

Chapter 290

Queen Anayah's P.O.V.

Rushing up the stairs I hear Alaric in my head "Dear, get the bracelet from the safe, when you get your jewels out. I want to give it her myself." I acknowledge his request and smile as I remember the first time I saw the bracelet.

One of the maids is already waiting for us in the doorway and she looks surprised at Taliyah. I know I can trust her with anything so as soon as the door is closed, I introduce Taliyah as Princess Izabella's Daughter.

Layna's jaw drops and I can see the tears form in her eyes as she looks at Maleah, who is shaking her head. "You look just like your Mother. She was a handful, but she would go through fire to protect those she cared about.

I used to be your Mother's maid and it would be a privilege and an honor to serve you from this day forward." She says to Taliyah with her head bowed.

Taliyah steps forward and grabs her hand "Thank you. I would really appreciate that, on one condition." Layna's head snaps up and she looks at Taliyah's face.

"Don't bow your head to me in private, please. And in private you will address me as Taliyah. Oh, just one more thing, it will be easier if I also know your name." Layna looks at Taliyah dumbfounded, but nods her head.

She tells Taliyah her name is Layna and that she will try to remember her request. Maleah has called out her other maids and with them come the dresses she picked out for Taliyah.

"Taliyah, I picked out these dresses for you. You can try on anyone you want, you decide what to wear. We will only give you our advice, nothing more." Maleah says and I see Taliyah smile at her.

She walks to the rack with dresses, I have already seen them and I have a feeling that I know which dress she will pick.

It is an emerald green, backless dress with long sleeves, a sweetheart neckline and halfway her thighs it will flair out. She has pulled a few dresses from the rack and put them back after she had looked at both sides of the dress.

I deliberately put the dress at the back of the rack, knowing she would have to go through all the options before she would find it.

No one says a word as she pulls out and puts back dress after dress, I can see disappointment on her face the further she gets to the end of the rack and I stifle a laugh as I look at her.

Taliyah's P.O.V.

Seeing the rack with dresses, I get excited to see them up close and I can't wait to try a few of them on. The first one I grab is a black dress, but the second I turn it around I know it is not a dress I want to wear.

Dress after dress goes back on the rack, some within a second and others after I have looked at the back of it. There are many different colors, forms and fabrics and I start to feel disappointed as none of them look right to me.

I want to wear a dress that will make my Mates drool, a dress that will make them hate protocol as much as I do. A dress that will make me feel sexy and feminine at the same time.

The dresses I had to wear back home did nothing for my figure and even the clothes I wear now are a little formless.

I am about to give up hope when I pull the fore last dress of the rack and see the dress behind it. I drop the dress I am holding to grab it of the rack, it is my favorite color and I love the way it looks.

"I want to try this one." I say as I turn to my Grandmother. Anayah has a huge smile on her face, even though Grandmother just slapped her arm.

"Sorry, Sweetheart. I put it at the back of the rack, knowing you would pick it the second you saw it." Anayah says apologetic. I smile at her, surprised she figured out what I would prefer.

Grandmother gestures to a door on my right and Layna is already holding it open for me. She helps me get in to the dress and as I turn to the mirror I watch my own reflection.

"You look gorgeous and your Mates will need a bib." She says and we both giggle. I walk in to the living-room of my Grandparents' Quarters and Anayah and my Grandmother both stare at me.

I grab the tissue-box from the table and hold it in front of them, sending the maids in to a fit of laughter. They both look at me dumbfounded and I say it is to wipe the drool of their face.

"Taliyah, maybe we should get all of them a bib." Layna says hiccupping from laughter and Grandmother starts to snort at her words.

Anayah looks at me and tells me that I am the spitting image of my Mother. Grandmother has tears in her eyes and as I sit down next to her, I pull her in to my arms.

I don't want my Grandfather to worry, so without thinking about it I link him and let him know that Grandmother is fine. I end the link immediately and concentrate on Grandmother.

Anayah turns to the door and I see a confused look on her face, so I ask her if something is wrong. "I had expected Grandfather to burst through those doors by now. Did you tell him not to, Grandmother?" She asks and as Grandmother shakes her head I realize what I just did.

"Grandmother didn't. I did." I whisper and I hear the maids gasp. I look at Anayah and she tells me that I am a true Royal in every sense of the way. I remember my use of the Royal authority and I ask Grandmother if it is all connected.