

Royal Contract 80

Chapter 80 - Heartsick Fool

She was almost ready when a knock came through her door. She was slightly startled, still not used to be in this place. She hesitantly opened the door, making sure to peek first at whoever was at the other side.

"The prince wanted you to have this, My Lady." The man offered a box in his hand, placing it in front of her.

"Excuse me, who are you?" She asked the man, who was also the one that brought the box earlier.

She was not used to people serving her without even knowing their names. They deserved the same respect they were giving as far as she was concerned.

"I am Roy, My Lady." The man answered her with a bow. "I am Prince Alexander's personal assistant."

"You don't have to call me, my lady. Dani would be fine. And stop bowing to me. I am not nobility." She instructed, uncomfortable with the way Roy was addressing her and acting around her.

"But I can't do that, My Lady. As the future wife of our prince, our rules required me to treat you with the same respect as we gave the royal family." Roy announced to her with determination on his face.

Roy did not move from his position and held the box in front of him, patiently waiting for her to take it from him.

"Fine." She announced and took the box from him. It would seem that she could do nothing about it.

"If there is nothing else you need from me, My Lady." He was about to make his exit when she stopped him by holding her hand in the air, palmed up.

"Wait." She quickly opened the box, taking a peek at what was inside.

When she saw that it was an exquisite piece of jewelry, a necklace and a pair of earrings to be exact, she immediately closed it again. She shoved the box back in the hands of Roy.

"Returned it to the prince. Tell him that I don't need it." She was not about to wear those and be used as a display in this charade.

It was enough that she agreed to this arrangement, and now, wearing the gown and shoes, he had sent. However, she was not about to act like a princess for everyone else's benefit.

She was here, for one thing, to act as her fake fiancé and not to be a princess.

"But, My Lady." He was about to protest, but she again stopped him.

"I don't need it. I already have something I want to wear for tonight. Please, return it to Alex." She instructed before closing the door on him. She could still not wrap her mind around the idea that Alex was a prince. But she had to get used to it soon.

She returned to her dresser and started fixing her hair. A young lady, who claimed to be one of the stylists of the palace, came to her room earlier to help her for tonight's celebration. She also politely declined her help. She knew she could manage to do her makeup and hair by herself.

She finally finished her preparation. She also had her shoes on. Staring at herself in the mirror only reminded her of what she used to be. The princess that her father made her believe when she was growing up.

After a few minutes, her door opening only meant that Jacky just entered her room. She was the only one who would dare enter her room without knocking.

She turned around to see her friend looking fabulous in her new gown, a dress she had not seen before.

"Wow, you look great." She complimented the new gown Jacky was wearing.

"You liked it because I feel great in it." Jacky twirled around to show her beautiful dress. "Marcus sent this to my room." Her smile suddenly vanished as Jacky sat on the edge of her bed with a sour expression on her face.

"What's wrong?" She felt alarmed from the way her friend swiftly changed her mood. Jacky never liked sulking. She was generally a bubbly person.

She quickly moved to her side to pry on her friend's problem. She was not used to be the one to cheer her up. It was usually the other way around.

"Nothing. I could not understand what is going on between Marcus and me." Jacky was confused about their relationship.

For the first time, she felt lost because she could not understand what to think about the gift she just received. She remembered earlier about dreaming of receiving something romantic from Marcus. Now that Marcus did it, she did not know what it meant.

She was not sure if she wanted to know why he did it. She did not want to complicate their arrangement. She was not ready to end what they had, not yet. She was enjoying his company still.

"I thought you said that Marcus was it, the one." Remembering her words the first time that they met Marcus. But she knew that Jacky was not really into relationships.

"I also thought at the time, but he is just a player, just like everyone else." Jacky confided in her. When she met Marcus, she felt something different about him. She thought that he was different from the men he had dated before.

But one thing that she liked about him, he was forthright about what he wanted. He never lied about what he expected in their relationship. She learned that she was just another notch in his bedpost. But like him, she would not let that affect her. She used him, just like he used her.

However, lately, Marcus was sending her mixed signals that she could not understand. One minute, he was indifferent with her feelings, and then the next, he was sending her ball gowns.

"But you are also a player just like him." She pointed out what was obvious. It was like a kettle telling the pot that he was black.

"Yeah, you are probably right." Jacky smiled at her friend.

Maybe she was finding meaning in things that, in truth, were nothing at all. She had to get control of her feelings before she turned into her friend, who always let her heart control her life. She was not about to become a heartsick fool.