

## Royal Contract 831

### Chapter 841: Rescue to save the day

"Do I hear a higher bid?" It had begun. The auctioneer started with ten thousand bucks, hammering down his gavel. Then, it went higher to hundreds of thousand.

She was not surprised since the artwork was worth more than the initial offer. She knew most of these arts would sell by the thousands or even millions. She always had an eye for those with tremendous worth.

Her father used to ask her to buy pieces she believed would eventually increase their value. Then, her father would sell it at a profitable price. It was a few things she had shared an interest in with her father.

Besides their passion for art, her father did not see her as anything else but a commodity he was willing to trade, marrying her off to the highest bidder. But, of course, she would not have that.

Suddenly, people shouted, in awe of the latest bid. Hastily, she woke up from her trance, looking at the man who had raised his number to offer the highest bid so far.

No! No! No! She repeatedly shouted to herself as shock registered on her face. He could not win.

"Anyone else interested in this beautiful painting." The auctioneer called the attention of everyone, encouraging them to participate, to challenge the current bidder.

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Please, someone, anyone, she mumbled to herself. She needed someone to bid for her, anybody else besides that man.

She did not want him to win. Not that she did not want him to own the painting, but she did not want to go out with him. Please, she did not want to be obligated to join him for dinner.

"I see another one at the back." The announcer pointed to the gentleman, way behind the crowd.

She craned her neck to see who it was, sighing a relief, seeing it was David. At least, she knew that he was only interested in the art and not her. She could also see Rosella sitting beside him, hoping they would win.

However, her ordeal was not over when that man bid again, offering double the amount for the painting. "She could have the painting. I only want the dinner." Tony finally announced to the crowd, making the ladies around him gasp at his pronouncement.

She was not surprised since this was what she had feared from the start. She had known that Tony would be bidding not for the painting but her company. She would not have any problems with that if only he did not give her the creeps.

However, every time he would look at her. It felt like he was already undressing her with his eyes. Every time he would speak to her. She could sense the hidden sexual innuendos in his words. He was not the kind of man she would like to be left alone in the room, not even for a minute.

"Do we have another bidder?" She heard the auctioneer ask.

But she doubted that anyone else would bid at that price. The painting, although beautiful, was not worth that much. Only a fool would try to outbid Tony, and he knew it, looking at his smug face. He believed he had her whether she liked it or not.

She finally resigned to her faith, feeling that she had no more choice but to accept the inevitable. She could not make any more excuses for this. She just had to find a way to fend off his advances.

Nonetheless, it was not the worse part of her night. She had to admit, she felt disappointed and hurt. She did not even hear Evan bid even once. It was not as if he did not have money to spend. He was just not interested in her.

End of the story.

“Any bidders? Going once...” It was like a countdown for her death sentence before they put her down on lethal injection.

Her heart searched for him, hoping somehow he would save her from her misery. But he was not even in the crowd. Where was he? She had no idea.

She felt like her world was crumbling down before her. Then, her heart broke into a million pieces.

“Going twice...” The auctioneer looked around the crowd, scanning for anyone else who would contest the final sale. But it seemed no one else was interested.

He raised his hand to ram the gavel to a sound block to finalize the auction, but a voice floated in the air, stopping the man in mid-air. Suddenly, everyone turned to the source of the interruption.

“I am sorry to interrupt, but I hope I am just in time.” Of course, she recognized his voice. She would know it anywhere. “But I will double whatever was the last bid.” Now, everyone was whispering.

He walked straight to the center, just below the stage, making his presence known. He looked at the man in charge of the auction, questioning if he would still accept his offer.

“No, I am sorry, but you are too late. The bidding is over.” She heard Tony’s voice booming over the noise of the crowd. “I already won.” He continued, declaring himself the owner of the painting and her date for dinner.

Still, she looked at the auctioneer, hoping against hope that he would nullify Tony’s claim. Finally, she only breathed, releasing the air in her lungs when the man on the podium spoke up.

“I am sorry, Sir. But I have to correct that.” The auctioneer interrupted Tony. “Until my gavel has hit the block, the sale is not yet over. So, at the moment, the bidding is still open for anyone who wishes to bid.”

The auctioneer finally ruled on the situation, opening the bidding again for anyone who wished to make an offer. From the look on Tony’s face, he was not happy about that ruling.

“Mr. Evan Blake had double the amount of the bid.” The auctioneer accepted his bid. “Now, Sir, do you wish to bid again?” The host directed his question to Tony.

Tony looked like he was studying his option, but he shook his head no. He finally accepted defeat. The amount was just too much. He probably thought she was not worth it.

"Any more other bidders?" The auctioneer repeated the process until she heard the gavel sound in the air. "The painting is sold to Mr. Blake. Please claim your prize on the stage."

She could see the disapproval on Tony's face. He did not like how he had lost in this fight. But she could not care less how he felt as her eyes only focused on one person at the moment.

She watched him step on the stage, hearing the applauding that was coming from the crowd. But that was not her priority. All she could think about was that Evan had won. Finally, her knight came to her rescue to save the day.

#### Chapter 842: Another reason to celebrate

Everyone seemed to be having a great time, especially her. She did not doubt that this was one of the best nights of her life. So far, she could not think of anything else she would want.

After all the hardship she had been through, she never even thought, not even in her wild imagination, that she would end up in this situation. Her life would suddenly spin upside down.

Looking at the man dancing with her, she could only consider herself one of the luckiest women in the world, engaged to marry this not-so-perfect man, but her soul mate as far as she was concerned. What else could she ask for, nothing?

"You look so lovely, my darling," Marcus whispered in her ears as he guided her across the dance floor, swirling her around the music and cradling her in his arms. It was like God made him for her and only for her.

Yes, both of them had a past. But somehow, both were able to overcome the things that haunted them. Together, they fought for this relationship. Now, both were happy to be in each other's arms.

The only thing lacking was the ring to seal the deal. But as she had said before, she was willing to wait. All she needed was his word because she trusted him implicitly. The perfect time will come for their wedding day.

"You don't look bad yourself," Jacky responded with a cheerful smile. Who would not be glad at this moment?

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But before she could say more or Marcus could move her around, someone interrupted them. His secretary appeared beside them, catching their attention.

"Jacky, I think you are needed backstage. Something about a problem or something. I am just not sure what." Alona told her, pointing to several people converging on the other side of the stage.

When she looked around the massive room, everybody was still on a high after the successful auctions. Many of the guests were currently dancing on the dance floor.

The others were either on their way home after a long night or just hanging around, waiting for the night to end. But who would want this wonderful evening to end?

“What could be the problem?” She asked her friend, trying to figure out what else could go wrong.

Yes! Alona had been her friend since the time she was still a secretary. Who thought she would get a promotion, working as a boss with her corner office? Not her. She always thought that being a secretary would be the highlight of her career.

But here she was.

“I have no idea. Why don’t you check it out?” Alona shrugged her shoulders, seemingly no clue as to what was happening.

The party was about to conclude. What else could go wrong? She could only wonder since she thought that everything went according to plan. But she had no choice. She had to check it because it was part of her job as the planning committee head of this event.

“Marcus, I need to go check this problem.” She excused herself, reluctant to leave her partner. But this was not just a party. It was also her obligation.

She strode towards the backstage where Dani and the rest of the gang had some meeting. She immediately joined them, hoping to understand what the problem was.

“Jacky, thank you for joining us, but it seemed that one of the event organizers had an issue with the payment.” Dani quickly expressed her concern.

She was in charge of the billings, and as far as she knew, all suppliers and the people involved in the event had received their payments in full. Therefore, she could not see where the problem was.

“Let me check on my people if they had missed a check or something.” Still, it was not unusual for errors to happen. After all, all of them were just humans capable of making mistakes.

Quickly, she got to her phone and started calling her staff, who was in charge of that department. She would get to the bottom of this before the party was over. That was a promise.

“Let me know when you have some answers.” Dani excused herself. “I still had to deal with some other issues.” She nodded in her direction, pulling their other friends to the other side of the room.

“If you need any help, I will just be here.” Alona stayed behind, promising to help her out.

She doubted she would need her help, but Jacky did not mind the company as she held the phone in her ears, either talking or waiting for her staff to get some answers.

Still, she would not stop until she had settled this issue. Those people already provided their services. Now, they needed their just compensation.

“Any news?” Alona asked after a few minutes of waiting as she sat on one of the chairs.

“Nothing yet.” She also wondered what was taking her staff so long to check on the records.

“Jacky!” Suddenly, someone shouted her name. She turned around, trying to locate the source.

"Jacky, come quickly." She shifted her eyes to the stage and found Dani standing at the center of it.

Now what? She could not understand what else could be the problem. Still, she rushed to her side. She could see the entire room from this view. She remembered, just like before, she never liked standing in a large crowd, much more speaking to them.

"What is it?" She asked, growing concerned about the tears in Dani's eyes. "What is wrong?" She carefully asked, not wanting to worsen the situation.

She could only hope those were happy tears because of the event's success and nothing worse. Dani just had been in a difficult situation. Her friend deserved a break.

Automatically, her eyes sought Alex, who stood just below the stage. Then, Laura, who was with Alex. At least she could conclude that it had nothing to do with them.

"Nothing. I only want everything to be perfect and for you to be happy." Dani whispered as she suddenly hugged her. She returned the favor, but she was still confused.

"I think we did it." She concluded, seeing the happy faces before her. Then, her eyes sought the one person she wanted to share this moment with, but he was nowhere.

Where could he be?

"Not yet. We still have one more program left." Dani stated, finally letting her go.

She was baffled more. She had planned this party to a perfect T. She knew all the programs by heart. She was sure that everything went as planned, smoothly without a hitch.

Therefore, what else was Dani talking about because she could not come up with anything?

"I have no idea what program you are talking about," Jacky told her friend, who seemed to be either drunk or delusional.

"I think you forgot about this." Dani suddenly announced, using a microphone in her hand. "Let me call everyone's attention."

Soon, all the guests were looking at them, probably wondering, just like her, about what was happening. Then, Marcus went on stage, looking dashing as ever. But what was he doing on stage?

Then, she remembered the last time they were in this similar situation. That was the day he proposed to her. Of course, she would never forget that day.

However, it was not likely he would be proposing again to her. There was no need since she was still wearing their engagement ring. So, what was he planning to do now?

Whatever it was, she was not worried. In truth, she could not wait to know what it was. She believed it probably was another reason to celebrate.

Chapter 843: Two lost souls

Marcus could see the curiosity and excitement in her eyes. He just hoped she would remain that way once she heard what he had to say. He knelt before Jacky, thinking he would be the luckiest man if she agreed.

He was not proposing again to his fiancée, but he had something else planned for tonight. It was a surprise that he had been keeping from her for the past weeks.

"What are you doing?" Jacky asked, again bothered that everyone was staring at them. "Stand up, Marcus. Everyone is looking at us."

He always found it adorable that his future wife could face anyone in a one-on-one battle, like a cat, unafraid to show her fangs and claws. But when placed in a crowd, she was like a dog, with her tail tucked safely between her legs.

"So, let them look." Marcus stayed kneeling on the floor before her, unfazed that they were drawing attention. "Please, just listen." He pulled her hand into his, forcing her to look at him instead of the growing crowd.

He did not care if they kept watching. On the contrary, he would like everyone to hear what he had to say. Because if he had to shout to the entire world how much he loved this woman before him, he would.

"You don't need to propose again. I already said yes." Jacky reminded him, glancing one more time at the people gathering around the stage.

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He could tell she was nervous from the sweat in her palms, the shaking of her hands, and the tremble in her voice. But who was not because he also felt the same.

His heart was about to come out of his chest, and his lungs could hardly expand from his shallow breathing. He was anxious, uncertain if Jacky would like the surprise he had prepared.

"I know that, but I have another question." He inhaled enough air to fill his lungs and then expelled all of it immediately. He wished it would do the trick, but he was still nervous. "Will you marry me... now?"

"I already said that I will marry you. You don't need to propose again?" Jacky answered him, agitated that the guests appeared to be anxiously waiting for her answer. Even their friends seemed to be looking at her with anticipation. But he believed she missed the last part of the question.

Still, Marcus was not about to give up now. He pulled a glass ring box from his side pocket and opened it before her. Then, it revealed two gold wedding bands on the soft cushion inside.

Automatically, he looked up to catch her reaction. His eyes studied the confusion on her face. Eventually, her eyes became teary, as if she finally understood his question.

"I could not wait for another day of not having you as my wife." Marcus proclaimed before her. "I know you kept saying marriage is just a piece of paper. That being with me is more than enough."

Suddenly, his vision became blurry, as if something was stinging his eyes. Then, he felt something drop on his cheeks, only to realize that it came from him. He did not mean to cry, but here he was in tears.

"But it is." Jacky insisted. "I love you, and you love me." Jacky touched his cheeks, wiping the few tears falling from his eyes. "Should that not be enough?"

He could feel that something was holding Jacky back from marrying him. Yes, she accepted his ring, but something was still keeping her from taking the next step, using several excuses to postpone the wedding.

"No, I don't think it is enough anymore. I want our names on that piece of paper, saying that you are the sole owner of my heart." Marcus felt that his heart was about to burst. He needed her to say yes. "And I am yours."

He wanted her to agree to marry him on that spot. He knew it seemed so sudden, but it was not. He had thought about this since that day he admitted how much he loved her, and losing her was never an option.

He abruptly stood up, pulled her with him, then walked backstage, away from the prying eyes of all of their friends. He had to get to the bottom of this now.

"What is stopping you?" He finally asked the question they had been avoiding as they stopped at a private area where they could be alone. "Do you still want to marry me?"

"Of course, I do. It is all I can think about..." He could hear the hesitation in her voice. "But..." He could also sense the fear and doubt. But he was here to help her, not to judge her. To fix whatever the problem was.

"What? Is it me? Did I do something wrong?" He had been faithful to her. He avoided all his past mistakes because he feared losing her again. He had to know her reason so he could mend it now.

"No. It is not you. It is me." The classic excuse. "I still think I am not good enough to be your wife." She finally admitted it. "Even your parents do not want to meet me because I know they do not like me. I am not the woman for you."

Now, he understood.

The insecurity was still eating at her.

But, he did not care about his parents. She was not marrying them. She did not have to please them.

"Damn." He believed it was him who was not good enough for her.

"Stop, Jacky. No more excuses. It is either you love me or not. This agreement is only between you and me. No one else." He pulled her to him, tilting her face until her eyes had no more else to look at but his.

"But..." She was about to protest again, but he silenced her.

"No more buts. I am getting married today. If you want to be with me for the rest of your life, you will stand beside me on that stage and be my bride." With that, he turned around and returned to the stage.

Now, it was up to her.

He knew he was putting her on the spot, but he had to do it. Or else, they would be two lost souls, waiting for things to happen until both could not find their way and be lost forever.

## Chapter 844: No more lies. No more secrets

Looking at herself in his eyes as they stood on the stage with their hands entwined was all she had ever dreamed about when she fell in love with this man.

Yes, she had a brief moment of weakness when she doubted that love was enough to make their relationship work. But now, she realized that it was all they needed to be together forever.

“Are we doing this now?” Still in shock at the suddenness, looking at the dashing man in a black tux before her. While she had changed into this beautiful white wedding gown that Abby made for her, using the size she used to make her other gown.

She had never dreamed of a fairytale wedding or a prince. All she had ever wanted was a man who would accept her for who she was. Nothing more. Nothing less. The rest was just a bonus.

But she believed she received more than she deserved, looking at their friends who helped Marcus arrange this wedding ceremony. They all worked behind her back, preparing for this night. She never even had a clue.

“Yes, we are. And you just made me the happiest man for agreeing to be my wife very soon.” He looked at the officiating priest who stood before them, reciting the beginning of the ceremony.

She still could not believe it, hearing the beginning of the wedding ritual as her eyes wandered around the room. Somehow, her friends had transformed the ballroom into a wedding occasion as new flowers littered the room.

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But more than that, her lips widened with some tears threatening to drop in her eyes when she saw his brother standing so proudly as she remembered him walking her in the aisle.

“Promise me that you will never make my sister cry,” Andy spoke to Marcus in his manly voice, attempting to sound like he was already a man. She almost laughed and cried simultaneously, remembering how her brother was still trying to protect her.

Now, she could not wait to say I do and wear his ring.

Marcus was right. The only thing that mattered now was how they felt for each other. The rest of the world who believed they should not be together could shove their disapproval up their asses because she did not care about them anymore.

“Do you take Jacky to be your wife...” The priest asked Marcus, looking at him while her soon-to-be husband fixed his eyes on her.

“There is nothing in the world I would like more than to be her husband.” Marcus almost shouted on stage. “I do.” He took the ring and placed it on her finger, kissing her knuckles afterward.

Now, it was her turn. “Do you take Marcus to be your husband...” As the priest recited his long lines, she could not wait anymore to say her answer. “I do. I want nothing else but to be his wife.” Jacky did not let the priest finish what he had to say.



She believed she had made Marcus wait long enough. It would not be fair to delay the declaration of their marriage another second longer. Besides, she also could not wait for the kissing of the bride part.

"You have to put his ring on." The priest reminded her, smiling at her eagerness. He handed her the ring he had blessed under the wedding rites. Then she quickly put it on his ring finger.

She guessed all that was missing was the official announcement of them being husband and wife. She could hear the cheers and waves of laughter around them. She was sure that they were also anxious to have this wedding over.

She finally glanced at the people cheering them on from the beginning of their relationship. And even their new friends, supporting them through their ups and downs. She could not be more than happy to have them witness this momentous event of her life.

"Now, by the power vested in me by our Lord, our God, I pronounced you husband and wife." The priest blessed them, making a huge sign of the cross. "You may now kiss your wife." The priest encouraged Marcus as if he needed one.

Hastily, Marcus pulled her toward him, meeting him halfway as he enveloped her in his tight embrace. Then, his lips were on hers. He took what was now officially his, by law and in the eyes of God.

"Hey, save some of that for later." Someone from the crowd shouted, making them finally realize that they were not alone.

She gradually returned to her reality. She was now married to the man she never even dreamed about when she was young. A man she always thought was beyond her reach.

But she realized now that nothing was impossible. Even the wildest dream had a possibility of coming true if one would believe it hard enough. She was living proof of that. She was a living testimony.

"I guess we can continue this later and on our honeymoon. Luckily, I won the dinner and the trip." Marcus happily informed her, making her discover that everything was a setup.

The luxury trip that the charity auctioned, together with the beautiful necklace currently dangling in front of her. It was all a setup for his master plan.

But who was she to be mad at this deception? Why would she punish him for making all this effort to put a smile on her face? When all he ever did was to make her happy.

"Thank you." She placed her hands on his cheeks, cradling his face as she stared into his eyes. "Thank you for making me the luckiest and happiest wife in the entire world."

She honestly believed that half of the women population would envy her at this moment. They would want to be in her shoes because she married a great man.

He was not the ideal man for any woman when she met him. But she was not either. But they had managed to overcome that obstacle in their lives. Because of their past, their relationship had grown and strengthened.

Finally, they both decided that the truth would both set them free. Both honestly believed love did not have to be perfect. It just had to be honest.

No more lies. No more secrets.

Chapter 845: "YES!"

Amelia watched another fairy tale story come to life. Another happy ending that only a few ever witness in their life. Suddenly, she felt glad she had attended this gathering.

Honestly, she was slightly envious, but who would not be after witnessing such a love story? She bet every single lady in this room wanted to have a man like him. She guessed it would be the same for the men out there, looking at her new friend, Jacky.

"Congratulations!" She shouted together with the other guests, genuinely happy to see another couple in love find their soul mate.

She did not know much about them except for the stories that Haley told her. But from what she had gathered, it had not always been full of flowers and butterflies when they had started.

But somehow, they managed to make their differences work. Marcus changed his lifestyle so he could become a better man for Jacky.

It suddenly made her wonder if the same thing could happen in her situation if she took a chance with a playboy like Evan. Would he change for her, or would it be a temporary fix until he returned to his old ways?

"Do you mind if I have this dance?" Suddenly a voice penetrated her thoughts, sending a shiver down her spine. Of course, she recognized his tone, and her body sensed his warmth as he stood behind her.

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Then, she realized that many had already gone to the dance floor while the couple was still busy being congratulated by their family and friends. Music blared around the room, emphasizing the merriment of the last part of the program.

But smiling was the last thing she wished to do under her circumstances. When the man moved to stand before her, all she wanted to do was to run away.

It was him again.

"Sorry, Tony, but I already promised my boyfriend I would be dancing with him." She had to stop him from his obsession with her, even if she had to lie.

She had enough of this man following her around wherever she went. She felt concerned that his obsession might escalate if he kept believing he had a chance with her. Better end his delusion now while it was not too late.

"Boyfriend?" Tony appeared surprised by her admission. Of course, he would be since she had never introduced anyone as her boyfriend, nor had she shown up at this party with a date.

The look on his face and the smile on his lips told her he did not believe her. He pointed his finger at her and chuckled. "That is a nice joke, but not funny." He said, which only concerned her more. "Come on. I am a good dancer."

Then, his hands wrapped around her risk, a little tighter than she would want, causing discomfort on her skin. It happened so fast that she did not have time to react yet. But before he could pull her away, somebody stopped him.

A hand suddenly pulled her other risk in the other direction. Now, she suddenly discovered what the rope felt like in a game of tug of war. The two pulled her in opposing directions.

"She already told you she was saving the dance for me." Again, he came to save her from this horrible man. Although Tony had not done anything untoward to her, she could feel that he was not far from thinking he had a chance with her despite her subtle rejections.

She did not want to be rude by outright telling him she did not like him. But it seemed she should have been, so it did not have come to this. Tony would not have assumed he had a chance with her.

"Are you saying that you are the boyfriend?" Tony's eyes sharpened on his opponent as if he was ready to fight a battle right then and there.

"Yes, that is what I am saying." He responded. "I am Evan. And Amelia is my girlfriend." He confidently claimed as if he had every right to do so.

Amelia did not like how Evan returned Tony's angry stare as if Evan was about to punch him in the face. The last thing Amelia wanted was to cause any trouble or make a scene.

This remaining night was supposed to be a glorious affair. She did not want a brawl to ruin that, especially not because of her.

"Not because you won the auction did not give you the right to claim her as your girlfriend." Tony still did not let go of her hand as he continued to argue with him.

"Enough!" She had enough of the two men showing off their macho egos. She knew she started her story with a lie, but she did not like that it was escalating to something worse.

She could only think of one solution to end this. She was unsure if it was the right thing to do, but she was running out of options. She pulled her hand away from Tony with force. It hurt her a little, but she had to do it.

Then, she wrapped her arms around Evan, pulling him forcefully until he lowered his head to her level. Without warning, she kissed him. She touched her lips to his.

"Evan is telling the truth. He is my boyfriend." That kiss should have proven her point, slightly pulling away from his nearness.

But she was not expecting what happened next. Evan suddenly pulled her again with another kiss. This time, it was not a mere touching of the lips. Suddenly, she was losing control as his lips became more demanding.

She got lost in his embrace. This time, she knew she would not recover. She could not deny how much she craved for him. She did not want to deny him anymore.

She was not even aware that Tony had finally left them alone, probably having enough of the scene before him. He walked away without even looking back, leaving them alone in each other's arms.

“Am I?” He suddenly asked when he came up for air.

She was suddenly confused by his question, still dazed from the mind-blowing kiss she had recently experienced. “What?” Still unable to fathom what he was asking her.

“Am I your boyfriend now because I want to be?” That was a straightforward question, demanding a direct answer.

“YES!”

Chapter 846: On fire

“Yes!” She said yes.

It would mean they were officially in a relationship.

Amelia was it for him. She had accepted his proposal to be a couple.

“You mean it.” Evan felt like he was about to explode with happiness. He was expecting that she would still reject him, but it turned out the opposite.

However, he still had some doubts if he was doing the right thing, but losing her seemed worse than his fear of committing.

He would admit that relationship was not his strong suit. He had no clue how to make a woman happy in a long-term affair. But he would figure it out one way or another.

How hard could it be to stay with one woman for the rest of his life?

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“Do you want to dance?” When she nodded, he pulled her to the dancefloor and joined their friends, who seemed to be all having a great time.

It was a joyous occasion, seeing one of his best friends tie the knot and swear to be with her husband for as long as he would live. They were living testimony that he could also be with one woman forever.

He confessed that he was not entirely sure about love. Maybe he was in love with her. Why else would he be feeling this way about her? But he was still confused by its definition to put a label on their relationship.

Besides, it was too early for that, believing they were still in the early stage.

“You make me the happiest man in the world.” He whispered in her ears, knowing that most women like to hear those words. But did he mean it, or was it just a line he said because he believed she expected it?

Suddenly, he was starting to second guess everything he was doing. But he quickly buried his thoughts behind his mind.

Soon, the party ended, and everyone started to leave. “Can I walk you to your room?” He offered as they exited the massive ballroom and separated from the group.

He knew she was staying at the hotel, so he escorted her to the elevator, which would bring them to her floor. Finally, they both stood outside her room, unable to say goodbye.

“Would you like a cup of coffee before you go home?” Amelia finally asked as she opened the door, indicating that she welcomed his company. At least that was what registered in his mind. And it was an invitation for something more.

“Of course. I would love to.” He accepted her offer as he walked behind her, closing the door after him.

He watched her move further inside the room, but before she could go far, he grabbed her by the arm and stopped her. Then, he slowly turned her around until she was facing him.

Her body trembled underneath his touch, igniting a fire inside him. Without waiting for a further invitation, he lowered his face to hers, ravishing her with his lips, doing what he had wanted all night.

She never tried to stop him, which encouraged him more, letting his tongue explore her mouth, eliciting a positive response from her. She wanted this as much as he did as her hands worked on removing his jacket.

The next thing he knew, his lips traveled down the side of her neck while his fingers felt for the fastening of her gown. When he found it, he quickly unhooked them, unable to wait for a second longer to have her.

The dress immediately dropped to the floor, gliding smoothly along her body, leaving her just in her underwear, a sight that left little to the imagination.

In truth, he almost had a heart attack, seeing her in such revealing lingerie. It was a vision that he did not expect to see. He had never thought of her that way, but who was he to complain?

“Did you wear this for me?” Expressing his surprise. He also found it amusing that she might be planning to seduce him all this time.

Why else would she be wearing them underneath her dress?

Then, he ran his fingers on the lace of her brassiere. He could feel her breath hitched at the contact of their skins. He liked how responsive she was to his touch, stimulating him to rouse more reactions from her.

“No!” She first said. “I mean... Yes!” She hissed, unable to make up her mind, responding to his question as her eyes closed.

But he saw the chaos in her eyes before she shut them out of his sight. Her veins erratically beat at her neck as his fingers grazed through them. It was clear. She was nervous, more than usual.

“Are you sure you want to do this because once I start, I won’t be able to stop?” He gave her a fair warning, like all the girls he had slept with before her.

He would never force a woman into his bed. She must be willing to give herself to him. That was the only way they would both be able to enjoy this night of passion.

His hands still held her closed. Their bodies were just inches away, not touching but sensing their nearness. He waited for her to decide whether this was what she wanted.

But when her arms voluntarily lifted into his shoulder and her fingers entwined through his hair, he knew she had made her decision. Still, it was not a verbal response.

Regardless, when her lips touched him, he knew he did not need any more hint of what she wanted. Her actions spoke louder than words. "I will take that as a yes." He had spoken for the two of them.

He immediately lifted her off her feet and carried her to the bed, not far from where they stood, dropping her to the soft cushion as he followed not far behind.

He could feel the urgency of her need from how her fingers worked on the button of his shirt. She was as anxious as he was to feel their body, skin to skin.

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Amelia knew she was being bold, acting like she knew what she was doing. But honestly, she was trembling in fear, afraid that he would find her repulsive if he knew how inexperienced she was.

She heard many experienced men preferred women knowledgeable in the art of passion. But what did she know about it? Only a few things she had read in romance novels.

But did he have to know about it now? How inept she was. Well, he was bound to discover it later on whether she liked it or not. However, she was willing to gamble that he would not learn about it until the last minute.

"I don't want you to stop." Finally, the words came out of her mouth. Her body craved for more of whatever he was doing to her.

She did not want him to stop.

She wanted this to happen.

And she wanted it to be him.

"Honestly, I don't want to." He helped her with his shirt removing it swiftly off his body. Then her fingers started working on his pants, unbuckling the belt and unfastening the button and zipper, leaving him with his briefs as he moved on top of her.

Her fingers moved to touch his body, feeling the warmth of his skin on her palms. It was like she was a sculpture, creating a masterpiece, savoring his body, memorizing it in her mind.

If she only had one night with him, she wanted to imprint everything about him on her mind. She wanted this memory to last her a lifetime. Why? Because she still doubted that she could keep a man like him interested in her for a long time.

He might like her now, but there was also a chance that he might change his mind. Tomorrow, a week from now, or months, he would suddenly realize that he was not good with a relationship or she was not the right one.

"You don't know how much I want you." Evan declared as his fingers removed every piece of clothing in their bodies, leaving them with nothing but skin to skin.

She had never felt anything like this before. But how could she when she had been saving herself for the right man? But was he the right man? She could not tell, but she was tired of waiting for him.

But at least she knew she was giving herself to a man she had learned to love. Even if they did not end up together, she still did not lose herself to some random stranger.

Evan was still someone special to her. She loved him, but, of course, she could not admit that to him. That would probably scare him away. Make him run for the hills. But at least in her heart, she knew how she felt about him.

Then, his fingers explored her body, feeling them glide across her skin, chest, and arms, down to her abdomen. It was creating havoc everywhere it touched, sending flames inside her she did not want to extinguish.

She was on fire, and she wanted more.

Chapter 847: The consequence of her action

Looking outside her window, she could not stop the tears that fell in her eyes. Her heart broke again into a million pieces, but that was ok. She would get over this just like before. She would move on.

This incident was not the end of the world for her. This pain would eventually disappear in time. She would be back to her old self in no time.

But in the meanwhile, she would allow her heart to grieve for losing again. She permitted the water in her eyes to rush down her face like a waterfall. It was the only way to release the pain gripping her soul.

Amelia could still hear his voice in her head, "I want you so much." He had said to her as their bodies entwined while he reveled in her body as if he could never get enough of her.

She never felt so alive underneath his skillful ministrations. She believed he was doing a great job introducing her to the world of sex and passion. Who knew this was how great it was to be with a man?

He kissed with an intensity that had her craving for more, and when his lips created a path across her chest and down her body, she knew she was burning with desire. Her lips formed sounds she had never heard her utter before.

Her hands imitated what he was doing, hoping to elicit the same response from him. She also wanted to know how to pleasure a man like him. So far, she could tell that she was on the right track as he hissed with satisfaction every time her hands wandered on the right spot.

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"Please!" She begged him repeatedly, moaning uncontrollably. Honestly, she had no idea what she was asking for, but she knew her body was yearning for something.

"What do you want?" He asked her as his hands glided down her supple skin and lips touched and kissed all the sensitive parts of her body, teasing her to submission. But she had already surrendered.

All he had to do was conquer her. What was he waiting for as she twisted and turned underneath his body? She wanted more. She wanted him to show her what it was like to be one with him.

"I want you." She demanded, feeling her body release the tension that built inside her, shivering underneath his skillful hands. She felt great, but she knew it was not enough. She needed something else.

Then, he stood up and grabbed his pants.

She suddenly felt alarmed, thinking he was about to leave. But felt relieved when he returned to the bed and on top of her. She realized that he was only taking precautions.

She did not even think of that. She could have easily been pregnant without any protection. She was certainly not on a pill. She could have ended up in the same boat as her friend, Eida. Luckily, he seemed prepared for this kind of situation.

Suddenly, fear gripped her, making her stiff on the bed as she felt him at her entrance. "What is wrong?" He suddenly asked her as his eyes searched her face for answers. He abruptly stopped, probably sensing her hesitation.

"Nothing." She tried to calm herself down. She had nothing to fear because Evan would not intentionally hurt her. She believed that. She trusted him. "Please, don't stop. I want you." She whispered as fear and pleasure mixed inside her.

Besides, it was not very likely she would get pregnant because he was using protection. She had to stop overthinking everything and learn to enjoy the moment. She reminded herself she wanted this to happen.

Then, he repositioned himself on top of her, feeling his desire at her core. It both excited and scared her, unsure of what she would expect.

Well, she was not completely clueless about sex but experiencing it for real was a different ballgame. It was not just fantasy anymore, but something that involved a lot of feelings.

"I won't." There was a promise in his tone as he plunged into her. But he did stop midway inside her as she winced in tremendous pain. Her eyes automatically closed, and her fingers balled into a fist at his back.

She could see that he was slightly reluctant, probably realizing that this was her first time. How would he know when she hardly told him? And in this day and age, who would have thought she would still be untouched?

"This will hurt, but I will try to be gentle." He said in his low guttural tone. She could sense the control he exerted on himself, but as he said, he was beyond stopping now.

He paused, but only for a second, adjusting himself before plunging fully inside her, breaking down her walls. She bit her lip to stop herself from crying, but tears still slid down the side of her eyes.

She felt his full size inside of her, filling her up. Although pain still dominated her body, she felt her body relax under him. She wanted this to happen as much as he did. She was finally one with him.



"I promise the pain will be over soon." He said as he groaned, visibly with pleasure, closing his eyes as he started moving inside her again. Slowly at first, she believed he was letting her body adjust to his size. He was lessening the pain from his thrusts.

Soon, she sensed a different sensation inside her. The friction was creating a different reaction in her walls, arousing an intense desire inside her that demanded gratification.

Eventually, his movement increased their speed as he sank into her body deeper and faster. He was right. The pain gradually decreased as pleasure overtook her body.

She believed she could never have enough of him. She did not want him to stop. She hungered for more, wanting something she never thought she needed before.

"Aaahhh! Evan!" She could not stop the moans that escaped her lips as he lifted her higher and higher, making her want more of it. "Evan!" She kept calling his name as she floated to the heavens.

Finally, she hit her climax as she exploded inside, releasing the pressure she had kept for a long time, the sexual tension between them from the beginning until now.

"Aaagggghhh!" He groaned loudly, like a lion that just had his prey. She felt him become stiff inside of her body, realizing he just had his release just after her. Then, he dropped down on top of her, sweating and breathing heavily like her.

She believed it was one of the greatest moments of her life. A memory she would cherish all her life. To finally be with the man she loved and be one with him.

After a short while, he moved to the other side of the bed and lay silent while she stayed on her side. Suddenly, all her doubts came rushing back into her mind. Was he starting to regret sleeping with her? That was crazy.

Then, Amelia felt him pull her to his body, cradling her in his warm embrace. Suddenly, she was confused, or maybe she was wrong. But one thing, she should stop jumping to her conclusions.

"Go to sleep, Amelia." She heard him behind her. She wanted to say something, but what?

Should they not discuss what just happened? She had questions. But she had no idea how to talk to him. What to tell him as she stared at the blank space before her?

She also waited for him to say something else, but he remained silent until she felt his breathing become steady. He must have fallen asleep while her eyes were still wide open, mauling over what happened.

She could not wake him up, so she stayed steady, not moving while her thoughts ran wild with possibilities. However, exhaustion finally won over her as her eyes succumbed to the darkness, as she also fell asleep.

But her confusion was cleared up when she woke up this morning with the other side of the bed empty and cold, meaning he had been awake for some time. There was no sign of Evan anywhere in the room.

He did not even leave a note or a message as if he was not there last night. Was he just a figment of her imagination? Of course not! He was real because she felt sore all over her body. She saw the only evidence that he was with her last night.

Now, she was flying back home. She quickly grabbed her things and booked herself on the next available flight. She could not stay a minute longer in that hotel room. It was just too painful.

Why did he leave without even saying a word? Did what happened to them mean anything to him at all? Or was all of this just a game to him? But she only had herself to blame. She knew what and who he was. Still, she took a risk with him.

Now, she had to accept the consequence of her action.

Chapter 848: Deal with commitment

He banged his hands on the steering wheel of his car, feeling like he was the dumbest person in the world. He ran his hand through his hair, wishing he could turn back time. But, of course, that was impossible. "He was..."

An idiot.

Stupid!

That was what he was.

His hand threw the phone to the passenger seat when all he heard on the other line was unreachable. He had tried calling her, but she had her phone turned off. He left countless messages, but she never responded.

"The most mindless prick." He looked at himself in the rearview mirror.

Yes, he was! He could not stop calling himself names, hoping he would finally realize all the mistakes he had been making since meeting Amelia and stop doing it again and again.

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His grandmother was right. He already had the most wonderful woman in the world in his arms. And yet, he still managed to let her slip through his fingers because he was too afraid of his own shadow.

Now, she was gone. Why? Because he left her alone in that hotel room. She probably came up first with a hundred scenarios before deciding he was not worth her time because that was how great she was.

Admittedly, he panicked when he woke up with her by his side. He avoided sleepovers or waking up with a girl in the morning because it created complications he did not need. So, he took off before she opened her eyes.

"Damn, where are you, Amelia?" He had been racking his brain for answers, knowing that she was not yet supposed to go home today.

At the moment, he wished to rule out that she had taken the earlier flight. That was unlikely since she still had things to wrap up around here. He hoped that she had stayed where he could easily find her so he could apologize.

He grabbed the phone again on the other seat and dialed a number. It was his only hope of finding her. "Hi, Eida. I mean Sarah." He quickly corrected, remembering he had to start calling her by her new name.

He could not risk someone hearing him say her name. It was not only uncommon, but many would immediately suspect that he knew where she was hiding.

"Hey, Evan. If you are calling about Angela, she is fine. You have nothing to worry about." Eida quickly responded, thinking that was the reason he called.

But, of course, that was not. "Actually... I called because..." He hesitated slightly, but he knew he had no choice. "I am looking for Amelia. I am hoping that she might have called you by any chance."

But if Amelia had called her and told her what happened this morning, he would have heard Eida's wrath, but she seemed calm and unbothered. There was a likelihood that Amelia might not have called her at all.

"I have not heard from her. She had not called yet. Didn't you run into her at the party last night?" Eida asked, sounding concerned. He could conclude that Amelia had not called her yet.

"Yes, I saw her last night. Anyways, she is probably still sleeping in her hotel room." He told her, not wanting her to worry for nothing. Maybe she only relocated to another room or hotel because she was too mad at him.

"I will try to call her later. By the way, tell Grandmama that I might drop by next week to visit her. I am sorry I had to postpone this week because of work." He tried to change the topic, hoping that Eida would not overreact and contact Amelia. Then, that would be a disaster.

He had to find her soon. He did not want this situation to escalate and worsen. As far as he was concerned, it was a simple misunderstanding. He could still fix this if only he could find and talk to Amelia and explain himself.

But where?

He quickly contacted his secretary to check the hotels for her name. But before he could call his investigator, his phone rang. He knew he could not keep dismissing his call. He had ignored his responsibility for the last hour, trying to find her.

"Yes, David." His friend reminded him about the client he was supposed to meet in half an hour. "I will be there."

In the meantime, he had better go to his next meeting before he also lost a client. He knew he could not keep damping his obligations to David. He was the managing head, not the other way around.

After more than an hour of dealing with their new client's issues, he finally went to his office to work on his other cases. But he also had to check on his secretary if she had found out Amelia's whereabouts.

"Any news?" He quickly asked his secretary as he passed by her table before going straight to his office.

"I have checked more than twenty hotels but had no luck." His secretary told him, which did not help much. "Sir, Sir David is inside with a new client, waiting for you."

He was not surprised since David had been working on acquiring several clients from left and right. He had no complaints since it was good for business, but the timing was not great.

“Keep checking.” He was not ready to give up yet. But at the moment, he had to concentrate on his job.

He greeted his partner and their new prospective client, discussing the pros and cons of going on board with them. Fortunately, it did not last long. The client excused himself and left but promised to do business with them.

“What is driving you insane this time?” David asked once they were alone. “Don’t deny it. You were barely here.”

His friend was right. He had been in and out of the conversation, unable to focus. His mind kept reminding him of Amelia and his actions.

Last night was everything he ever wanted. He could not say it was the best sex he had ever had. Not yet. But it was different, not because he was her first, it was just a bonus, but because she was an extraordinary woman.

However, knowing that she had abstained from any sexual act all this time put tremendous pressure on him, thinking she had saved herself for marriage.

Was she expecting him to marry her after their one night together? Honestly, it was too much to absorb when he hardly knew how he should deal with commitment yet.

Chapter 849: A wild card

“Have you gone insane?” His voice boomed in the four walls of the spacious room as he marched further inside the dining hall.

Count Thomas only stopped when he was a meter away from his son, who sat on the other side of the long table. “Lance, you have to stop this foolishness.”

His assistant just informed him about the latest activities of his son. He heard that his son had called for their top investigators and ordered the search for that girl.

But his son only looked at him indifferently, acting like he had done nothing wrong as he sat on his chair and continued eating. Lance had ignored him since their last heated argument about the Kingdom and the girl.

“Are you going to bring this Kingdom down just because you think she deserves your love despite what she had done to you?” He clicked his tongue, showing his disappointment with the man he expected to do great things.

He had raised him to be the best at everything he did. He had done all that was necessary to secure his future. Therefore, he could not accept that a mere insignificant woman could ruin everything he had dreamt for his son.

Their ancestors would turn on their graves if they learned he had allowed an opportunity like this to slip through his fingers. It was unlikely that the crown would end up in their descendants again.

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His son had to accept his obligation put on his shoulders like him and the rest of their families. Count Thomas had to put aside his interest and make the ultimate sacrifice for their legacy by marrying his mother and letting go of the woman he loved before. Now, it was Lance's turn.

"I love her. I will find her." Lance insisted, dropping the fork and knife he had in his hands. Then, his gaze focused on him. Anger and defiance were evident in his eyes. "And, I will marry her." His son emphasized his last words.

He could see the determination in his eyes as his son wheeled his chair, ready to leave the room. He was glad that his son was recovering well. Soon, he would walk again without the help of an apparatus or a chair.

However, he could not allow him to proceed with his plans. He had to stop him from pursuing to look for this reporter who would only ruin his life. He could not allow him to see her again.

But how? He had to find a way.

"When will you open your eyes that she will only disgrace this family? You are throwing your life away." How could he make his son see that he was only looking after him? "You are wasting your chance to sit on the throne by pursuing this path."

He could not permit this woman to ruin everything he had worked hard to build. He knew now that he had to resort to extreme measures because it seemed his initial plan did not work.

"When will you see that Eida is my life?" Lance countered as he disappeared into the side of the room, leaving him behind.

It would seem that reasoning with his son would not do the trick. Even planting fake evidence seemed to be ineffective. He had to think of something to convince his son that he was better off without Ms. Harlowe.

He returned to his office to find ways to remedy this situation. It seemed the reporter was not the problem since she had already agreed to vanish in his son's life. The problem was his son, who would not give up on her.

"I want you to arrange a meeting with these people within an hour." He immediately called his secretary, asking her to arrange the appointments from the list of names he had given her.

It was an emergency appointment that could not wait. The urgency called for the soonest possible time because the King might change his mind if he learned Lance had other plans and suddenly decided to look for another alternative.

His secretary immediately left him, leaving him with his thoughts. Now, he had to make an important phone call. Something he had prepared for but wished he did not have to resort to, but desperate times required desperate measures.

He opened his secured vault hidden behind a cabinet, pinning the keys and placing his thumbprint to unlock the door. Then, inside was a file. He pulled it out and searched for the information he needed.

He took his phone out of his pocket and stared at the screen. He keyed in the number in the report and waited for the ring. It took several minutes, but eventually, the line connected.

A female voice answered the call. "Yes, who is this?" Of course, she would not know this number, but he had hers.

He had his team surveilling her every move from the day he had learned about her pregnancy. He knew what she had been doing and where she went when she left their country.

He wished he did not have to make this call to her, but it appeared he had no choice. All his other plans failed. Now he had to improvise, but he would need her help.

"I am sure you still recognize my voice." Count Thomas answered the woman on the other line.

If he remembered her distinct voice, he assumed she would never forget the voice of the person who destroyed her plans. Well, he never believed that her intention was pure.

"I am sorry, but I think you made the mistake of calling me." She sarcastically answered. He could sense the hostility in her voice and her desire to end this call harshly.

Maybe in some way, she loved his son, but he still believed she was also using him for her benefit. Luckily, he discovered her plans and stopped her before she could use that baby to trick his son into marrying her.

Of course, being naive and kind, his son would easily believe her. As seen now with the way his son was behaving. He would accept responsibility for this baby that he was not even sure was carrying his blood.

Who knew how many men she had been sleeping around when his son was not looking? He could not accept her and her bastard child in their lives.

"Please, do not end the call because I think we need to talk." The Count only heard her fast breathing on the line, but she did not reply immediately or hang up.

She only stayed silent for a few seconds, probably internally debating whether she should hear him out or not. But he believed that a part of her was curious. She was a reporter, after all.

"I don't think we have anything else to talk about." She finally responded with ire in her tone. He could not blame her after everything he did. But it was a necessary evil for the greater good. "I already left your son. What else do you want from me?"

Honestly, she had fulfilled her end of the bargain with him. She packed and left without saying goodbye to his son, which was what he wanted. She never informed his son about the baby growing in her womb.

But it seemed that was not enough for his son to forget her. His made-up lie was insufficient to drive his son to drop all his hopes for a reunion with this woman.

"Honestly, I wish we never had to cross paths again, but I will need you to do me another favor." He told her as he leaned on his chair and made himself comfortable.

Somehow, he had to convince her to cooperate with him again for one last time. He hoped this final act would convince Lance she was not worth throwing his life away.

"Favor?" She laughed at his choice of words. "I am not doing you any favor. I did not do any of this for you." She corrected him, hearing the irony in her voice.

He already expected that she would not take his call lightly. But he had to make her submit to his will. Whether she liked it or not, she had to agree to what he wanted to happen.

He was not taking no for an answer from her. Either she agreed to him willingly, or he would have to resort to coercion by blackmail or force. Because he was willing to go to lengths to make this happen.

His son would marry the girl of his choosing and take the crown as their new King. While this girl, she and her child would vanish from their lives for good.

"Then, just like before. If you love my son as you claim, do this for him." The Count once again used this card. "I need you to clear your schedule and meet me. I will text you the place, date, and time."

At the moment, all his cards against her did not work to stop his son from looking for her. He required something to finally persuade Lance to give up on her and obey him. He had to stop his son's ridiculous obsession with her.

He needed a wild card to solve all his problems and end this once and for all.

Chapter 850: It is yours

Soft, warm lips gently touched hers, waking her up from her deep slumber. "I heard that congratulation is in order." A sexy voice tickled her ears as he let his breath brush through her skin.

Last night had been exhausting, and all she wanted to do was keep her eyes closed, but the man beside her was also persuasive. He kept nuzzling his nose further down the crook of her neck and shoulders, driving away the haze in her eyes.

As she opened her eyes wider, gently adjusting to the light from the windows, she saw her loving husband looking dashing as ever. It appeared that he had also recently awakened, judging from the messiness of his hair and clothes.

But compared to her, she would bet that she looked far worse than him. Why did men seem like they never needed to do much to look impressive? Unlike girls, who had to take hours before they could be satisfied with their looks.

"I still want to sleep," Dani complained, but just a little as she accepted the kiss that came her way.

Although she still felt tired, as if her body was carrying a heavy weight on her shoulders. She could not ignore her husband and his need. Well, not after what she did or did not do last night.

Suddenly, she felt guilty that she had dozed on him while they were making out when they arrived home last night. In her defense, she could hardly keep her eyes open, but she tried.

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"You can always go back later." Alex coerced her as his hands pulled her closer to his body until she lay beside him, with their bodies entwined together. "I just need a few minutes." He winked at her, making her smile at his silly attempt to seduce her. But honestly, it was working.

His fingers entangled with the strands of her soft, curly hair, pulling her closer until their lips touched again, coaxing her to respond to his advances. She could feel his desire growing as his body pressed into her.

Now, all sleep deserted her as her body reacted with the same intensity as his. She craved his touch that she also missed last night. She still recalled that she had passed out from exhaustion, remembering he was kissing her, but she blanked out.

“Ok, Mr. Blackstone. You have five minutes.” She teased him, knowing that it would never be enough for them.

She felt she had to make up to him, returning his kisses as her fingers worked on his shirt, pulling it off his body. Who would not want to wake up with this vision?

She did not mind if he pulled her away from her dream. He was way better. He was the real deal. She let her fingers glide across his muscular chest until her hands slid down to his torso, working on his sleep shorts, pulling them down until he was free from all his clothes.

“I think it is only fair that you show me those beautiful clothes you have painstakingly worn for me, but I never got the chance to appreciate.” He pulled away from her as he settled on the headboard.

Using some pillows, he propped himself up into a sitting position as he waited for her to model her new lingerie before him. He was right. She did wear it for him, but last night, she never had the chance to seduce his husband with it.

He must have seen the undergarments when he took off her gown and shoes, but only to cover them with the blanket as he allowed her to sleep through the night.

“Well, I did buy this for you with your money, so technically, it is yours.” She started as she knelt before him, pushing the strands of her behind her shoulders to show him the brassiere she picked for him. “Do you like it?”

He must be as horny as hell since last night, staring at his lust-filled eyes. But he had to wait till she had some sleep before waking her up to satisfy his desire.

He had always been considerate, putting her needs first before his. But she also tried to reciprocate all he had done for her with love, trust, loyalty, and faithfulness.

“Definitely.” He beckoned her with his fingers, asking her to come nearer. “But I want a closer look at my possessions.” How could she resist?

She crawled towards him, straddling his body, placing both her knees on his side as she sat on his taut body. Then, she dropped her hands to both sides of his chest, leaning forward to stare into his eyes.

“Now, do you have a better view?” She whispered seductively into his ears, letting her breath caress the inside of his lobes.

She was enjoying this as she became bolder and bolder in her moves. She never thought she would be more experimental in their sexual relationship with her husband.



She could still distinctively remember how her late ex-boyfriend, rest his soul, described her sexual preference as vanilla. She also recalled how he and her former best friend had laughed at her expense while they made out on their bed.

She thought at that time that her life was over. She would never fall in love again or would ever find the right man for her. She almost lost faith in love, in finding her soulmate.

But fate had a funny way of proving her wrong when she stumbled with this guy on the sheets, only to realize one day that he was the man she had been waiting for all along.

"A very nice view." He approved as his fingers buried in her hair, pulling her down until his lips captured hers in a possessive kiss while his hand glided up on her arms, then went on a downward path, resting on the fleshy part of her back and sliding down her thighs.

"I am glad you like it. Now, take it." She taunted him as she pulled her body, putting a bit of space between them. But her eyes never broke their connection with his as she allowed herself to drown in them. "It is yours."