

BOUND TO THE ALPHA KING NOVEL

Chapter 4

Cyrus Stormrune

“Princess, your bath has been prepared,” Meryl said as she walked towards me.

She soon started untying my dress quickly and carefully, before leading me to the bathroom. As soon as I stepped inside, I froze. There were so many maids in there. All of them were staring at me like I was some rare animal on display.

I shifted uncomfortably. It was unbearably awkward. Seriously, did I really need an audience for this?

Forcing a smile, I tried to wave them off. “You may all leave now,” I said, keeping my tone calm. “I’m going to take a bath.”

I watched as the maids exchanged glances before breaking into giggles. One of them stepped forward with an amused smile.

“Princess, we’re here to help you bathe,” she said, as if it was the most normal thing in the world.

My cheeks burned instantly. “Oh no, that’s not necessary—”

“Don’t worry, Princess,” she interrupted gently. “It’s our duty to make sure you’re beautiful for today’s event.”

“Oh... umm... Thank you,” I mumbled, forcing an awkward smile as I tried not to die of embarrassment.

“Come here, Princess,” a few of the maids called as they approached me. Before I could say anything, they started stripping me out of my undergarments. I wanted to disappear on the spot, my face burning with embarrassment.

I tried to distract myself, watching as two maids sprinkled rose petals into the bathtub and poured what I assumed was some kind of fancy perfume. The scent filled the room immediately. It was sweet and floral, but it did nothing to ease my discomfort.

“Sit down, Princess,” a blonde maid said, gesturing to the tub.

I nodded stiffly, deciding it was better to just go along with it. As I sank into the warm water, a maid behind me gently lifted my hair, keeping it out of the way. Two others sat on either side of the tub, their eyes on me, while Meryl busied herself preparing something in a bowl.

The smell hit me immediately soon after. It was turmeric.

“What are you mixing?” I asked, my curiosity getting the better of me. Meryl glanced up at me, a small smile on her face.

“Oh, it’s turmeric with milk and honey,” she explained, holding up the golden paste she’d just made.

“What’s it for?” I tilted my head, genuinely curious.

The maids froze for a moment, exchanging confused glances before whispering to one another. It was obvious they’d done this countless times with Aria before and now they were probably wondering why I didn’t already know.

“Don’t worry, ladies,” Meryl said with a reassuring smile as she stepped forward. “Our princess is suffering from a slight memory loss due to the fall. She’ll recover in a few days,” she explained, glancing back at me to make sure I was following.

She turned back to face me with a smile. “This turmeric paste will help your skin glow, Princess. You’ll look radiant and smell absolutely divine,” she added with a soft giggle.

I couldn’t help but giggle along with her. At least I was getting some good treatment in this world.

Back on Earth, I’d have to drop a small fortune just to experience something like this.

I leaned back with a sigh as the maids began applying the paste to my skin.

Two of them gently worked on washing my hair.

It’s crazy how long and thick Aria’s hair is. I would never be able to manage it on my own and if I didn’t have these maids to help out, I would’ve chopped it off.

Once they were done bathing me, they carefully dried my hair and helped with my makeup.

They didn’t have much in terms of makeup products, but they had all the basics covered.

They had mascara and eyeshadow. I had no idea how they made it, but Meryl explained that they burn some herbs and mix them with oil. Apparently, it’s good for the eyes.

They also had a red paste they used as lipstick, and I actually liked it. It made my lips look supple and moisturized.

Needless to say, I was impressed. I'm not one for heavy makeup but they applied just the right amount.

They asked me to choose a dress for the event, and there were so many options. Most of them reminded me of the Greek goddess-inspired dresses I used to see back on Earth. They were flowy, elegant, and showing just the right amount of skin without being too revealing.

I settled on a white dress with a golden belt. It looked incredibly comfortable.

"Excellent choice, Princess," Meryl chirped, taking the dress from me. The maids helped me into it, and it was just as comfortable as I'd imagined. The fabric was so soft and light, it made me feel like I was floating like a goddess.

"It would be better to let your hair down rather than braid it. You'll look even more beautiful that way, princess." one of the maids suggested.

I just chuckled in reply. "Do as you all wish."

"Of course, Princess!" they chimed in unison, eager to get to work. They began brushing and styling my hair, taking small sections and braiding them just enough to keep some hair out of my face.

They also had some kind of delicate jewelry to place on my head, along with a necklace, rings, and hand chains.

Damn, I looked beautiful with all of this. It felt like I was in some kind of movie.

"You're ready, Princess!" Meryl said, her excitement clear.

I smiled, nervously standing up. "Is it time for me to go?" I asked, glancing around. The maid quickly looked around as well.

"Wait, I'll go check!" she replied, hurrying out of the room.

I squirmed in place, nervously biting my lip. My heart was racing. With each passing second, I felt my nerves growing stronger.

"Princess," Meryl returned after what felt like an eternity, though it was probably only three minutes.

"It's time."

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I quietly walked towards the grand hall where the king was seated. That's where King Cyrus would arrive. That's where the marriage would be officially announced.

Aria's father smiled warmly as he saw me. "You look beautiful, dear," he complimented, helping me walk up the steps.

"Thank you, Father," I replied with a small smile.

The queen stepped forward, kissing my forehead gently before guiding me to a chair beside her.

I patiently waited, my heart pounding in my chest, knowing that person would be here soon. It felt like it might explode any minute.

The hall was crowded with people I didn't know. They were all drinking, chatting amongst themselves, completely absorbed in their own conversations.

Suddenly, a guard entered the hall.

"King Cyrus has arrived!" he announced loudly before walking away.

The room immediately erupted into whispers as the air grew thick with anticipation.

We all stood up, and I felt my heart skip a beat.

This was it. He was here.

The murmurs and whispers around me faded into the background. I couldn't hear anything but the pounding of my heartbeat as I watched him step into the hall.

He walked in with such pride and elegance. Tall and built, his muscular physique commanding attention.

His steps echoed in the silent hall and his raven hair flowed in the light breeze as he moved. I could feel his presence, his dominance, even from where I stood—at least sixty feet away.

As he got closer, I could see his face more clearly. His eyes were golden, intense, and piercing. He had thick eyebrows and full, luscious lips.

It was like his face had been sculpted by God himself, with every detail crafted thoughtfully and perfectly.

I couldn't believe people were calling such a gorgeous man a monster. He looked otherworldly, like something from a dream.

I gulped, my nerves growing as he approached us.

His face was expressionless and there wasn't even a hint of emotion. I couldn't tell what he was thinking. He looked cold and distant. His eyes revealed nothing at all.

He walked straight ahead, ignoring all the greetings from the others. His eyes were fixed solely on my father.

He made his way to the throne and greeted my father with a formal nod.

Even though he didn't so as much glance at me, his presence was enough to leave me breathless. I watched my father greet him warmly, but I was rooted in place, unable to tear my eyes away from him.

Then, I saw his eyes shift towards me as my father spoke about me. I inhaled sharply, my breath catching in my chest as his gaze locked onto mine.

His deep golden eyes, cold and emotionless, traced every inch of my body, making me feel exposed, like I was standing naked in front of him.

I bit my lip, forcing myself to keep my gaze fixed on the gorgeous yet dangerously mysterious man in front of me.

Then, I saw it. There was a subtle lift at the corner of his lips. A faint smile. It was so slight and so barely noticeable, that most would have missed it if they weren't paying attention.

But I was paying attention.

And in that moment, I knew...I was in deep trouble.