

The CEO Alpha King Chapter 5

Chapter 5 In the king's castle.

THE CEO ALPHA KING

Writer's P O V

The kitchen Isaac led her into was bigger than her whole apartment put together. With machines, and utensils around that she could barely recognize, it was all overwhelming.

She hadn't even realized she was way behind Isaac admiring everything around her until she heard his voice from ahead of her.

"Come on now, go on to the dinning." He was saying to four ladies and two guys who wore matching uniforms and appeared like maids or kitchen assistants.

She noticed that the ladies had their eyes fixed on her as she was new in the kitchen. She suddenly started to feel out of place.

But none of them made her feel uncomfortable as the one with red hair whose dark eyes glared silently at Serena.

"Is she the slave coming? Our master's new slave I mean." The red haired girl asked, leaving the line to walk towards Serena who gasped in shock as being addressed as a slave so openly.

"Yup, guess she's the one but that doesn't matter now. Granny Felicia asked for her to be treated specially, and first you'll have to make one of your delicious meals for her." Isaac replied the red haired girl who now stood a few centimeters away from Serena as she watched her for a few more seconds before turning back to Isaac.

And as she smashed her lips to Isaac's, Serena gasped in shock, looking away quickly as the kiss deepened. A huge blush stained her cheeks immediately.

"Come on Isaac, you should at least show the new girl some respect." One of the two guys said while walking to the couples and gently pushing them apart from each other.

"I'm sorry darling, but you'll have to sit at the dinning while Betty here makes you something to eat." Isaac said to Serena, smirking at Betty who was eyeing him like a piece of steak.

She went to the dinning and the other girls and the last guy who couldn't stop staring at her joined her. She almost coughed at the awkwardness around them.

Not that they were admiring her. Serena wasn't dumb, she recognized the look they were giving her. It wasn't different from everyone else.

"Jack, let's go." One of the girls called the guy standing up and waking out of the kitchen, the others following closely behind her.

Leaving her alone, she sighed looking back at Isaac and Betty who had started another make out session. She groaned angrily.

Perfect. Not only was she hungry, they'll make out all over her food.

After enduring forty minutes of make out session one, cook, make out session two, cook and so on. Betty finally placed a tray of food in front of her before walking out.

"Come on love, eat it." Issac encouraged walking to Serena with a glass of water that he dropped right beside her plate.

She finally nodded, digging into the bowl of pasta, and in a few minutes had an empty plate in front of her

She wondered how Betty could make out and cook something so delicious.

"I know that look. Her cooking is perfect, isn't it?" Issac asked taking away her plate to the sink.

"You can talk to me. If you keep being mute, I can assure you that I'll be the only friend you'll have around here. And considering the fact that you are a slave you won't be getting out of the castle opposite her.

"Yes." She finally said. "Thanks."

"Now, that does the trick love. Come on, let me show you around the servants quarter first." she didn't take it.

However she followed him out and the next three hours they looked round the mansion, well mainly of the servant quarters.

"Tomorrow, I think I'll take you on a tour inside the castle. That's of course if the King permits it." Isaac spoke as they returned back to the kitchen.

Finally seeing an opening, Serena asked.

"Where is the king? I haven't seen him." She mumbled so quietly and felt stupid after. It probably didn't make sense asking for the man who king soon enough. You might be dreaming of spending time with him. Every lady in LA dreams about that too but darling he is cruel." Issac started.

"He hates being around ladies too. No one knows the reason why so you have to be very careful with him."

"It's not that." Serena said quickly, almost blushing to the tip of her ears.

"Then what is it? Don't tell me you are eager to serve him. The last female slave he had hanged herself when she everlasting punishment he was gonna give to her so she took it upon herself to die peacefully."

Serena froze. "I...how..." She started to say, but couldn't find herself making meaningful

sentences.

“Love, let’s just go.”

Isaac took Serena back to her room before leaving to report to granny Felicia. And as she busied herself with unpacking her clothes to her closet and Isaac words ringed in her mind, she couldn’t help but think she really wanted to stay here.

Night came and Isaac came to pick It’s also time to meet everyone. Including the King.” Her heart skipped a bit at the mention of his name and she grew nervous.

Isaac noticed. “Yeah, I understand your fear but I’d like you to put your fear aside. At least tonight he won’t ask you for anything, probably you’ll start working as his slave from tomorrow. Now that is when you are allowed to get scared.” He said and it did nothing to soothe Serena who’s knees grew weak.

Stepping back to the servants. There were about eight females and twenty-five males. She figured it was because he didn’t like females.

Her heart grew uneasy before she spotted grandma Felicia at the head of the table.

”Betty, have you served the king his dinner?” Serena heard ask, before her gaze found Serena and she smiled.

“Yes ma’am.” Betty replied from beside Serena, a hint of pride in her voice.

“Come here, child. Come have a seat.” Grandma Felicia called, patting the empty seat closest to her and Serena blushed from the attention.

As she sat down, she couldn’t help but feel like she was being treated specially. But today was only her first day, of course it was a tradition to treat people nicely the first time.

“So, here today with us is a new face. Introduce yourself, child.”

Serena swallowed nervously, keeping her eyes on the table to avoid the curious looks everyone sent her way.

“I- uh. My name is Serena.” She answered shyly.

“And you are the King’s new slave. What did you do to offend the king?” Betty asked first, folding her arms across her chest.

It offended Serena to be asked that, but as she opened her mouth to respond, grandma Felicia beat her to it.

“Betty, you should learn how to be accommodating. Please you shouldn’t behave that way to her.” The older woman interjected.

“As time goes by, we’ll get to know Serena and Serena will also get to know you all well.”

“That’s if she is going to last here. With the way her heart jumps at any little thing, I fear for her life.” A buff looking blonde guy spoke from the back. His eyes watching her in a silent pity.

“Charles, you don’t have to be so rude. Ignore them, child, please let’s eat.” Grandma Felicia once again scolded and they went about dinner.

Midway through the meal with talks and discussion flying around, Charles stood up abruptly and whispered something in the older woman’s ears before leaving and arriving almost immediately.

“Um..Serena or what is your name? The king sends for you.” The whole room became silent and you could hear a pin drop. And Serena’s heart skipped a bit, she glanced at

Grandma Felicia to see if she would say something to save her.

“Go on. Don’t ever keep the King waiting, be careful around him too.” The older woman said, earning a few nods from everyone else.

Serena knew she was alone in this, with shaky legs, she started to get up only to be interrupted by Isaac who had been quiet the whole meal.

“Oh, I guess I should take you there.” He stood up and came to stand by her side.

“No...I’ll bring her, Issac. Continue with your meal,” Charles disagreed, starting to walk out of the dining.

She wished it was Isaac with her, she was already getting comfortable around him. She badly wanted him to argue and insist but he only smiled sadly, taking his seat once more.

Sighing deeply, she followed Charles out of the servant quarters and to the other side of the building.

As they arrived at a main entrance, she found two Beta’s guarding it.

The familiar scent of power and danger hit her hard, and she knew the Alpha was behind those doors. Her heart picked up a beat.

The Betas let them through as they walked inside the building, and into a large dining room where they found Adam and two other male servants. And beside him was the Alpha.

“Your Highness, she is here. I’ll take my leave.” Charles bowed, leaving immediately.

She felt the temperature drop, her knees becoming weak, palm sweaty. His aura was stronger in his home than at the office. Everything in her screamed in terror of what to do next, her inside threatened to open up, her knees grew weak and it wasn’t until her knees hit the floor hard did she realize she had fallen in submission to the King.

“Go make me coffee.” He groaned his back was to her so Serena couldn’t see his face. His words shook her very core and she rose up as quickly as she had fallen.

“Yes, your Highness.”

“I’ll take you to the kitchen.” Adam stood, escorting her out of the room to a kitchen opposite the dining. It wasn’t as big as the one in the servant quarters but it was big enough.

With shaky fingers, she started making his coffee just the exact way she knew he liked it. And just after she finished, she held it carefully in her hand before heading back to the dining to serve the Alpha.

“You might want to calm down before you pass out from fear.” Adam chuckled, trying to lighten the mood, but it did nothing to ease Serena’s tension building around her shoulders.

They got back to the dining and she dropped the cup gently on the table before backing away as quickly as possible.

It was another five minutes before he turned to them, his gaze fixed in the coffee as he took it to his lips. A frown came upon his lips and Serena’s heart skipped a bit.

“Did you poison it?” He asked suddenly, and Serena blushed, waving her hand in front of her.

“No! No!” She spoke quickly and nervously.

Poisoning the Alpha would be the last thing in her mind. Besides, rumour has it that he couldn’t be killed.

“Hmm, I perceive a different fragrance from the last time. An added ingredient?” He asked, and she could feel anger rolling off him in huge waves as she took a step backwards.

“Yes, I..I..added a very rare ingredient I saw in the kitchen, your Highness. It’s just to make the coffee perfect.” Serena replied honestly, her knees feeling like it would go out any moment from now.

“Come closer then.” He ordered.

T B C