

Royal Contract 81

Chapter 81 - Magical In The Air

Jacky just went back to her room to wait for Marcus, who would be accompanying her to the party. She, on the other hand, awaited in her room for Alex. They agreed that they would go together to the party.

A slight knock notified her that someone was at the door. She immediately opened it, knowing that it would be Alex. She was not mistaken as he stood outside her door, looking like her prince charming. He was indeed very dashing in his tuxedo suit, tailored fittingly into his masculine body.

"Ahem!" He cleared his throat, amused at the way she was staring at him.

"Oh, sorry. Can you wait for a second?" She once again embarrassed herself with the way she was gawking at him. This time, she was very aware of where her eyes were looking. "I'll just get my purse." Leaving Alex by the door.

She chastised herself for having no lack of control over her senses, especially her eyes who kept on feasting on his delectable body. She guessed she also needed to censor her brain with the way it was thinking.

But Alex never stayed outside as he followed her just inside the door before closing the door. She suddenly felt alarmed, not sure of what he was doing and his intentions.

"Roy told me that you sent this back." Alex showed her what he had in his hand. She felt relief after seeing why he followed her inside.

It was the box that his assistant brought earlier that she had returned to him. She already knew that he would insist that she wore it for tonight. Did she want to? The question started playing in her mind.

"Well, I don't need it. As you can see, I am already wearing something that matches my dress." She pointed to the beautiful diamond-studded necklace that her father gave to her on her twentieth birthday. It was different than the necklace he wanted her to wear but equally valuable and exquisite as far as she could assess.

But in truth, she loved the design of the necklace that Alex brought with him. It was so elegant and not too flashy. It matched the dress she was wearing perfectly. The stone on its pendant was just the right size.

"Even if I ask nicely." He showed his cute dimple as he smiled at her. "This belonged to my late grandmother. It would make our act more believable if you wear this tonight. My mom will be expecting it."

"Are you sure I have to?" She still had qualms about wearing something that belonged to their family, especially now that she learned that it was a family heirloom.

"If it will help, maybe we can pretend that this is part of the costume you have to wear for the night. You can freely return it later after the celebration if you like." He assured her, realizing that she was still hesitating in accepting the gift he wanted her to have. "But I wish you will accept it as a gift from me. A way to show my appreciation for helping me with my situation."

It did belong to his grandmother, but he only said the part about his mother, hoping to convince her. He just liked to give it to her as a gift because he felt it would look great on her. He hoped that she would choose to keep it when this night was over.

"I guess I can do that just for tonight if I have to." She did want to make their night as smooth as possible. If wearing that piece of jewelry would help, then she would be glad to do that. "But I don't think I can accept such a precious gift. Maybe you should keep it for your future wife." She conceded to his request but not to the latter part.

She took the box from him, moved back to her dresser, and sat in front of the mirror. She started to remove her earrings and replaced them with the ones in the box. Then, she slid her hair that was hanging on her shoulders to the other side. So, she could work on the lock of her necklace at her nape.

"Thanks." He said as he watched her every movement, unable to look away. "Why don't you let me help you with that." He volunteered when he saw her struggling with the clasp of the necklace she was trying to remove.

He moved closer to her until he was standing just inches behind her. She gazed in front of the mirror, looking at the reflection of the two of them. He slowly narrowed his eyes on the lock on her nape, checking how to undo the fastening of the necklace.

After tinkering with it, he finally removed the necklace around her neck, placing it on top of the dresser. "Shall I?" He took the other one from her hands, unable to avoid feeling her skin with the tips of his fingertips. He could feel the slight tremor where their skin touched, sending waves of excitement in his body.

She only nodded in acknowledgment, unable to utter any words. She was not confident enough to even say yes with the way she was feeling. His nearness was creating havoc, filling her with butterflies in her stomach.

She could feel his fingers working on her nape as he placed the other necklace on her. The tingling excitement of his touch on her skin was enough to send a thousand jolts of electricity to her entire body.

She could not wait for him to finish the torturous feeling. It was as if he was taking it slow in purpose. But she was not complaining as her body craved for the sensation he was evoking. But she knew that it was just her imagination that was making the process seemed to be longer than it was.

When he finished, he finally looked at her in the mirror, staring at her eyes. His fingers moved just beneath the base of her throat and arranged the pendant at the center. "Done." He finally whispered just behind her ears.

"Thanks." Her response was also barely a whisper. She was not even sure if he had heard her. She could hardly breathe, feeling his fingers gliding along her skin.

She could not stop staring at those eyes as if it was telling her something that she could not decipher. However, when she turned around, what she saw in Alex's eyes had changed. It was as if the mirror lied to her. The emotion was gone, replaced by a blank look.

He moved back away from her, putting enough space between them. "Shall we go?" He said, trying to break the spell cast upon him by her intoxicating presence. He was not sure what came over him when he looked into her eyes. But he had to put a stop to it before he lost control.

She stood up and grabbed her purse. She was confused. As if whatever she felt between them earlier was just a figment of her imagination.

Maybe she was fooling herself when she felt something magical in the air.