

The CEO Alpha King Chapter 10

Chapter 10 Scared

Writer's POV

There was a sickening silence in the room and it didn't help that the younger Alpha had an evil gleam in his eyes, as he patiently waited for the Alpha King to give his response.

Why was he doing this? Requesting for her like some sort of object.

There were thousands of chefs that he could afford but he had chosen Serena? He didn't have good intentions; she was sure about that and the smirk on his face proved it.

A wave of fear rushed through her and she shivered under the cold air as she could possibly think of better coffee makers than her. Hell, there was even a coffee maker machine!

So why was he trying so hard to get her? There was nothing special about her, not her coffee.

It was another four minutes before the king spoke.

"You do know what slaves are, Declan. Slaves know their masters more intimately for ages. They know most of their secrets and it wouldn't be good if those secrets are let into the open." He said, his voice thundering above everyone.

"Do you have another agenda for demanding the only slave I have. I'm starting to wonder." He continued, pinning the Alpha who had been referred to as Declan, with a deadly emotionless stare.

Declan's smile was wiped off immediately as he stared with confusion, and a hint of anger.

"No...no...my lord. Of course not." He stuttered, not expecting such a response from the King.

"So, what then? If not for the act of discovering all my secrets by taking my slave. Slaves are bound to their masters but it seems you want to destroy that bond and create yours." The king said, reading every emotion that betrayed the young Alpha's face.

From confusion to anger and then to remorse. Those weren't his intentions, he quickly looked to the Older Alpha for help who sat beside him and had been quiet since the conversation started. For he was speechless.

The Older Alpha stood up with a small smile on his face, his eyes darted from Declan to the King.

“My lord. Your Highness.” He bowed a little. “I’m sure Declan here doesn’t have that intention. But I would love to apologise to him on your behalf.” He explained and Declan nodded vigorously in agreement.

“Leave this room. Wait for me in my chambers.” The Alpha King said, not sparing her another glance.

Was he trying to protect her? Did he really not want to give her up to the younger Alpha?

Was he really that possessive about the things he owed?

She thought as she walked back quietly into the Kitchen.

There was no way for her to leave this castle, ever. He would go through any length, decline any offer so she could be stuck here forever.

She sighed, dropping the empty tray on the counter just as she heard a voice behind her.

“Hey.” She turned, there was a guy, a new face staring at her. He had a straight face, dark brown eyes and wavy black hair.

“I thought the king asked you to leave for his chambers. You want him to get to his chambers before you?” He asked with seriousness and she shook her head.

“No..no. I just don’t know my way around here yet. I am waiting for someone, I need someone to take me.” Serena answered.

“Come on,” the guy said. He turned and they walked down the hallway, she thought of when she would never get familiar with the hallways and rooms they passed. It complicated and looked the same.

By the time they arrived at the hallway to the King’s Chambers she could see the guards ahead, the guy left her almost immediately after saying she was on her own now. She muttered a ‘thank you’ to him.

She walked shyly to the guards, who turned to her at the sound of her feet scuffing the floor.

“I..I..want to pass, the king–” She started to stutter but the guards pulled away from the huge doors, letting her through.

“Go in.” dark room, the door shut behind her, taking away the little light that came with it. She continued walking into the room, her hands in front of her, frantically searching the room blindly for a switch.

As she walked, he heard soft movements, making her stop in her tracks.

“Hello?” She called out but no one answered. Maybe she hadn’t heard well and it was just her fear getting the best of her.

She continued looking for the switch when she heard another noise from her asked fearfully.

Her heart thumped loudly in her chest, and she stepped back, flinching when her back hit the cold wall behind her.

Who was there? She wanted to ask but fear pushed up her throat as she started to shiver. The room got colder or maybe it was the spirit of the former slave who had committed suicide, and had come to hunt the King!

Her mind burst into chaos and she slid to the floor, covering her face with her hands and pushing spirit hunt her? She wasn't the king, couldn't she see that!

The footsteps got louder and she covered her face in fear, shaking visibly as the footsteps got closer and turned to two and four.

"Oh.. please, oh please.." She started to plead to the supposed spirit.

**Back at the sitting room.

The cold look on the king's face melted away as amusement filled his eyes, a suppressed smirk trying to break out from his face. But he couldn't help it, a soft laugh escaped his lips.

The two Alpha's turned to him, surprised he could show any other emotion other than anger and irritation.

But they couldn't figure out why?

As they exchanged worried looks, the Alpha continued laughing, not having a clue of what was going on.

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When Betty walked into the dinning, there was a huge grin on her face.

"I just heard that your little play thing got into huge trouble with the king. The king had asked for her to be taken to the sacred room." She said, smiling mischievously.

"What? The sacred room?" Isaac, who had been washing the cups, looked up at Betty.

"Yes. It's funny. The king loves torturing a lot, you should probably teach the little girl how to behave around him." Betty chuckled before walking off.

Isaac was annoyed, he left the dinning to look for Grandma Felicia, he searched everywhere for her but found her in her bedroom.

"Come in, Isaac." He heard her say behind closed doors, he pushed the door slightly entering the room that smelled of herbs and trees.

"So, what is it? You look worried." Grandma Felicia who had been knitting looked up at him worriedly.

"It's Serena. She is in trouble with the king. I heard he ordered for her to be taken to the sacred room. You know how her heart jumps at everything, I fear she'll die in there before the king thinks of bringing her out from there," Isaac murmured.

Grandma Felicia smiled, dropping her knitting needles and staring up at him.

"You care about her?" She asked.

"Of course. She...I've told you what I feel about her grandma. The first time she stepped in here, I had that feeling that I knew her from somewhere and you granted me the permission to find out. What if she is really my sister? I won't let her die before finding that out." Isaac grimaced, flopping down in a seat opposite the older woman.

"Yes. Indeed, you can't let her die. She won't die though, all the things that are

happening right now are supposed to happen, Isaac. You of all people should know that, calm yourself. She won't die." The older woman assured, taking his hand into hers.

"I just...I just want you to help talk to the king. He listens to you most times. Maybe he might allow her out early." Isaac said, looking at her intertwined hands, and sighing deeply.

"I will try that later." she said before focusing her gaze elsewhere, releasing his hand so he stood up.

"I'll take my leave now," Isaac said before leaving the room, as he walked down the huge hallways, he came across Serena's door.

Placing a hand on the letter 'S' he could only hope silently.

"You should survive Serena. You have to."

He drew back his hand sadly, walking outside the castle and memories of the first day they had met flashed in his mind.

Immediately the two guards, Sam and Drako arrived at the castle with Serena that day.

Her scent was the first thing that hit his nose. It was so familiar, it was mixed with two other stronger scents. Scents that were foreign to him.

It was just like his father. The scent of Earth and rain. Isaac had known he had a sister somewhere, but his father hadn't told him until he passed away.

Knowing that he had someone out there, a family that he couldn't reach out to broke him in a million ways possible.

And upon meeting Serena, there was just this connection he could feel, this familiarity around her and he wanted to know more. He remembered how he rushed to Grandma Felicia begging to be her guardian for a couple of days. And of course he hadn't told anyone else about his suspicions except the old woman.

"Serena, if you are truly the sister I've been looking for, then I'm going to get you out of here. And there are a lot of ways I can do that. I will make you a free born again. So you can't die on me now." He thought loudly, looking up at the bright sky above him.

"You heard? That the new girl you fancy so much is in the king's sacred room right now probably suffering from the effects of the king's trick. Same thing he did to my sister that made her lose her mind and murder herself." He turned to see Charles walking towards him.

"I don't know why the king enjoys torturing people. It's a shame your plaything is going through the same fate." He said sadly and Isaac frowned.

"She is not my plaything, Charles." He replied angrily.

She might be my sister. Bloody hell! He wanted to scream out loud.

"Then join me, Isaac. If you really care about the girl's life, if you don't want her to end up like my sister then join me. Let's think of a way of ending this wickedness." Charles offered.

Calming himself, he looked up surprisingly at Charles who was serious about what he had said.

"Charles, you really need to let go. Forget about revenge, you'll only end up in a grave. The king can't be killed. At least not easily, he has unknown powers. Just let go of your hate and leave this castle." Isaac advised but Charles wouldn't have any of that.

"No! I'm not leaving here without getting revenge for my sweet sister. She was so fragile yet she died a painful death!" He yelled, shaking his head in refusal.

“Man, I’m sorry. But your sister ended her life with her own hands, she didn’t want to continue serving the king. I’m sorry but that won’t be Serena’s fate. I’ll make sure of it.” Isaac said leaving Charles and walking back into the mini mansion.

It was another hour and still no word from Serena or the King. He rushed back to grandma Felicia.

“Come in, Isaac.” Her voice sounded once more and Isaac pushed the door.

“It’s already been an hour and few minutes. Please go speak to him to let her go please. She has to get out of that room.” Isaac pleaded, his face clenched with worry.

Grandma Felicia sighed and stood up reluctantly.

“I told you she will make it. I don’t know why you are really scared. See your heart threatening to pump out of your chest.” She teased, walking out of the room with Isaac trailing behind her.