

## Royal Contract 71

### Chapter 71 - Engaged To A Prince

To sum up the night, dinner was a disaster in the Hamilton Mansion. That was how she would describe it. The perfect setup and the delicious meal were not enough to negate what she felt about it after her father's surprise announcement.

It was not odd that her father would arrange a family vacation. They had done that almost every year, but that was several years ago. However, that was not what concerned her about the entire ordeal of having dinner with her parents and Alex. It was what happened next.

"Just take me home, Alex," She told him as they sat in his car. She suddenly wished that she had brought her car with her instead of riding with him.

"I'm sorry about what happened, Dani. My parents should not have meddled with our affairs." He was as surprised as her when he learned about the invitation of his father.

"I am sure that my father also had something to do with that. Nobody could force him to do anything unless he was the one who instigated it." She knew that if anyone was the mastermind of this new scenario, it was her father.

A whole week at his place with her family and his. A family vacation of getting to know each other was too much to ask from her. That was not what they agreed upon, and she was not sure if she was up to the challenge. It was different if they showed up on a few occasions together, but a week would entirely change the ball game.

Pretending that they were a couple in front of their parents already seemed impossible to handle in a few hours. She wondered if she could keep up with the lie if they had to be in their constant scrutiny.

It was a silent ride home, but when they reached her place, she could not keep quiet anymore. Standing outside her doorstep, she turned to him and stared at his face. She finally spilled the question that was in the forefront of her mind.

"Tell me who you truly are and not the crap that you kept telling everyone." Pointing her finger at his chest to emphasize her point. It was a question that bothered her since she had a private conversation with her father at his library after dinner.

He already had an idea of what she was asking him. He was about to tell her anyway about it earlier before they were interrupted. It was a mistake not to divulge his entire identity at the very start of their arrangement. He should rectify it now while he still could. He hoped.

But he liked this situation much better. He loved the way her finger was poking on his chest. He was enjoying the way he was pushing her buttons. She was beginning to be more interesting every time they were together.

"Can we continue this conversation inside?" He reminded her that they were still in the hallway, outside her apartment, where people could hear their conversation. A little privacy would be more appropriate for their talk.

She reluctantly agreed to his request, opened her door, and let him in. She had no choice but to entertain him if she wanted answers before this night was over.

She offered him to wait for her in the living room while she went to the kitchen, but he insisted on following her.

"You want some coffee?" She asked him. She did not feel like getting any alcoholic drinks. She wanted something that would kick her adrenaline. She needed additional energy to wake her up so she could deal with this new information logically.

"Sure." He did not need one, but he could use some excuse to prolong his stay. He still was enjoying her company, and he was not ready to end it just yet.

He sat on the stool on her kitchen counter while she prepared the coffee on the other side of the counter. She felt she needed the barrier and space between them so she could think more clearly.

She was still thinking about her conversation with her dad earlier when he made a tapping sound on the table to catch her attention.

"How do you like your coffee?" She asked as she tried to busy her hands while she waited for the coffee to boil.

"The way you want it." He replied as he placed his hands on top of the counter.

"Why?" She was confused with his choice. Then again, they were still trying to learn things about each other. And how they liked their coffees were important too.

"I want to know how you drink your coffee." He said as if that was the most logical answer to her question.

She fixed two coffees the way she liked it, with cream and a lot of sugar. She always liked it sweet. She wondered how he likes his coffee, but she was willing to accommodate his request.

"So, what were you saying?" She sat in front of him on the other side of the counter, giving him his cup of coffee. She waited for his answer as she drank her coffee.

He gulped his coffee and almost choked on it. "Ah..." He quickly swallowed the liquid in his mouth, not wanting to spill it anywhere else. He was not particularly fond of too sweet things. "Oh. You have an interesting taste." He commented as he placed the cup back on the counter.

"I thought we have the same taste." Well, she did add a few extra sugars in it, she thought mischievously, not being able to hold her grin from showing on her face. She did not know why she did that, but she felt like making fun of him.

"It would seem we don't. I like mine black and just a pinch of sugar." He corrected her assumption, but he already suspected that she did intentionally make it sweeter than usual.

She stood up and prepared another cup, black with just a pinch of sugar, just the way he said he liked it.

"Anyway, you were about to answer my question." She waited as she gave him the fresh cup, sitting back in her place.

"Yes, about that. I presumed that your father told you a bit about me." He arched his brow at her, questioning her if he was right.

"Yes, but I want to hear the truth from you." She still was not sure if all the information her father told her was accurate. She had to be sure first before she made her evaluation.

"Then, let me reintroduce myself. I am Alexander Princeton Blackstone. The son of the Duke of the Blackstone House." He told her.

"Then, my father was right. You are a prince." She looked at him as if she could not believe that she did not know this. She was used to meeting royalties before, but they usually made it known who they were.

This time, it was different because Alex hid his true identity from the world and to her, his fiancé. Correction again, her mind reminded her. She was his fake fiancé, but still, she should have known this relevant information. She never had a clue that she was engaged to a prince.