

## Read Novel Bride Of The Alpha King Chapter 2

Chapter 2: A New World

“Aria! Open your eyes, dear” I heard someone say. It was a faint sound.

Who’s Aria?

“Oh my god!”

God? Am I in heaven? So he really exists?

“Aria!”

Argh, my head hurts! My chest feels heavy...

“My dear, please look at your father...”

Father? My father? Where? I felt someone gently tap my cheeks.

It was gentle but my head was hurting so bad so each tap felt like a stab.

I tried to open my eyes but the light was too much.

After a moment of trying, I finally managed to open my eyes only to see two people staring down at me.

They were beautiful and dressed in an old-fashioned way.

I couldn’t say anything.

I felt my eyes become droopy and before I knew they were shut and I fell asleep.

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“Princess! You’re awake!”

I gripped my head.

The loud noises were making my head hurt.

"Aria? Are you awake, dear? Please, open your eyes and look at your mother" Mother?  
I don't have a mother...

"We can cancel the wedding if you hate it so much. Please don't try to harm yourself,"

Wedding? What the hell is happening? I opened my eyes to see a sobbing lady.

She was dressed in a gown.

Very traditional.

Who is she? "Are you alright, honey?"

"Y-Yes..." I croaked out.

Shit, my throat is dry.

"Here, Princess. Drink this"

A girl said beside me before offering me a glass of water. Princess? Am I dead? Is this heaven?

"Where is God?" I looked up.

"W-What?"

The girl looked at me confused.

"I think Princess is still shaken up by the experience,"

I frowned.

"So is he real or not?"

"Oh goodness" The lady said worriedly.

"You can rest a little more, dear. You are still not recovered," She sighed.

"I will talk to your father about the marriage. We can refuse it if you want"

"Marriage with who?"

The lady stopped and raised a brow.

"With the Lycan king,"

She said, a frown taking over her features.

What king?

"I think the fall affected your memories a little bit. You need to rest. We will leave you alone for some time,"

She leaned down to place a kiss on my forehead before walking out of the room.

What the heck is happening? Who the hell are these people and who the hell is Lycan king?

"Hey! You! Come here,"

I called the girl who was walking towards the door.

"Yes, Princess,"

She rushed towards me and then bowed while greeting me. "Do you need anything?"

"Uhh...Well...who is the Lycan king?"

"He is the king of shifters, Princess. You were promised to him" I was what?"

"You were going to be mated to him," Mated? What shit is this?

"When?"

"In ten days,"

Wow...Is this a dream? This makes no sense. I was about to get married...To a king?

"What's his name?"

"Rhysand Arawn" What a complicated name.

"Oh...Is he umm...How is he?"

The girl paused for a moment before she looked around.

"You hated him, Princess. He's said to be ruthless and to have a heart that's colder than ice and harder than stone. He's a monster,"

A monster?

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

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I paced around the big room.

It was designed in an old-fashioned way with a lot of elegant designs.

There was so much detail in everything.

I tried hard to understand the situation.

I'm sure I didn't die.

I can still feel pain and discomfort.

You can't feel pain if you die, right? Because that would make no sense.

I looked at my hands.

They were milky white.

I wasn't this pale. I remember my color. I had golden skin. I don't know how I got so pale.

Did I become a vampire? Is that why I'm still alive? I felt around my mouth to see if I had any fangs.

I didn't.

I looked around the room.

I need to find a mirror.

I saw one on a table.

A little mirror with a handle.

I ran towards it and picked it up to look at myself.

I almost screamed and dropped it when I saw my face.

That wasn't me! What the fuck?! Who the heck is she? Am I hallucinating? I picked the mirror again to look at my face.

An unfamiliar girl stared back at me.

Her skin is fair and has a pink hue on the cheeks.

Her eyes are big and bright green.

Her hair is long curly bright ginger.

She is beautiful.

Is she the princess? Is she the one they're calling Aria? Did I transfer into her body accidentally? Then where did she go? A knock made me jump out of my thoughts.

"Dear...Can I come in?"

A man's voice sounded from outside.

"Y-Yes..." I squeaked out.

It wasn't wise to let them in but it wasn't good to say no to whoever was outside.

I saw the door slowly creak open and a man, who looked the same age as the lady before, was standing there.

He looked defeated and tired.

He slowly walked up to me and made me sit on the bed before kneeling in front of me.

He took my hands in his.

His hands were rough and big but they were warm.

It was a kind of warmth that I have never felt before.

He looked up at me apologetically.

"I don't know how to apologize...I should have listened to you...I didn't know that you hate it so much that you would try to take your own life...Forgive your father for failing to understand you..."

Father? He's Aria's father?

"Our Kingdom is in a big crisis...There are a lot of others that are plotting to attack us...I didn't say this before because I...I didn't want to worry you...If we don't have a stronger ally, then we will lose the war..."

He was silent for a moment.

“King Rhysand offered to help us...but in return he wanted you...I didn't agree at first but it was for our Kingdom's sake...Our people's lives are in danger and as the king, I had no other choice...”

He is the king? He is the king and he's kneeling in front of me and apologizing? Just how much does this man love his daughter?

“I will refuse him...I know I might have to hear a lot of criticism but your life is more important to me.I won't force you into anything that you don't want to do,” He smiled.

I was speechless.

Aria was a lucky girl.

She had a family that was ready to give up everything and do anything for her.

She had a father who put her first rather than his kingdom.

Now I don't know what to do.

The man stood up.

He was so tall and he was towering over me.

He leaned down to place a kiss on my forehead before smiling.

“Take a little more rest.Your hands are still cold,”

I nodded unknowingly and watched as he walked away.

A guilty feeling started to form in my mind.

This man and the whole kingdom were going to suffer because I wasn't going to marry that Lycan king.

What a twisted fate is this? How can I make a decision in this situation...? This is Aria's life and I just wound up here accidentally.

If I decided to marry the Lycan king, the kingdom would be saved...but Aria's life would be ruined.

But if I don't marry him then, I'll have to watch the Kingdom perish.

This is hard.

What the hell is happening? Why am I in a hell hole of problems even after I died? God really isn't fair...