

## CHAPTER 11

She watched as he pulled a bright red dress from behind him. No, this wasn't something she wanted or something she appreciated, bright red would only draw attention to oneself. All the dresses she owned had been baby blue, mint green, light pink and light peach.

Though it wasn't her decision to dress that way she had grown quite fond of clothing in those shades. Her mother was in control of their clothing and she would buy Fauna clothes with brighter or more dramatic colours of course she knew it was because she favoured her but, it didn't bother her.

What bothered her now was the dress in front of her. There's no way she was going to wear that. She stumbled back trying to create some distance between them. "I brought you something to wear" He said walking up to her while moving the dress towards her.

"The bathroom is over there" He said pointing towards the bathroom "but you already know that don't you?" She nodded at him warily still backing away from him.

He didn't like what she was doing but he understood, nobody would be okay with a strange man that kidnaps them and tries to hand them a dress.

Throwing the dress on the bed behind her, he watched her turn around and take the red fabric in her hand scrutinising the dress. Spreading the dress out on the bed she pulled at how tight the waist was.

Peeking behind her she sneaked a look at Atticus to find him looking at her. She found it awkward and uncomfortable but she knew she couldn't do anything about it. This wasn't her choice, she didn't have a choice.

Eventually making her way to the bathroom she found undergarments already neatly placed on the counter. Hanging the dress on the hook behind the door she made her way to the shower. The bath area seemed a bit too big and maybe even a bit scary.

She turned the shower on and lathered her body with a vanilla and grapefruit scented soap bar. The smell was amazing, at home they only had more earth scented soaps. So this was a breath of fresh air, something new. Is this how royalty lives?

She couldn't believe her father worked with the king yet he couldn't take a page from their book or even just a small piece of their book.

She quickly rinsed her body and used a big blue towel to dry her body. Everything was simple until she needed to put on the dress. It had a corset-like back and she found it very difficult to restring.

She needed help and even though she knew it would be embarrassing to hold and ask for it, she knew it had to be done regardless. Moving her tiny hand to the door handle she gently tugged it open peaking her head out to look if he was still in the room.

She spotted him sitting on the bed with his hands in his hair gently massaging his scalp. She slowly walked up to him tapping him on the shoulder to get his attention.

With his hands still in his hair he looked up to see her eyes glued to his stomach. He wasn't wearing a shirt. She'd never seen a man without a shirt before. His stomach was defined everything about it seemed perfect to her. Was this what men were supposed to look like?

She felt her cheeks getting hotter and her heartbeat quickening. Unconsciously she drew her legs together creating friction between her legs.

Looking up he realised what she was doing and used his hands to separate her legs. Her eyes shot up to look him in the eyes. Her cheeks were red and she was breathing heavily. You didn't have a large IQ to realise that she was aroused, and by what? His abs?

"He caught me staring, he caught me staring" She repeated over and over again in her head. "Yes I did and so what?!" She'd be more concerned if you didn't" He said.

She moved her hands to cover her mouth thinking that she had said it out loud and he let her believe that. If she knew he couldn't hear her thoughts then that would ruin the fun.

"Excuse me, could you ummmm, lace the back for me?" She said in one rushed breath as she turned her back to him. He smiled to himself and stood up. His frame towered over hers, he wasn't very fond of short women, he always went for the taller ones but, for her he would always settle.

Leaning down to place his lips at her ears he whispered "Do you know my name?" He watched as she shook her head before he continued. "It's Atticus, Atticus Zephyr". He watched as her goosebumps filled her neck.

Placing his hands on her shoulders he rubbed her shoulders and the back of her neck eventually moving to her waist. She felt good in his arms, it might be a bit cliché but to him she wasn't like the other girls. Everything about her was different. Everything was better.

He couldn't keep distracting himself though and he didn't want to make her anymore uncomfortable than she probably already feels so he strung and tied the back of the dress and spun her around to look at her.

"You look beautiful, has anyone ever told you that before?" She shook her head no and he watched as her cheeks reddened again.

Throwing on a red button-down that matched her dress he walked her to the door he opened it and led her out onto the corridor with his hand wrapped around her waist. Today would be the first day he would show his face to the people in the castle and she would be there with him.

Flora watched as a maid came into view, she quickly bowed at them and ran away. She knew the man beside her was king but was it normal for staff to fear their ruler this much?

He showed her around the castle before telling her that he would announce her as the future queen the next day. She hardly knew the man and he was going to name her Queen when he didn't even ask for her opinion.

Royalty scared her.

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