

## Chapter 25 Twenty-five

I know you want more, but I promise I'll give you anything you want once I'm over with this case, "he said," like he had been reading my mind. I didn't know what to respond with, so I ended up caressing his face and running my fingers through his hair, and when I realised he preferred that, I didn't stop.

"I'm sorry you're being stressed. Is there a way I can help?" I asked while his eyes were closed and his head rested on my lap.

I would have actually loved to help him out with something and probably be able to go to work with him because I hated to be alone without him for just an hour. I'd be happiest if I could work with him and actually help him solve something.

"Don't worry about it, someone recognises the culprit and will fish them out tomorrow at our wedding." He answered and I was going to reply with an "oh" before it dawned on me that he had just mentioned our wedding being tomorrow.

"Our wedding?" I suddenly asked in shock as my mouth was wide open in shock.

"Yes?" he answered in a questioning manner, and I hoped I hadn't come out wrong. I liked the fact that he was getting married to me, but I didn't expect it to be this soon and was scared that he was rushing things irrationally.

"Nothing, that's great, but I didn't think it'd be so soon. I have nothing to wear, "I managed to say, after clearing my throat, though that wasn't a good excuse.

"Don't worry about that; it'll be provided. I'm the king. " He answered. It was obvious he would provide, but I didn't know how to express my current feelings.

I was going to say something else about the wedding but instead kept quiet until I suddenly remembered the incident I happened to witness earlier on.

I wondered what could have caused the fight with his beta, whom I thought he loved, but I guess I was wrong.

I had happened to be standing beside the window earlier when I spotted the king and his beta having a conversation. I was smiling at how they were close to each other, but my smile quickly fell the moment the king threw a fist at the Beta before leaving the field. I was curious to know what could have caused the fight, but I couldn't ask the king, not at this moment, as he was really tired and stressed, so I kept quiet.

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I woke up to the sound of different people rushing through the corridors, and the palace seemed to be really busy until I remembered that it was my wedding day with the king, but as I turned to look at him on the bed, he wasn't there.

"He should have other things to attend to," I said to myself as I got up from the bed and entered the shower.

I was nervous about this, but it was happening already and there was no going back from here. This was what I wanted, after all, so I shouldn't feel bad.

For some reason, I had a mixed feeling about today, like something bad was going to happen, but I decided to shove it aside. Perhaps I was just paranoid about the whole thing.

After bathing, I got out of the shower and saw a white dress on the bed. It appeared to be made of silk and looked lovely from a distance.

As I got closer to the dress, I saw a handwritten letter next to it.

I slightly chuckled. "I told you not to worry about the dress, I'm the king." It read. I didn't know why I was feeling uneasy about today when I literally know that he was going to be nice to me.

We've passed the stage where he was brutal to me due to some misunderstandings, but everything is different now.

I picked up the silky white dress from the bed and admired every cut and design. I remembered as a kid, I wore my mother's wedding dress and wished I would get mine someday.

I immediately put on the dress and styled my hair in a simple but elegant style. I didn't want to do too much, but at the same time, I needed him to gawk at me.

After some hours of dressing up, I heard a knock on the door before it opened, and I met with the King, who stood frozen by the door while staring at me.

I knew he liked what he was seeing, but his silence was making me feel uneasy.

"You don't like it?" I nervously asked.

"No, I love it," he answered with a smile before giving me his arm and I tucked mine into his.

Apparently, he was already dressed and was looking like one of the fairytale princes, but then he was more than a prince and way better than the old books I've read.

We strolled down the staircase, and the trumpets blew as we walked down the stairs, all eyes fixed on us.

I've never been shy in my pack, but here I was with my cheeks burning and turning red as the whole crowd stared at me and watched me with the king.

I could sense the king noticed that I was shy as he slightly parted my arm and it somehow made me feel relaxed to the point where I was able to smile back at the crowd.

They all had a smile on their faces. Well, all but Emelia, who held a tight frown on her face as I walked down the staircase with the king. The more steps I took, the more her fists tightened into a ball.

"She's the one! She killed my daughter, she killed the girls, she's the murderer! " A woman in black cried in tears as she pointed towards me, and my smile suddenly fell.

What's going on?

