

The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 1 - CHAPTER1

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Danika huddled down in her cell. Empty cold cell.

She had been here for one week. She craved outside....anywhere. Anywhere at all, that's not this cold barren space. Only one bonk bed occupied the side of the room.

She hadn't seen her captor in the past week and that was the time he walked up to her, staring at her with the coldest eyes she had ever seen as he reached around her neck and collared her.

"My slave." "My property." He'd called her.

A chill went down Danika's arms. She had never seen a hatred more raw before, in anybody's eyes.

King Lucien hated her. So much.

Danika knew the reason more than anybody. Oh, she did know this.

One week ago, she was Princess Danika. Daughter of King Cone of Mombana. She was feared and respected.

No one dares look at her twice. No one dares look her in the eyes. You dare not walk the part she walks unless you have no value for your life. Her father saw to this.

Today, her father had been killed, and their kingdom was taken over by the ruthless King Lucien. He had also taken her over as his slave.

The sound of footsteps and chains rattling drew Danika's attention towards the door of the cell. The door opened and a bodyguard entered.

He carried a tray of food and Danika's stomach rumbled, hunger shoving through her and reminding her that this was her first meal since morning and it suspiciously looked like evening now.

"Here's your food, Priiincess." He stretched the syllable in disgust. Everyone here hated her, Danika knew that much.

She raised her chin defiantly, saying nothing.

"The king will be here in a few hours. Be ready to receive him." He announced before walking away.

Fear slid through her. She isn't ready to face her captor yet. But it's been one week, and Danika knew it was inevitable.

-----Two Hours Later-----

The sun was almost down when Danika heard footsteps. Followed by, "THE KING HAS ARR---"

"Do not announce me, Chad." Came the curt reply that sent chill down Danika's arms. In all her twenty-one years of life, she hadn't heard a voice so cold.

"I apologize, my king." Chad quickly said.

Sounds of chains....and then, the door was thrown open.

Only the king entered because Danika heard just one almost-unheard footstep. The door closed behind him.

Suddenly, her cold barren cell was no longer so...barren. She raised her eyes and stared at him with her own hatred for him in her eyes.

He's so big like a warrior but he has the bearing of a king. Danika knew he was thirty-five years old...and larger than life itself.

Even when he was in slavery for her father, that regality was almost present around him. No matter how much he's beaten...how much he's tortured.

They stared at each other, the malice between them apparent. Evident.

Only, King Lucien's wasn't just hate...it was loathe. Full raw hatred and rage. There was no warmth in his eyes.

His face would have been so handsome, but a thick scar ran over one cheek, giving him a savage look.

He stalked closer to her, bent down and ran his hand through her blond...almost white long hair.

He grabbed it tight and yanked hard, forcing her head back and forcing her to stare into the ocean that is his eyes. Pain seared her.

"When I come in here, you'll address me. You don't just sit down like a coward staring at me or I'll punish you for it." His eyes flashed red, "I would love nothing more than to punish you."

Danika found herself nodding. Yes, she hated this man, her captor, but she really has a deep aversion to pain. She doesn't like pain at all and she would do anything to avoid it....if she could.

"Yes....my king." She groaned.

Disgust flashed in his eyes. His hand lowered and rested on her barely-covered breast.

He circled her nipple through her clothing and then, he pinched her so hard Danika cried out as a thick wave of pain reverberated through her.

He still held the nub tight as he looked her in the eyes. "I am not your king and I will never be your king. I am a king to my people and you're not my people. You're my slave, Danika. My property."

Danika nodded quickly, wishing he'd let go of her hurting nipple.

Instead, he twisted her nipple harder that her eyes watered. "You will address me as your master, and you will serve me. Just like my servants...only more."

His lips curved into a savage smile filled with so much hatred. "Surely, you know how a slave serves her master. After all, your father taught you well?"

"Yes! Yes!" She cried curling her hands into fists, "Please, just let go...."

He pinched her....hard. "Yes....what?"

"Yes...M-Master." Angry tears overflowed her eyes. Danika hated that word more than anything because she knew how demeaning it was.

He let go almost immediately and backed away from her. His face was devoid of any emotion.

Standing up, he ripped her flimsy top to shreds, exposing her naked breasts to his cold unfeeling eyes.

Tears of humiliation choked Danika's throat. She fisted her wretched skirt in an effort not to give in to the urge to cover herself from him.

His eyes didn't change as he took in her body. No flash of lust. Nothing.

Instead, he palmed one breast, the one with an aching red abused-nipple and caressed it. "Stand."

She stood on shaky legs, staring at the ground with blurry eyes.

"Chad!" He barked.

She froze and tried to get away from him to seek cover for her state of undress, but his hand holding her breast tightened, stopping that movement, unless she wanted to risk more pain.

"Your highness?" The big man entered, staring at his King.

"Take a good look at this slave, Chad. Do you like what you see?"

Chad's eyes caressed her body, and Danika wished the ground would open and cover her up. But she stood defiantly, staring Chad squarely in the face.

Lust blanketed Chad's eyes as he looked hungrily. "Can I touch?" He asked eagerly.

"Another time. Go out."

Chad stared at the King again, and Danika discovered that there's this look in the man's eyes when he's staring at his king. Not hate...no, not hate. But she couldn't place that look yet.

Chad walked out of the cell.

"Guards!" He called, and he didn't have to raise his voice.

Two guards appeared. "Yes, your Highness."

His cold eyes didn't leave her. "Tell the servants to bathe my slave once I'm done here, get her clean and have her in my chambers in three hours."

"Yes, your Highness." The guards were reluctant to leave because they were staring at her state of undress.

Danika focused on the King, with anger and hate in her teary eyes. Defiance in her stance.

He released her breast finally. "I will hurt you so much, you will live and crave pain. I will do everything you and your father did to me and my people, and I will do more. I will share you with as many as I want, and I will train you to be the most obedient of dogs."

Fear was almost an entity in Danika's tongue, but she didn't allow it show on her tongue. She knew all this would happen even before he came in here.

His lips twitched, drawing emphasis on his scarred cheek. "I will break you, Danika."

"You can never break me, you monster!" The words tore from Danika's lips.

Her eyes widened because she talked back at him. Slaves do not talk back at their masters or there will be punishment.

He wasn't disappointed. He grabbed the chain of her collar and yanked on it, hard and Danika cried out.

His eyes flashed. He tilted her chin up, his grip strong.. "I love seeing so much fire because I will love to quench all of them. You have no idea what I have in store for you, or maybe you do....after all, you once trained slaves."

'My father trained slaves!' She almost screamed at him.

Pure hatred dripped from his cold eyes. "Your training starts tonight. You will be in my bed."

He got up and stalked out of the room like a huge lethal panther.