

BOUND TO THE ALPHA KING NOVEL

chapter 2

The Weight of Two Worlds

"Aria! Open your eyes, dear."

The voice I heard was soft, distant and barely above a whisper.

Aria? Who is that?

"Oh my god!"

God? Am I... in heaven?

Could it be real? Is this where I've ended up?

"Aria!"

A sharp throb pulsed through my head and my chest felt like it was being crushed under an unbearable weight.

"My dear, please look at your father..."

Father? My father?

Where... where is he?

Something was tapping my cheek. I frowned and tried to ignore it, but it just kept happening.

"Mmm..."

My head hurt. Like, really hurt. Every little tap somehow made it worse and I wanted whoever it was to stop.

I slowly opened my eyes which was a big mistake because the light was so bright I immediately squeezed them shut again with a groan.

Seriously... what the hell?

I waited a few seconds before trying again, this time only opening them a tiny bit. Everything looked blurry but I could make out two people standing over me. I blinked a couple of times until they finally came into focus.

Huh? They were... really pretty. Like, otherworldly pretty.

Their clothes looked weird too. Not weird in a bad way, just... fancy? Almost like they belonged in one of those fantasy movies or something.

Was I dreaming?

I wanted to ask them where I was but the words wouldn't come out of my mouth. My throat felt awful and I suddenly realized I couldn't even lift my head.

Why did my body feel so heavy?

My eyes started closing again.

No, no, no...

I tried to stay awake, but it was impossible.

A second later, everything went black.

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"Princess! You're awake!"

I winced, gripping my head as the loud voice pierced through the throbbing head.

"Aria? Are you awake, dear? Please, open your eyes and look at your mother."

Mother? I don't have a mother...

"We can call off the wedding if it troubles you so much. Just... please, don't hurt yourself again."

Wedding? What the hell is going on?

I forced my eyes open and through my blurred vision, I saw a woman sobbing. She was dressed in a very traditional gown, like something out of an old movie.

Who is she?

"Are you alright, honey?"

"Y-Yeah..." I croaked, my voice raspy. Damn, my throat feels like sandpaper.

"Here, Princess. Drink this," a girl said, appearing beside me with a glass of water.

Princess? What the hell? Am I dead? Is this heaven?

"Where's God?" I asked, glancing up at the ceiling.

"W-What?" The girl looked at me, confused. "I think the Princess is still shaken up from... everything."

I frowned. "So, is he real or not?"

"Oh dear," the woman sighed with a worried look on her face. "You should rest a little longer, darling. You haven't fully recovered." She paused, her voice softening. "I'll speak to your father about the wedding. We can call it off if that's what you desire."

"Wedding? To whom?"

The woman stopped, raising an eyebrow before her face darkened with concern. "To the Lycan King, of course," she said, her brows furrowing.

To the what king now??

"I think the fall has affected your memory a bit. You need to rest," she said softly, leaning down to press a kiss on my forehead before walking out of the room. "We'll leave you alone for now."

What the hell is going on?

Who are these people and who the hell is the Lycan King?

"Hey! You!" I called out to the girl as she was heading for the door.

She spun around quickly, rushing back to my side. "Yes, Princess," she said, bowing slightly. "Do you need anything?"

"Uh... yeah," I hesitated. "Who exactly is this Lycan King?"

"He is the king of shifters, Princess. You were promised to him," she explained.

"I was what?"

"You were going to be mated to him."

Mated? What kind of nonsense is this?

"When?"

"In ten days."

Wow...

Is this a dream? None of this makes any sense. I was about to get married...

To a king?

"What's his name?"

"Cyrus Stormrune."

Huh? What kind of stupid name is that?

"Oh... Is he, um... what's he like?"

The girl hesitated for a moment, glancing around as if searching for the right words.

"You hated him, Princess. They say he's ruthless, with a heart colder than ice and harder than stone. He's a monster." The girl said, looking at the floor with a mixture of nervousness and sympathy.

A monster?

"Oh wow... I think I'm screwed."

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I paced back and forth in the large room, taking in the old-fashioned decor filled with intricate designs and elegant details. Every corner seemed like it belonged in a museum.

I was trying to wrap my head around the situation and struggling to make sense of it all.

I'm sure I didn't die.

I could still feel the pain when I pinched myself. I even gave my arm a bite for a good measure. You can't feel pain if you're dead...right? That would make no sense.

I glanced down at my hands. They were milky white like I haven't had a bit of sunlight in my entire life. Why do I look so ghastly? Did I really become a ghost? Am I the princess of ghosts?

I definitely wasn't this pale before.

I remembered my color...golden skin with a bit of tan. I had no idea how I ended up so pale.

Maybe I became a vampire?

Is that why I'm still alive?

I slowly felt around my mouth, checking for fangs.

No fangs.

I scanned the room, desperate for something that would help me understand this bizarre situation. I need to find a mirror.

There's no mirrors?? I'm definitely a vampire—oh there!

On a table, I spotted a small mirror with a handle. I dashed over with my heart racing and picked it up to catch a glimpse of myself.

As soon as I looked, I almost screamed and nearly dropped the mirror.

That face staring back at me wasn't mine!

What the fuck?!

Who the hell is she?!

Am I hallucinating?

I picked up the mirror again, forcing myself to look at my reflection.

An unfamiliar girl stared back at me, her fair skin glowing with a soft pink hue on her cheeks. Her big, bright green eyes sparkled in the reflection and her silky bright red hair framed her face beautifully.

Is she the princess? Is she the one they're calling Aria? Did I somehow transfer into her body? But if that's true, then where did she go?

A knock at the door jolted me out of my thoughts.

"Dear... Can I come in?" A man's voice called from outside.

"Y-Yes..." I squeaked, my instincts screaming that it wasn't wise to let him in but refusing him didn't seem like a good option either.

I didn't know anything about this place. I felt so lost.

The door creaked open slowly, revealing a man who appeared to be around the same age as the woman from before. He looked worn out, defeated, as if he had been carrying the weight of the world on his shoulders.

He approached me gently, helping me sit on the edge of the bed before kneeling in front of me. He took my hands in his and I noticed how rough and large they were but they felt warm.

It was a kind of warmth I had never experienced before, enveloping me in a sense of comfort I desperately needed.

He looked up at me, his eyes filled with regret. "I don't know how to apologize... I should have listened to you. I had no idea you hated it so much that you would try to take your own life. Please, forgive your father for failing to understand you..."

Father? So he's Aria's father?

"Our kingdom is in grave danger," he continued, his voice heavy with concern. "There are many plotting against us. I didn't tell you before because... I didn't want to burden you with worry. But if we don't find a stronger ally soon, we'll lose the war..." He fell silent for a moment. "King Cyrus offered to help us... but in return, he wanted you. I didn't agree at first, but it was for the sake of our kingdom. Our people's lives are in danger and as their king, I had no other choice..."

He's the king?

This man, the king, is kneeling before me and apologizing?

Just how much does he love his daughter?

"I will refuse him... I know I might face a lot of criticism for it, but your life is more important to me. I won't force you into anything you don't want to do," he said, managing a smile even though we both could tell it was forced. He looked worried sick....

I was left speechless.

Aria was a lucky girl.

She had a family willing to sacrifice everything for her, a father who prioritized her happiness over the kingdom's needs.

Now I don't know what to do.

The man stood up, towering over me with his impressive height. He leaned down and pressed a gentle kiss on my forehead and gave me a warm smile. "Take a little more rest. Your hands are still cold."

I nodded absentmindedly, watching as he walked away, his figure fading from view.

As he left, a heavy guilt began to settle in my mind, twisting my stomach into knots. This man, along with the entire kingdom, were going to suffer because Aria wasn't going to marry the lycan king.

What kind of twisted fate is this? I don't even know where in the world I am! How can I possibly make a decision in this situation?

This is Aria's life and I just stumbled into it by accident. How do I go back? Can I even go back?

I chewed on my lips nervously. I felt overwhelmed by the whole thing. I couldn't wrap my head around it properly.

What is going to happen now? Does the decision fall on me? What kind of sick joke is this? I can't make a decision for another person....but he said their kingdom is in danger....

If I choose to marry the lycan king, the kingdom would be saved, but Aria's life would be ruined....But if I refuse him, I'll have to watch the kingdom crumble around me.

This is impossible. What the hell is happening? Why am I trapped in this hellhole of problems even after I die?

God really must be having fun playing multiverse of madness with my life. Who does he think I am? Doctor strange?

I hate this so much.