

## Royal Contract 721

### Chapter 721: A distraction from boredom

Evan smiled at the hostess as soon as she escorted him to his designated table. He could not miss that seductive smile and the exaggerated sway of her hips.

Unfortunately for her, he already had a date for the night. He doubted he would choose her over the girl already waiting for him at their table.

He checked his watch on his wrist, knowing he had arrived five minutes advanced, but this girl seemed to be much earlier than him.

“Thanks.” He awarded the hostess with his sweet smile. It was the least he could do for the slight entertainment she provided.

Then, his eyes focused on the girl, who did not even bother to look up from her position to acknowledge his arrival. She seemed too preoccupied with whatever she was doing with her phone.

“Hi, Amelia. I hope I did not keep you waiting for too long.” Evan moved closer to his date and offered his hand.

Finally, she looked and smiled, but her hands did not let go of her phone. “Please sit down.” She gestured for him to take the seat opposite her. “I don’t think you are late. I am just early.”

.....

He noticed that this area had four chairs around a larger table, but theirs only had two and were situated on opposite ends, while the ones in the secluded part of the area had two chairs with a smaller table.

He could only assume that this setup was her doing. Anyway, he appreciated the bold move. But he doubted that would stop him from his plans.

“Ok.” He finally responded, shaking his head at the woman who had made him think if she was worth all of the effort. But he had never backed out of a challenge before. And she was presenting him with a big one.

He took the seat, but instead of sitting on it right away, he lifted it and positioned it beside her. Not too close, but just enough for her to feel his overwhelming presence.

“What are you doing?” Amelia asked, suddenly alarmed by his action. She quickly shifted her position to look at him.

Finally, he got her attention as he made himself comfortable in his seat with a slight smirk on his face. “I am about to order,” Evan said as he called the attention of the uniformed server, waiting on the side of the room.

He could feel her fuming at her side, but he ignored her, knowing she could do nothing but sit and tolerate his presence. After all, she was the one who called him to set this dinner.

He doubted that she was the type who would walk out on him. Their culture would prevent her from acting impolite. In this case, she was the hostess, and he was the guest.

"Just give me the best wine in your cellar." He told the man when he started to name their wine list.

"What will you have?" Evan finally faced his date again, waiting for her order.

"I already ordered mine," Amelia told him as she returned her eyes to the screen of her phone.

"Good then," Evan could feel that what she was doing was intentional to drive him away.

But she did not realize that the more she pushed him away, the more he was determined to change her mind about him. He ordered his meal separately and waited for the wine to arrive while watching her sip on her glass of red.

But he could not help but stare as the red liquid touched her lips. It was like he was mesmerized. Then, his eyes watched as she swallowed them, looking at how her delicate nerves moved along her neck. Down to her, but before he could go further.

"What are you doing?" A slightly angry voice snapped him out of his perv thoughts. Admittedly, he was lusting after her. He was a warm-blooded male who needed a female company.

Honestly, he was attracted to her when his eyes first landed on that face. Seeing her sleeping in his grandmother's hospital room sent a message to his brain that he wanted to meet her. Sleep with her, his mind insisted.

"I was looking at the view." Luckily, there was a nice view behind her, outside the window.

He pointed to the ferry boat mooring on the docks and then the beautiful view of the trickling lights on the lake's surface. "Isn't it lovely? Maybe we can go boating sometimes. I know a few places with a wonderful spot for a picnic."

He knew it was not what was originally in his mind, but coming up with that lie seemed appropriate if this night would not work out. A follow-up date should do the trick.

"I bet." Her voice did not sound convinced, but her not walking out of this date at this very moment only confirmed his assumption.

Even though she claimed that she had not lived in this place for a long time, her personality still held the culture of this place. She was still conservative in some ways, which explained her attitude.

Now, he knew he had to work harder to win her over. His looks and charms would not be enough to make her sleep with him. He might have to turn his effort a notch higher.

"Anyway, what brought you back home?" Evan supposed a mere seduction would not work on her. He had to come up with a better plan. "I think you already guess why I am here, although this had not been my home for many years."

Talking was the only thing he could do for now to win her trust. Hopefully, they could start from there. He finally admitted that she was not the usual woman who fell on their knees in front of him, but he was not yet ready to surrender.

He still believed he could make her change her mind. Besides, he planned to stay for a week. What else was he to do at that time? She was perfect for the time being, a distraction from boredom.

Chapter 722: A lawyer or a Casanova

Amelia still could not believe that she had agreed to go out with this guy. If not for Angela, she would never have gotten near this womanizer.

She still could not understand how this man had any connection with such a sweet lady. Although she could see the resemblance in the physical appearance, still, his attitude was anything at all appealing.

She remembered how his eyes followed the hostess. It was disgusting. It was as if he was undressing the woman in front of him as he watched her ass sway as she walked in front of him.

"I came here to visit my father. But I have no plan to stay for long." She finally answered him.

She felt she could not avoid talking to him, so she might as well entertain him with a few words. Besides, the reason she agreed to this was to distract herself.

So far, she was slightly entertained by this man, if she was honest. She had never been in a company of a player before. She had avoided associating herself with men like him, like a plague.

If she dated again, she would choose someone like Lance. Suddenly, thoughts of his prince charming made her remember what she was hoping to forget. She quickly shook her head and drank her wine, hoping to forget about him.

.....

"I guess we are not so different after all." Evan leaned back on his chair, but his eyes never left her face as if he wanted to memorize it in his mind.

Somehow, she was unsure if she was disgusted with him or amused by his action. But she would know at the end of this, not what she would call date.

"Maybe, maybe not." She would not conclude that they were the same. Based on what she gathered from Angela, he wanted to be with her while she desired to be as far away from her father.

"What does that mean?" His eyes narrowed in her direction as if he was trying to decipher a puzzle.

"Nothing." But she had no plan to divulge her life story to a stranger. Although, she did do that with Angela. The elder sweet lady was the exception to the rule. Besides, she was not a total stranger to her since they had met on some occasions before.

"What about what you do?" Evan seemed determined to keep this night going as he kept asking her questions as they enjoyed the delicious meal.

She would admit that she was starving. She would probably appreciate anything served to her on a plate. But she also had to be honest. The man beside her knew how to work his charm.

Maybe if she had no prior knowledge of who he was, she might fall for a guy like him. Fortunately for her, he had already shown his true colors early on. She did not have to fall for his trap.

"I represent many charitable institutions, acting as their ambassadress. I also organized functions for foundations, among other things." It was the only thing she was proud of, and she would not shy away from telling him that.

"Wow, you sounded like a saint." Evan fanned himself with his hands as if mocking her accomplishment. "But I admire what you do. I guess that is where you have met my grandmother."

He stopped his action and suddenly turned serious. "It is one of the reasons I could not convince Angela to come with me. She loves her foundations too much." He looked down on his wine, looking a bit down.

She looked at him, skeptical if she should believe his act. But she did remember what the nurse said about how much he loved his grandmother. She doubted that he could pull that kind of act.

She guessed for that single instance. This man got her sympathy vote. Otherwise, she still did not believe any of his other acts. She still needed to be cautious around him.

"I saw how passionate your grandmother was about her foundations. I worked on some of her projects before." She admitted, recalling some of those a few years back.

Then, something snapped in her mind. Evan Blake. She knew she remembered that name from somewhere. Now, she knew why. He had been sponsoring many of Angela's foundations. He was a philanthropist that did not want any recognition.

A man like him was rare nowadays. Most people who donated to their foundations want their names placed on a plaque and announced to the whole world.

"What do you do again?" Suddenly, she was curious why a young man like him could afford such a lifestyle.

Her eyes focused on the man that had piqued her curiosity as he suddenly sprang back to life, probably realizing that he had shown too much of what he intended to show her.

"Me. I am just a humble public servant." He told her as if that should answer her question.

She placed her knife down and looked at him, knitting her brow together in question. "What do you mean by that? That is not answering my question." She complained, slightly pouting her lips. It was a bad habit she could not get rid of, no matter how hard she tried.

Now, he must think that she was trying to be adorable, judging from the smirk on his face. But that was not her intention. She was only curious about his professional job.

"Fine. If you want an honest answer, you should not be talking to me because I am a liar." He still kidded around, despite her demand for a decent answer from him.

"At least, in that case, you are telling the truth for once," Amelia answered him, finally turning away from him to finish her food.

She was through trying to make a decent conversation with this buffoon. She almost thought that he could at least be reasonable and tolerable, but she guessed wrong.

“Wait, I was only fooling around, but if you must know the truth. I am a lawyer.” He finally answered her truthfully, even putting his hand on his chest to swear that it was the truth this time.

Suddenly, she burst out laughing at him. She could not contain the joke that was on him.

She was uncertain if that made things better for him or worse. She hated lawyers because many of them used their power to tilt the balance of justice to their favor.

Presently, she could only wonder if she liked him better as a lawyer or a Casanova.

Chapter 723: Wild fantasy ride

Wiping the rest of the slightly oily feeling from the food on her lips she just had partaken of, she looked at her husband, expecting something more from this night.

He did say that it was a surprise, so dinner could not be it.

She wanted more because this night might be the last of its kind if he was sure about his decision. Once he became King, it would be harder for them to have a semblance of normalcy in their lives.

“So?” She looked at him with expectant eyes. She dropped the napkin back on the table, ready for the next part of the date. “Where to?” Raising her eyebrows at him.

He smiled at her as if he had already read her thoughts. But the glimmer in his eyes told her that he had something prepared in his mind.

Dropping some bills on the table, he stood up, extending his hands to her. She quickly entwined her arms with his, proud to be escorted by the best husband in the world as they walked out the door.

She was aware that they had attracted much attention in the restaurant, but they were not celebrities. They would not bother them for a photograph and a signature.

.....

She doubted when they had become King and Queens if that would be the same case. However, she could see that they would automatically become a worldwide sensation.

“What are you thinking?” Alex asked her. He must have noticed her silence as she mused about their future.

“What about a movie?” Pointing at the opposite theater from their location. All they had to do was cross the street and buy a ticket. It was such a simple activity that could be full of fun.

His eyes followed hers, landing on the building across from them. It was not a new one, but it looked decent.

“Why not?” He nodded his head and signaled for his man to stand by. “Shall we cross the street?” He asked her, looking at the very light traffic.

After buying their tickets, he escorted her inside the dim room, with an usherette guiding them to their designated chair. She could not help but smile since she could not remember when was the last time she had been in this same position.

"Anything funny? The movie had not started yet." Alex asked as his eyes studied her face from the glow of the lights coming from the corner lamps.

She finally turned to him, slightly shifting from his arm, enveloping her shoulders. "Tell me, who was the last girl you brought in a date in a movie?" She asked, curious if he could still remember her name.

She watched him scrunched up his nose as if thinking, then his eyes lighted up, and a smile spread on his lips.

"You." He answered her. "You are the last person I was with when I last watched a movie." Reminding her of that instance that they had a last-minute decision to catch a show like this. "If I remember right, it was a horror movie."

He continued, smirking at her as if he had the upper hand, he remembered, and she did not. "I was just testing you if you remember or if you went on another date that was not me."

She reasoned, expecting to get away with it. But of course, her husband was too smart for his own good, catching her lame excuse as he started chuckling in his seat.

"Fine, I forgot. But you know I have plenty of things on mind." She admitted, but Alex immediately stopped laughing and pulled her body close to his, kissing her on the top of her head.

"I know, and I am glad that you are the one sitting beside me now and forever." Alex pulled her chin up until she was gazing into his eyes.

She could not help to be teary-eyed from what he said. But more than just his words, her actions overwhelmed her. When his arms wrapped around her in a protective stance, his eyes showered her with his love. Moreover, how his lips claimed hers with so much passion.

All the bad things that happened in her life seemed insignificant when she was with him. He somehow filled all those emptiness inside her and covered all those horrible things in her past.

Then, a little whistling and shouting ensued around them.

It took a few seconds for her to realize what was happening, but when a voice called their attention. She quickly moved away from her husband's hold. Alex also looked around them.

"Hey, better do that when the lights are out." Someone at their back told them.

"Oh my!" She slightly covered her face, just a bit embarrassed to be caught making out with her husband in the movie theater.

Although it had been a common practice among couples to kiss and make out in this dark place, she forgot that the lights were still on and the movie had yet to start.

It seemed they had been the main attraction as many eyes watched them since they had nothing else to do.

"Sorry. We will resume later when the movie starts." Alex looked at the old lady who spoke to them with a boyish smile on his face.

“You do look adorable. I did love watching the two of you. I only wish my husband was here to join me tonight.” The old lady said. “But I have my granddaughter with me.” Tapping the young lady who waved at them, slightly embarrassed by her grandmother’s adorable action.

But she felt that what they did was more embarrassing than hers. She enjoyed talking to this sweet lady as she shared her experience when her husband was still alive.

“You two have a lovely evening. I hope that you will have several of these soon.” The elder lady tapped her granddaughter on her hands to indicate what she meant by that before the lights finally turned off and the movie started.

She and Alex had to return their attention to the screen, thanking the sweet old lady for the interesting conversation. Then, they had finally forgotten about the making-out scene as they enjoyed the movie before them. And just like the other time, they had discussed the different attributes of the story, making it a worthwhile and fun experience.

“That was an interesting night.” She gazed at her husband as they finally drove home from their fantastic adventure. At the moment, that was the wildest thing that they could come up with in such a short time.

But she was sure that her husband would not run out of things to make their relationship exciting and fun even if he finally took the throne. It might be a level more difficult, but she had no doubt more exhilarating than this one.

“It was, but you have nothing to worry about since it will not be the last.” It seemed that Alex could sense what she thought as he held her hands to his lips and planted a solid kiss on her knuckles.

She believed he would have done more if he was not driving. Suddenly her mind wondered when they would make out in a car. But it was an impossible scenario since their security was constantly watching them.

It was just the outlandish imagination of a woman looking for some adventure. But it certainly made her forget most of her worries as she let her mind go on a wild fantasy ride.

Chapter 724: From heaven to hell and back

Alex had to take a late-night phone call at his office. Something came up that needed his immediate attention. They had been trying to reach him, but he had switched his phone off in the cinema, forgetting to turn it back on, not until they had arrived home.

He guessed Dani would be taking a shower by now. He would have joined her if not for the issue he had to deal with at the moment. But he hoped he could resolve it quickly, wanting to follow his wife in a long warm bath.

“Call me again if there is any more problem.” He instructed the man on the other line.

His phone call took longer than he wanted. By the time he reached their bedroom, he believed Dani probably would be finished by now. But she was not yet in their room, and the lights from the bathroom were still bright.

He assumed that she was waiting for him. Quickly, he dropped his coat on the armchair by the door and pulled out his tie, not caring where it fell anymore. Then, he started unbuttoning his sleeves and the top of his shirt.

"Dani," Alex called her, but the music in the room and the water splashes must have muffled his voice.

He slowly walked further into the bedroom, dropping the shirt he was wearing on the bed. Then, he gradually strode to the bathroom. When he opened the door slightly, he found Dani in front of the mirror.

.....

The warm shower was still running, but she was staring at herself in the moist-covered mirror. It looked like she wiped some of the portions to clear a spot so she could look at her face, but the rest was just a blur.

"Dani," Alex spoke softly, stepping closer to his wife, who abruptly turned to him when she realized she was not alone anymore.

But as always, he was mesmerized by her beauty as he walked further inside the smaller room. When her arms wrapped around his neck and her eyes gazed into his, he knew there was nothing else he wanted to do but to cradle her in his arms.

Then, his lips gradually touch her lips, gently as if testing her taste. He loved the slight wetness of her soft lips. It contrasted with his dry and rough ones.

He slightly bit her lower lip, teasing her. Then, when she took the bait and leaned forward, it was his signal. He took her in a more intense, passionate kiss.

"You did not wait for me." He accused her, pulling her closer to his body, loving how her wet skin had cooled down his body.

Then, he felt her hands as they skillfully undo his pants, letting them fall on the already wet floor. But he realized that he still had his shoes on.

Slowly lifting his wife, he placed her on the counter as he leaned on the tiled wall to remove his shoes and the rest of his clothes. But his eyes never left his wife, who was busy admiring him on the other end.

"You took too long, but I can shower again with you if you want. I can scrub your back." She offered instead as her eyes feasted on his naked body.

His fantasy was no match to the real one, longing to touch her again under the palm of his hands. It took him a lot of control to stop from ravaging her inside the theater.

"That is a nice proposal, but I am thinking of something else." Instead of moving towards hers, he moved to the shower and turned it off. Then, he stepped to the other side of the room to the tub and started filling it with warm water.

"That would work too." She remained sitting on the counter as she watched him, but she felt a slight chill as her body remained wet without anything to cover herself.



“Miss me that much.” Noticing her body trembling, he immediately enveloped her in his warmth as his arms moved around her waist, pulling her closer to him in a tight embrace.

Then, he lifted her off the marble surface into his waiting arms, carrying her to a tub half-filled with water and its fragrance wafting in the air. He knew how much she loved that lavender scent.

“Yes, very much.” She responded, wrapping her arms around his neck, not wanting to let go. Not that she was afraid of falling, but she loved how their body always stayed connected.

Just when she thought he would immerse her in the water, he entered the tub and sat down on the bottom of the flooring, submerging their bodies together while she lay on top of him.

She always felt one with him when they were together like this. As if nothing in this lifetime could ever separate them. She wished that would always be the case as they entered another segment of their lives.

“Is it warm enough?” He asked as his hands started playing with the water, scooping it on his palms and then letting them drip down on her shoulders.

He knew that it would tickle her collar bones but create a sensation, making her want more. It was a few things he had discovered about her in their journey as a married couple.

“It is more than warm enough.” Her hands slightly glided on his well-chiseled arms, then her fingers explored and played with the few sprinkles of hair covering his chest.

“That slightly tickles,” Alex complained as chuckles escaped his lips. But she continued in her ministrations as he also did with his.

Then, slowly his fingers touched her chin, gently forcing her face to look into his. “I forgot. I promised to scrub your back.” Dani mumbled as their faces moved only inches apart.

“That could wait.” He replied, letting his lips take what he believed was his. And she let him, savoring the warmth of his breath as it mixed with hers.

There was nothing more passionate than two people sharing their trust, respect, and love for one another. He believed that she would follow him wherever he wished to take her, even if they had to go from heaven to hell and back.

Chapter 725: To play it cool

Her grandson had been pacing her room since he arrived in her hospital room. It gave her a mild headache as he kept moving around as if debating in a courtroom.

“Would you stop walking? I am sick, but I am not blind. You are making me very dizzy.” Angela finally voiced her concern, holding on to her head for emphasis.

She could not help but wonder what was causing his distress. Although, she was still waiting for Evan to tell her if he had gone to dinner with Amelia or if she did not bother to show up.

She could not blame the poor girl, she was still under a lot of stress, and her grandson was not quite a prince charming from how he acted yesterday.

Well, Amelia had not shown up yet to visit her. But it was still early, and she might still be resting because she had a late night, either from the dinner with her grandson or something else.

But she hoped it was due to her grandson. An old lady could always dream. She admitted she was old and getting tired. Still, she wished to see her grandson married to a lovely girl before she passed away to the next life.

"I am sorry," Evan responded, moving to her side and sitting on the side of the bed. Then, his fingers started caressing her hair, giving his full attention to her. "I thought you were still sleeping."

.....

He then leaned down to her and kissed her forehead, but she could only smile at his sweet gesture. She could not help but be proud to have a loving grandson who was always there for her.

"I am now awake, but your constant moving wants to send me back to sleep. What is the matter with you?" Angela concernedly asked as she looked up into his face.

Evan only smiled at her but did not answer right away. He looked like he was still thinking about what he would say to her. But whatever it was, she guessed that it had something to do with the girl from yesterday.

She could see it in his eyes. Well, that was what she wanted to believe anyway. But whatever was bothering her grandson. She was here to help him. She could not stand seeing him as problematic as his expression would suggest.

"It is nothing, Grandmama." He finally responded with a wide grin, all traces of his earlier dilemma gone. "It is just about work." Even his eyes glimmered with happiness.

He gradually shifted in his seat and cradled her in his arms, allowing her head to rest on his broad chest. She could remember when it was her who held him in this position. Now, the time had finally reversed.

"Are you sure? I could not remember a particular time that you were ever bothered by work before. Not when you came to visit me, so what kind of problem is this?" Showing how much his situation upset her as her forehead creased with worry lines.

Evan quickly moved again to face her, trying his best to appease her. He even gently gripped her hands as he gazed into her eyes.

"Ok. It is not about my work." He reluctantly admitted, probably afraid that she might have another attack.

When she raised her brows in question, he moved his hands through his hair and allowed his fingers to entangle in its slightly long strands.

"Then, what is it about?" Angela was not about to give up now. She could already sense that her grandson was about to tell her something. She hoped it had something to do with Amelia and not some random girl he met on the street.

She could see him taking some deep breaths. Suddenly, she wondered if he would tell her that he was involved with someone else or had impregnated a girl.

Was he going to inform her that he was getting married? She hoped not because she was sure that there was a reason why Amelia landed on her doorstep.

Not necessary on her doorstep, but fate was intervening on her behalf. It was telling her that the woman for her grandson was that girl. She could only cross her fingers and hoped that Evan was still single and unattached.

"Well," Evan started scratching the back of his head, still hesitating to tell her.

"If you don't start talking, you might as well give me another heart attack from the anticipation." She chastised him for prolonging her wait.

He finally let go of her hand and stood up and walked away from her and then back. All she could do was give him a long look. What else could she do? She was pretending to be sick after all.

"How well do you know Amelia?" He finally asked when he returned to her side, standing straight and looking directly into her eyes.

"Why? Did you two go on that dinner I asked you to take her?" She could only hope the answer was yes. But she could not show how much excited she was about the prospect.

She still had to pretend that she was not pushing him towards her, or he might bolt and ride his plane out of her life for good. It was an unlikely scenario, but she was old. She could be melodramatic sometimes.

"Yes, and I acted like a civilized person as you asked me to be." He told her. "But she seemed to be aloof. My charms would not work on her."

"Meaning, Amelia, shut your advances. That is interesting." She could not help but tease her grandson. "I told you that you need a good woman at your side, not several women to play around."

"You know I am still too young to be tied down to one relationship. I still have plenty of time for that later." He turned his head away from her, refusing to listen to her litany.

"I will say good for her that she never fell for your charms. But I know she is different from most girls you dated. She is decent and a beautiful girl, inside and out." Angela pretended to arrange her blanket around her waist as she got more comfortable in her seat, but her eyes never left him, studying his every reaction.

"Fine! She is different." He finally conceded, moving to the side of the bed and sitting on the lone chair, facing her. "Luckily, she is not my type anyway." Finally, showing her that he was giving up on the girl.

That was odd, she thought. Her grandson had become successful in his career not because they came from old money. Yes, they had enough to live comfortably, but he had worked hard to get where he was today.

He did not give up easily, even when the going got tough, so what had changed.

"But I think you like her. Just my observation." The old lady smiled at her grandson.

"You can say what you want, Grandmama, but I think she is not my cup of tea." He tapped her grandmother by the hand as he stood up.

"I think I will grab a coffee. Do you want something else to eat, seeing that the food in this place seemed not that appetizing?" He offered, but she only declined.

She believed she had hit a nerve, and he tried his best to dodge her attacks. She knew when he was evading her. This instance was one of them.

After a few seconds, she watched Evan walk out of her room and disappear from the corner. She could only shake her head from how he reacted to his situation.

"It seemed that your acting is working just fine." Her trusted nurse entered her room a few seconds after her grandson had left with a wide grin on her face.

Angela also responded in kind, smiling at her friend. Then, she started posing for her friend, flicking her hair as if she was in front of a camera.

"Well, I would not be a superstar back in my days if I could not do these simple scenes." She started stretching her hands, feeling their stiffness from not moving much.

"Should I still keep filling this IV fluid? We both know you never needed it in the first place. But it is giving your skin a warm glow." Her nurse slightly pinched her arms, making her fair skin have that tinge of pink on the spot.

"Just let it be, keep it going. I still did not get the result that I wanted. I think these kids still needed some pushing in the right direction." Angela stated with a slightly naughty smile.

"But have Dr. Brewinsky dismissed me by tomorrow because I could not stay in this room for another night." She instructed her friend, who had been her nurse for a long time.

"You know this matchmaking that you are doing might not work and might backfire on you eventually." Her nurse continued to warn her.

She had considered that possibility, but she was old. What else could ever happen to her? She could hope her grandson would not hold a grudge against her. Besides, she only wanted him to end up with a girl she believed would be good for him.

She could not live forever to take care of him and kept checking upon him. She definitely would not want him to end up with those skunks that kept revolving around him.

"I am ready for the consequence. Don't you worry about me? But get me those delicious muffins that you always bring me. I am starving." She urged her nurse, agreeing with her grandson that hospital food tasted like shit.

"You should have asked Evan to buy you some." The nurse jester at her, but she walked out the door and entered immediately again, carrying a brown bag in her hands. "Here." Handing it to her.

"You are a true godsend." She blew her a kiss, quickly unwrapping the baked bread while sniffing its delicious aroma.

"I suggest you quickly eat it before your grandson catches you red-handed." The nurse smiled before waving her hands at her, leaving her in peace.

She munched on her muffin, enjoying its delightful taste, but her mind was already planning her next move. Still, she had to play it cool, or else all her efforts might go in vain.

#### Chapter 726: Silent treatment

Amelia looked at the clock in her room, only to realize that it was already late. She never liked waking up late since she enjoyed accomplishing most of her work in the morning.

It usually gave her a sense of accomplishment when she could finish a project early that day. But then again, she was not working today. She was supposed to be on vacation.

But today was an exception since she did not have a good sleep last night, courtesy of the man that was probably waiting for her in the hospital.

"Oh, the nerve of that man." She rubbed her face to get rid of the image of his face as it kept popping up in her consciousness. If she was being honest, he was all over her dream too.

But how could she avoid thinking about him when he would not stop bothering her. He had kept texting and calling her until the wee hours of the night.

But it was also her fault if he was able to bother her. She should have turned her phone off. That should have stopped him from texting and calling.

Still, he was very persistent even after she had turned him down after dinner from walking her back to her room. She knew if she gave him a hint suggesting that she was interested, he might mistake it for something else and assume more was waiting for him.

.....

But she was not interested in him. She kept insisting. First, she was not over yet with her current heartbreak. Secondly, she was not interested in a relationship.

Lastly, she was not about to jump into another complicated situation and wind up in tears again.

Then, her phone beeped once, indicating an incoming message. But when she opened it, her father's name appeared as the sender. She quickly closed the app, not wanting to read his text message.

She quickly took a shower and changed into her new clothes. Then, she sat on her bed, waiting, staring at her phone.

Why was she suddenly disappointed that he had not texted or called? But then again, she should be happy that he had finally given up on her.

She grabbed the phone on her bed and called her assistant for an update. She could not keep dodging her calls. It was not fair to them. Her life did not stop just because her heart shattered into pieces. She had to bounce back from this and move on.

"I want you to rearrange my schedules. Give me a few more days." She stated on the line, giving her assistant some instructions. "I will be back as soon as I can."

As much as she loved her work, she knew she could not give her best at the moment. She needed time to recover from this situation and find a way out of her father's constant bullying before she could resume her life and leave this place for good.

Suddenly, she was back to doing nothing but stare at the different walls of the hotel room. She could order a late breakfast, but she did not feel like eating.

Then, she contemplated if she should bother visiting Angela now that her grandson had arrived. She was not obligated to anyway, but still, she felt she owed to say goodbye to her.

After a few more minutes, her phone rang this time. She thought of not answering it, thinking it could be her father, but the persistent ringing made her change her mind.

She sighed when she saw no name on the screen. It was an unknown number. She wondered who it could be, but at least it was not her father. Or that creep.

A handsome creep, her mind kept reminding her. Still, she doubted that he would use another number to bother her. She decided to answer it, realizing that it could be the hospital calling her about Angela.

She remembered she was still in their records as her emergency contact person. But her grandson was there. Why would they call her?

Still, she answered the call. "Yes," Amelia could not bear to think that something wrong might happen to her friend.

"Amelia, I am glad I was able to contact you. It is Angela." The sweet voice on the other line introduced herself. "I was wondering what time are you coming over. But if you are busy, I will understand too." The voice had a tinge of disappointment in her voice, but she tried to hide it in the jolliness of her voice.

"Of course, I am coming over. I just had to deal with some work stuff, which caused my delay." She answered her, hoping to wipe the sadness in the woman's voice.

She could not help but feel guilty that she contemplated not visiting the sweet lady. She seemed so weak and needed some company. Maybe her grandson had to go somewhere, leaving her all alone. That poor lady, she thought.

"That is wonderful." The voice on the line cheerfully responded. "I hope to see you soon."

She quickly finished putting on light makeup and grabbed her bag from the table, deciding to spend some time with Angela. It was better than moping around her room.

As soon as she stepped inside the room, she knew she might have made a mistake. She found Angela laughing at whatever her company was telling her.

"Amelia, I am so glad that you are finally here." Angela spotted her before she had the chance to turn around from where she came from, hoping to leave the room without being noticed.

She thought that he would be out and she could spend some time with Angela before he returned. But she guessed her intuition had been failing her more and more.

“Angela, I am glad to see that you look quite healthy and cheerful.” She could not find the words she wanted to say, knowing that he was there, probably staring at her.

But she was surprised when he only gave her a nod and looked away, not even greeting her or giving her more attention like yesterday. What was wrong with him? She wondered as she waited for him to make a move.

“I think I am feeling better and better every minute.” Angela excitedly replied to her, looking like she had never been sick. At least Angela was recovering fast. She should be happy about that.

Then, what was her problem? Why was she suddenly feeling so gloomy? Then a thought came to her mind.

That was simply insane.

She could not accept what her mind was suggesting to her about his actions. She did not want to believe that she was affected by his silent treatment.

Chapter 727: A family, built-in love

“Where are we going?” Marcus asked as Jacky tried to rush him out of bed, pulling him by his arms even though all he wanted to do was sleep.

He tried to get away, gently wriggling himself out of her grip, and then covered his body with the blanket and a pillow on his head. He had no plans to get out of bed soon.

“We are going out today. You still owe me one.” Jacky slapped him by the shoulder, trying to get his attention. Then, she finally gave up and stood up.

He thought she did, but when he peeked underneath the pillows. He saw her. She was staring at him, placing her hands on her waist like a drill sergeant, not happy with her soldier.

“Fine.” He knew when her patience was about to run thin, and he never wanted to mess up with that.

He pulled the cover away from his body and crawled out of bed, planning to go to the bathroom. But suddenly, he changed his mind as his feet shifted in a different direction.

His hands hastily snaked around her waist, pulling her into his naked chest. Fortunately for her, he was still wearing his boxer’s shorts. Or else.

.....

“If you don’t stop messing around, you will surely wish to regret this.” He knew that was his final warning, so he quickly pulled his hands away from her, showing a sign of his surrender.

“Chill, darling. I was only joking.” He turned around, but before he could step further away, he turned around and grabbed her by the waist again.

This time, he did not give her the chance to react as he gently slammed her back into the bed. Well, as mildly as he could manage under the circumstances and let his fingers tickle her on her sides, earning him several shrieks and shrills, followed by uncontrollable waves of laughter.

He would show her who the boss was when they were in the bedroom. Or at least once in a while. He pinned her down on the bed, holding her two wrists in one of his hands as he rendered her immobile.

"Stop it!" She shouted in between her gasping breaths, but he was not through yet as he continued his onslaught on her body.

When he knew that she had enough, he gradually stopped and lay on top of her, also slightly exhausted. It was not easy to prevent her from escaping. She could be a wild beast on the bed. In every sense of the word, if you know what he meant.

Anyway, he was glad that she was still smiling when he finally stared into her eyes. He swiped the hair that covered her face from their wrestling and tickling match before lowering his face to claim his prize.

"Five minutes." He whispered in her ears before sealing his lips on hers. He knew she could not deny him. He was not asking for too much. "I just need a few minutes."

It was a leisurely kiss that could go on and on if he wanted, but he wanted more as his hands glided down her body, not tickling her this time but touching her soft spots.

But she gently pushed him as she kissed him suddenly with abandon, taking over the control away from him. Then, she lay on top of him, straddling him, with her hands pinning his hands on both sides of his head.

He did not mind if she acted dominant once in a while. It gave him a pleasure to know that she had the power over him, to put him in his place. But not only in bed but in other situations in their relationship. It meant that, in some ways, they could be equal.

"Then, close your eyes." She leaned down and whispered in his ears. Quickly, he followed her command, shutting his lids until darkness consumed his sight.

He could still feel her body connected to his, but it was not enough. He wanted more as he started to move, but before he knew what was happening. Before his hands could grip her body, she was gone.

He was alone on the bed.

"Jacky?" He called, opening his eyes to see where that woman went.

But she was already standing on the other side of the bed, much further than before.

It seemed that she did not fall for his tricks this time.

Her face was more determined this time, as her eyebrows rose higher than he had ever seen. He knew that he could not get out of this one.

"What is so important that we have to go out now?" He asked, confused at how his fiancée was behaving.

At this point, he stood up from the bed and walked straight to the bathroom. No more hanky panky and dirty business this time. But he stopped by the door, his hand on the doorknob, waiting for a response.

"I need you to be ready in ten minutes. I will wait for you outside." She blew him a kiss but turned quickly away from him and out their bedroom door.



He could not blame her. But he was curious about whatever it was because she was not giving him any hint.

He had no choice now but to get himself ready, and he only had nine minutes to go. He quickly took a shower and dressed up in comfortable clothes.

Then, he walked out of their room, but technically hers since this was her apartment. But he would soon remedy that. Once, she finally agreed to move to his home permanently.

They were getting married after all and bound to live under one roof.

“Ok. Here I am, ready, in every possible way.” Giving double meaning to his statement, spreading his hands in front of her. “So, what do you have in mind?” He asked.

He took a seat on the counter, gripping the hot coffee she had prepared for him. He did not usually eat breakfast much. But since he usually woke up with her, she always forced him to eat something.

If that was something to look forward to when they finally took their vow, he was excited to do it for the rest of their lives. He believed this was the life he had been waiting for but never knew before.

He could not wait to commit to her, build a family and have kids with her. Something that he was not aware he had been longing for all his life. A family, built-in love to call his own.

Chapter 728: Past bimbos waiting on the sidelines

“Can you at least give me a hint to where we are going?” Marcus kept whining at her side as she gave him instructions on when to turn left or right as he drove the car to their destination.

His hand kept steady on the stirring wheel and his feet on the pedals, but his face kept turning and glancing her way every few seconds.

However, Jacky was not giving him anything, since this time, it was her surprise. “Nope, just keep your face and eyes focused on the road.” Using her forefinger to push his face away from looking at her and back to the road ahead.

There was a slight build-up, so the traffic was slightly heavy as they kept stopping with other cars honking at every corner of the street. All impatient to get away from whatever was blocking their way.

“Are we still far, or just a few minutes away?” Marcus asked again, presumably wondering when they would be out of the traffic jam.

She could only surmise that an accident might have happened just a few blocks from their location. But just like the other motorist, he could not help but honk his horn out of frustration.

“Maybe a few blocks more.” She finally admitted, giving him a piece of information to appease his mind. “But with this traffic, I doubt we will make it in time.” She answered him, also slightly getting disappointed.

.....

Jacky grabbed her phone from her purse and quickly typed a short text. Then, pressed sent. In a minute, her phone beeped, signaling an incoming message. She immediately opened it and smiled.

“Who is that?” He asked with his eyes squinting at her and his nose scrunched up in the middle of his face.

She could tell he was curious again about her behavior, pointing with his lips to her phone. But she only waved the phone at him before putting it back in her bag.

“That is my surprise.” She relaxed again in her seat, knowing that she did not need to worry about where they were going.

“I hope you plan to compensate me for all my effort after this.” He naughtily smiled at her, indicating that it was not a mere threat but a promise. He might be tolerating her, but she had something coming later on, but she only smiled at him as a response.

He turned his head back to the road as the traffic resumed its normal flow. Steadily, the car finally reached the intersection where they had to make another turn. Then, a few more buildings away, she asked him to pull into one of the driveways of a restaurant.

“Are we celebrating an anniversary that I forgot?” Suddenly, his face looked worried, probably feeling guilty that he had forgotten one of their special occasions. “But I could not think of one.” He started recounting the dates of their birthdays and anniversaries.

Admittedly, he had never bothered with those dates before. But ever since he had been serious about their relationship, he had changed drastically.

She could only laugh, but she appreciated that he seemed to remember all of them just fine. Except for this one because it was not part of their special occasions yet.

“Relax. You are all good.” Jacky tapped him in the hands as he turned the engine off.

She still could see the puzzlement in his expression, but her smile seemed to ease his confusion as he exited the car and assisted her out of the passenger side.

“Then, what are we celebrating?” His face was priceless, looking so puzzled by her actions, escorting her to the entrance of the elegant establishment.

Although they frequented a classy and exclusive restaurant that needed booking way ahead of time, still, it was usually to entertain a client or celebrate a special occasion. Not just for an ordinary lunch.

“Something special. I guarantee.” She walked beside him, entwining her hands around his elbows, showing all the girls turning their heads in their direction that this man was hers.

Confidently, she could now claim him, not just as her boyfriend but as her fiancé and soon-to-be husband. But more than that, the man who loved her.

As the hostess ushered them to their table, she smiled at the hostess, who acted professionally as always. But as soon as she left, her eyes scanned the room as if looking for someone else.

“Are we dining with someone besides us?” Marcus asked, narrowing his eyes at her, probably noticing her eyes roaming around the place.

But before she could answer him, her eyes saw someone walking towards them. She thought she might have left already. Thankfully, she waited.

He tried to follow her eyes, but before he could turn completely around.

"Hey, you guys are finally here." A female voice greeted them. She finally stopped in front of Marcus and leaned down to kiss him. "Hello, brother."

"Hello, Haley." Marcus finally kissed his sister on the cheeks, slightly surprised as he looked questioningly in her way. "What are you doing here?" He asked, his voice sounding suspicious as he stood on his seat.

"Jacky asked me to come." Then, she turned to her and did the same thing. "Thanks, Jacky, for inviting me."

"I hope you did not mind, Marcus." Jacky looked at her fiancé's reaction, but she could not see any anger in his expression. At least that was a good sign.

"Of course not. I am glad that you seem to be becoming good friends." Eyeing her and then his sister. "Are you joining us for lunch?" Turning to his sister.

He was probably surprised that Haley showed up since there were only two reserved chairs he could see, but there was a reason. However, she had no doubt now that he would not object to her plans.

"Actually!" She paused, looking at him. "This lunch is for the two of you. I think you need time to reconnect with each other." Jacky abruptly stood from her chair and offered it to Haley. "It is time for you guys to bond as siblings."

She knew how important it was to have a good connection between two people who shared the same blood. She had a brother who was not blood-related to her, but Andy was her family.

She would give anything to be with him as often as she wished, but their lives had different paths. She was just glad that he was happy in his family now.

"What about you? Where are you going?" Marcus asked, suddenly stopping her from leaving.

She stood by his side, dropping him a long kiss on the lips before straightening up again. "I am going out with Dani. She is already waiting for me on the other side of the room."

She pointed to the adjoining room, slightly hidden by a divider and a column. She had arranged all of this when she had learned of Marcus and Haley's connection.

Dani and Haley were more than happy to help in the situation. But more than that, she was glad to discover that Haley was not another of his past bimbos waiting on the sidelines to catch his attention.

Chapter 729: Opening statement

Another day in the office, but Dani knew it was anything but ordinary. She contemplated if today would be the day she would finally look her brother in his eyes.

Of course, she had already seen him many times before. Talk to him about the different cases they had worked on together. But she had never talked to him about personal stuff. And not as brother and sister.

"Jacky." She hollered to her friend across the room, gesturing for her to enter. "Do you think I should finally face him?" Closing the file on her desk, finally admitting that she could not focus on them.

Her friend raised her eyebrows at her as if questioning her plans. She immediately stood before her, her eyes narrowing in her direction. "Have you gone insane?" Jacky uttered in shock.

Dani could not blame her friend for reacting in that way. Now that Jacky knew all about her brother and his involvement in the underground syndicate and her kidnapping.

"Do you think it is wise that you should meet with him without backup?" Jacky placed her hands on her waist, making her point. "He is dangerous, a criminal. He could hurt you or worse."

Her friend had already told her all the despicable things that her brother was capable of doing to her. For her, Gerald was the vilest person on the face of the planet.

.....

Finally, her friend took the seat opposite her, ready to argue about the merits and demerits of her plans. Marcus must have taught her a thing or two about making a good argument.

"But, I could not keep avoiding him. He already called three times." Dani stood from her chair and walked in front of her desk, facing her friend. "Besides, he is now my brother. Surely, he would not hurt me, especially inside the office."

Her justification might be reasonable, but she was also skeptical about it. Suddenly, the man she had admired turned out to be the villain in her story.

"That is what you think," Jacky responded slightly violently, her voice echoing in her room. "Do not ever let your guard down around him." She continued as she stood from her chair and paced the room.

"Keep your voice down. I don't want the entire building to hear our conversation." She reminded her friend, calmly telling her to cool it down.

"I know how important family relationships are, but this is different," Jacky stated, but knowing her, this was coming from her heart. "He did not deserve what all of you are giving him. I don't know why your father is protecting him."

Jacky repeated what she had already told her as if that would make her see her point. But she had considered all her opinions, but she agreed with her father. He was still family.

He might have done some bad things in his life, but it could have been a result of the circumstances in his life. In a way, her father had a significant role in what happened to him.

"I know what you are saying, but I think he still deserves a second chance." Dani closed her eyes, remembering how her father begged for her to understand, to give her brother a chance to redeem himself in their eyes.

Even her mother also had the same opinion regarding this matter, supporting her father with whatever he had planned. She could feel the guilt in his eyes, blaming himself for how his son ended up in his situation.

Still, she could not help but think if Gerald felt the same way. Was he even asking for a second chance and willing to change for the better?

Since she had learned the truth, she waited for him to approach her. She wondered if he would ever come to her to ask for her forgiveness for what he had done. But until now, she was waiting.

"You think or are you just repeating what your father and mother said," Jacky questioned her statement. Suddenly, she stood in front of her with her hands crossed along her chest.

Honestly, Dani was still confused about the entire situation with her brother. She was not even sure how she would react in his presence, knowing he had planned to hurt her before.

After all, she believed he was now the leader of the deadly underground illegal activity in the city. A strong organization that could easily hurt her and her family if he wanted, which he had already proven he was more than capable of doing.

"I do somehow agree with them." She eventually moved back to her seat, leaning on the backrest of her chair as she gazed blindly into the space before her.

"I give up. But I still think that is a mistake." Her friend raised her hands to the air, shaking her head. "You should not trust him, I am telling you. He is the devil. He is..." But Jacky suddenly stopped when she saw her face, signaling her to shut up.

"And he is standing behind me." She mumbled silently but still loud enough for her to hear it. So, most probably, he also heard it.

Jacky turned around, smiling at the man who came to her office. "I think you are still the devil." She sweetly said to the man, unafraid to face him.

"Just shout if you need backup." She turned to her friend. "But if you want him out of here, I can always call security."

But the man at the door seemed unfazed by her words or actions. He only ignored her friend and focused on her. His eyes seemed to be studying her.

"Jacky, I will be fine." Dani smiled at her friend, not wanting her visitor to feel like he intimidated her by his sudden presence.

She could see Jacky's hesitation to leave her alone with this man, but Jacky had no choice. In this office, she was still her boss, not her friend.

"Just close the door on your way out." She instructed as she invited her guest to enter the room and take a seat.

Soon, the man she had been avoiding all day was now sitting opposite her, staring at her. She saw the door closed as her friend left the room, leaving her finally alone with her brother.

“So, now that you know I am your big brother, how do you feel about it?” Gerald made his opening statement.

#### Chapter 730: A monster in a saint’s clothing

Looking at her, Gerald always thought that his interest in her had something to do with attraction. Luckily, he did not act on his impulse, discovering it was nothing like that.

But he was sorry to get himself in business with Nick and to put her through that horrible situation. Had he known earlier about their relationship, he might have acted differently.

He still believed that despite the unpleasant things he had done to her in the past. He was still not a complete monster. He would have protected her if he had known she was his sister.

“Honestly, I do not know,” Dani finally answered him as her eyes gazed at him as she sat on her chair with a big desk standing between them.

He could not blame her. He was also still processing all of this until now, still undecided on what to do with the new knowledge that he still had a family. Well, besides, the dead ones.

However, he could read a slight fear in her eyes, something he had not seen before when she was with his company. But could he again blame her when he had been the cause of many of her sufferings?

“I guess that is a fair answer.” He responded as he fixed his coat and settled more comfortably in her seat.

.....

His eyes wandered around her, looking at her office with different eyes. It was not the first time he was here, but he was not particularly interested to know her at this level before.

“What about you? How could you sleep at night, knowing that you have caused a lot of misery in the lives of the people of this city?” Dani asked him with accusation in her eyes and anger evident in her voice.

As a lawyer defending the weak and upholding the law, he would agree with her. He should not be able to sleep at night after the many crimes he had committed, but that was just part of his life.

“Like a baby,” Gerald answered her sister without batting an eyelash as he sat confidently on his chair. “Don’t act so high and almighty. I might not be a good person, but so was our father. Did you also judge him just like this?”

He knew he had hit a nerve when she suddenly looked away. Although his father, Joaquin, had told him many lies about his father, he still learned that Ethan was not exactly innocent either.

Ethan might have done lesser evil than his friend, Joaquin, or him, his son. Still, he was guilty of sins that might not merit a day in a cell, but still a mortal sin that damaged the lives of several people, including him.

"Yes, Dad is not perfect. But unlike you, he had mended his ways. He had tried to walk the right path after realizing his mistake. What about you? Are you willing to do the same thing?" Dani looked up and gazed at him.

Her eyes were blazing with determination to put him in his place. Gone was the fear he saw earlier, replaced by fire, ready to battle him in a day in court.

"Maybe." He replied to her last question, studying her face for a reaction. Suddenly, a surprise registered in her eyes. He knew she was not expecting that from him. "Maybe not." He added, not wanting her to assume anything yet.

As he said earlier, what he discovered about himself was mind-blowing. It was not easy to uproot himself from what he had grown accustomed to growing up. And then, suddenly, transfer to another location and expect to thrive.

He had to assess himself first and his situation. Before he could decide what the best course of action would be for him. After all, he was not just anybody. He was the King of his world, and he could not simply abandon his kingdom just because she said so.

"As I said, that is the difference between you and Dad." She concluded, not exactly condemning him in her voice but more like she resigned that it was his fate.

But was that true? Was he not capable of changing his ways? Did he have to continue being King under the shadow when he could be King up above the towers?

That remained unknown until he had evaluated the aspects of his life and his options. It would not be an easy transition if he would opt for what Dani wanted.

"I wish I could tell you that I am the same as your father, but I am not. He did not exactly raise me to become just like him." He knew he had again made a point as her eyes slightly softened.

He was not asking for sympathy when he came here, but he wished to make amends with her. He was not expecting that she would accept him with open arms, but at least he would like to make the first step.

"Dad already said he was sorry about what he did to your parents and you. What more do you want?" Dani looked at him with sadness. "For him to grovel at your feet."

Ethan already did. He would have told her, but it was not necessary. He was not here to gloat at her or make things worse for their situation.

"All of what happened in our lives is now history. Don't you think? I am here not to talk about what we could not change." He explained to her as he crossed his legs to make himself more comfortable.

"Then, why are you here?" She asked, cutting him off. "Do you wish to surrender? I could certainly help you with that." She mockingly responded to him.

Again, he could only smile at her attempt to be funny. But he was not laughing. Of course, he understood her sentiment.

“Not that. I wish I could picture myself behind bars, but I am afraid of being confined in tiny spaces.” He responded with a grin on his face. “But seriously, I did not come here to pick a fight with you.”

She was about to interrupt him again, but he raised his hand to her, stopping her. “Please let me finish.”

Finally, he pulled himself up from his seat and walked, across the room, to the nearby window. He gazed outside, collecting himself from what he was about to say next.

As he said earlier, he had always been fascinated by her and always enjoyed her company. He thought it was an attraction he felt for her, not knowing that there was a different connection running through their veins.

“I am sorry.” He said, loud enough for her to hear him. But his lips did not usually use those words in his world, but he uttered them just for her. “I am sorry if I did not say it when I first learned that you are my sister.”

“I am sorry for what I did to you in the past.” He finally said it.

She seemed speechless after his unexpected apologies, but he knew she was waiting for him to say it. However, she was still not expecting he would do it.

After all, to his sister and her friend, and probably the other people who might discover his true identity, he was just a monster in a saint’s clothing.