

Royal Contract 97

Chapter 97 - A Lacy Bra With A Matching Thong

She quickly took a shower in her bathroom. Although she found the bathtub quite inviting with her sore muscles, she knew she wanted to jog even more.

When she finished, she went for the towel on the rack. Then, she searched the closet for a fresh set of clothes. But she was surprised to find that her clothes were gone. The entire cabinet was empty. She searched the room and found that her things were not where she placed them yesterday.

"Where are my clothes?" She said in disbelief. It felt like that nothing good would ever happen to her today.

She found herself with another dilemma, with no clothes, nothing to wear. She looked at the soiled clothes on the floor, then scrunched her nose. She could not wear those. She looked again around the room but could not find anything that she could use unless she wanted to use the cover of the bed or the curtains.

She was stuck with the towel wrapped around her body. She decided to call Jacky to ask for help but then realized that she forgot her phone back at the other house. She could not help but face palmed herself for her stupidity.

She contemplated if she should run in her towel in the hallway to Jacky's room. She could borrow some clothes from her. But then, she would be risking being seen by the other guests in her state of undress.

"What else can I do?" She felt hopeless as she sat at the edge of her bed.

Then, a knock on her door was a welcome relief. She was hoping that Jacky came back before she went off on her date with whoever she was going out with today. She suddenly felt guilty again. She did not even get the name of Jacky's date.

She slightly opened the door to make sure that it was Jacky. If not, she was not about to expose herself to whoever it was. Unluckily, the last person she wanted to see was standing outside her door.

"What are you doing here?" She questioned him, keeping the door still slightly ajar while she hid her body behind it.

"I came bearing gifts." He pointed to a bag in his hand. "Aren't you going to invite me inside?" He teased her, seeing from the reflection on the mirror inside that she was only in her towel.

It would seem that she was not aware of that. Alex thought, not that he was trying to peek. But he had eyes, and he accidentally saw her reflection. That was his excuse.

"How did you know that I was here?" She asked him. Then, she realized that it was a stupid question. "Of course, you would know I am here. But what is that?" She pointed to the bag.

"Clothes." He casually said as he extended his hand on the door, but the slit was too small for the bag to pass through. "Do you want me to take it back?" He asked as he tried to retract his hand away from the door.

"No." She immediately replied as she opened the door wider for the bag to fit in. "Just put it right there." She pointed to the floor just inside the door. She still kept hiding behind the door.

"Sure." He dropped the bag on the floor. "But if you don't want me to see your bottom, you should try to move the mirror." He pointed to the mirror on the other side of the wall.

She immediately turned around and saw what he was pointing to, a mirror behind her. "Pervert." She shouted before closing the door on him.

She was embarrassed. First, Alex saw her last night in just her underwear, which barely covered anything since she had no nightgown or nightdress in the other house last night. She could not sleep in her gown, so she decided to sleep in her underwear.

Now, her towel was barely covering her ass. When she looked at the mirror, she did see the globes of her behind. It was peeking under the short towel, especially when she leaned on the door.

She immediately took the clothes out of the bag and was surprised to see that they were her clothes. She had to change before she found herself in a more compromising position.

She quickly fixed herself until she was presentable before opening the door. She knew that Alex was still standing outside her door, hearing him whistling as he waited for her.

"What do you want? And why do you have my clothes?" She had been wondering about it.

"I am here to inform you that our parents are expecting us to join them for breakfast in ten minutes." He looked at his watch. "Make that eight."

"Then, to also tell you that I had asked the maids to pack your things last night and had them brought to the other house." He continued without waiting for her to reply.

"But..." She was about to tell him that he should have informed her.

"But you were still sleeping early this morning, so I had it placed first in the living room. Then, you were in a hurry this morning to leave that you did not notice it." Alex explained, interrupting her in the process.

"Then, you should have left a note on my door if you did not want to disturb me." She suggested. That would have saved her from the things she had gone through by coming back to her room.

"I'm sorry. That did not occur to me. I thought I would be seeing you this morning. But when I went to your room, you were already gone. I tried to come after you, but you already had a head start." He stated with a glimmer of amusement in his voice and his expression.

"Did you mean to say that you saw me when I was running back here?" She suddenly felt like she wanted to hide back in her room. She thought that she got away from that humiliating experience without anyone seeing her. But his face indicated that she was not that lucky.

"I was trying to come after you. So, I slightly saw the incident. But don't worry, your secret is safe with me." He assured her, but he could not help the slight smile from showing on his lips as he remembered how she dropped on the mud.

"Oh! I hate you. You did not even bother to help me." She was fuming at him.

"I would, but you were very fast. I could not catch up. Instead, I decided to go back to the house and get you some clothes." He explained. "I believe that you need your clothes more than me helping you out there." Besides, he was sure that she would not welcome his presence earlier. In truth, he believed that his standing in front of her right now was not welcome either.

"You meant to say to me that you are the one who went through my things." She could not believe what was happening.

"Of course. I was the only one in the house. I could not ask for another helper to get a few pieces of clothes from your luggage." He reasoned as if that was ridiculous.

"Oh my!" She suddenly wanted the floor to swallow her from the humiliation she was experiencing. She suddenly remembered what she was wearing now. Underneath her clothes were a lacy bra with a matching thong.