

BOUND TO THE ALPHA KING NOVEL

Chapter 5

Does your wolf....like me?

My father stepped forward, positioning himself between me and King Cyrus. He took my hand gently and placed it in the King's.

I bit my lip, feeling the roughness of his hand. It was strong and firm.

But it also felt warm.

I glanced up at the King, but he showed no reaction. His gaze was fixed on the crowd in front of him, completely impassive.

"People of Zaryia," my father addressed the crowd, his voice steady and commanding. "We are gathered here today to announce that, on the upcoming full moon, King Cyrus of Nethilor will be marrying Princess Aria of Zaryia. It will be a day to celebrate the union of two souls and the joining of two kingdoms. I invite each and every one of you to be there and offer your blessings to these young souls."

He turned to me and I saw his gaze softening. I gave him a small, nervous smile.

The full moon.

There wasn't much time left.

Only seven or eight days.

I nervously looked down as the crowd erupted in cheers.

"Can I speak with Princess Aria alone, King Lucas?"

I looked up, startled by the deep voice that rolled into my ears.

King Cyrus was speaking to my father.

His voice...

It was deep, thick, and slightly raspy. There was an undeniable dominance in it that it made my heart skip a beat. It made me feel like I should kneel, like I was being commanded without a word.

I gulped, trying to steady my breathing.

I saw my father frown, his brow furrowing in hesitation.

I knew my father didn't want me to be alone with him. After all, he'd seen how much Aria used to despise him.

"I don't think it's necessary to rush things... Aria needs some time to get familiar with all of this, King Cyrus. Let's not push her too much."

King Cyrus's gaze shifted towards me once more, his eyes locking with mine. "You don't wish to talk to me, Princess?" He raised an eyebrow. He sounded surprised for some reason. But there was also a hint of amusement.

My eyes widened. His presence was overwhelming, turning me into a nervous wreck but I wasn't some frightened girl who would back down.

It was Aria who hated him. Not me. I'd be fine.

I took a deep breath and forced a smile. "I have no problem," I said, turning to my father. "Don't worry, Father. I can manage this."

"But Aria—"

Before he could finish, King Cyrus stepped closer, his grip on my hand tightening just slightly. "Then let's go somewhere quiet, shall we?" He asked but it came out like a command.

My father hesitated. He looked uncertain but I gave him a reassuring smile, hoping it would ease his worry.

One of the maids led us to a quiet room. It was large, with an expansive window that looked out over the garden.

I walked behind King Cyrus, trying to mask the nervous energy radiating off of me.

His face remained stoic, unreadable as ever. His eyes didn't glance back at me once as he stood there, staring out the window.

The maid left, closing the door behind her, and I was suddenly alone with him.

My heart thundered in my throat. I couldn't shake the feeling that I was in the presence of a man who could snap me in half without a second thought. Was he really that cruel as they say?

King Cyrus slowly turned towards me and walked over, making me step back a little in surprise. But he walked past me to lock the door.

Oh god. Why is he locking it? Does he plan to do something with me here?

Without thinking, I found myself moving toward the large window, my fingers brushing against the cool glass as I tried to steady my racing heart. .

I could always jump out of this window if he tries anything. I don't care if jumping out of a window isn't exactly "princess behavior." If it comes to that, I'll do it.

Cyrus looked at me then. His golden eyes raked over me slowly, like he was examining every inch.

I bit my lip as he took a step closer.

Why is he walking towards me? Stay back, man! Shit.

I moved back instinctively, only to feel the cold edge of the window frame press against my back.

Lavender. That's what he smells like. It was so strong and overwhelming as it rushed into my nose.

I gasped softly when he closed the distance, trapping me between the wall and his broad frame.

"K-King Cyrus! Step away, please!" I stammered, my voice shaking with panic.

He raised an eyebrow, his expression a mix of surprise and amusement.

My eyes widened in horror.

Oh no. I just shouted at him... I'm so dead.

"Relax, Princess," he said smoothly, his voice as calm as ever.

I frowned at him then. Relax? Seriously?

"How am I supposed to relax when a man I don't know is standing this close and completely invading my personal space?" I huffed, crossing my arms in annoyance.

He smirked, tilting his head slightly. “Well, you did agree to marry a man you don’t know. Did that never cross your mind?”

I couldn’t stop the blush that crept up my cheeks. “I-I only made that decision because the situation forced me to,” I stammered, my voice barely above a whisper.

It was obvious he knew I hadn’t agreed to this marriage willingly. But it was just as clear that he wasn’t any more interested in it than I was.

“I’m not going to devour you, Princess,” he said with a small smirk. “I just need to make sure my wolf approves of you. The marriage won’t work if he doesn’t.”

My brows furrowed when he said that. “How are you going to do that—”

Before I could finish, he hushed me by placing a finger gently on my lips.

My whole body froze in reaction. My breath hitched as I gripped the sides of my dress tightly, trying to calm the pounding in my chest.

Heat spread through my entire body, making it impossible to think straight.

King Cyrus’s eyes flickered to mine, then to my lips, lingering for just a moment before he looked away. “I’m going to scent you,” he whispered, his voice low and smooth. Then he gently leaned down.

A small gasp escaped my lips as his nose brushed the crook of my neck.

Instinctively, my hands flew up to grip his biceps.

He was solid. Strong like stone but warm like the gentle heat of morning sunlight.

I stood there, completely frozen. My face had to be as red as a tomato by now.

I could feel his cheek and nose brushing against my neck. He wasn’t touching me anywhere else but it felt like he was completely ravishing me. After what felt like an eternity, he stepped away, leaving me hot, flustered, and completely unsteady.

“S-So...” I stammered, desperate to hide my embarrassment. I mustered enough courage to look up at him and cleared my throat. “D-Does your wolf... like me?”

His golden eyes locked onto mine, piercing straight into my soul. The intensity of his gaze made it impossible to look away from him. He didn’t answer right away, letting the silence stretch before finally stepping back again.

My eyes widened.

Is that a no?

Does his wolf not like me?

“See you at the wedding, Princess,” he said, his tone casual as he turned and walked away without a second glance.

I stood there, completely confused.

He just left like that? What does that mean? Does that mean his wolf does like me?

Why couldn't he just say that before leaving?

I stomped my foot in frustration. This man had to be ragebaiting me.

What a dickhead...