

Royal Contract 62

Chapter 62 - Unveil The Mystery

"Ok. What have you prepared for dessert?" She asked as she stood from the table as they finished their meal. She tried to help him in the kitchen, placing the dirty dishes on the kitchen sink. But when she tried to wash the dishes, he stopped her.

"It's a surprise. But let me handle the cleaning. As my guest, I want you to wait for me on the balcony. I will serve our dessert shortly." He shoed her away from the kitchen.

"Fine. But I'm not your guest. I'm your fiancée." She teased him, giving him a seductive smile as she sashayed out of the kitchen. She did not like that he dismissed her as if she could not handle herself in the kitchen. So, she thought of teaching him a lesson.

Then, she suddenly realized the error of her ways. "What are you doing?" She mumbled silently to herself.

She could not think of why she even thought that flirting with him would teach him a lesson. On the contrary, she might be putting herself in a compromising position. She immediately chastised herself. She should not be giving him wrong signals.

She took her wine with her and continued to walk in the direction of the balcony. This was the first time she was inside this building and this apartment. She could see why the place cost a lot. The space of the apartment alone almost consumed the fourth of the entire floor. And this building is not small by any standard.

When she stepped out to the balcony, she was in awe of its beauty. She would not have thought of him as a plant lover. The flowers that were displayed around the place looked very well taken care of. She had never seen any of her male cousins or friends having a garden on their flats.

No wonder he wanted to show her this place. She was starting to feel relax already as she sat on the comfortable sofa on the side of the balcony with the view of the huge skyscrapers and the city lights.

"What do you think of the view?" He asked after a few minutes. Walking with a tray in his hands.

"It is magnificent." She admitted, giving him a nod. "Is this another of your hobbies?" She voiced her curiosity, pointing at the flowers around them.

"No, this is my mom's doing. She wanted me to have some semblance of home." He explained to her the presence of all the plants and flowers around his apartment. "She said that it should remind me that I still have a home if ever I wanted to go back."

"That is very sweet of her. I think I will enjoy getting to know her." She did not know where that came from. But from the way he talked about his mom, she felt like his mom was no different from her mom.

He placed the tray in front of her and started serving the food. "Here is what I managed to prepare. I hope you like it."

"Wow, it looks delicious. You actually made this." She was utterly amazed at the trifle that he had prepared. Another mouthwatering dish with its layers of delights.

"Yes, but it's not as hard as you think." He simply said. Picking a spoonful of the white creamy dessert and placing it in front of her. "Come on. Have a taste."

He enjoyed watching her attack the food in front of her. She simply enjoyed it without the fuzz about gaining calories like some of the girls he had dated. He appreciated the way she savored each taste, making him feel that he did a great job of preparing the food.

"If you say so, I'll take your word for it." She took a bite on its creamy goodness. "How did you know that strawberry is my favorite?" Tasting its fruity flavor.

"I didn't know. Strawberry is also my favorite." He was a bit surprised about her revelation, finding another thing that they had in common.

"Oh!" She felt slightly embarrassed for assuming that he had researched all the food that he had prepared to impress her.

She thought of the prawns, the lamb, and now the strawberry, which was all her favorite food to eat. So, it was only natural she would think that he considered the food to prepare according to her taste. She never thought that it was also his preference. That was quite a coincidence.

"Ok. So, we established that we have some similarities in our taste of food. Do you have some kind of allergies?" Basic things about each other should not be ignored, he thought.

"None that I know of. What about you?" She returned the question.

"None so far." He answered back.

"Wait." He noticed that a portion of the cream was left in the side of her mouth so he extended his hand and used his thumb to wipe it away.

The small contact was enough to make him want to touch her face again. But he knew that he should not. He did not want to complicate their situation by adding more to their plate. It was hard enough that they had to pretend for six months to be in a relationship.

But getting involved with her physically for that long would only complicate things. When it was time to end this, she might want more than what they bargained for. And he was not prepared to give her more.

"Oh! Thanks." She finally managed to say. She was a bit surprised by the small action, but the effect was anything but small. She felt like the slight contact of his skin with hers was enough to rake havoc in her entire body.

She wanted more of it but she knew she should not. She did not like how she was feeling because she was starting to crave his touch. She was beginning to remember how it always felt in her entire body.

The bell-ringing in the background interrupted their internal musings. He immediately excused himself to answer the door. That gave him an excuse to recompose himself.

She could hear voices talking just inside the living room area. She could not understand what they were saying from her standpoint, but she did hear some segments of it.

Well, she was not interested in what they were talking about, but when she heard her name in the mix, she could not help but took a peek.

Seeing a familiar face. A man that she had seen more than once if her memory served her right. This certainly raised warning flags in her mind.

"What is he doing here?" Recognizing the man who she thought was following her but disregarded it in the end because she thought that she was just being paranoid.

Then another coincidence, remembering seeing this mysterious man at another time when she was out with Jacky, Marcus, and him. Now, it would seem that it was not a coincidence at all. Alex knew this man.

Was this man working for him? Was Alex having her followed? She wondered. She felt her privacy was violated, but that was not something unusual in her world.

That was the only logical explanation. This only reminded her that she still did not know much about this man. She barely scratched the surface of who he truly was.

Then, the man excused himself, leaving Alex in the living room. She quickly went back to finishing her trifle, pretending that she did not just spy on him. Now, she was curious to unveil the mystery behind his identity.