

The next day had come yet there was no sign of the king anywhere. He had left her a stunning white gown with pink and blue roses embroidered on it along with low pink pumps the night before.

She wondered if maybe he had forgotten all about what he said said before and quickly began taking her clothes off.

The Palace seemed a lot more boring than she had originally thought it would be. Though she'd only really been in the room, she expected to at least hear the chatter of the maids and guards in the hallway. Yet there was none.

She began wonder if maybe he had removed the maids and guards but quickly let go of the idea since she had seen quite a few yesterday. "She what is up with today?" She said out loud.

Walking to the door she opens it to find an empty hallway. Completely forgetting that she had taken her clothes off and was left in nothing but underwear she walks into the hallway.

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She walked for quite sometime before hearing light chatter coming her way. Quickly walking towards it she comes face to face with the king and the man she'd seen the night of their attempted escape.

Watching the king tighten his fist and dismiss the man beside him she scrunched up her brow in confusion. She wondered why he was angry. "Is it because I left the room without permission?" "Is it because I took my clothes off?"

"Shit, I took my clothes off". She said cursed out loud. Looking down her body she moved her hands to quickly cover her exposed skin.

The king looked at her with anger and disapproval, how could she walk the halls half naked? How could he crown her queen now that people of the castle have seen her half naked.

She might not have realised but people definitely saw her and he knows that.

Walking up to her he grabbed her wrist and began dragging her to the room.

She wiggled around trying to free herself from his hold but failed miserably as his grip only seemed to tighten the more she moved.

When they reached the door he hurriedly opened the door and pushed her onto the bed. He wouldn't touch her and she knew that. But she still found herself hastily grabbing the silky brown sheets and wrapping them around her body. She was embarrassed to be seen like this around him. Who wouldn't be?

As he walked to the edge of the bed she pushed herself further away from him, avoiding him was something she couldn't do but that didn't mean she wasn't going to try.

A hawk would best describe her current state. Flora watched his every move, tracking him with her eyes. Moving away from the bed he went and grabbed her dress and shoes.

He'd brought a make-up kit and curling iron in the room the night before as she slept and had been making his way back to finish her look himself.

"Come here" He said in a stern voice. She wanted to disobey him, and she tried yet she felt her body moving towards him. She'd heard rumours about the king being a demon. But could demons do this?

She knew they could control humans and she knew enough about her family and herself to know she was far from being a human. So how could he control her? He must be something else but she just couldn't think of what he could be.

Reluctantly standing in front of him she looked up at him with distaste from her eyes. It was unbelievable how this man, this king could control her.

Walking over to the dress he'd brought for her the king picked up the dress in his hand admiring it. He had carefully picked the dress to match her in personality and beauty and now it seemed to him that she didn't like it.

"Did you not like the dress?" He asked looking her way. She didn't respond to the question with words but the subtle smile on her face told him enough. She did like the dress. "So what's the problem" he thought to himself.

"Since I can't trust you to dress yourself I'll dress you myself", the king's words confused her but she knew what he meant. For some reason the thought didn't seem to bother her half as much as she had initially expected it to.

If anything she liked the idea, and for someone that's hardly ever seen men she found it strange that she didn't object.

"Only if it's ok with you?" The king asked questioningly. He watched as she eagerly nodded and let out a small laugh of his own. It was nice to know she was warming up to him even if it's just a bit. Pulling her hair to the back he carefully braided her hair in one.

"How often do you get your hair combed by others?" He asked. She shook her head trying to tell him that No-one ever does it for her. "You do all this" He said pointing to the long hair on her head, "By yourself?" She quickly nodded answering with a small yes.

It shocked him, who would let her do this much hair on her own he thought. He hasn't seen women with hair this long in a while and they all get their hair done.

"Don't worry, I'll be your personal hairstylist from now on. You'll never have to do your hair by yourself again" His words made her smile. She found it hard to do her hair on her own but Fauna never did it for her and neither did her mother.

Turning her around to face him the king lifted the dress gently pulling it over her head. "You look beautiful in this dress, I knew you would" She smiled at him gently running her hand down the dress.

She'd tried on the dress before but now it felt different, she was being appreciated in the dress. "Do you really think so?" She asked with a small voice. It warmed her heart to hear that, nobody other than family had told her that she looked beautiful in her clothes, plus she's never worn clothes this extravagant before.

Maybe, just maybe she likes castle life.

She watched him walk to a small box filled with blush and lipstick. "Makeup" She whispered under her breath. Involuntarily her breathing increased as she thought about wearing it for the first time.

Her mother never allowed her to wear it all these years, only Fauna. She would use the excuse that Fauna was older but she knew it was because Fauna was her favorite.

Walking back to her the king pulled a small brush from his pocket placing it between his lips. Opening the lipstick container he took the brush from his lips dipping it in the reddish pink pigment. Holding her face, he gently used the brush to apply the lipstick on her lips.

As soon as he finished with that he dipped his fingers into the rosy pink brush and gently applied it onto her cheeks. She assumed she would be attending with the braid in her hair but he used his fingers to unwind the hair. Leaving it resting on her shoulders and her back.

He quite liked seeing the curls of her hair.

Pulling her in front of a mirror he showed her just how wonderful she looked and she smiled looking up at him.

She wondered if he was going to change when she saw him snap his fingers ending up fully dressed in clothes that matched hers.

**I sincerely apologize for the late chapter, forgive me.**

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