

## Royal Contract 92

### Chapter 92 - All Too Consuming

"You can take my grandmama's room, while I will take the guest room next to it. It only had two rooms upstairs." He suggested as they moved towards a beautifully well-kept living room.

"I'm good with whichever room." She was in no condition to demand anything from him. He already had been very accommodating to her needs.

"Are you hungry? I can whip something up in the kitchen. I know you barely ate anything today." He offered as he walked to the open kitchen on the other side of the room.

"I am not hungry." But the mention of food alerted her stomach that it was almost empty. She was not able to stop the growl it made that was slightly discernible with the human ears.

"I think your stomach begs to disagree." He pointed at the sound it just made. "Come on. I am hungry too. We can share a sandwich or something."

He beckoned her to follow him as he started to rummage on the fridge and the cupboards for the things he would need.

She decided that she already had no choice anyway, so she sat down on the counter and watched him moved around the kitchen.

She enjoyed observing him as he sliced the tomatoes and lettuce. Then he fried some ham to create a simple sandwich. She could not expect him to make her a gourmet meal at this late of the night.

"Do you like some cheese on it?" He asked as he placed a slice of cheese on his portion.

"Yeah, sure." She could not help but feel herself salivating from the look and aroma of the sandwich he was making. The excitement and the apprehension she felt since they arrived in this place prevented her from eating her full earlier.

"Here." He finally gave her a plate of his creation. "Dig in." He quickly took a bite of his sandwich, making a show of how mouthwatering it was. He only wanted her to act comfortable around him.

"Thanks." She also followed his example. Taking a huge bite out of it. She could not help it anymore as hunger took over, disregarding her grace and poise.

"How is it?" He asked when he saw her swallowed her first bite.

"Good." She admitted as she took another bite, not caring if she was acting unladylike.

"What about some juice to go with it, or do you prefer something else?" He offered as he went to the fridge to get something to drink. He was afraid that she might choke with the way she was attacking the sandwich.

"Just water." She answered him back. She then returned to the sandwich in her hand.

He took two bottles and handed her one before going back to his seat across from her. He was amused at how she never cared about the way she looked.

First, when she walked barefoot on the grass on their way here. Then, eating the sandwich without caring if the few juices were dripping on her lips and into her hands.

And when she started licking the side of her lips and her fingers, he knew he had to look away. The thought of his lips doing that for her was too consuming. He was afraid that he might do something that would scare her off.

"If you don't mind, I just need to make a phone call." He made an excuse to leave her side before he did something that he might regret. No, he would surely regret it. He corrected himself.

"Who are you going to call at this late of the night?" She did not realize that she uttered the question loudly. She suddenly bit her tongue for the slip-up.

"It is not any of your concern." He had no explanation for it. He was not expecting that she would be asking him that question.

"I'm sorry. I did not mean to say it, or ask it, or to pry." She started mumbling as she chastised herself internally for being so nosy.

"Don't worry about it." He suddenly felt guilty that he was making a big issue of this. In the first place, it was him who was acting weird around her.

He only made that excuse because he was afraid of what he was thinking. If there was someone who should be sorry, it should be him for his unwanted thoughts. "I'll be back." He immediately left before he worsened the situation.

She took her last bite and decided to clean up while he was away. It was only fair since he was the one who cooked. If they were staying under this roof, they should learn to work together.

She could not help but noticed the way he was looking at her earlier before he excused himself. She wished to ignore it, but her brain seemed adamant to remember every bit of it. If her mind was correct, she had seen that look before, and she wished she did not recognize it.

She shook her head, hoping that she could erase it from her memory. But just like before, the new memory took residence in her brain.

"You can leave it there. I can do that later." He offered when he got back and found her back turned on him as she stood in the kitchen sink.

"No need. I almost finish anyway." She did not want to turn around, knowing that her mind was still replaying all her vivid memories.

She was afraid that if she did, he would see it in her eyes. He would know what she was thinking. She was not ready for that scenario.

"Well, I'll be waiting for you in the study. It is just on the other side of the stairs. The first door." He instructed, moving back to the direction he went to earlier to hide from her. It would seem that he could not stay in the same room as her tonight.

"Sure." She responded without looking back. She was sure that she could easily find the room. She just needed a few more minutes to recompose herself and cleansed herself of her naughty thoughts.

After a few minutes, she felt that she was ready to face him again. She went to look for him and found the room as per his instruction.

"Let me show you to your room." He said when he saw her knock on the door.

He quickly guided her to the second floor of the house and into the room to the right. "This will be your room." He opened it to show her. "It had been a long day, so I better not keep you." He told her as he stood not far away from her.

"Yeah, it had been a long day." She seconded his observation. However, instead of moving away, he kept rooted on the floor next to her, staring into her eyes. "I guess I better get inside. Good night, Alex."

She quickly moved inside the room and closed it behind her. She was glad that she was able to control herself, not waiting for a reply. Proud of herself for walking away. She was terrified at the way he was looking at her. It was all too consuming.