open up a restaurant, I will surely visit frequently." She told him. Taking a sip at the red wine that matched perfectly with their meal.

"As my wife, I will be happy to cook for you as often as I can." He was the one who teased her this time. He just wanted to see how she would react to his statement.

"I will surely love it." She mockingly said, knowing that he was just trying to get a reaction from her.

Being a wife was not exactly what she envisioned herself to be soon. She still had a lot of plans that she wanted to accomplish before she thought of settling down. Besides, she was not sure if she could trust another man again after what happened to her.

Being a husband was far from his priorities too. He was putting his full attention on his goals at the moment. Going on a committed relationship would only hamper his plans.

They were both satisfied with their current lives. Living their dreams and planning to fulfill some more. There was no room for a relationship for them, definitely no room for love.