

## **For The Love of Royal Chapter 5 - 5**

### **Chapter 6: 6**

"Mr. Goodman. Why didn't you tell me this is where I would be staying earlier?" Royal asked as she stared up at the white cottage house that she had been brought to.

This was the place she would be staying alone for two years? This place was a very beautiful house. She hadn't seen the inside but she was sure that it was going to look even more fabulous than the outside of the house.

From behind her, she heard Mr. Goodman chuckle at the tone of her voice and she smiled. She knew she sounded funny with the high-pitched sound she used when she asked the question, but who could fault her for that?

The house was a story building with a little garden in front and a front porch with two couches and a recliner there.

Wow! So far, she had been impressed with this place and she would have considered staying here permanently if all her family and friends weren't several miles away from her and she would miss them every day.

"I would have loved to stay and chat, Ms. Robert but I have to be on my way back to the palace as I have been notified that I'm needed. You have been on a very long flight, so it would be better if you just go in and get settled and get some rest before you have to come to the palace for dinner." Mr. Goodman said to her. "The key is under the foot mat so you just go in there and make the place yours for the next two years." He added.

Royal nodded with looking at him, still happily staring up at the house. She was really glad, and this place was such a nice compensation for not being able to stay at the palace. She was sure going to enjoy her free days which were on Tuesdays and Sundays.

"I will be gone then." Mr. Goodman said and seemed to have gotten Royal's attention because then she turned to him with a wide smile on her face and said. "Thank you so much for driving me here today from the airport, and for all the things you were able to teach me. It was really nice meeting you, and I hope that I see you more often." She said.

Mr. Goodman smiled and then he turned his back and walked back to the palace through the part in the garden where they had come. There were tall trees and a garden and even a small lake that separated the house from the palace which kind of gave the house a little privacy. There was a small white fence around the house as well, and the next house to her was about a couple of minutes' walk away so she was really content.

She walked to the front porch and stepped on it, as she adjusted the strap of her bag. She didn't need to drag her luggage anymore seeing as Goodman had had someone take care of it.

She bent down to retrieve the key and unlocked the door as she entered the key to the lock. She was right, the inside of the house was really beautiful and elegant.

She locked the door behind her after she closed it and walked down the hall. The kitchen was a bit small, almost like the one she had back home, but this had all she could think of that a kitchen needed. It had a fridge, a cooker, a microwave, an oven, a juicer, a coffee maker, and a toast machine.

She walked to the living room and she just gasped. The place was a bit big but cozy. It had two loveseats and two couches and a table on one side against the wall with two chairs placed against it. She could read there or do a video call there with her family and friends. The window was a bit lower than usual but it made ventilation possible and the blinds were handwoven pink and blue material that looked as if it belonged in a palace. Well, technically, she was in a palace.

The room was upstairs with a bathroom and a bathtub. There was a small room at the back of the house that was locked though, but Royal didn't bother looking for the key. She was sure that if they wanted her going in there, it would have been unlocked.

The house might truly be her for the next two years, but she guessed that it was their way of telling her that she was still a visitor here no matter what. She sighed. The bed in the room was very soft and the sheets were even skin sensitive. They felt like water, not damp, but fresh against her skin and she loved it. The bathroom was small as well, but it was really nice. The cabinet in the bathroom and the sink area were filled up with cosmetics she had never seen before, soaps, lotions, oils, and creams, and shampoos too.

They had thought of everything. The brush holder had a new brush in it, with a new tube of toothpaste as well. She smiled as she looked in the mirror above the sink. This was truly amazing.

After she was done looking around the house, she went back into the room and realized that she had missed a door, and when she opened it, she saw that it was a walk-in closet but with no clothes or shoes. It was empty, but they were waiting for her to fill them with clothes. She was going to unpack later and get the clothes and her shoes there.

Dylan was really good at packing plenty of things to fit into a small box, and even this was a big box so she had everything she needed there, including the new things he bought and refused to show her.

She smiled and shook her head at the silly look on his face when he brought them over and refused to let her see them. Dylan was a really good but silly person. Thinking of Dylan, she was supposed to have called him as she had promised but it had completely slipped her mind.

She grabbed her bag and got out her phone and then she dialed his number. When it began to ring, she put it to her ear and listened. Dylan picked on the third ring, and he said. "Hey, baby doll. I was starting to get worried and beginning to think that your plane to that nowhere might have been hijacked."

Royal laughed and said. "No, Dylan. None of that happened so be rest assured that I've gotten there safely and I'm currently on the palace property." She said.

"You mean the palace, right?" Dylan asked and she said no.

"I meant the palace property. They gave me my own house a little north to the palace and that would be where I would stay for those two years." She said. "The King decided I might need the privacy that would come with it." She added.

"Wow! That's so impressive." Dylan said. "That king sounded like a very wise man and I think that he is something that I might like."

Royal grunted. "Yes, right. I can see that you would think so. Anyway, we'll talk extensively later. Now I have to rest a little bit before I have to go for dinner. I was told I had to dress up so I would also want to pick out an outfit." She said.

"Wow! You're really settling into your palace life now you know. You sound just like a Royal princess." He said, teasing her with her name.

Dylan chuckled and then he said. "Okay then. I'll leave you to it. Make sure that you have fun and get enough rest. I'll talk to you later, my dear. Have a lovely nice."

"Thank you for this, Dylan. I love you for coming into my life and being the friend that I could never have wished for." She said, and she meant it. Dylan was everything she wished for in a man. Too bad they didn't have the hot for each other. Knowing that she could never be the type of woman he was usually interested in, made that place a forgotten place. All they ever saw each other as was just two great friends that loved each other.

Dylan's type was usually women with slim figures and a petite frame. Royal wasn't petite and neither was she slim. She was a five-foot, nine inches tall woman, who had average c-cup breasts but with a very ample butt. She had an almost perfect figure eight shape but with a smaller breasts. Her waist was small no doubt, and even her hips out, but her breast wasn't that big for a perfect eight shape.

She heard Dylan laugh and she said. "You're supposed to say thank you too and tell me why you think I'm a great friend, you idiot." And that made his laugh increase. "I'm going to pay you back for that, just so you know."

"Let me tell you what's even a better payback." He said. "I think of you let me see those single women in that country and introduce us during a call."

Royal rolled her eyes at that. "Yeah, right! Nice try, you hear me?" she asked him. "Nice try. As if I would ever do that. Besides, you're not single so why should I let you meet anyone here? You have Blair remember?" she said.

Dylan snorted and said. "I was joking. Anyway, I love you too, you know that, and I'm glad you're in my life as well. Now let's end the call so that I can go to Blair." He said teasing.

Royal smiled. She could almost see his smug expression while he was saying that. "Are you kidding me?" She asked her. "So she is in your house and you have the time to talk to me?" she shook her head even though he couldn't see it. "That's bold of you. And just so you know, don't call me when shit hit the fan and she wants to have your balls for dinner tomorrow night, you hear me?" she said.

"No worries. I won't, and she definitely won't as well. Bye baby dolls. We'll talk tomorrow morning, I suppose?" he asked.

"Yes. We sure will."

After that, they ended the call and Royal sighed. She stood up from the bed and walked to the closet to get her shoes off. She was starting to get sore there and if what Goodman said about dressing up for dinner stands, then she was going to have to wear another pair of heels again tonight, so she better get her legs soaked in hot water to get them ready for another heel wearing ceremony. It could help a whole lot. That remedy had been taught to her by her mother. All she had to do was soak in her legs in a not too hot water for about ten minutes, and then she rub her feet with any oil she could lay her hands on a couple of hours before she was supposed to wear the foot numbing thing.

She started to unpack her bag and arrange the clothes on one of the shelves. She was going to need a lot more clothes if she had any intentions of filling up the space in the closet. She saw that the new clothes in her luggage that Dylan bought ranged from sexy to sophisticated, to official wears, to dinner outfits, to laid-back down dresses. Her own clothes that were they were either clothes she had really worn or the new ones she bought herself. All her old clothes were gone.

She should have known that something like this could happen when he had offered to help her pack her bag and refuse to show her what he had gotten her. She had actually thought that it was because of his ability to pack things well was why he had offered.

Well, seeing as they were nice clothes, she made a mental note to thank him for them when next she called him, or when he called her, either way, she was going to thank him for them. He must have spent a fortune seeing as most of the clothes were designer clothes. He did this on purpose, seeing as she never allowed him to spend money for her or do anything for her. She had always made sure they were both payers in their relationship. If they go out to dinner, it was either she paid and he paid the next time, or they split the bill. She did that for when they grocery shop together as well. She had only allowed him this because she was moving away for two good years.

The suits were mostly two pieces, but two of them were three pieces suits. She wondered what he was thinking she would be doing with a cloth like that when he bought them. It wasn't as if she was coming here to tutor the local university or college.

A thought occurred to her. What if there was an opening and she could actually work there on the days she was free for? She knew she was going to have to ask the king if that was okay. Then she was going to need a car that would take her back and forth without having to wait for the palace drivers or whatever they were called to take him around.

She continued to put the clothes on the shelf until she was done with that and started with the shoes. Thank God her best friend had a degree in packing plenty of things in a small space, but this bag was also very big and it contained a number of clothes she wouldn't believe could contain the place on a normal day.

She was done with the heels and sandals in a matter of minutes so she walked out of the place. She had already sighted the cloth to wear to dinner as she was out to have a good first impression on them. She peeled off her clothes and walked to the bathroom.

Blowing out a long breath, she filled the bath with water and added the liquid bath soap that was on the counter above the sink to it. The soap smelled of honey and something else she couldn't point her fingers on, but it was a good scent. She stepped into the tub and settled there as comfortably as a tub can accommodate and then she closed her eyes.

Soaking for about twenty minutes did a great job to straighten out her bones and help her relax. She rose out of the water, drained it, and showered, washing her hair as well, then when she was done, she wrapped a white towel she found around her body and walked back to the room.

After she dried her hair and body, she decided to sleep until dinner time. She needed that to complete her relaxation process anyway. Sighing, she got into bed after removing the wet towel and slept naked under the covers.