

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Read Chapter 102

Chapter 102

Four Weeks Later.

Sally came out to the backyard to see her princess washing her clothes. Sally would have rushed to take the clothes from her before, but today, she didn't.

Her princess needed the distraction. She needed the activity to get her mind off painful things.

Her princess turned then and saw her. She smiled at her, "Sally..."

Sally forced herself to beam at her. "My princess. Do you need my help?" she offered anyway.

Danika shook her head, "No.... I'm fine."

Sally bit her lips. It hurts, just having to come say this to her princess.

Danika saw the pain and indecision in Sally's eyes. She dropped the piece of clothing back to the small river. She turned to Sally, "What is it?"

"Princess Kamara w-will be arriving today." she finally spoke helplessly. "We have to be ready to welcome her chariot."

"It's courting week already?" Before Royalties get married, sometimes, there is courting week, before marriage comes.

Courting week can last for more than one week, but it doesn't exceed one month. Princess Kamara had requested for courting week, and her request was granted.

"Yes, it's courting week." Sally replied sadly.

Danika swallowed tightly. She forced a smile, "It's okay, Sally. I'll be ready. You tell Baski that I'll be."

Sally's relief was apparent. She wanted so much to go closer and hug her princess tight, but she didn't.

The protective rise of her shoulders, and the pain she's doing so hard to hide was written all over her face. Sally knows that her princess is doing her very best to be strong.

If she hugs her, her princess might burst into tears. It wouldn't be the first time.

"How's the linens you went to buy?" Danika forced a smile, trying to brighten Sally up because she knows that Sally is worried about her.

It worked. Her former personal maid grinned excitedly. "I bought them! Oh, my princess, it's so beautiful!"

"I know they'll be. You've always had such a good taste in wears." Sally is getting married to Chad, and it makes Danika happy.

Sally's happiness has always brightened her day and for the past three weeks, she has Sally's happiness to live on.

"Oh, I just forgot. The seamstress is not waiting for me in our bedroom. I'll be back my princess!" She gasped, and Danika nodded watching her as she left.

Once she was gone, Danika's face fell. It's been four weeks since she came out of the King's bedroom after the night they'd spent together. Four excruciating week.

That was the last night she'd slept in the King's arms.

The last time she and the king had s****l intimacies.

Since then, the king barely summons her. And when he does, she sits beside him to help him write and translate. To help him work.

And even that has stopped. The king hasn't summoned her in more than a week.

He is back to being her master, and she is back to being his slave. It shouldn't hurt, after all that's what they are.

But it does. It hurts so bad.

Sometimes, she find herself wondering if that walk in the woods ever happened. If the night that followed it happened or it was just her imagination.

But, then again, she knew for sure that it happened because it had taken her days to be able to walk without a wince, days for the aches in her body to leave completely.

"I want to loose myself in you. Can you take me?"

The remembered words spoken quietly into the night made her shiver. He'd almost killed her.

Baski had made her herbs and portions, but she still felt the results of his demands from her for days to come.

Another shiver worked down her body.

Whenever she remembers that night, it never stops making her body feel warm. He'd really unleashed himself on her, he'd almost killed her. For a moment, she'd thought she'd died too.

But she'd woken the next afternoon feeling better than she'd felt in a long time. Except the aches in her body and the soreness, her insides felt great.

So, she'd dismissed the feeling.

She'd ridden in euphoria for days, until madam Baski gave her the news about the King's impending marriage.

Danika picked up the washed clothes and squeezed water out of them. She walked to the horizontal pole and began spreading each clothes out to the sun.

Till today, she still can't forget how much the news had hurt. Her heart had torn from her chest, it had broken to shreds and pieces. She'd walked to her bedroom and cried the rest of the day away.

She'd always known that her love for him stood no chance at all.

He's a king, and she's a slave. He's king Lucien and she's Danika, the daughter of King Cone.

It's a love that's forbidden from all angles and she knew that there's no hope. But it didn't make it hurt less at all.

Finally, she'd wiped her tears. As much as the knowledge hurts, she can't even blame the king for making that decision. She was once royalty, and she understands.

Her father had been making plans to marry her off to another kingdom before he died.

Her father had wanted to form an allegiance with the Kingdom of Yana and the Prince of that kingdom was fifty years old.

At least, Princess Kamara is a lucky one for being marched with King Lucien, Danika reasoned to herself with a hurting heart.

But another thing that makes her heart ache is that it isn't a love match.

If any man deserves to be happy, it's king Lucien. He deserves a woman who can make him smile and be happy.

But sadly, Love and Duty do not always go the same angle.

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Chapter 103

It hurts her severally and even after three weeks, it doesn't hurt less. But if Princess Kamara will make the king happy, then, it will be bearable for her.

She just have to bear it, she has no choice. She wishes the king all the happiness life has to offer.

Maybe then, the guilt of what her father did to him will finally leave her.

She paused and leaned her head on the cold hanging rail. If the guilt might leave her, will her love for him ever leave her?

When Baski gave her the news one week after the night she'd spent with the king, it made her wonder if that is the reason the king had stopped summoning her to his bed? Why he stopped summoning her to write?

Why he stopped... Why he just stopped everything?

She opened her eyes, shutting the pain out and continued the work she was doing. Exhaustion racked her body, turning her body to liquid, but she ignored that too.

She has been sick lately. She's always tired, nausea has become her companion. The cravings too.

It just feels like her body is no longer hers, and it's been feeling that way for a while.

Danika ignored it. She is sick and she knows that it's because of everything that has happened lately. The emotional blows to her heart and the king's renewed aloofness.

The King's impending marriage. Princess Kamara.

Danika knows her.

The few gathering of princesses her father has allowed her to attend, made it possible for her to know most of the princesses in the twelve kingdom.

She had been their leader too. Because she's the princess of Mombana, the strongest kingdom.

Danika walked to the small pavement afterwards and lowered herself on it to rest her tired bones. Tears prickled her eyes.

That saying about how the mighty has fallen...

That saying about going from grace to grass...

All because of her Father's greed and evil heart.

He destroyed everything her grandfather and ancestors had worked for, and ruined Mombana in just fifteen years of being king.

"I hate you, father." She whispered tearfully. She hated him so much for putting her through this.

Princess Kamara and the other princesses always respected her in their gatherings. While few rebelled behind her back because they don't have the guts it takes to speak about it to her face.

Others solidly respected her. They bowed to her. They don't speak when she is speaking.

It is in the rule of things...in the teachings of old which princesses spend most of their lives learning.

And today, she will stand and wait on Princess Kamara. Today, she will bow to her and do works and duties for her.

She doesn't know Princess Kamara personally, but she can distinctly remember a tall and beautiful woman who's her age.

Is she rebel?

Will she make life more hell for her than it already is?

Will she hate her more than the mistress does?

Will she hurt her?

The Mistress's mood has become blacker lately, she is always so angry and raging...more than usual. Danika doesn't know why but she does her best to keep out of her way.

She doesn't want to be an outlet for the wicked mistress.

The tears fell from her eyes and she wiped them clean. But wouldn't it be better to be an outlet for the mistress?

At least, when the mistress whipped her, Danika wasn't sure it hurts more than the pain she's feeling now.

The only pain that competes with what she's been feeling lately is the pain of what the kings did to Sally.

She wiped her tears again. She needs to be strong. She has to.

"No matter what happens... Do not forget that you're Royalty."

The King's words whispered in her mind. Those words has always been her strength in weakness. Her comfort in sorrow.

More tears fell.

Creator, she feels so sick and very dizzy.

"You can't fall asleep, Danika. You have to be awake and go get ready to welcome the Princess's chariot." She whispered to herself.



Sally went in search of her princess after fitting into her dress.

She came out of the backyard and stopped short when she saw Danika sitting down on a paving, her head leaning on the wall.

She was sleeping.

It isn't the first time Sally has found herself sleeping around in a corner these past few days.

But she knows that her princess has a lot going for her lately too. Tears prickled Sally's eyes.

She wished all this will go away, and her princess will be happy again. This isn't the moment for her princess to be sleeping because they have a duty to see to, about the coming princess.

But, Sally doesn't want to wake her princess. In fact, she doesn't want her princess to join the crew that will welcome Princess Kamara, even though that's the way it should be.

She resolved her heart to that. She will do everything possible to spare her princess that special degradation and humiliation.

She saw a guard passing and rushed to him. "Please, can you help me, sire?"

The guard stopped and bowed to her in respect. "What can I do for you, my lady?"

Sally flushed. The palace workers have been more than respectful to her since they found out about her upcoming marriage to their leader. They are always eager to do this for her. To help her.

They even address her like she's a lady of privilege.

She hasn't been able to get used to it, but they wouldn't stop.

"It's my prin—" she paused, reminding herself that she can't address her as her princess in public.

Remeta can get away with openly calling her 'My Queen!', but another person will have her head separated from her body and nailed in a spike for such insolence.

"Please, can you help me bring her," she pointed at her princess, not having whatever it takes to call her by her name yet, "to our bedroom?"

"I don't want her to wake or I would have woken her up." She requested softly.

"I will do that, my lady." The guard bowed again and proceeded to walk past her towards Danika.

He lifted her as gently as possible and began carrying her inside the palace. Sally followed closely behind them.

She really wishes all these will go away and her princess will be happy again.

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Chapter 104

Henna stared at her princess in the carriage. Princess Kamara has her professional 'princess look' on her face.

Haughty lift of her chin. A blank unsmiling face. Eyes straight ahead. Mouth snapped together. A typical princess look.

But once thing about a personal maid's relationship with her princess is that the personal maid already knows her princess really well. Having been with her for so many years.

"Everything will be alright, my princess." Henna tried to say in consolation.

"Stay away from me, Henna." Princess Kamara snapped.

Henna watched the way her princess's hands tightened really well on the beautiful silk and lace corset she was wearing.

Her hands has been balled into fists since there carriage entered the kingdom of Salem. It had only remained tightened as the journey progressed and she wasn't making any move to loosen her fisted fingers anytime soon.

It'll hurt by the time she finally loosened it, Henna thought sadly. Already, her hands are as white as a sheet.

Henna took a deep breath in resignation and faced forward, keeping away from her like she was instructed.

It just hurts her that her princess is unhappy. She hates seeing her unhappy.



Princess Kamara can only stare ahead. She reminded herself to blink occasionally, so that this traitorous tears that has been burning the back of her eyes wouldn't blur her vision.

She doesn't want to be away from her kingdom.

She doesn't want to be making this journey.

She doesn't want to marry King Lucien.

She doesn't want to marry any king.

She doesn't want to rule over any kingdom.

She does not want to here at all. She doesn't want any of this.

She'd cried and pleaded with her father, but her father can be a very stubborn man. All kings are.

She always knew that when he finds out about her secret that he'll have her married off immediately.

She'd always known, and that is why she had kept it a secret.

But, he'd found out anyway. After six months, he found out about her love for a peasant.

Princess Kamara blinked hard. This tears better not make it down her cheek, or she'll be very mad.

No princess should ever have anything to do with a peasant. A princess should never fall in love with a peasant. A man with no royal b***d in him. It's almost a sacrilege. It should never be done.

She'd kept telling it to herself all the while she visited her peasant in secret, and watched as Henna and her friend who is a herbal woman treat all his injuries and nurse him back to health.

She'd kept telling that to herself all the while Callan stared at her with deep blue eyes while he lays there on the bed.

She told herself for six months whenever she visits to check on his health.

She just doesn't know when her heart stopped listening to her head. When her heart stopped listening to her, and decided to betray her.

She doesn't know how she became obvious with her love for Callan. When she became so obvious that her father noticed.

It must have something to do with when she became too happy. She was never too happy before. Not until she met Callan.

He'd sent the guards after her one day, and found her out. She closed her eyes tight to ward off another traitorous tears.

Keep strong, Kamara. You're a princess. A strong princess does not cry in public.

As she chided herself, her hate for one of her father's mistresses surfaced. Mistress Donna.

She's the one that advised her father to marry her off after her secret was out. Her father had listened to the advise of his favorite mistress.

Oh, how she hated that mistress.

She had pleaded with her father, but he has already made up his mind. A memory plagued her....

"Please, father, please!" She cried and pleaded with him, kneeling down on his bed chambers.

"Stop pleading like a coward, Kamara. I didn't raise you to be one." He'd said to her with an angry scowl.

"I'll stop loving him, I promise you... But, p-please don't marry me off. Don't send me away, please. I'll stop." She'd cried, unable to help herself.

"I know you'll stop loving him, Kamara. This is just a momentary madness, but I know it will stop when you marry a man and channel your love else where." King Valendy had turned away then, "You can stop loving him, by loving your husband."

"But, father...!"

"Leave, Kamara. I will not change my mind." He'd snapped at her.

Kamara accepted this courting week because she knows that it'll only delay the wedding.

"We're here, my princess." Henna's voice dragged her back to the present.

Princess Kamara found out that the carriage had stopped moving. She looked through the small peephole of the window to see a huge beautiful palace building.

Indeed, they are here.

Princess Kamara finally unclenched her numb hands. She took a deep breath and reminded herself never to let a tear fall.

Her mother always tells her; A strong princess do not cry in public.

Vetta glared at the old healer who was sitting down in an old wooden chair of an old rutted house.

She is in the blackest of moods and she's so angry she can start a fire with the way she boils.

"These fertility pills works none! I have been taking them for the past four weeks and nothing works! Nothing!" She hissed angrily.

The blind healer dropped her walking stick with shaky hands besides the way. "They were supposed to work on the first few days. Even before you get to the third pills."

Vetta snorted. For a shaky old woman dressed in rags, she sure has a strong voice which is in contrast with her small old physiques.

"Before I get to the third pills!?" She threw the small empty can of pills to the floor, "I've finished all eight pills in four weeks and I'm not pregnant."

The healer cocked her head to the side in thought, "Oh, that's weird."

"Of course, that's weird. Considering that you were supposed to be the best healer in all the twelve kingdoms!" She hissed.

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Chapter 105

"Of course, that's weird. Considering that you were supposed to be the best healer in all the twelve kingdoms!" She hissed.

"Are you sure you have a womb and your man can father a child?"

The blunt question took her aback. She glared daggers at the woman.

"Yes, I have a womb, you moron, I've carried a child before. And my man can father a child." Of course, the king can father a child, she has no doubt about that because it's just not possible for a king to be unable to father a child.

So, it's definitely because of the damned pills. She glared at the healer harder.

The old healer cannot see, but Vetta would've sworn that the woman knows how bad her expression is because she sighed in resignation.

The healer got up and walked to one of the beat-up shelves in the back. She came out later with a bottle of liquid.

“Here. That’s a portion for fertility. It is strong and only recommended when one of the couple has a problem that makes a child impossible.”

Vetta grumbled incoherently and took the portions from the old woman. She slipped it into her pocket, still not feeling better.

It’s courting week.

The only rule of courting week is that the king will dedicate all his personal time to his future queen. That means, no having s****l intimacies with the mistresses or the slaves.

Only the princess will graze the king’s bed during this period. Not her. And definitely, not that bitch Danika.

A happy and sad development, Vetta thought. She won’t be in the king’s bed, but Danika will not be too.

But, she doesn’t know how long the princess plans to stay and she doesn’t know how long the courting week will last.

“Argh!” She huffed in anger, dropped the bag of money for the healer on the table and matched out of the rutted house in the woods.

“Princess, my foot! Marriage, my feet!” She hissed as she marched.

Till today, it’s still hard for her to believe it. Hard for her to take it in. Marriage!?

She’d been so focused on that bitch, Danika, she forgot that there is something called ‘forming an allegiances between kings.’

Now, a new bitch will dare step foot into the palace and into the life of her Lucien to rip where she did not sow!?

Over her dead body.

Both Danika and the spoilt princess will have her to deal with! She will not spare anyone of them at all!

That is all the more reason she needs these pills to work. It has become a chore to get the king to have s****l intercourse with her lately.

Vetta doesn’t know why, but she knows that things are changing.

Is it because of his numerous duties lately? Or because he is taking a new wife? Or because of Danika?

Vetta doesn't know anything anymore. She'll be damned before she sits back and watch all this happen!

As for the new princess, she'd bet that she's as spoilt and stupid as they come. She'll be just like a wind.

It'll be so easy to blow that particular wind back to her father's kingdom.



Danika woke up twice. The first time is to quickly relief her bladder that disturbing her. The second time was also to relieve her bladder.

When she woke the third time, it was late evening. She cursed herself inaudibly as she pushed herself to her feet.

"Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens! Oh, heavens!" She gasped as she sprang up with so much force, the wall closed in on her.

She froze and staggered to maintain her balance. She waited for the room to stop spinning.

When it did, she hurried out of the room. She can't find Sally or Remeta. Being late evening, she's sure that Princess Kamara must have arrived hours ago and she wasn't there to welcome her.

"Oh, Danika. Why did you have to sleep for so long?" She cautioned herself as she made her way in a hurry away from the Royal Quarters.

Vetta just step in into the Palace when she saw Danika walking in a hurry, her eyes flying around as if she's looking for someone.

But, she wasn't looking at the direction she was walking.

Vetta took the opportunity and walked into Danika, causing the both of them to collide.

She tried to get up, but she wes so tired end the world around her wes still moving.

Then, she sew e beautiful women in golden silk end big designed leces welking closer to them.

The elegence of her movements, the high rise of her her shoulders es she welked in e sophistication that mirrored hers once upon e time.

The women welked closer to them end streight to the mistress. She slepped the mistress very herd across the fece.

“Whet the—” The mistress began.

But the woman slapped her again. This time, harder than the first time.

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“Oh, I’m sorry—” Danika began saying when she collided into someone, only to look forward and see that it’s the mistress she collided into.

“How dare you!” Vetta slapped her hard across the cheek.

The force of the blow whipped her head to the side, the burning pain spreading through her body.

She curled her hands into fist to keep from caressing her stinging cheek and giving this horrible mistress the satisfaction of seeing how hurting the blow is.

Vetta smiled inwardly. She has always wanted to do this. Always.

It’s been so long she touched Danika because of the King’s warning that she should never touch his slave if she did nothing to deserve it.

Well, now she has eventually done something to deserve it by almost running her down in the hallway. She kept smiling inwardly.

Outwardly, she glared daggers at Danika. “Did you want me to fall!? What? So, now you attack me in the hallway!?”

“I’m sorry for running into you, mistress. I did not attack you.” She spoke through gritted teeth.

Vetta has always longed for taking out her anger on someone. She took a step forward and shoved Danika away with all her strength. “You dirty bitch!”

Danika fell. She tried to break her fall but she was unable to, her butt hit the ground so hard she cried out.

The world tilted around her for the second time that evening. She was winded and she almost felt like she will faint.

She tried to get up, but she was so tired and the world around her was still moving.

Then, she saw a beautiful woman in golden silk and big designed laces walking closer to them.

The elegance of her movements, the high rise of her her shoulders as she walked in a sophistication that mirrored hers once upon a time.

The woman walked closer to them and straight to the mistress. She slapped the mistress very hard across the face.

“What the—” The mistress began.

But the woman slapped her again. This time, harder than the first time.

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Chapter 106

Princess Kamara haven't seen the king since she arrived. She heard that he's been in court all day, but she'll be able to see him in the night.

In the meantime, she was shown to her room which was decorated and well equipped specifically for her.

She'd spent her afternoon and evening walking around the palace, just looking around. Getting some fresh air with Henna.

She was still hurting, and anger in still in her heart. She wants to be in her father's kingdom not here.

She missed seeing the face of Callan. She wasn't able to see him for some weeks because her father had forbidden her from doing so.

The consequence of disobeying his orders is that Callan will be whipped.

She wondered how he's doing now.

All these were in her thoughts as she walked through another hallway of the palace, only to see a woman slapping a slave hard across the face.

Princess Kamara look at the oppressor who was dressed in expensive silk, well designed corset that embraced her upper body like a lover's arm and a high-quality lace that covered the rest of her body and covered the ground she walks on.

A mistress, she'd realized immediately.

She'd heard that the king has one mistress which was very hard to believe because other kings and men of privileged status has more than fifteen.

The lowest she'd heard about is five. Her father has eight mistresses.

This must be the only mistress of King Lucien. Kamara cocked her head to the side and wondered what was special about the woman that she had to be the only one?

Or is it because of the king himself? She'd heard stories about the king, about his time in slavery and his freedom. Everyone has.

Why is this mistress slapping this slave?

Not her business. She told herself solidly as she started walking away from the aggravating scene. She hates mistresses so much because of Mistress Donna, but that wouldn't make her take it out on other mistresses.

"My princess?" Henna's voice came from behind her.

"Yes, Henna?" She swiveled her head to the side to see her personal maid staring at the mistress and the slave.

"Isn't that Princess Danika?" Henna asked.

She whipped her head towards the scene and watched it again. Really watched the scene.

It is Princess Danika.

She saw the moment when the mistress shoved her away and she fell. Kamara found her legs carrying her to the scene even before she could give it a second thought.

She walked straight to the mistress and slapped her really hard across the face.

"What the—" The mistress began.

She slapped the mistress again. This time, harder than the first time. Her body was almost vibrating with the force of her anger.

“How dare you put your hands on her!? How dare you!? Do you know who she is!? Even if you come from the noblest of families here in Salem, I’m sure your whole family will bow their heads and lick the ground Princess Danika walked on. How dare you put your hands on her just because her status reduced!? How dare you!?” Princess Kamara raged.

Needing more outlet for her anger, she slapped the stunned mistress the third time and then, she grabbed hold of her hair and yanked on it really hard.

“Ouch! Let go! Now!” Vetta snarled angrily, her scalp burning and her cheeks stinging.

She never expected this from the new princess. Ever. It was just so unexpected, it left her stunned.

“The next time you put your hands on her like that again, I’ll have you whipped! The only person that can alter that judgment is the king, and if he doesn’t or isn’t available at that moment, I’ll whip you mercilessly! Am I making myself clear!?”

Vetta can only nod vigorously. Anything to make the princess let go of her hair.

Her hands itched to slap the princess back. It itched so damn much.

But then again, there’s still sense on her head. A future queen is the highest status. Next to the king himself.

The last thing she needs is the wrath of King Lucien. Or worse, King Valendy.

Princess Kamara finally let go of her hair and stepped back. “Henna.”

“Yes, my princess!” The maid rushed forward.

“Get me water to wash my hands. I just got it dirty.” She snapped.

“Yes, my princess!” Henna was already running out, knowing her princess and the way she is when she’s in rage.

Apart from anger, Vetta felt a special kind of humiliation. How dare this princess...? How dare her!?

She glared at Danika who was still seated on the ground looking so stunned. Even the bitch didn’t expect this.

“I will tell the king about this!” Vetta vowed, her eyes filled with fire as she watched the Princess in front of her. She knows exactly how to twist this event.

She turned and stormed away. She needed to regroup! And then, she will be telling the king about this!

How dare her!?

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Chapter 107

Danika can only watch what was happening. She was too stunned. Too shocked.

After Vetta stormed off, Kamara turned her attention to her. She stretched out her hand.

Danika placed her hand into hers, and she helped her up from the ground.

“Thank you so much for your help, Princess Kamara. I appreciate.” Danika said sincerely. She never expected this at all.

Kamara waved her off. “Oh, stop with the ‘Princess Kamara’, not from your mouth too. I get sick and tired of hearing it sometimes.”

“Oh...” She doesn’t know what to say to that.

“You can call me Kamara, and I will call you Danika.”

“But that’s not proper. I’m n-no longer a princess, I’m now a slave.” Her cheeks flushed in embarrassment.

“The clothes don’t matter. What matters is the b***d running through your veins.” Princess Kamara quoted, “My mother always says that to me.”

“Your mother must be a good woman.” Danika said hesitantly. This princess is not what she expected, but she felt relief filling her spine like a new breath of fresh air.

She’d spend weeks worrying about the arrival of the new princess. How she’ll behave to her? If she’ll make life more hell for her?

Her relief was so apparent that she had to blink back tears. Princess Kamara is not a bad person.

Even if she is, at least she isn’t being bad now.

“Thank you so much for helping me with the mistress.” Danika repeated, dusting off her dress. “She has always hated me.”

“She’s bound to. You’re a King’s Slave. You should see the way the mistresses in our kingdom treat the King’s Slaves. It’s all because of jealousy and greed.”

“Really?”

“Yes. I don’t know why they bother to give do that. A mistress can never be a queen.” Kamara stated.

And a slave can never be a queen too, Danika thought inwardly. Waves of sadness crushed through her.

Kamara began walking and she fell into steps with her.

The maids and servants that bypassed them couldn’t help noticing that two princesses are walking together. One might be dressed in expensive gown, and the other was dressed in a simple gown devoid of lace... And yet, the both emitted the aura of royalty.

The steady footsteps. The high rise of their shoulders. The lifted chin. The graceful way their hands were buried together in their midriff.

Instead of a princess and a slave, palace workers saw two princesses on an evening walk. They bowed to both as they passed.

“I’m sorry about what happened with your father. We heard all about it.” Princess Kamara said to Danika.

“I’m not. My father deserved what he got.” She told the princess truthfully.

Princess Kamara shrugged. “He might have, but you sure don’t. You know, I’ve always admired you. As Princess Danika, you were everything every princess wanted to be; Regal, elegant, sophisticated and fierce.”

“You spoke so well, and you wrote so well. Not to mention, reading so fluently. You were such a good princess and a good leader.” Princess Kamara concluded, sparing her a sideways glance.

“I’m sure the princess rebels would have disagreed with you.” Danika smiled at the reminder of a beautiful life that was once hers.

“The rebels are stupid.”

“Thank you so much, Princ— Kamara.” She corrected herself softly.

“You’re welcome. It must be hell, being a slave. I can’t imagine it.” Kamara shuddered just at the thought of it.

“It takes some getting used to.” Danika admitted.

Footsteps sounded and Henna came running back to them. She brought a bowl of water and Princess Kamara watched her hands in it. Then, she carried it away.

“You shouldn’t let her beat you around, you know.” Kamara said, wiping her hands, “The mistress, I mean. You were always so fierce, you shouldn’t let that change because your status changed. People will walk all over you.”

“Oh, but it has to change, Kamara. The things we do to survive. It’s not easy surviving as a slave.” She confided softly, staring into space.

“Yeah, I can’t imagine. It must be tiring.”

Danika found her condition so many things before, but she has never found it tiring. But the truth is that these days, she has become so tired of it.

Would death really be such a bad idea? She asked herself for the first time in a long time.

Danika shrugged. “You’re right. Being a slave... It’s tiring.” a small sad smile crossed her lips, “But, I think it’s for the best...being in this position.”

“Why?” Kamara asked curiously.

She looked her in the eyes. “Because I got to understand the heart of slaves.”

“Oh...” Kamara cocked her head to the side as she thought about it.

“But, I’m worried. I don’t want you to get in trouble because you defended me.” Danika said in concern, looking away.

Kamara was worried about that too, but she’ll cross that bridge later. The only person she has no authority over is the king and he might even punish her for it.

“It doesn’t matter though. I got to release some of my anger on that mistress, and that’s all that matters to me. I’ve been so angry...” she paused, “it’s a long story.”

Danika saw the pain that flickered in her eyes before she said the last words.

She was going to ask her what the matter is, when Baski came out of the palace building. “Danika? You’re needed at the backyard.”

“Alright, I’m coming.” She called back.

Baski bowed her head to the new princess before she walked back to the building.

Kamara turned to her. “Till we meet again.”

“Thank you so much for earlier.”

“You’ve thanked me for it before.” Kamara smiled a little before she straightened and began walking away.

Danika watched her with a hurting heart. Her thoughts went back to the king.

Very soon, Princess Kamara will marry the king. She will grace his bed and she will bear his children. She will be the future Queen of Salem.

The knowledge was hurting so badly, it hurt more than the pain she’s feeling in her butt from her fall.

But, amidst that hurt, she was grateful that Kamara is a good princess. After everything the king has been through, he does not need a wicked woman. A woman like his mistress.

And, if she will make the king happy, then it will be okay for her.

As she began walking towards the palace building, her heart was still hurting. And tears was burning her eyes.

She misses the king so much. Just the very sight of him. It doesn’t matter if she has to gaze upon him when he’s wearing his usual scowl on his face.

She wondered how he’s doing now?

Is he working well? Is he resting well? Is he sleeping well?

Does he ever think of her...? Even for a little bit, does he ever think of her?

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Chapter 108

Can a person live and breath pain?

That was the question Lucien was asking himself as he laid in the cold hard cage, his body hurting badly. His ribs felt like they've been roasted in a hot blazing fire.

His pain, he can always deal with in his own in private...in slience. But now, Declan needs him. Declan needs him now.

He bit back a growl as he got up from the ground and walked to the bars of the cage that adjoined his present cage with Declan's cage.

"Hey..." He growled out.

Declan opened his eyes and stirred. Lucien can see that he wasn't really sleeping, he was just forcing himself. At twenty-one, Declan has developed a very bad case of insomnia.

Just like every other slave. Some worst than the others.

"Prince Lucien..." He g****d, crawling closer. He placed his bruised hand into the outstretched hand of his cousin brother.

"I'm so sorry. I'm so sorry, Deck. I wasn't able to protect you." Lucien's heart was so heavy in his chest.

Declan shook his head vigorously. Eyes red from crying beseeched his, "Don't, please. It's not your fault. I was only whipped. That's child's play compared to what you have been through."

"I was supposed to protect you..." Lucien squeezed the cold hands of his little brother, tears of rage burning furiously at the back of his eyes.

"You have been protecting me for the past eight years, I've only gotten a little part of the things you've been through, I will forever be grateful to you."

Lucien pressed his head at the cold bar, his eyes closed. Rage and pain has become a living breathing thing inside him.

He doesn't want this for Declan. He should never know a life like this.

"I'll get us out of here, Deck. I'll get each and every one of us out of here. You... My people.... None of you deserve this. I'll get you out of here."

"One day, you'll wake up and be happy because you're free again. I'll make sure that happens." He vowed.

The silence of the night got interrupted by Declan's hitched breathing. "You don't deserve this too, my brother. And I know you'll get us out of this. I strongly believe it."

And it was there in his eyes, that strong believe. In Declan's face, was that great trust he has.

Lucien made the vow everyday, and his people never stopped believing in him. Not after eight years. Not after nine years too.

He kept holding Declan's hand until Deck fell asleep, his bruised hand holding tightly onto him as if he's afraid to let go.

As if he's scared that if he let's go, the guards will come for him again. That Coza will come to brutalize him if he let's go....

King Lucien sprang awake from the bed, his chest heaving.

He closed his eyes tight, the burning in his cold heart was so much, he feared it'll burn him alive.

Can't breath. Can't breath.

Declan.

He was suffocating. The worst kind of nightmares... The most painful memories are always that of Declan's.

They always leave him in rage. In pain. Disorganized. And dangerously close to his eyes watering.

He lived with the guilt that he failed his people for the past ten years. He failed them by not getting them out of that hellhole earlier.

But, the guilt is nothing compared to the one he feels about his cousin brother. He'd failed him in every way.

He wasn't able to keep the promise he made to Declan.

Instead of getting him free, he'd gotten Declan killed.

Instead of making Declan see the sun again as a free person, he made him see the grave.

The pain was excruciating

. And that was how the memories of it has lived in his head and replays itself every night for the past few weeks that he hasn't been able to get some sleep.

He rose completely and got down from the bed. He needed some fresh air. Time outside to breath.

His own private haven was suffocating him.

He put on his long robe and walked out of his bedroom in the middle of the night.

He hadn't been able to see his future bride today because of how busy and tight his schedule had been.

He'd spend all day in court, he'd come back with a bad headache and so tired in his wary bones he'd thought that maybe...for the first time...that he'll be able to go to have a peaceful sleep.

He hasn't been more wrong. His demons haunted him. His shoulders tensed, restlessness was the very air he breaths.

Some nights were worst than the others.

This is one of those nights.



Danika's bladder woke her up in the middle of the night.

Afterwards, she wasn't able to go back to sleep again no matter how she tried. She shifted restlessly on the bed, turning to the other side and facing away from the sleeping Remeta.

She closed her eyes tight and tried to go back to sleep. There was no sound in the night. Just the usual silence and blackness.

She waited and waited and waited. Sleep eluded her.

Quite strange, because for the past few weeks she has become very good friends with sleep.

And now, for the first time, it's deserting her.

She rose from the bed, ignoring the way her belly growled in hunger. She wasn't able to eat dinner because she didn't have the appetite for the food that was cooked.

Another strange occurrence because she always has appetite for tomato bisque soup and roasted chicken.

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Chapter 109

Another strange occurrence because she always has appetite for tomato bisque soup and roasted chicken.

She sighed, knowing that the sickness will soon leave her body. It has too. It's making her too tired lately, and she doesn't want Baski to know. She does her best to hide it from her...from everyone. Her sickness. Her pain. Her emotional wreckage.

She just have to keep being strong both for herself and this two females she has come to care for.

She stared at Remeta and Sally who was sleeping beside her, quite oblivious of the world. She watched their laboured breathing.

Finally, she got up from the bed when she's sure that sleep has really eluded her. She might as well go outside and get some fresh air.

She put on her sleeping robe and walked out of the bedroom.

Out in the hallway, it took time before her eyes was able to adjust to the darkness.

She walked through the empty hallway, her harms wrapping around herself. It's cold outside.

She kept her footsteps soundless, so she doesn't wake the guards that were sleeping around the corner. Those ones on duty just ignored her as she walked.

Finally, she came out of the palace building and froze suddenly. The King?

Every bone in her body locked tight and she blinked her eyes several times to see clearly. She would know that back anywhere. Even without the expensive clothes, she'll know him anywhere.

It is truly the king.

He has his back to her. Facing the wall, he was leaning against it. From afar, Danika could see his shoulders so tensed. He held himself so stiff like a draw arrow waiting to snap.

She drank in the very sight of him. Creator, how she has missed this sight.

Warmth filled her inside, and for a moment, she forgot the coldness of the night because a cool air wrapped around her like a lover's arms as she watched him.

It doesn't matter that the night was so dark, she can still see him through the moonless night. She drank in the very sight of him.

But his restlessness was getting to her. She can't see his face, but she knows that he's so troubled.

How she can feel his pain from several miles away, she doesn't know. But she can practically feel it so bad, it was almost bringing tears to her eyes.

This is his weak moment and he wouldn't be having it outside if he ever thought anybody would see him. Danika knows that she's supposed to pretend that she didn't witness this moment and go back to her bedroom.

But, she found her legs carrying her towards him even before she could try to talk her brain out of him. Not that she'll succeed even if she have such conversation with her head.

He is in pain. And there is a supreme urge in her to soothe him.

She reached towards him and wrapped her arms around him from behind.



Danika.

When the feminine arms wrapped around him, he knew instantly who it is.

He didn't know how he knew that, the woman was holding him in a slightly tight embrace that prevents him from looking behind him and seeing who it is.

But he knew that it's Danika. Not Vetta. And definitely, not his future bride.

And how did he know this? What exactly gave her away? ...made her touch so unique?

Is it because a rare calmness settled over him the instant her arms made contact with his midriff?

Or because all the voice of the past—demons of the past—in his head suddenly stopped talking and went silent?

Or because a certain kind of peacefulness suddenly settled over him, lifting his soul and soothing over the pain in his cold heart?

All these only made him stiffen his shoulders even more in rejection. But, her arms only tightened around him.

He felt her head on his back, and then, swiveled her head to the side so that her cheek is left pressing into him.

“Danika.” His voice was hoarse.

“My king...” She whispered.

Her voice wrapped around him like a cloak, stronger than the soft arms around his middle.

He did not realize how much he had missed that voice, until he heard it whispering to him now.

“Let me go.” It was supposed to be a command. But it came out like a call upon supplication.

“No. Please, let me hold you... You’re hurting.”

At the back of his head, it registered that it’s the first time she is ever saying ‘no’ to him. The first time she is blatantly disobeying him. For him.

“Danika.” This second time was a hoarse warning.

She shuddered against him, shaking her head wordlessly on his back. He felt wetness in his back, and knew that it’s her tears.

It’s no longer as cold out here, Lucien thought. His heart no longer feel so hurting and bereft. And it’s all because of her.

Who is this woman?

How does she have this power over him? How can she manage to do the things she does so effortlessly...with just a single touch?

Danika knows the moment all tension drained from his big body. He made a move and she loosened her arms around him.

He pulled back from her and turned towards her. Blue eyes and face devoid of emotions stared down at her.

Danika can't even begin to imagine the way she looked. She had tears running down her face, and her hair must be messy from tossing around in bed.

She'd bet she'd lost some weight too because of how little she has been able to keep down. Lately, most of her foods makes it out of her mouth after eating.

All those wasn't what was supposed to bother her. She'd blatantly disobeyed him a few moments ago, he can easily have her head for that.

Surprisingly, it wasn't her main concern.

Her eyes was raking over his body to make sure it wasn't physical discomfort that had him strapped against the wall. She was making sure he wasn't physically hurt.

Tears of relief joined the tears that was already making it down her cheeks as she saw that he's physically fine.

He might be an emotionally wreck, but physically, he's not hurt.

"You're fine..." Love, concern and relief filled her voice as she whispered pushed out of her mouth and her eyes finally found his face.

His eyes flashed.

The silence of the night stretched as she looked him in the eyes, getting drunk from the very gaze of him.

One can easily get lost in his eyes. Eyes that were devoid of warmth, and filled with pain.

Suddenly, he grabbed hold of her arm and tugged her closer to him.

One moment, the night air was caressing her front and the next, her face was buried in his wide chest and his strong arms was going around her in a tight embrace.

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Chapter 110

When King Lucien pulled Danika into a hug, blanketing her into his strong arm, everything suddenly felt right in the world when she got over her shock from the gesture.

She allowed her wet eyes to slid close and she wrapped her arms around him. It's been four weeks she'd been in his arms. Four excruciating week of pain and misery.

She closed her eyes and tightened her arms around him. It doesn't matter if this moment is fleeting... If he regains back his senses and pushes her away...

What matters is the moment. This stolen moment between them.

Since her status reduced and she became a slave, Danika learnt to always live in the moment because good moments are hard to come by when you're a slave.

Finally, he pulled back. She looked up at his deep blue eyes and it isn't looking so troubled anymore.

"You weren't sleeping?" King Lucien's voice was deep, his eyes searching.

"I slept, My King." She'll keep calling him that for the night until he demands otherwise. "I just woke up earlier and I couldn't go back to sleep."

He walked past her then and began walking. Slow, steady steps and with his hands behind his back.

Danika was torn, if she should follow him or not. She wondered what had him so stiff and so restless that he had to leave his bedroom and cold out to the cold night?

"Are you coming?" He swiveled his head towards her without turning.

She nodded once and began walking towards him. She walked unhurriedly, her steps matching his. She fell only a step behind him.

It was a beautiful moonlight and cold night. She followed his stride, "Couldn't you sleep, my King?"

He kept silent for a full minute.

"I haven't been able to sleep in a while." He glared at her like it's her fault.

"I'm sorry, my king."

His throat worked. He faced forward again, "It's not your fault." He sighed at last. "Tonight, I had a nightmare."

When King Lucien pulled Danika into a hug, blanketing her into his strong arm, everything suddenly felt right in the world when she got over her shock from the gesture.

She guessed as much. The king is a man with a horrible past, it's only fitting to think that it's nightmares of the past that kept him awake.

Nightmares her father created.

"I'm sorry." The whispered words came easily again, slipping from her mouth just as water slips through hand.

"I have a cousin from my mother's side, his name was Declan. A fire accident took his parents when he was five and I was twelve. He was living with Queen Meetia, who's my mother's only surviving sister back then."

As he spoke, he walked. Danika listened attentively, walking a step behind him.

This Declan he always dreamed off. Declan she'd heard him call out his name in sleep a time or two.

She felt good that he wants to confide in her a subject that's so delicate.

"Queen Meetia died few months before we were enslaved. That was how Declan came to live with us. He was enslaved with us. I did everything I could to keep him from harm's way. It's not easy when you've got no powers and you're a target for a powerful man." He threw her a side glance.

Danika didn't know what to say to that, she kept mute. But, her chest felt tight.

He turned away again. "That life should have never known Deck. He'd been too sheltered, Queen Meetia made sure of that especially when his parent died when he was a boy. Then, all of a sudden, he was exposed to the worse. The harshest part of life."

"I did all I could. They'd whip him and they won't feed him. I'll make sure to give him my own food...even when I've not eaten for several days. I'd either give him, or Remeta, or Vetta. Baski and Chad never ever takes no matter how much I command them to."

"The best days are those days we suddenly get a feast to eat. We don't know where they're smuggled from, but occasionally there are so much to eat, it makes those who's been so starved sick." he paused, his throat working, "Now, we finally knew it came from Sally."

Danika did her best not to give any reaction at all. She'd fed them too. Most of the times when Sally was unable to.

She couldn't say that to him. It wouldn't change a thing.

It's not enough to change the wrongs her father did.

"Sally is an angel," he continued, "And, I'm glad Chad is getting married to a soul so beautiful. If any man deserves such great happiness that comes from a love match, it will be Chad." He g****d, his eyes flashing a bit.

And what about you? Danika wanted to ask so bad. Don't you deserve it like he does?

She bit the word off, swallowing them down.

"A day came when I was brutally tortured. One of those torture sessions that lives a slave at the very blink of death. I was right there at death's door." His shoulders had gone tensed, his eyes darkened. A coldness in his expression.

"The guards still came to whip me again, but Declan was there and he refused. They whipped him badly and raped him brutally. He died right in front of me and they took his body away." He said flatly.

Danika closed her eyes against the wave of pain. No one deserves a death like that. Definitely not his cousin.

Silence descended again. This time around it stretched longer.

They'd long walked out of the premises of the palace, and now they're walking through the shortcut that leads to the river.

She wanted badly to apologize again, but she couldn't bring herself to say the words again. Maybe because she knows that it'll be the last stray for him if she does.

It might turn him back to the master Lucien she knew her first few weeks in the palace.

"My nightmares were filled with Declan. That was why I couldn't sleep."

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Chapter 111

"My nightmares were filled with Declan. That was why I couldn't sleep."

She did say it then. "I'm sorry, my king."

They reached the chair they'd once sat on, four weeks ago. To Danika, it felt like ages since the king brought her here before.

When he lowered himself to the wooden chair, she sat beside him, putting some distance between them.

They stared out of the river. In the middle of the night, the water was almost still. They're was so waves, no tumbling. Just the beautiful sight of water beneath the dark clouds of the night.

Then, he wrapped a strong arm around her and pulled her closer to him. He lowered his head on her shoulder and closed his eyes.

"Let us be like this... Just for tonight." He g*****d.

The tension left her body and she melted into him. The memories of the past has not made him cold towards her because she's her father's daughter.

Thank you, Creator. She whispered in her mind. This is truly a stolen moment.

A moment where there's no duty. No Cone's daughter. No master. No slave.

Just a woman who loves a man so much. And a man who's about to get married to another.

She closed her eyes against the slash of pain in her heart. "My king?"

"Mmh." His eyes remained closed.

"Can I pat your hair?"

"You can."

She curled her fingers into his jet black curls and began patting it rhythmically.

He seem to relax more against her, his breathing cane out in a sigh. She was acutely aware of his body beside hers. So acutely aware.

The unique scent of his expensive cologne—which she has missed this past few weeks—was all she breathed.

King Lucien felt whole again sitting down there with his head to her small shoulder, and his eyes closed. This past few weeks hasn't been easy.

Duty was never easy. He'd done his best not to think of her, and to put all memories of her aside to be able to perform his duties as a king.

He never expected it to be as hard as it was. But, it turned out to be one of the hardest things he'd done; keeping her out of his chambers and his bed.

For the first time in so long he can breath easily again. The voices in his head had died down, his demons has disappeared, and now, only peace and serenity remains.

It's her. He has come to realize it a long time ago.

He'd referred to Sally as an angel. But in his mind, whenever he thinks of the white garment dwellers in the home of the Creator, her image is the first that comes to his mind.

He was done question why it's so. Why it's her. Questions do not provide him with the answer.

But, he hopes that one day, he will have the answer why the daughter of the biggest monster in the universe happens to be the bringer of peace, bearer of light and the cloak of calmness.

"My king?" Her melody voice filled the night.

"Mmh."

"We have to go back to the palace. It's not safe out here for you in the night, without any bodyguards around."

You will protect me.

King Lucien frowned. He did not know why such a thought came from, but it was there.

It dawned on him that he believed it to be true.

She will try to protect him, if anything happens. Not that he can't protect himself—he can, really well. But, he knew that she will want to.

He did not know how he knew that, but his instincts was saying it's true anyway. He has come to trust her that much, he realized.

He only frowned harder and pulled away from her.

"You're right. Let us go back in."

Danika rose first from the wooden chair and a wave of dizziness slammed her with so much force, she swayed on her feet and almost fell.

Strong arms shot out and wrapped around her midriff, saving her from losing her balance.

“Are you alright?” He g****d, his face scowling.

She nodded repeatedly as the waves of dizziness passed. “Yes. Thank you, my king.”

But he didn’t let go of her.

She stared down at his arms on her body. Instead of pulling away, he wrapped them more securely around her middle...pulling her closer to him.

Then, he lowered his head to her belly and kept it there.

Butterflies spread out inside her, warmth sizzled in her. Memories of the first day he did something like this filled her mind.

She practically wore her love for him in her eyes as she began patting his hair again.

King Lucien closed his eyes again. For a man that hates physical contact of any kind from people, he is sure being touchy-feely with her tonight.

But, this is a stolen moment where duty do not have to matter. And he was feeling a different kind of pain filled him.

The pain of his inability to father a child.

A king that cannot produce an heir.

What will the world say about this? What will his people think about this?

Swiveling his head so that his cheek rested on her belly, he allowed that pain to wash over him.

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Chapter 112

Danika woke the next morning with dual feelings. She felt sick and so better, at the same time.

The sick part of it, is the normal part. She understands it because she's been that way for a good while now. But the better part?

She smiled widely as she remembered last night. Or is earlier this morning?

That hug...

She closed her eyes and could almost feel his arms around her. He'd held her tight...like he didn't want to let go of her.

Then, they'd walked. He'd told her about his late Cousin. He'd sat with her and let her put her hands on him. He'd put his head on her belly...

Her hands rose and pressed on her stomach, her face glowing. She can still remember the way they'd stood there and she was patting his head. They'd stayed for a long time too.

Such a sweet sweet moment.

Later, they'd walked back to his chambers and he'd let her lie down on his bed. He didn't touch her intimately, and frankly, she never expected him to.

It's Courting Week. The only rule to it is that the future queen has all the undivided attention of the king through out that period.

She is the only one that can grace his bed during that time too.

That was why she'd been surprised when he'd asked her to lie on the bed. She'd laid, but he only laid beside her and watched her with eyes that saw too much.

She should have known that the king is too much of a principled man and he'll honour that rule as a respect to his future bride.

He'd surprised her again when he resumed talking to her. Telling her about some period of time during his slavery.

In return, she'd told him about some stories of herself when she was a child.

How she and Sally used to sneak to the village to watch some festivals. How she'd attended some of the princess meetings.

She deliberately excluded the name of her father from everything she told him. Any event that'll lead to saying her father's name—reminding him of her father—she made sure to scrap that event.

That was how they'd spent long minutes.

She was in the middle of telling him the story of one particular horror event that happened in Mombana when she was a teen—about a man that killed his own child—when he fell asleep.

She'd stayed a few more minutes openingly gazing at him as he slept, unabashed. She didn't have to hide her love for him or her feelings for him because he wouldn't see her.

Such sweet sweet fleeting moment.

She can't remember how long passed before she allowed herself to get up from the bed, wrapped the duvet around him and walked out of his chambers back to her own room.

"Someone's looking so happy this morning, standing in the middle of the bedroom, her cheeks flaming as she gets lost in thought."

The sound of Sally's voice pulled Danika out of her own head. She smiled at her former personal maid. "Sally..."

"Good morning, my princess. I can see that the day is looking so bright, my princess!" Sally whirled around two times, her cheeks stretched in a beautiful smile.

"The only person brightening up the day is you, Sally. I didn't get the chance to see your dress, yesterday, I'm so sorry. I was sleeping like a goon." She bit her lips guilty.

"Oh, stop it, my princess. I made sure you slept for a long time too. Then, I came back to look for you and couldn't find you. You don't know how shocked I was when I saw you with Princess Kamara." she made a face, "I hope she didn't hurt you?"

Danika shook her head. "No, she didn't. Actually, she saw when the mistress was beating me around and she came to my rescue."

"Your rescue?" Sally asked wide-eyed.

"She slapped the mistress three times and scolded her."

Sally's jaws went slack.

“What!?” Her eyes wide like saucers, filled with disbelief.

“Yeah, I was that surprised too. Creator, I never expected it.”

“Oh... My... Creator. She slapped the witch of the west...?”

Sally’s disbelief was so comical, Danika laughed. “Yes, she did. Then, she took water from her personal maid and watched her hands clean for touching dirt.”

Sally clinged. Then, she was grinning, “I almost feel sorry for that wicked witch. She finally met her match.”

“I’m worried though. She threatened to tell the king all about it. The king might punish Kamara.”

“Or, he might not. With the king you’ll never know. Let’s just hope for the best and in the meantime, let’s go to the village and buy some clothings. You know we only have a few little moment to spend together before I get married.” She finished sadly.

“Don’t be so grammatic, Sally. Of course, we’ll still be spending time together even when you get married.” She told Sally with a smile, but her chest tightened.

She’s so happy that Sally is getting married to a man she loves, she really is. She just feels a burn in her chest whenever it reminds her that Sally will no longer be so close to her afterwards.

She’ll have to live with her husband. Take care of her husband and make him her priority.

“I’ll really like to go into the village with you, Sally but I have some chores—”

“Don’t worry about chores. I already pleaded with two maids to do it as a favor to me, I’ll pay them back.” She grinned and clapped, “I want us to go into the village, it’s been so long you stepped out of the palace gates.”

Danika smiled, staring at her. “Alright. Let me dress up and we’ll go.”

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Chapter 113

Vetta watched the king who was seated behind his desk, his brows furrowed together as he scribbled down on the scroll in front of him.

“My King.” She drawled as she watched towards his desk, getting behind it and behind him.

“What is it, Vetta.” He asked without breaking his concentration from the book in front of him.

“Let me give you a massage. You must be tensed, you need to relax those muscles from time to time.” She raised her hands towards his shoulders.

“Do not put your hands on me, Vetta. Not now. I do not need the distraction.”

Vetta swallowed at the hardness of his voice. Sometimes, it’s really hard to deal with the King.

“Alright, my king.” She stepped back and forced a breezy smile. “Did you sleep well last night?”

His hand paused mid-scribble, his eyes flashed. “Yes. I slept well.” He replied in a surprisingly gentle voice.

Did anything special happen the night before? Vetta found herself wondering.

“Why are you here? It’s anything the matter?” He pulled out some fresh scrolls and opened them out in front of him.

“You gave me instructions few weeks ago that I should never put my hands on the Slave again in punishment, unless she commits an offense to deserve it, right?”

His hand pushed mid-scribble again, his eyes found hers for a few seconds. Then, the blue orbs went back to scrutinizing the papers in front of him.

“Yes, I did.”

“I have obeyed your wishes and your command, My king. But, yesterday, the Slave ran into me on the hallway. She pushed me down until I fell so gracelessly.” her voice was filled with fake pity and horror, “My heels were hurting...that particular part where King Cone burned me with a hot iron.”

Just as she knew it would, the last statement got to him more than the others. He can still remember that event, Vetta knows this surely.

That particular day after she’d had her miscarriage, the king had singled her out and branded her feet with hot iron.

“How is your feet?” His eyes were filled with concern as he looked at her.

She has him exactly where she wants him. “It hurt so bad the rest of the day, yesterday. Today, I can only feel it throb from time to time.” She lied smoothly.

“When she did that to me, I felt so angry and punished her by giving her a mild slap on the face but the princess—” she hissed the name out with so much hatred, “—came upon me and slapped me three times! She beat me up badly!”

The King’s brows knitted together and he scowled. “The princess?”

“Yes. Princess Kamara, your future bride!” She said through gritted teeth. It will be over her dead body that the king will get married to that witch!

Silence met her outburst.

The muscle in his jaw ticked. He reached for a new feather, and inked it in the bottle of ink in front of him.

The silence only lengthened as he withdrew the inked feather, and began drawing his letters again.

“My King!” She said impatiently.

“You know, Vetta. A king who wants to live long do not get involved with the problems, commotions, and malice between his women; the Queen, his mistresses and his Slaves.” He lectured in a calm voice.

“But, you got involved for the Slave. And you warned me off her.” She reasoned, trying to keep her anger in check.

“The slaves are the lowest in the rank and the most mistreated unjustly. You were once a slave, you know this.”

Vetta do NOT like the reminder at all. “Yes, my lord.”

He nodded without sparing her a glance. “I work hard to make sure some laws will be abolished and slaves will stop being seen as animals but instead like humans. That includes, my own slaves.”

“But, my king, that princess slapped me three times! My feet and cheeks hurt all day.” She allowed her voice to waver, sounding dangerously close to tears.

“I will speak to her about it.” He let out, finally.

“Thank you so much, my lord.” It made her feel a little better, even though, she expected more from him.

“And w-what about the Slave? Will you punish her too?” She added.

“You just told me that you’ve already punished her. I see no reason why I should do that too.” He folded the well-written scroll and kept it aside.

“Y-Yes, Your Highness.” She balled her hands to fists.

“You may go now.”

She bowed to him and started out of the door.

“Vetta?”

She turned, “Yes, My King?”

“Do not bring such matters to me again unless it’s a critical case. You do well to settle it amongst yourselves, while I see to more important matters and affairs of the state.”

“Your wish is my command, Your Highness.”

“You may go.”

She walked out of the door feeling angry, hurt and chastised. She kicked the wall in front of her with rage.

He will ‘speak’ to the princess and what about Danika!? She fumed.

Then, an idea formed in her head that caused a smile to flash in her features.

He said to settle the matter between them and take laws to their hands right?

She will be dealing with Danika today in a very very bad way. She wouldn’t be there when it happens, so that no one will suspect anything.

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Chapter 114

“Guards.” King Lucien called calmly, never one to raise his voice.

The door opened and Zariel entered. Chad has been scarce lately because he is preparing for his marriage.

He made a mental note to have some private time with his friend slash helper since childhood, one of these days.

“Your Highness.” He bowed his head.

“Tell Princess Kamara, I summon her.”

“Your wish is my command, Your Highness.” He turned and hurried out of the door.

The king parked up his well-written scrolls and got up from his chair. He walked into his library, towards the left end of the shelf where he has his last written scrolls all lined up.

He took his time arranging it according to date of when they were written for easy access and identification.

He filling in the second to last scroll when the door opened, a feminine voice called, “I’m in here, Your Highness.”

King Lucien dropped the last of the tied price of paper on the shelf and closed the spread. Then, he strode out of his library, stopping at the door.

The first thing he noticed about the princess was her unusually wavy blond hair that spread down her back and curled to a stop at her lower back, just before her waist.

Hair like Danika’s. Danika has the exact shiny blond hair with length so long, it’s beautiful.

He scowled. Why would he pick up such detail? When did he pick it up?

He shut down such confusing thoughts and focused on the woman in front of him. He took it her facials and physiques.

She’s very young and a beautiful princess too.

He pulled away from the door of the library and strode deeper into his bedroom. “I apologize for my inability to meet with you up until this moment, Princess.”

Princess Kamara held her lower gown and curtsied like she was taught al her life to do in front of a king. “You do not need to apologize, my king. I understand how busy it is for you.”

“How was your first night in the palace?”

“I slept like a baby, My Lord.”

Kamara wondered if he could see the trembles of her body. King Lucien looked nothing like she imagined.

She'd heard words and stories about him and the things he went through in the hands of the former King Cone.

So, she'd warily prepared her mental health for seeing a King Kong, or a scarred Chimpanzee dressed in expensive wears.

The King is a handsome but terrifying man. There's a scar that ran across one cheek and disappeared into his neckline, it gave him a savage look.

And he was huge. Like a fighter in royal wears.

Kamara swallowed, finding herself tongue-tied. Her only relief is that her big corset and viel must be hiding the shivers running down her spine.

"I hope your journey went well?" His deep voice filled the air as he walked closer and hesitated.

It was just three seconds hesitation before he stretched out his hand, palms out.

A man that's wary of touch, Kamara observed as she placed her hand into his and he kissed the back of her hand in a gesture of respect and greeting as old as time.

"The journey was lovely." She lied smoothly.

"I'm glad. I hope your stay has been great?"

"It has been good, My King. I've been exploring. It's so beautiful here." This part is sincere. She took a step back from him.

King Lucien didn't miss the move. Or the slight fear his future bride was trying to hide. He would have smiled if he knew how to.

Instead, he pulled away from her to give her a little bit of space. "How is your father?"

"He's fine, My Lord. He sends his regards."

"And your mother?"

"The Queen is fine, thank you." She curtsied again.

He scrutinized her again, and decided that he made a good choice where she's concern.

She seems rightly trained and beautiful. He could have done worse.

The same exact thoughts were running through Kamara's mind.

He was everything she never expected, and that's...good, she guess. She could have done worse.

If it works out between them, she will settle down with him.

Better him than a mustached-jaw, potbellied, fat and ugly sixty-year-old kings which most princesses have been unfortunately matched with.

On her way here, she'd wished he'll reject her because of everything she'd heard about him. She'd thought that if he rejects her, her father will match her with a better king.

But now, she looks at him and hopes the wouldn't reject her. It won't save her from her father's decision and it won't make it possible for her to be with Callan either.

But, if he rejects her, her father will only match her with another king because that's the 'duty of a princess.'

A shuddered sizzled down her body and she looked up at the king again. His blue eyes never fails to startle her, it's his most captivating feature.

Eyes just like Callan's, she thought with a hurting heart. She can definitely live with gazing into those eyes if she does nothing else.

Although, Callan's eyes are warm and expressive. King Lucien's own is cold and blank.

Her heart hurts, but she is lucky.

She could have done worse, she repeated in her mind. So, yes, she considers herself lucky after all.

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Chapter 115

Sally was grinning like a child as she skidded her way out of the palace. Danika watched her with a smile on her own face.

Sally was right. She'd been so caught up with everything that's been happening lately, she's forgotten what it's like to live the palace gates and go anywhere.

Sally is her usual cheerful person, stopping by every flower to pick a little part of it. She puts it to her nose and inhales deeply.

“Aah! It smells so good, my princess.”

“It does, doesn’t it?” Danika complied.

Sally stuck it to her hair and continued skidding down her part. Danika followed her in steady strikes.

The people of Salem watched her as she walked in that aristocratic way that’s like a second skin to her. She has her incredibly long hair in a bun at the back of her head, and her clothes, though simple...was why ironed and fitted her body.

Eyes watched her curiously. The daughter of the monster, King Cone. They haven’t seen her in a while.

Only Remeta when her mother brings her out of the palace on their way to the market. It still leaves them very speechless whenever they see the Ghosted One looking so happy like a normal girl.

Danika was oblivious of the stares. She followed Sally and got to the point where the road was divided. One route leads to the library and the other leads to the market.

“Which way first?” Sally asked her, whirlin around to look at her.

“Let’s go to the library first. We can go to the market afterwards.”

“Alright, my princess.” Sally continued down the route to the library and Danika followed her.

They got to the library, she presented her card and they entered quietly. The library isn’t frequented by many as lowborns have given up hope to reading or learning how to write.

She took Sally to the inner room where most interesting books are kept.

An hour passed, while she read to Sally and helped her write. She also got a new book and had Sally read to her.

Although, her words aren’t all correct, she was making good progress that made Danika happy.

She had Sally engaged in a book when she got up and started searching for another book to read. It excites her to gain new knowledge of things she never knew before.

She saw a book written *Motherhood.*

Her interested piqued. She picked up the book and stared at the book cover. A sketch of a pregnant woman was drawn on it.

Will this book teach about how babies are made? Will it teach the signs and symptoms of an expectant mother? How to be a mother?

She has never really been interested in such books before and she has no reason to be interested in it.

But, she found herself blowing out the dust that created a slight layer on the book, and opened the cover...



Vetta stood in the small bedroom and watched through the peephole as Karandy talked with two women.

They looked in their late forties and so dirty. She couldn't make out the former Slave trainer's words but she knows that it's their plan he's trying to make a success.

She kept herself hidden, watching both women nod their head in affirmation. She watched as he opened the door and let them out.

She came out of the bedroom after he locked the door. "Are you sure they can do the job right?"

Karandy nodded, chuckling. "They have a very bad grudge on the late King Cone. Zenia lost her only son because of him, while Coria lost her three children because of him. Trust me, mistress, they can get the job done."

"That's good." She nodded, at least she's in a better mood now.

Her meeting with the king, coupled with the fact that she's been unable to carry his child has been grating on her nerves, but now... She's better, now.

"But, what about that girl that follows her around?" Karandy asked.

Vetta waved him off. "I've made plans too to extract her. Don't worry about that one."

"What about the King's future bride? You said that she favors the former Princess Danika."

"Apart from the fact that she's on a walk with the king and will be spending most of the day with him today, so she wouldn't be able to hear what's happening outside the palace WHEN it's happening?" she paused and added, "She won't be able to do a thing about it if she does find out about it. Even the king won't be able to do anything."

She walked to go stand by the window and overlook the outside of the house. People passing back to go to their various destinations. A mother dragging a crying child stubbornly.

“I might not know much about Royalty, but I know that they were taught well about Leadership and the People. The only voice louder than a King’s voice is the united voice of the crowd of his people.” She mumbled.

Karandy nodded, seeing the sense of her words. He’s getting the idea...

“A good king do not impose orders on his people, when they are saying the truth. And a future queen knows that she can’t go around commanding the people. She knows that she will earn their trust, not force it.”

“You’re so smart, mistress.” Karandy g****d, adjusting his hard organ. While he longs to get his hands on Danika—and the mistress has been delaying there plans because she wants to wait for the right time, he wants to fuçk this mistress too.

She’s a beautiful woman, but with a dark heart. He wants her.

But, he doesn’t want to die yet too.

Vetta smiled. “Of course, I’m smart. Trust me, today will be fun.”

Karandy watched the Mistress’s backside. All the while she stares out of the window, he kept watching her.

Too bad she isn’t the one he’s really craving to fuçk.

“So, what about the other plan? Our main plan? When are we going to carry it out?” Karandy asked the mistress, licking his lips.

Vetta swivelled her head without turning around. “You mean when you’ll get her within your crutches to do as you wish? The plan that involves you fuçking her as much as you want?”

“Yes, mistress. That’s the plan.” He said with real urgency.

While he’s happy that today that bitch, Danika, will be getting a little bit of what she deserves, he’s not really all happy about this plan because it doesn’t involve him.

He needs to get his hands on her. He wants to have her. Damn, he’s almost obsessed with the need to dirty her up.

The mistress turned her head back towards the window. “When it’s the right time.”

“It’s been a month now, Mistress.”

“You’re impatient, Karandy. We need the perfect time because that plan is the ultimate plan that will ruin Danika completely in the eyes of the king and break her to pieces from the inside out. These ones are just for fun.” She grinned.

He came up beside her to stand a few feet away, staring out of the same window and watching people passing. “This one will ruin her too.”

“Only in the eyes of the people. Doesn’t matter, the people already hates her so much. That’s why it’s for fun. Don’t worry, our ultimate plan will come soon.” She drawled.

Karandy gritted his teeth. He needed that plan to come sooner.

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Chapter 116

As Danika read through the book, she felt all the color drain from her face. Her hands became sweaty and her throat went dry like sandpaper.

Oh...Creator! No, please, it can't be...

Most of these signs and symptoms here, she has them. All these while, she'd thought that she was sick because of the King's coldness towards her and his upcoming marriage to Princess Kamara.

But...

She swallowed tightly. No, no, she can't be pregnant. No, there's a mistake somewhere.

Madamn Baski had told her that she can't get pregnant because of the herbs she'd gave her on her second night with the king.

So, there's just no way that she's pregnant!

“Danika, you just can't be...!” She consoled herself in a whispered. It's all a coincidence. It just can't be...!

“My princess?”

Sally's soft voice startled her slightly. She took deep breaths and calmed herself for a few seconds, before she plastered a smile on her face.

She turned and faced her former personal maid. "Are you done reading?" She asked brightly.

Sally scrutinized her too-white face and eyes filled with fear. "Are you alright, My Princess?" She asked worriedly.

"Yes. Yes, I'm fine. Of course, I'm fine. Can we go to the market now?" She asked breathlessly.

"Yes... I'm done." Slowly, Sally dismissed her worries and smiled brightly. "Let's go to the market now."

Danika dropped the book back to the shelf like it burnt her. "Alright, let's go."

They came out of the library and began walking. Sally brightly began skidding ahead of her.

"You walk as slow as a snail, my princess. I don't know why princesses are taught to walk such way. And they don't run better too." She called out in front.

Danika pushed her terrifying prickling thoughts away from her mind, and did her best to focus on Sally. "A princess has to walk gracefully. Well, not all of us were able to perfect that walk."

"I know, My Princess. I remember that day we attended the princess's meeting. Princess Gretsha walks like a fat turkey." She giggled.

"Heavens! Sally!" Danika looked around to make sure that no one else heard. Then, a smile crossed her cheeks.

"The rebel princess will have you whipped for that, you know." She informed Sally.

Sally continued down her path. "I'm smart, My Princess! I'll never call it to her to her face!"

Danika's lips stretched, but a sadness crossed her features. Sally will soon be married... Her only consoler, her best friend...

How will she cope?

They walked until they entered the route that leads to the market. Sally stopped by the first shop and bought a bag for their goods.

Danika followed her peacefully, missing the life that was once hers as she watched the children beggars who were clothed in rags and sat lined up in a parallel line begging for money.

She missed having her own money. Lots of coins. Because she never hesitates to give begging children when she was still a princess in Mombana.

She followed Sally dutifully and they began shopping for little little things Sally will need after she got married.

They were in the process of it when a maid walked up to them. "Sally, you're needed in the palace."

Sally turned towards the maid who's name she remembered to be Adelia. These past few weeks, she has been serving the King's Mistress exclusively as ordered of her.

"Me? But I took a permission from Madam Baski. She knows I'm going to the market and she permitted us." Sally explained.

"The mistress said to call you." The maid informed her.

"Me?" Sally repeated, pointing at her own chest in disbelief. The mistress has never summoned her alone in the past. She turned and looked at her princess, biting her lips.

Danika already looked worried. She faced the maid, "Did she do anything wrong? Is there a problem?"

She shook her head. "It's nothing dire or anything. The mistress only needs her opinion on some new dresses she got. She said that Sally has a good taste in clothes and should help her pick the best clothes."

"Oh... Okay." Sally let out a breath of relief.

For a moment there, she'd thought that the Wicked Witch of the West found out that she called her the Wicked Witch of the West behind her back.

She turned to Danika, her face filled with indecision.

"It's alright." Danika took the bag from her. "I'll quickly finish up the shopping and meet you in the palace. You'll be fine."

"I'm not worried about me. What about you? Will you be fine, My Princess?" Sally bit her lips.

Danika nodded. "I will be. Now, run along so she won't punish you for being late."

Sally nodded and followed the maid out of the market.

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Chapter 117

Danika walked from one corner of the market to the other, buying the things she needed. Some people glared at her as she passed, but she bowed to them slightly and walked away with her shoulders high.

Pregnant...?

No matter how she tried not to think about it, her traitorous mind keeps going back to that awful possibility. Terror seized her system.

Heavens, no. It can't be. She convinced herself stubbornly. There's no way—

A girl ran into her.

"Sorry! Sorry! Sorry!" The girl said as she pulled away from her.

Danika caught herself from falling. She looked at the girl in front of her. The girl wouldn't be more than eight years old, and she was dirty and dressed in rags. A lowborn.

"It's okay. No harm done." She said softly.

The girl nodded her head and took off in a run.

Danika continued walking. She didn't walk for long when she began hearing commotions behind her.

"It's her! It's that daughter of a monster! She took the diamond necklace!" A woman's voice was screaming behind her.

Danika turned back in sheer confusion. A small crowd of women was walking close to her. She wondered what was happening.

Who's the woman they're talking about? She asked herself.

She was most surprised when the crowd came in front of her and stopped. They didn't pass her.

"It's her! She's the thief!" A very angry looking woman shouted in front of her.

“Are you sure, Zenia?” One of the women asked, even as she threw Danika an evil glare.

The woman, Zenia, nodded vigorously. Her eyes was blazing fire as she pointed at Danika. “She stole the diamond necklace from my store, I saw her steal it!”

The crowd gasped and faced Danika. They were all angry looking.

“Is this true!? Did you steal, you evil daughter of an evil man!?” One of the snapped angrily.

“I know, she stole it.” Another added.

“She wants to wear it later. Still thinks herself a princess, that b’tch!”

“The apple does not fall far from the tree...” Another hissed.

They were murmurs and whispered from the small crowd, those words were the only one Danika was able to make out before she snapped out of the daze she’d entered.

This can’t be happening...! No, no, not her..! The punishment for stealing....!

She swallowed and closed her mind from the horrible thought. Her heart squeezed in her chest.

“No! I didn’t take anything! I’m not a thief!” She shouted, alarmed.

“She stole it, I saw her! Check her bag you’ll see it! I know she stole it, that b’tch!” Another woman shouted in the crowd.

Danika’s body was trembling. She lifted the bag of goods she’d bought. “This is my bag. You can search it, I did not steal a thing!”

“If we find it, we’ll crucify her!” A voice shouted in the crowd.

“We’ll burn her!”

“We’ll beat her up badly!”

“Hell, I’ve always wanted to get my hands on her!”

“We’ll strip her naked too!”

The voices were too much, they were jarring on Danika’s head. She was overwhelmed with the hatred that emitted from those words.

These people who hate her so much for a crime she didn't commit. Their eyes filled with rage. Hatred.

They look upon her with murder in their eyes.

One of them dragged the bag of goods from her and opened it. She began ransacking it fanatically.

Danika just wanted all these to be over. She was breathing erratically. Her heart was threatening to burst out of her chest. A thief?

Thankfully, all her fears and feelings were well hidden on the inside. Her body quaked, but not visibly.

She watched them coolly, waiting for them to vindicate her and for her to be on her way.

"It's really here! She stole the diamond necklace! It's here!" The woman gasped as she brought out a diamond necklace from the bag.

The whole crowd gasped.

Danika watched in horror. She has never seen that necklace before.

This people will hurt her badly. It's right there in their eyes.

A thief. They all call her a thief.

They found the diamond necklace in her bag. A necklace she has never seen before. Danika can only watch in a trance.

She doesn't know how to go about this. Doesn't know how to start vindicating herself because she knows that all her attempt will be futile.

These are the set of people her father enslaved and tortured for the past ten years. They look upon her with hate, judgement and rage.

Suddenly, she wished Sally was there with her. Sally... Anybody...

These people will devour her. Her baby... No, there's no baby, Danika.

The words didn't convince her like it's meant to. She can only watch the angry mob in front of her.

There is no pleading with them. Or begging them. It will change nothing.

"I did not steal that. I have never seen that before." She tried anyway.

Her voice was hoarse and calm, while her insides was trembling. Her b***d ran cold and her heart was thudding in her chest.

One woman's hand snaked out from the crowd and slapped her cheek. Another grabbed hold of her hair. "You thief! You thief!"

"We will deal with you today!" Another person shouted.

As they dragged her away, she thought...

Maybe, just maybe, this is how it was written in her stars.

Maybe, just maybe, this is the way it's meant to be.

Maybe, just maybe, this is the way she'll reunite with her mother again.

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Chapter 118

Baski was picking herbs with her daughter. Remeta was happy all day. Her expression was cheerful and bright. That was how it's been for few weeks now.

It gives Baski a special kind of joy. Today, they were picking new fallen leaves.

All of a sudden, Remeta let go of her bowl and it fell to the ground. Her eyes went wide and she began crying.

A loud distressed cry filled with so much pain.

"Remeta! Remeta!" Baski dropped her own bucket and ran to her.

Remeta's eyes remained wild, she stared at the space in front of her unseeingly. "No, no, no!"

She was crying. She was shaking her head.

Baski was filled with pain and panic at the sight. What is wrong with her daughter?

She grabbed hold of Remeta's arms and shook her roughly. "What is it, Remeta? Talk to me!? Please, talk to me!?"

“No! Please, let them go! Let them go! They did nothing, nothing! You’re hurting Queen! And you’re hurting Prince! Prince will leave! Queen will die! Stop, pleeeeeeease!!” She screamed so loud.

“Stop! Remeta! What is it!? You’re scaring me” Baski shouted in panic. She can’t understand her daughter. The former Remeta is back again...!

The mad Remeta...?

Tears filled Baski eyes when Remeta continued screaming and crying. “They did nothing! Leave Queen alone! They’re hurting prince! Prince will leave!”

“It hurts! Mama, it hurts badly!” She screamed at her mother.

Baski tried to hug her but she twisted out of her mother’s arms. “No! Please! Let her go!”

She took off in a dead run out of the woods. Tears streaming down her eyes, she was screaming on top of her lungs as she ran.

Her hair like wide fire. Her battered heart hurting.



King Lucien do not like the gut feeling he was having.

Inside him, he does not feel so comfortable, and it has nothing to do with the fact that’s he’s out on a walk with his future Queen.

It’s courting week, and he is determined to court her well. It’s a duty required of him.

He had long resigned himself to it...just like most of the kings out there who wantd the betterment of their kingdoms. His kingdom is most vulnerable because they just got out from ten years slavery, and still picking up the pieces of their lives.

Besides, he has no illusions in his life. He also has no decision of seeing his people ever suffer again.

They need a queen. They need an heir.

His chest tightened up—a different discomfort from the first. He watched Princess Kamara as she stood in front of the river. He was seated on the wooden chair.

The same spot he sat the night before with Danika.

His mind was filled with her. He feared that if he breathed too much, he would even take in that unique scent of hers.

His head has been messed up all day. He came out to a walk with Princess Kamara, and he could only remember his walk with the Danika. He does not want to be here with the princess, instead, he wants to be with his slave.

Strange. But, it is a truth he has come to realise.

He scowled at the realization. His brows knitted in thought.

Before, when he thinks of memories, his head only has his years in Mombana and the death of his family to offer him.

Now, most of his memories comprises of the times he spent with Danika. It was weird and disturbing, but it is what it is.

“Your Highness?”

The voice of the princess had him coming out of his own mind. “Mmh?”

Princess Kamara can't read it. Or figure out whatever is going through his mind. He has this unreadable look on his eyes, but she would have sworn that he isn't enjoying her company.

She doesn't feel bad about it. Her mind is also occupied with her Callan.

“I said that this place is beautiful. Have you ever been here in the past, Your Highness?”

“Yes. I have been here.” He looked around the beach and he could only see Danika standing there.

The bad feeling in his gut returned, tenfold.

Kamara does not know what it is that's in the mind of the king, but she knows that something was bothering him.

She couldn't ask what it is, for fear of overstepping her boundaries. His face was pulled in harsh lines, and he was scowling.

His blue eyes met her again, and she was taken aback to that very day Callan talked to him the first time.

Callan is not a talker and he has always avoided her because of their difference in status. He was never so close to her, but she never minded.

Staring into the King's startling blue eyes, she wondered if Callan was ever thinking of her?

Her heart squeezed in her chest, and tears burned her eyes. Loving a man and getting married to another...

This is pure torture.

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Chapter 119

Sally do not like the feeling in her gut at all. It wasn't a good feeling. It wasn't sitting well with her.

As she sat uncomfortably in the bedroom of the mistress and waited for her to come back from wherever she went to. The maid had told her that the mistress will be with her shortly.

Shortly is turning out to be such a long time. Sally sighed and forced herself to keep waiting.

But, she was restless. So so restless.

She got up from the chair and walked towards the window that overlooks the front lane in search of the mistress. The coast was clear, there's no sight of her.

Her shoulders drew in and she waited.

She let her princess alone in the market. The people hated her, but they wouldn't attack her unnecessarily, that much she knows.

The Princess has been sick for a few weeks now, her mind whispered to her in remembrance. What if she faints in the market and there's no one to help her?

Sally swallowed and tried to dismiss the unfounded fears.

What if she faints and someone who hated her father takes her away and hurt her badly?

Sally tried not to think of those, but no matter what, she can't just sit still. Her princess is alone unprotected in a market filled with people who hates her...

She turned towards the door. And stopped.

The Wicked Witch of the West will punish her severely if she comes back and doesn't find her. Can she risk her wrath?

Sally didn't even wait for her mind to answer that. To discourage her. Her princess above any other person.

She ran out of the room and looked around the hallway. It was empty.

She snuck her way out, so that no one will see her. Then, she took off in a dead run.

She ran to their bedroom but didn't find her princess. It confirmed that her princess isn't back from the market.

A feeling of uneasy spread through her body. She took off in a run, straight out of palace.



Sally was most surprised when she ran through the roads that lead to the market and saw Remeta. Or a girl that looks like Remeta?

She ran faster to find out who the girl is, but the girl was running so fast and muttering things. She run like there's fire on the mountain.

When she began catching up with the girl, she started hearing some shouts from crowds. Everywhere was deserted, she can't find anybody on the road or in any stores.

What is going on!?

She followed the sound of their voices to a gathering of a crowd.

"Let's burn her alive already! Thieves should not stay alive!" A woman screamed.

"Let's string her up the pole naked in the village square so that everybody will see! Thief!" Another woman added.

Sally wondered what the angry mob was all about? And a thief?

She doesn't have time for this. She needed to go find her princess, knowing that her princess will never be found in gatherings like this.

Princess Danika can't be in the middle of this crowd where they're beating up a thief because her heart won't be able to take the sight.

She turned to continue running her way when she heard a scream. Remeta's scream.

“Leave her aloneeee! Get away from heeer!!” She screamed so loud, the crowd gasped and most people moved back

Dread filled Sally’s body. She ran into the crowd and began pushing through them to get to the front and see...

She made her way to the front and screamed at the sight in front of her.

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Vetta was having so much happiness as she remained in Karandy’s house. She might not be at the market, but she didn’t need to be.

She could hear the angry screams of the women even all the way from here. They are beating Danika up so badly.

Vetta giggled. She doesn’t know what feels better right now... A good o****m? Or the certainty that her plan is going so damn well?

“You look so happy, mistress.” Karandy’s voice came behind her.

“Oh, yes. I’m so so so happy. This is the best thing that has ever happened in a long time. I don’t know why I did not think of this plan all these while. The people... Damn, they hate her a lot.” She drawled happily.

“Yes, they do. I’m sure they’ll even burn her alive. It hasn’t happened in ages but then again, all thieves aren’t King Cone’s daughter.”

“You’re right. Will they burn her?” Vetta thought about it, “It’ll feel so good if they do... Put a stop to her once and for all. I almost feel pity for her. Almost.” She laughed.

“Someone might still be able to help her.” Karandy reasoned.

Vetta shook her head, “You know better than I do that there’s no reasoning with angry crowd. It’s like pouring water to stone, not even the king will be able to achieve a thing with them. He will only become an enemy to his people. Trust me, the king will never want that. No king wants that because it doesn’t make a good ruler. The saying goes... The Voices Of The People Must Be Heard.”

“You’re very right, mistress.”

“I just don’t know why I didn’t think of using the people all these while. I’ve been a fool but not anymore. If she survives this one, I’ll make sure she has another fallout with the people.”

“That can only work if the people keeps hating her.”

She chuckled. “There is no UN-hating King Cone’s daughter. The people can NEVER stop hating her. No amount of magic or spell can make that happen.”



Danika felt detached from her body. The beatings are too much. She can only breath pain as more kicks and hands hit her body.

She laid there sprawled down on the ground, curled into a ball.

She heard people scream but she couldn’t make out who they were. She can’t make out anything anymore.

Her body hurts badly.

Another kick landed on her back. Tears fell from her eyes. Her vision was too blurry, so she can’t see anything. Or hear anyone.

They all sounded so far away. This must be what it feels like to die.

Another person kicked her and she only curled into a tighter ball. She has her hands wrapped to her middle, in a protective mode.

Why was she protecting her belly? There’s no baby in there.

And yet, she couldn’t move her hands. Not even when they rained blows on them.

Another kick landed on her lower back. She heard screams but she couldn’t make out the people screaming.

Pitiful broken sobs filled her ears, and she found out that they were from her.

Her body hurts in a very bad way. Everywhere hurts.

Her lower belly was beginning to cramp too.

Sally screamed at the sight in front of her, horror filled her eyes as she stared at her princess curled into a ball on the ground, crying and trembling.

“Get away from her! Get away from her, all of you! What do you think you’re doing!!!?” She screamed at the top of her voice, tears blurring her visions.

The crowd muttered and most of them moved away from Danika. The rest, Sally pushed them away with all her might.

Remeta clutched down in front of Danika, her whole attention on her as she still cried her head out. Sally, on the other hand, was glaring at the villagers with teary years.

“Get away from her, Sally, we don’t want to hurt you. We have to teach this criminal daughter of a monster a lesson!” One of them shouted.

“Are you mad!? Are all of you insane!? How can you do this!? How!? Monsters! You all are the monsters! How can you do this!?” Sally screamed so loud, they all heard it.

Shocked gasped filled the crowd. They didn’t expect this reaction from the good-natured Sally that always have a smile or two on her face for everyone.

“She stole a diamond necklace from Zenia’s shop! It was found in her bag! She’s a thief!” A voice came in the crowd.

“Yes! A thief!” They all echoed in rage.

If not for the love they have for Sally, they would have pushed her away and descend on Danika again.

“She is NOT a thief! She isn’t! How can you all do this!?” Tears left Sally’s eyes like a pool. Her heart was broken to pieces. “I’m so hurt beyond words! How can you all do this!?”

Guilt flashed in most of their eyes. The others just looks like they hate Sally’s delay to their punishment.

“I fed you all in Mombana! All of you! Each and everyone of you! How can you be so much of a hypocrite!? How can you treat her this way!? You call her a thief!? So, what if she’s actually a thief!? I WAS A THIEF TOO!!!” She screamed so loud.

“I WAS A THIEF when I was sneaked around every kitchen in the royal palace to FEED ALL OF YOU! We stole to keep you all alive! So, why don’t you start beating me too!? How can you do this!? She will NEVER steal anything from anybody! Ever!”

A few of them flushed red in guilt.

Sally swiped her hands through her face to wipe most of her tears and see clearly. “You treat her this way because she’s the daughter of the late king!? She is NOTHING like the late king! NOTHING LIKE HIM! Why should a child be punished for a crime she didn’t commit!? She never CHOSE her father!! It is NOT her fault that’s she’s his child!!!”

She glared at all of them, her eyes red with fear and anger.

“This woman you all are beating to death FED YOU ALL in Mombana! She fed EACH AND EVERY ONE of you!!” She screamed at them.

Stunned silence came first. Surprised gasps echoed everywhere.

Most of them who has some sticks raised before, began lowering their sticks. There were murmurs in the crowd.

“No, that’s not possible...” One voice said.

“She couldn’t have...” Another added.

“You’re lying...”

“You’re trying to save her with lies...”

Sally let out an empty laughter at their disbelief. Her heart was ripping out of her chest.

“Did you stop to wonder why it’s always possible for big foods to come to you most of the days!? Have you asked yourself why you ate from silver bowls!?” she whirled around to see all of them because they surrounded her.

“When I STOLE food for you all, I’m able to steal it from the servant’s kitchen of the palace where food was made for the servants to eat. But, you see the MAIN royal kitchen!? I’m NEVER able to get in there no matter how much I tried! It’s always her! ALWAYS!!” She screamed, pointing at Danika.

“She goes there and command the guards to let us in! She matches in there and starts packing food in big silver bowls! She packs so much like a feast and gives to me to give you all! If you have ever eaten from the big silver bowls of the palace, you should be ashamed of yourself because you are BEATING THE FINGER THAT FED YOU!!” She screamed and sobbed.

All of them gasped. All of them.

Sally wasn’t surprised because she knows that ALL of them have eaten from the silver bowls. Princess Danika had made sure of that.

“She was never in support of her father! Never! Her father punished her all the time whenever he finds out what she’s done! She is a good woman! She has never beaten a slave! She has never made a slave labour! She saved me when I was a child and still a slave! I was being tortured and she saved me and kept me with her!! And look at Remeta!!”

They all turned and looked at a crying Remeta who was crutched to the ground, crying and hugging Danika.

“Do you think she will be like this if that woman was evil!? Remeta went through the worst! The worst!! And yet, she defends the daughter of the man of her nightmares, haven’t you all stopped to ask yourself why!? She is not EVIL!! She saved you all!! SHE SAVED YOU ALL!!!”

Most of those older women have started crying. A lot of them have dropped their sticks like it burned them. The young women were crying and looking regretful too.

Sally’s red eyes found one woman in the crowd. “Coria, you! You hurt because you lost three children in the hands of King Cone but you have two who survived and didn’t die from hunger, right!? They ate from the silver bowls all the time and it’s because of her!!”

The woman named Coria looked pale like ghost. Her eyes widened and she dropped to the ground and started bawling like a child.

“And you!? When your child was sick and dying, she ate from the silver bowls too!” She screamed at another woman, “and what about you!? And you!? And you!?”

She asked everyone of them and none of them could meet her eyes again. They were crying like she is.

One child ran from the crowd with a huge cup of water in her hands, she ran straight to Danika and knelt down beside her, she began trying to help her drink the water.

All the other children of the lowborns took it like their permission when Sally said nothing. They rushed to Danika and surrounded her. And they were crying and patting her body soothingly.

One particular girl that doesn’t look like she’s more than eight years old was opening crying now and glaring at her mother.

The girl stepped forward bravely but she was sobbing. “Please... Forgive me... I p-put the necklace in her ba.

The crowd gasped in sheer shock and outrage. Miserable cries of shocked and guilt-stricken women.

Sally lowered herself to that girl’s height, still crying uncontrollably. “Why..? Why would you do something like that...?”

The girl turned and glared at her mother who was looking so guilty and resigned. “Mama made me do it...”

Voices rose in the crowd.

“What!?”

“Zenia...?”

“How could she...?”

“Oh, Heavens! What have we done!?”

“I’m so ashamed of myself...”

Sally glared at Zenia with heart filled with rage and pain. Her job here is done.

She turned to her princess and began bawling again at the bruises on her body. Her clothes barely covered her body because they’ve been torn. Her eyes has closed and b***d is in every part of her body.

Why is there b***d between her legs? Sally asked herself worriedly as she walked closer to her princess, but she doesn’t know how to start touching her bruised body.

“Her clothes are all torn... Please, wrap her up with this...” A woman came to her with a neatly folded cloth, she was crying so guiltily.

Sally took the cloth and wrapped Danika’s exposed back with it.

The crowds were screaming and raging at Zenia, but it wasn’t Sally’s problem at the moment. Just then, the guards arrived.

The crowd parted and Chad was the one leading them. His face looked so worried as he surveyed Sally for a few seconds to make sure she’s alright, before his eyes went to Danika.

“She’s unconscious.” He bent down and scooped her so gently into his arms. Her head rolled to one side, her eyes closed.

“We have to g-get her...treated...please!” Sobs won’t let Sally talk anymore. It feels like a horse stomped hard on her chest and crushed it.

The woman in his arms was looking to be in a very critical condition, bruised and bloodied. Chad held her with care and took off in a deadrun with her towards the palace.

He ran with so much speed, but he made sure not to jar her or poke her bruises with the wounds unnecessarily.

Sally held Remeta’s hand and they followed after them. Remeta just keeps crying harder like her heart is breaking apart...maybe it really is.

“He leaves... He leaves... He leaves...” Was all Remeta muttered repeatedly in hard sobs.

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When Remeta ran out on her mother, Baski had tried her best to chase her but she was no match for a fifteen-year-old.

Remeta had ran faster that lightening itself.

So, Baski went back to the palace building and waited for her daughter to return. She went to Danika's bedroom because she knows that it's the first place Remeta will come into when she gets back.

Thw wait is killing her. She isn't sure if her daughter will return...considering the way she ran out.

She tried to keep herself busy. The new herbal-leaves they picked, she emptied all on the table and began taking them one by one to grind.

She was in the middle of it when her door burst open and Chad entered the bedroom carrying—

“Oh, heavens! What happened to her!?” She shouted as Chad rushed to the bedroom and gently laid Danika on the bed.

Sally and Remeta entered behind him but they were crying their eyes out. Baski was happy to see her daughter safe and fine, but she begged to know what happened.

“Why is Danika in this state!?” As she asked, she hurried around to dispose of a bowl of water so as to make use of the bowl.

Sally forced herself to push back her pain and in halting tearful voice, she relayed everything that happened to Baski.

Baski was seated beside Danika and using the water to wipe the b***d from all over her body by the time Sally was done talking. The b***d between her legs caught and held her attention really well.

Did they rape her too!? She asked herself horrified.

“Sally, rush to Argie's house and call him here immediately.” She said.

Sally nodded vigorously, rushed out of the bedroom to go get the Royal Medicine Man. Baski dismissed Remeta too.

At first, Remeta just kept crying and refused to go. In the end, she turned and ran out of the bedroom.

Alone, Baski quickly got up and raised the torn pieces of Danika's clothes, but the b***d was too much to be caused by rape. Her brows knitted.

Too much or too little, she wasn't sure anymore but she had a strong feeling it isn't rape.

Could it be...?

No. No way, it can't be, she quickly dismissed. The king is sterile.

So, what could it be?

Baski rid her of the remaining torn piece of clothings, ignored all the other bruises and focused on the b***d that kept coming out from her privates. She began examining her.

Minutes passed. Her fears was confirmed.

All the b***d drained from Baski's face.

"By the Gods..." She trailed off. Danika is pregnant. Danika is indeed pregnant.

Was pregnant, she quickly corrected herself. Because the baby doesn't seem to be there anymore.

She stayed shocked for one full minute. When the shock wore off, pain replaced it. How could she have done something like that?

How could she...? She never expected it from Danika at all, why would she...?

"Oh, Danika... Why would you do something like this?" She g*****d in an agonized voice. Tears filled her eyes.

So, just because she told Danika that she doesn't need herbs that prevents babies, Danika thought that the herbs in her are still protecting her and she went to sleep with another man?

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Chapter 120

So, just because she told Danika that she doesn't need herbs that prevents babies, Danika thought that the herbs in her are still protecting her and she went to sleep with another man?

Baski closed her eyes doing her best to rein in the hurt.

King's Slaves do that all the time in secret, cheating on their kings and hoping not to be found out. She just never expected that Danika would be like that too.

Was she raped by another but she kept it a secret?

No. If Danika was raped, she would have known about it. Baski got up and disposed of the water, she put in a new one.

She hurried to her herb bag and quickly made herbs that'll stop the bleeding first.

For a moment—just for a moment—she contemplated making herbs that'll flush the pregnancy out completely.

Already, she thinks the baby is no longer there, but she can still give her herbs that will flush her system. Heaven knows that she'll be doing Danika and that child a favor.

The king will have her head if he finds out about this development.

And poor Danika doesn't know that the king can never father a child.

Should she flush the baby?

But, then, she shook her head. She can't make decision like that without the consent of Danika. She really has some explanations to make when she wakes.

For now, she'll concentrate on saving her life. Baski paused in the middle of pounding her herbs and looked at how bloody Danika's body is.

Tears filled her eyes that the people would do something like this to someone. A pregnant woman.

For now, she will concentrate on saving her life, Baski resolved firmly.

Later, when she's awake, she can get really angry at her for cheating on the king and carrying another man's child.

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Several hours passed. Night has fallen.

Chad stood beside his king in front of Danika's bedroom. King Lucien has been staring at Danika in that unreadable expression of his, and they've been standing there for a very long time. More than an hour.

His face might be unreadable, but Chad could have sworn that there's banked up rage in his eyes.

The king had been coming back from his walk with the princess when he'd walked to him and told him everything that happened in the marketplace.

King Lucien showed no visible reaction but Chad had seen his muscle tense. He'd looked like he wanted to punch someone.

The violence and rage in his eyes when he heard what happened to Danika were unmistakable, and it had surprised Chad.

"Chad." King Lucien's deep voice pulled him away from the recent past.

"My king." He looked at the formidable man standing beside him. His eyes was still at the fragile woman who laid on the bed, bandaged in all part of her body.

"You ate from the silver bowls too, didn't you?" He asked calmly.

"Yes, Your highness. Many times." Chad g*****d, still feeling bad. He has never felt any antagonism for King Cone's daughter, not even the first day she was collared.

And today, he was relieved that he never hurt this innocent woman fighting for her life a few feet away from them.

The King's throat worked as he swallowed tightly. Chad wondered what was going through his mind.

Whatever it is... He hasn't stopped staring at Danika for the past half an hour now.

"The two women?" King Lucien asked.

“Zenja and Coria, the perpetrators? They are in the dungeon, my king.”

He nodded. “The crowd?” He questioned, just as calmly.

Chad walked to the window of the bedroom and looked out of it. The crowd was still there at the gate.

Almost all the people are sitting at the palace and refused to move away. Both those that participated in beating her up and those that did.

The information about Danika’s goodness and innocent has gone round the town, and the people are feeling bad about what happened to her. They refused to leave until she is well again.

It’s been hours. No one has left the crowd to go and eat, or do anything. The people of Salem are used to starving, so food wasn’t their problem.

Instead of reduction, the number if the crowd kept increasing. The children sat with their parents, and most of them were still crying.

Chad walked back to where the king stood and shook his head. “The crowd are still here, my king.”

He remained silent. Time dragged by.

So much time.

Chad doesn’t know how to ask, but he had to.

“Isn’t it time to leave, Your Highness?” he rushed on when the king said nothing, “I-It’s courting week, and it wouldn’t look good that you’re here. The princess might find it disrespectful and offensive, she might take it the wrong way because your spare time is supposed to be hers alone during this period.”

King Lucien said nothing. Did nothing. If he heard what he said, he didn’t even blink an eye.

Chad is almost sure that the king has been standing here for more than two hours.

The king is still standing. The king hasn’t stopped staring at Danika either.

“Chad?” He g*****d at last.

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“You can go back to your duties now. Tell anyone and everyone who looks for me that I am busy at the moment and shouldn’t be disturbed.”

“Yes, Your Highness.”

“What about Vetta? Have you heard from her since morning?”

“No, Your Highness. But, I heard that she went out of town to see a distance female friend of hers today. She should be back any time from now.”

“She did not say a word about this to me.” He reasoned in a cool blank voice. “Did she take the carriage?”

“I’m afraid not, Your Highness.”

A pause. “You’re dismissed”

Chad bowed his head and walked away.

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Chapter 121

Baski has developed a terrible headache.

She watched Remeta who laid on the bed of her bedroom, crying her eyes out. She has tried consoling her daughter but Remeta is not consolable.

She keeps sobbing and muttering, “He is leaving... He is leaving... So restless... He is so restless... He is hurting... He is leaving...”

Baski was torn. She has tried to get Remeta to explain or elaborate, but she wouldn’t say anything more, just keeps repeating the same words over and over again.

Should she give her sleeping herbs like she gave to Sally?

But she knows that Remeta won’t take them. She wondered what’s happening to her daughter, and at the same time, she’s wondering if Danika will be alright.

The beating she got wasn’t a minor one, and her bruises aren’t minor either. She had to sedate Sally to sleep, she would have cried herself sick because of Danika’s condition.

What she went through... Baski can’t begin to imagine it.

For a pregnant woman, it's a miracle she still alive after all those beatings. Though, she's barely hanging in there.

And she isn't sure if the baby is still there or not. Her bet is, Danika has miscarried and the baby is no more in her.

She'd been able to stop the bleeding, but Danika has lost a lot of b***d.

Also, when the Medicine Man came, she'd been prepared to swear Angie to secrecy about Danika's pregnancy, at least until she has heard from Danika.

But, Angie didn't detect a baby or any pregnancy all the hours he stayed treating each and every cut and bruises.

It's safe to say that the baby is no longer in there.

Baski doesn't know what she feels about the knowledge.

As she began pulling out of her mind, she noticed that everywhere has gone silent.

She swiveled her head towards the bed. Remeta has fallen asleep.

She let out a breath of relief she doesn't know she was holding, at the sight. Let her check on Danika again before she retires for the night.

She got up and headed out of her bedroom, she closed to door as quietly as she can.

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This is the best day of Vetta's life.

On her way home, she'd asked one woman about what happened in the market today and the woman told her everything.

How Danika was beaten brutally and mercilessly.

She didn't wait for the woman to finish before she continued going back to the palace with a huge smile on her face.

Only for the smile to wipe from her face when she got to the palace gate.

She saw a crowd seated just inside the gate.

Most women were praying; some prayed to the gods they serve, the others prayed to the one in the Heavens. Other women held their sleeping children to their body and stayed quiet. Men were there too.

Vetta called out one of the women, "What is going on?" She asked in confusion.

"It's the Slave Princess. We won't leave here until we hear that she's alright!" the woman said passionately.

"WHAT!?" Vetta couldn't believe this. Surely, she didn't hear this woman well at all.

The woman began crying. "What we did was so wrong...! So wrong...! Have to go back and keep praying for her...!"

Before Vetta could ask if the woman is out of her mind, the woman was already hurrying away from her. She walked back to the crowd, sat down on her spot and began praying again.

What the hell is happening!? What is going on!?

This wasn't part of the plan at all! What are all these people doing here!?

They should be in their house happy and celebrating their revenge on King Cone's daughter. So, what are they doing here!?

And why are they crying!? Why the fuçk are they praying!?

She fumed in confusion as she made her way into the palace building. To calm herself down, she knows where her source of happiness will be coming from again.

She headed straight to Danika's bedroom.

She turned towards the hallway to see Baski standing outside the window, she was looking inside the bedroom with a passionate look on her face. A tear dropped from her eyes.

She turned and saw Vetta walking closer. She bowed her head slightly, but didn't move away.

Vetta walked closer and noticed that the door was locked from the inside. Baski only stepped away from the window for her.

She stopped in front of the window and turned towards it.

She froze at the sight in front of her.

Danika was bandaged in almost every part of her body. She looks terrible, a sight for sour eyes. She must be in so much pain, and her condition looks critical.

Indeed, her plan worked out more than perfectly.

But, Vetta wasn't looking happy at all.

Because, beside her bed, King Lucien was seated at the chair, staring at her. His guard was down because he doesn't know anybody was watching.

He looked so worried and concerned for her. Infact, there are so many emotions in his eyes but Vetta isn't able to make out what they were.

But, she knows for sure that none of them was hatred. Far from it.

Vetta was still watching when he lifted his hand, took Danika's smaller hand into his and squeezed slightly, his eyes closed intensely.

She watched when he placed her hand to his mouth and kissed it lingeringly.

Then, he lowered his head to her belly and laid it there. For a man that hated touch, he didn't let go of her hand.

Infact, he held her hand like he never wanted to let go again.

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Chapter 122

Vetta can't believe the sight in front of her. Her hand on the wall of the side of the window balled into fist.

The king stayed that way. He didn't raise his head. It's as if a bound is holding his head to her belly, and he isn't ready to pull away anytime soon.

The sight was hurting Vetta's eyes too much, she reached for the doorknob of the bedroom, but Baski held her hand. It forced her to look at Baski's face and the older woman was shaking her head.

Baski wanted to talk but she can't do so in front of there or they'll risk being seen by the king. So, she pulled Vetta away from the window and away from Danika's bedroom until they reached the hallway in the other side of the palace.

"No, you can't go in there, Vetta. Danika needs ultimate rest and she doesn't need to be disturbed at the moment." Baski informed her.

Vetta almost snorted. She has no intention of going in there because she's worried for Danika or anything. She wanted the king to see her and sever all physical contact with her.

"I heard all that happened, how is she?" She asked, feigning worry like she gives a damn.

"She is doing well. Hanging in there. She's been heavily induced, she doesn't need any disturbances."

"Oh... She must be in a very bad shape."

"She is." Baski admitted, "But, at least it's a good thing that the two perpetrators were caught and they're at the dungeon."

Vetta's heart stopped beating. "What!?"

Baski nodded, "Yes. So, some kind of justice will be found for what happened to her."

"Oh. I-I'm happy about that." She forced out.

"Yeah, me too. If there's a mastermind behind what happened, I wish nothing than to see that person's head dangling on a pole, separated from her body." Baski's eyes flashed angrily.

Vetta shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Anyway, you can't disturb her tonight, mistress, even if you're worried." She informed.

"I understand, Baski. I'll go back in the morning to check on her. It's too bad...what happened to her." Her hands was still curved into fists. She really wanted into that bedroom this night.

But, Baski has always been too smart for an old slave. No, she has to keep pretending like she's worried out of her mind like everyone else.

She turned and began walking back to her bedroom. She can't stop thinking about how the king held Danika few minutes ago. She can't stop thinking about the number of crowd she met outside.

She can't forget that the two women they used are in prison and they might just rat at Karandy, and Karandy will rat at her.

Everything is a disaster. Everything.

She stomped angrily into her bedroom and slammed the door closed. She took up the flower vase from her table and threw it to the ground with an angry scream.

It shattered everywhere. The anger was still boiling in her. And fear.

For a moment, she contemplated going straight to the dungeon tonight. But she can't do that or everyone will get suspicious.

No, she'll know how to handle that issue without being known.

She squeezed her eyes and closed and the image of the King holding on to Danika bleeder into her brain. It's Courting Week and he doesn't even care!

He wouldn't come to her but he will leave his chamber to the bedroom of a slave, seat beside her sickbed and hold her hand in the dark of the night!?

He wouldn't even let her pit her hands on him for long, for fuçk's sake!

Her window caught her attention and she stormed towards it. There, the crowd laid. They were all still there.

Most of them were praying in silence, while others has fallen asleep right there in the cold hard ground. Something a once-slave would never want to do again, they do it for the daughter of Cone!?

Vetta pulled off her clothes and laid down on her bed. Tears of anger, rage and bitterness filled her eyes.

She buried her face to her pillow and began sobbing her eyes out.

King Lucien has fallen asleep when he felt the body beneath his head stir.

He woke and raised his head from her belly to look at Danika. His hand still clutched hers. King Lucien knows that it's way past midnight, but he did not think about that.

Danika's swollen eyes slowly slid open, she looked at him. Her eyes looks so tired and sleepy.

"My King..." She whispered so tiredly.

"I wasn't here." He g****d. He never expected to stay until she wakes. She was never supposed to know that he was here.

Her eyes blinked slowly, "No... I know you're here..."

He averted his eyes. "Doesn't matter. You're heavily induced with pills and portions, you won't remember a thing in the morning."

"I remembered... the last time."

"You did?"

"Yes... You said you have forgotten... what it's like to laugh..."

Silence. His eyes was taking in the bandage on her thigh. "It doesn't matter. You're more induced this time."

Danika's eyes found her side where his hand was holding hers. "You're probably right..."

She dragged her eyes back to his face, even in her drugged mind, she didn't want to call his attention to her hand he was crutching, so he wouldn't dislodge his.

"How are you feeling now?" He asked.

His eyes aren't as cold. His face isn't blank and he isn't scowling too. In her drugged mind, she knows that it's the first time she's seeing him that way.

"You look... so handsome... like this..." Her voice was scratchy, she could barely say words.

He wasn't expecting that. He shook his head. "I am not handsome, Danika. You will not think that if you're in your right state of mind."

"But, I think... about it all the... time... So handsome... beautiful... even with the scar... especially with the scar..."

He said nothing. But, his eyes was watching her carefully.

"How did you... get that scar...?" Her eyes on his cheek indicated that she means the scar that ran down his cheek.

"Cone decided that he'll learn to draw a straight line and needed a place to practice. He used an iron rod dipped in fire and carved my face up." He stated flatly, his eyes darkened in memory.

Danika's body hurts so much, she's afraid to move for the fear of shards of pain splintering through her body.

"How are you feeling, Danika?" He repeated, watching her carefully.

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Chapter 123

"How are you feeling, Danika?" He repeated, watching her carefully.

"My body hurts." She whimpered, her voice slurred. "My child... What about my child...?"

The king didn't miss a beat when he g****d, "She's fine. She's sleeping with Baski." Knowing she was referring to Remeta.

It has gotten to his notice time and again that she takes Remeta like her child, even though it's only a few years between them. Everyone in the palace knows how possessive she is of that girl.

"Oh..." She breathed out in relief, her head rolling aside. "My body hurts..."

"The medicine man said that you will be fine. You have to be fine." His voice was a harsh command. His hand tightened on hers.

She kept quiet. Only breathed harshly, sweat pouring from her face. She's in a lot of pain.

The king noticed. He let go of her hand and got up. He walked to the table and poured drinking water into the wooden cup there.

He turned back to her and raised her head slightly. "Here, drink this."

She followed his instructions and drank as much as she could. Afterward, he dropped the cup beside him.

"You can't take another herb until morning. You have to endure the pain, it will pass." A look of remembered pain flashed in his eyes.

Their hands were close together, so, Danika didn't need to stress herself for her hand to get to his. She twitched her hand, slipping it into his much deeper one.

“Did it work... for you...? Did it... pass?” She asked, her mind too clouded, her head pounding.

He didn't say anything for a while. His eyes were pinned where her hand met his, he wrapped his hand securely around hers.

“Those on the outside eventually does.” his throat worked, “If you're lucky, those on the inside eventually does too.”

“Were you... lucky...?” She could barely get the words out.

“No, I wasn't. I never am.”

“I'm sorry...”

“You should worry about yourself right now, Danika. Not about anyone else.” He pulled his chair closer and placed his free hand on her head.

He glowered at her. “You're burning up.”

He might be glowering, but she saw the underlying concern in his eyes.

“I feel so sick.” She admitted.

“That's because you are sick. You have to get well.” he paused, “A lot of people are waiting for you to get well.”

She blinked slowly to clear the sleepy fog in her eyes. “Are you... waiting too...?”

“I am.” He lowered his head and placed a k**s on her sweaty forehead.

Then, he pulled away and got up. “I have to go back to my chambers. Sleep well, Danika.”

“Can't you... stay here... with me...?” She forced out through dry throat, her eyes filling up. “I don't... want to be... alone...”

He turned and looked at her. For a moment, indecision flashed in his eyes before it was gone. “I cannot stay any longer. It is not... appropriate.”

“Stay with me... please... Just for tonight...”

Just for tonight. She whispered words came with memories.

Memories of all the time when he'd make use of that same word. When he used those same words as an escape to feed so many unusual urges that slammed him where she is concerned.

The first night he took her on his bed. He let her sleep on it. The time he took pleasures from her body in a missionary position. That time he let her touch him, caress him. That day he was so sick, he let himself suckle from her lush breasts. That day he gave in to the urge to k**s her.

Memories of all their intimate times together, which only fed his strange hunger to stay longer by her side. Memories that fed another strange hunger to hold her stomach close to him for a little more time.

Lately, he finds himself drawn to that particular part of her body and he doesn't know why.

But, he does not know a lot of things Danika does to him, so he chalks it up to one of the numerous baffling things about her where he is a concern.

When he kept standing and watching her with eyes that do not reveal much of whatever is going through his head, Danika felt the cramp in her lower belly begin again.

In her foggy mind, she understands more than anybody the reason why he shouldn't be in her bedroom, but it does not stop a huge part of her from longing for the feel of him beside her.

It's as if something inside her wants him to cuddle her up in his arms for the rest of the night.

The more he stayed far away, the more the cramps in her belly become stronger. A tear slipped from her eyes and she whimpered.

Then, he began undressing himself, having been in his royal attire all along. He pulled off his well-embellished tunic, the gold work catching her tired eyes before it did a slow flip back to his face. He removed his surcoat, followed by his belt of gold.

Standing in his underthings, he walked closer to her. The cramps stopped and she felt a little bit better.

The bed dipped, he climbed in beside her and she swiveled her head to stare at him with eyes that are barely awake. It's difficult keeping them awake, but she did.

Then, he laid beside her and pulled her into his arm. The movement hurts, but Danika endured it as he cushioned her to his chest and buried his face against her hair.

She closed her eyes, breathing out in satisfaction as she snuggled up against him. His arm around her rubbed her shoulder soothingly, "I won't be here when you wake up in the morning, Danika."

"I know... I just want you... with me...when I fall asleep..." She whispered.

It's well past midnight. The time for lovers. The time when a man's head goes to sleep while his heart remains wide awake.

King Lucien pulled her head up and his lips found hers. He kissed her passionately and intensely.

Like a man who was given awful news earlier in the day about his woman being beaten up brutally.

Like a man who stood for hours watching his bandaged-up woman fight for her life.

Like a man with so much burden on his shoulders and needs a solace, a refuge.

The k**s went from hungry and ravenous, to gently and reverent. In the end, his tongue tangled with hers slowly and thoroughly, his lips sucking hers persistently.

When he drew back, at last, she was breathing heavily. The pain in her body was momentarily forgotten, and the guards around his cold heart momentarily down.

There's been a huge crack in his heart and it reflected in his erratic breathing.

Seconds after the k**s, Danika fell asleep in his arms, her body going lax. He held her head to his chest.

Another part of her called to him. He slipped his hand into her clothes and caressed her smooth belly soothingly without any thoughts.

Maybe because it's the only part of her that isn't bruised and bandaged.

A great feeling of peace came over him and a lightness settled over his heavily-burdened shoulders. It didn't take long for him to fall asleep too.

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Chapter 124

King Lucien walked into the dungeon. The two new prisoners got up and knelt before him in greeting.

“Your H-Highness...” They said in reunion, their voices showed their nervousness.

King Lucien stood at the entrance of it and looked at both women. Coria and Zenia.

He has a fleeting memory of Coria back in Mombana. He has never known her to be wicked. Her actions were unexpected.

He closed his eyes and his mind was filled with the image of Danika lying down there all bandaged up and in pain.

The actions of his people... It was animalistic.

He just stood watching the two women, his expression as hard—as cold—as ever. It makes both of them as nervous as ever.

His silence wasn't making it any easier for them. They waited for him to talk but he wouldn't say a word.

“We're so sorry! Oh, please...! We're so sorry...!” Zenia began crying seriously.

Tears filled Coria's eyes and she sniffled silently, looking as remorseful as Zenia. The two older women were still kneeling and their heads bowed.

“I am so disappointed in the both of you.” His voice so calm, but they heard the intensity just the same as words that were shouted.

They cried the more, sobbing. Because the truth is that they are more disappointed in themselves.

To actually think that they spent a great deal of time hating King Cone's daughter when she kept them alive in the only way she could have. When she did the things she could do to help them.

They should never have agreed with the former slave trainer. They should never have taken his money...or even taken the oath of secrecy. They never expected Cone's daughter to be innocent, and they never expected to be in this dungeon.

Coria and Zenia's heart was broken. They are no better than King Cone. They should be punished accordingly.

“I'm r-ready to take any judgment you give out, Your Highness,” Zenia whispered in resignation.

“Me too...” Coria knows that even if the king gives them the death sentence they deserve, their children will be well taken care of.

With their head lowered, they waited for the judgment of the king. It was a long wait.

The silence was deafening.

When he spoke again, it wasn't his judgment he was passing. “Did you two act alone?”

They stared at each other in fear... Glanced at the king... And lowered their heads to the ground.

They are scared of the former Slave trainer. He made them take the oath of secrecy.

Apart from that, It's rumored that he's a very dangerous man, they aren't terrified about themselves but about their children.

“We acted a-alone.” They lied nervously. Coria squeezed her hands together against her plain dress.

People who are close to the king haven't gotten used to his silence. They haven't gotten used to the way he has to think his words through and say sentences one after another.

Talk more of two women who are in the wrong and await a judgment that might mean their deaths.

As they waited for him to say something, they almost peed their pants. His silence was that unnerving.

Then, he turned, giving them his back. “It is only fair that the woman you both almost killed becomes the one to pass your judgment. Danika will decide your fate. If she demands your deaths, your heads will be hanging by the poles before sundown tomorrow.”

He turned and walked out of the dungeon. He took three steps and stopped.

“Before that happens, I come back here again and I will ask who the mastermind is. Again. You can also decide to tell me the truth then.”

There was no sound to his footsteps as he walked away with his guards.

Coria and Zenia looked at each other. Silently, they began weeping again, sorrowfully.

Not only about their children's lives being in danger, but the late King Cone's daughter will definitely sentence the both of them to death.



Danika drifted in and out of consciousness. Sally was right there by her side through it all.

When she needed to relieve her bladder, Sally helped her to the bathroom to do so, and when she needed to take her bath, she was also the one to help her with it.

Danika kept complaining about her back aching, and she relieved her bladder a lot. Sally helped her patiently without any complaints at all, instead, she just wants her princess to be fine again.

As the day progresses, Baski came in and gave her herbs. She changed Danika's bandages to new ones and gave her more sleeping pills.

Baski wanted desperately to talk to Danika but she hasn't been able to do so.

She hasn't gotten the opportunity because Sally is right there with her, and the anesthetics Danika was given wouldn't let her stay awake long enough for that conversation.

Also, she hesitated because she knows more than anybody that it's not a good idea to put pressure on Danika, considering what she's been through. And her condition too.

That's if she's still pregnant. And it's looking like she's not, any longer.

So, she waited. Coming in every hour to give her some medicinal potions and pills, and some healing herbs too.

But when evening came, she came back to the bedroom and gave Sally an errand to run.

"But, who will stay with my princess?" Sally asked, staring worriedly at Danika.

"I will." She assured the girl to soothe her worries.

Sally bit her lips, "She hasn't eaten lunch. She said she's not hungry..."

"I'll make sure she eats something. Call Uyah on your way out and tell her to get some food from the kitchen."

"Thank you, Madam Baski," Sally whispered gratefully.

Baski only nodded, her sadness hidden well inside her.

She'd seen the king in the wee hours of the morning going back to his chambers.

No one knows that he stayed with Danika the night and the way she saw the king on the night before, holding Danika's hand and kissing it so tenderly....

Baski would have sworn that the king will not care less if Princess Kamara herself saw him in Danika's bedroom.

Then, how on earth can Danika do that to him? Cheat on him with another man to the extent of carrying the man's child?

"Oh, Danika... What did you do..." She muttered miserably as she stared at the bruised figure sleeping on the bed.

She strode to the table and began grinding new herbs. A while later, Uyah brought in a tray of food.

Baski took the food from Uyah and walked towards Danika, she sat down beside her bed.

"You have to eat, Danika." She woke her gently and carefully.

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Chapter 125

Vetta had a sleepless night the night before. Very restless night.

She couldn't leave the palace all morning because her quarters were being cleaned out and it will make the maids suspicious if she goes out by that time and they out for long.

She waited impatiently, and by afternoon, the worry was almost eating out her liver. When the maids were done with their thorough cleaning of all the rooms in the Mistress Quarters, she sent them all away.

Then, she dressed up in a yellow, well-embroided corset and a very long veil to match with it so that her face will be hidden when she goes out of the palace.

It was a very long walk as usual, because she couldn't take the carriage. That would raise suspicion too.

She knocked on Karandy's door when she finally arrived. It's so cold outside and her insides are in chaos as she waited impatiently for him to open the door.

A few minutes passed before the door opened and Karandy got out.

“You left me standing out here!” She hissed as she pushed her way past him into the house.

“I’m sorry, mistress, but I had to discharge the woman that spent the night with me. We wouldn’t want her seeing you here now, would we?”

That made her calm down. “You take whores to your house every day.” Her disgust was apparent.

“A man has appetite.” Karandy only answered as he locked the door shut.

“The two women we used were caught and held in the palace dungeon.” She moved straight to the point.

“I know. I heard all about it yesterday.” He walked past her and strode into his small kitchen to make something to drink.

“What are we going to do!?” She burst out, unable to keep calm anymore. “Do you even have any idea what this means?”

He nodded, and that’s when Vetta saw his own worry too.

“I’m more worried than you are, Mistress.” He admitted, “I’m the person these women know. I’m the one that made the deal with them and gave them money.”

“You said you swore them to secrecy!” She glared hard at him.

“I did. But, you more than anybody, should know how hard it is to be interrogated by the king. Hell, just standing in front of him is as unnerving as shit. Makes a man spill his guts.” He downed the drink and slammed the wooden cup down the old table.

Vetta knows the truth of his words, and it does nothing to calm her nerves. She remembered vividly how Karandy himself implicated himself during his interrogation by the king. He was whipped and demoted as punishment.

What in hades did she get herself into?

She should have gone with her original plan. At least, that one involves just Karandy and it would have been a cleaner job.

“I know you’re thinking that we would have gone for our original plan, right?” He didn’t try to keep the smugness from his tone.

She nodded admittedly. She glared at him in superiority because she doesn't like to be in the wrong.

At that moment, Karandy doesn't care. "It would have been a faster and cleaner job. I put on a blindfold, ambush the both of you, get her in a dark corner, and fuçk her brains out. You happen to watch it happen and you tell the king all about it so that she can't hide it. So damn simple."

He took a cigarette and a lighter from the wretched counter beside him. He lit the cigarette up and took a long drag.

He was being disrespectful to her by smoking in her presence. In a normal circumstance, she can even order him to be whipped for such blatant disrespect. But, this isn't a normal circumstance.

"So, what do we do now?" She asked, ignoring his smoking.

He took another long drag. "I can take care of it. I can make sure those women never say a single word about me, no matter how they were interrogated."

Hope flared in her eyes. "You can?"

He nodded once. It's very easy to ensure that part happens.

"How will you do it?"

"I have... connections. You don't need to know, Mistress. I can get it done but I'll need a huge reward for it." He plans to kidnap the children of both women and send words to them in prison. He'll give them a choice.

Their silence or their children.

Mothers are too predictable. He smiled within himself and took another drag of his cigarette.

"Money is never the problem." Vetta reached into her corset and withdrew a small wrapped cloth filled with coins.

She dropped it on the table." Just get the job done."

Karandy took the money greedily as usual.

But this time around, he wants something else too.

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Karandy took the money greedily and dropped it on the table. But this time around, he wants something else too.

His eyes slid lustfully all over her expensive-clad body. She was clad in an expensive yellow course designed with several spreads of lace all over it. Apart from the worrying scowl on her face, the mistress is a beautiful woman.

A beautiful woman with a black heart, he conceded as his eyes did a slow once over on her. But her black heart makes her all the more attractive.

He wanted her. Has wanted her for a long time. It's high time he makes a demand he wants.

He dropped the unfinished cigarette on the table and looked at her, "I want something else too, Mistress."

She frowned at him. "What is it?"

He was nervous to ask, but he has no reason to be. They're in a dangerous situation and it's not as if she can tell on him to the king because it'll expose her too.

He has always wanted to eat from the same plate the king eats from and even though, the woman he wants more is the former Princess Danika, the mistress will have to do for now.

He got up and walked closer to her, l**t in his eyes.

Vetta saw it, and her eyes darkened in anger. "You'd better not say what I think it is, you want to say." She hissed.

"I can give you pleasure... Mistress."

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Chapter 126

"I can give you pleasure... Mistress." He g*****d, he raised his hand to caress her face but she slapped his hand away.

“Don’t ever put your hand on me! Ever again! I will not tumble the sheets with dirt! How dare you even have such intentions!? I am the King’s woman!” Her eyes filled with fire even as her traitorous body reacted.

But, she’s determined never to lay with him. How dare he!?

Now that his intentions are clear, Karandy became bolder. “The king will never know. And it’s just this once.”

“You’re not touching my body.” She spoke through gritted teeth. “You take the money and get us out of this mess you put us in!”

Karandy almost reminded her that it was her idea to carry out that plan, but he didn’t. Instead, he boldly run his hand down her arm. “This mess is a big one, Mistress. And it will not look good if we’re caught.

“Those women knows you only. They will rat on you only.” She smiled superiorly.

“And I will rat on you.” He informed her shamelessly.

The smile vanished from her face. Vetta’s eyes narrowed angrily. “Are you threatening me!?”

He flushed guiltily but he raised his chin all the same. “It doesn’t have to be that, Mistress. It’s just s£x.”

“If you’re to fuçk any of the King’s women it’s supposed to be Danika. Not me.”

“But I find you more attractive.” He lied smoothly because the desire has really come to his body.

Vetta’s eyes flashed. The woman in her that has always felt like Danika was better than her felt pleased immensely.

She cleared her throat and averted her eyes. “Still, I’m not letting you put your filthy hands on me.”

He shrugged and moved away. He picked up the bag of coin from the table and gave it back to her. “Those women will just have to tell on me then. I can’t guarantee...that I will keep my mouth shut, Mistress.”

“Don’t be stupid and think with your head, you dirty slave. You will be killed!” She hissed at him, “Do you really want to gamble with your life!?”

He shrugged. “My life means nothing. And I’ll be taking you with me.”

Vetta's anger knew no bounds. Mostly because she knows that she has been defeated. This was NEVER supposed to happen!

She swore never to let a man without privilege touch her again in her life. She's no longer that slave!

But, here it is again. This bastard wants to pull her down to his level again! She will never forgive him for this!

She hid her loathe well and crossed her arms. "Are you on herbs? Because I am NOT carrying your filthy seed inside me!" She snapped at him.

Karandy smiled triumphantly. Not taking any offense from all her insults at all. After all, he's about to fuçk the King's woman.

"Yes, Mistress. I cannot get you pregnant." He's a man that sleeps with cheap whores all the time, so he has to buy herbs from the medicine woman down the road every particular period of time.

Vetta nodded and began taking off her clothes. Outside, she looks cool and calm about it, but on the inside, she was sheathing in anger and rage.

Just the thought of what will happen is making her skill crawl.

But, first things first, she will do this and come out of this particular mess.

Then, he will regret this, she will make sure of it! She vowed inwardly as she undressed.



Baski shook Danika gently again. "You have to wake up, Danika. You need to eat."

"Not hungry..." She m****d with her eyes closed.

"You need to eat anyway. You can't go on an empty stomach." She persisted, touching the part of her arm that isn't bandaged.

But, Danika has settled back into sleep again.

Baski glanced at the tray of food and noticed that Uyah didn't bring water. She sighed. Uyah, always forgets little little things.

She pulled away from Danika. She'll get the water before she comes back again and wakes her up.

She got up and dropped the tray gently on the ground beside the bed. She walked out of the bedroom and closed the door quietly.

She turned immediately and ran into her daughter, Remeta.

“Remeta. How—“

“The prince is in there.” She came closer and whispered to her mothers as if in conspiracy, “He’s hanging in there, but restless. He’s hurt... barely in there... needs father... but he’s in there... strong prince... like father....!”

Baski watched her daughter, the pain blatant in her face. She can’t understand a thing Remeta is saying and no matter how much she wants Remeta to explain, her child just never does that.

Baski swallowed the lump in her throat and asked, “Please, explain to me, Remeta... Please, my daughter...?”

Remeta only giggled like an excited child and skidded away.

Tears filled Baski’s eyes and a strong headache suddenly developed on her head. She closed her eyes tight and allowed the pain to wash over her.

It’s as if her child goes more insane as the days goes by.

But, who’s she to hurt about it? Remeta might be loosing it, but she made a huge recovery. It hurts Baski to admit that she prefers this Remeta than ‘the ghosted one’ she used to be.

Her child will be fine, she consoled herself as she watched Remeta clap her hands in excitement down the hallway.

As far as Remeta is close to her queen, Danika. She will be fine.

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Chapter 127

The water and the food ready, Baski woke Danika up from sleep. She was persistent about it. At last, Danika opened her eyes reluctantly.

Baski got behind her head and pulled her up, helping her to lie in her arms, she supported Danika's head with against her blossom. "You have to eat to keep strong. Your wounds will heal faster too."

"Alright, Baski..." She whispered drowsily.

Baski spoonfed her gently, and she ate obediently. In the silence that followed, Baski fed her the first course of the meal from the tray.

When the plate became empty, Baski dropped it beside the bed and picked up a full plate of tomato bisque soup.

She used the spoon to feed it to Danika. The more Danika ate, the more she began to feel better and less sleepy. She shifted uncomfortably on Baski's body and the older woman knows she wants up.

"Alright, here we go." Baski helped her to sit up, she got up from behind her back and helped her to lay her back to the headboard.

"Thank you, Madam Baski..." Danika whispered hoarsely.

"You don't need to thank me this way, young lady. Thank me by getting better real quick and back on your two feet without any scar on your flawless body. That's the way to thank me." She said sternly but without vigor.

Danika felt her lips stretching into a little smile. "Alright, Madam Baski..." She whispered again.

Baski pursed her lips and continued feeding her until the soup finished. She reached into the tray and withdrew the third plate.

"I'm full." Danika protested.

She glared at her and shook her head, "You've not anything anything since morning. You're eating all of them."

Danika would have protested again but she didn't bother to waste her breath when she saw the stubborn set of the old woman's cheeks.

Her mind took her back to the night before but her memory is hazy. She would have sworn that the king was here with her...

She tried to remember, but her memory remained hazy. The last event she can remember clearly was being beat up badly in the market... Sally screaming at the market women... Remeta crying all over her... The highly painful cramps that suddenly attacked her lower body—

“My baby!” She let out a high cry suddenly.

Baski paused in the middle of lifting up the plate. All the b***d drained from her face and she stared at Danika with a pale face.

Danika’s face was paler. Her eyes implored Baski. “My baby... I lost my baby... didn’t I?”

“You knew that you were pregnant?” Baski’s voice was surprisingly neutral, but her eyes suddenly looked...cold.

Danika closed her eyes and nodded her head as pain washed over her. “I found out yesterday’s morning...”

So, she’d been pregnant and she’d lost the baby. She will not feel bad. She will not cry. It was for the better.

The king would have her head if he’d found out. A slave do not get pregnant for her master, and she isn’t just any slave. She’s Cone’s daughter.

She will not cry. She will not cry. It’s for the better.

But tears slipped from her closed eyes and rolled down her cheeks.

“I thought I was protected... I never knew I’ll get pregnant.” She whispered.

“Of course, you never knew.” Baski’s voice was cold, “Here, open your mouth and finish this meal. I have some work to do.”

In her heart, there’s this very part of her that never believed that Danika would do something like that. But, she just never acknowledged that part of her because it will be ridiculous to do so. But now...

Baski pushed the pain away. She wants away from here, because she doesn’t think her poor heart can take Danika’s betrayal. It hurts her so much because she cares for Danika like she’s her own child too...just like she cares for the king

Danika’s eyes remained closed, in a world of her own. A painful world.

“It’s all for the best... This way, he’ll never find out that I ever carried his child... I won’t have to die for that particular crime... in such a humiliating way. The townspeople will just love to watch me die that way... For being stupid enough to let myself get pregnant for the king....” She was crying softly as the words whispered out of her lips.

Baski sat frozen on the bed. The plate fell from her hand and shattered on the ground, the soup scattered everywhere.

“W-What...!?”

Baski’s shout made Danika open her teary eyes, she stared at Baski in sheer confusion.
“Huh?”

“What did you just say...?” Surely, she didn’t hear her clearly. Of course, she didn’t hear her clearly.

Her ears must be failing her in her old age. There’s no way she heard her clearly.

“I know it’s stupid too, to be crying.” Danika continued cluelessly, raising her hand to wipe her wet cheeks. “I should be happy. Carrying the King’s child...it’s stupid. It’s a good thing the child is no longer in me...”

But, even as she said that, the tears wouldn’t stop falling from her eyes.

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Chapter 128

“I know it’s stupid too.” Danika said cluelessly, “Carrying the King’s child... It’s a good thing the child is no longer in me...”

But, even as she said that the tears wouldn’t stop falling from her eyes.

Baski’s eyes went wide open. She can’t believe this...! It’s just too impossible...!

“Who’s the child was that, Danika?” She blurted out.

Danika looked confused and surprised at the same time. “Madam Baski...?”

Baski’s hand reached out and took Danika’s hand into hers. She squeezed in agitation. “Tell m-me the truth, you know I’ll never tell on you, right? The king will never find out...! We’ll bury it here and treat it like it never happened! As far as you promise me that it’ll never happen again, the king will never find out! But, you have to tell me who’s child you carried!?”

Danika’s shocked mouth opened, but Baski rushed on, clearly flustered and agitated.

“Were you raped? Who did it!? Why did you try to cover it up...!?” She shook Danika’s hand again, “Just tell me everything, Danika, I need to know! Please!?”

Danika was speechless. She wiped the tears from her eyes to see Baski clearly. She replayed every word Baski just said, and it dawned on her that the older woman thinks a man—who's not the king—laid with her.

Baski thinks that she carried another man's child.

"No!" Danika snatched her hand from Baski's, at the shocking realization. "No! Never! No other man has ever been with me that way, Madam Baski! Never!"

Her head began pounding, her heart racing, but she ignored those feelings and settled intense eyes on Baski. "It's always been the king! He's the only man that I've ever been intimate with, Baski! He's the man that took my virginity and it's been him ever since! Why will I degrade myself that way to be with another man?"

She raised her chin in regality, her eyes filled with fire. "I might be a slave now, Baski. I might be in plain clothes and do chores and mingle with all sorts of people. But, I'll never degrade myself that way to let another man put his hands on me when I already belong to the king! I'll never do something that despicable and it hurts me that you'll think so low of me like that."

She finished, swiping the tears from her eyes again. She glared at Baski haughtily.

Baski raised trembling hands to cover her mouth. That intensity...that innocence...that disgust in Danika's eyes cannot be faked.

"Oh, Creator...! No..." Baski shook her head in sheer disbelief, "No... It can't be..."

Danika was the one who took one of Baski's hands this time around and placed it to her own chest.

Their eyes held and she whispered, "I swear on my life. I swear on my mother's grave."

"No!" Baski snatched her hands away and tears began rolling out of her eyes in big waves. "Heavens! No, oh, Creator! His child...? His child...!? Oh, heavens! Gods! Creator!"

"Baski...?" Danika called her name, shocked at her reaction. Why is she this way?

Baski wasn't looking at her. Instead, she kept exclaiming, her eyes wide. When she rose from the bed, Danika though she wants to leave the bedroom.

But, Baski began crying earnestly. "His child...?" She cried so much pain in her voice.

"Baski, what's wrong?" Danika was beginning to feel scared. She tried to move to go to Baski, but her body hurts, protesting the movement.

Baski sobbed like a woman who heard her child died. She clutched her chest and her legs gave out. She fell to the ground and only kept crying. “The King’s child...?”

“Please, you’re scaring me... Please, stop crying, Madam Baski... I swear, I didn’t do anything wrong... Please, stop...” Danika pleaded, feeling very bad to hear the broken sobs from the older woman.

Baski crawled closer to her and took hold of her hand. “You can’t loose that baby, Danika...! You just c-can’t...!”

“B-But—” Danika doesn’t understand anything. It hurts her to see strong Baski fall apart his way. “Tell me what’s wrong, please, tell me how to help you...?”

Baski shook her head sorrowfully. “You can only help me by that child, Danika... Oh, Creator, please...! Why!? Why!? Danika, please help me...” she cried.

“How!? How do I help you...? Please, tell me what to do!?” Danika shifted from the bed, ignoring the shards of pain that spread through her body.

She reached for Baski, pushed the older woman’s head beneath her chest and cradled her head there. She began rocking her softly, “It’s alright. Please, stop crying...”

Baski shifted her head to Danika’s belly and only cried harder. “How c-can this happen? Oh, my Creator!?”

Danika can’t comprehend much, but she did give Baski soothing words, while rocking the woman as gentle as she can. “It’s okay, Baski. Please, stop crying.”

It only made Baski cry harder.

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Chapter 129

Vetta put on her clothes carefully, and without words. Karandy kept blabbing about how good it was, and how good he feels. She said nothing.

As she walked out of his house, she thanked the gods about her large corsets that covered every part of her lower body extravagantly. No one will nothing that she’s almost limping and her legs are trembling.

That bastard Karandy almost killed her. He'd pounded her really hard, for a moment, she'd thought the man planned to kill her.

At first, she'd actually enjoyed it—she's no stranger to rough coupling.

But then, the reminder came to her about who it is drawing pleasures from her body—a man who's lower than dirt—and she'd dried up immediately.

That was when he even began pounding her like she isn't human, and it had hurt like hell.

"Animal!" She hissed as she stumbled upon a stone. Baring breaking her fall, she rose and glared behind her at his door.

On the bright side, he's going to get her out of this mess first. Then, she'll deal with him mercilessly for forcing her into this.

She won't let him go! Never will she let him go for dragging him down to his level!

For now, she forced herself to put him out of her mind. It was a long walk back to the palace.

When she entered the palace gates, she still saw crowds who comes in occasionally to inquire about Danika's health. Apparently, the people have taken to the bitch.

She hissed as she continued her way into the palace building. Thank heavens that she hasn't since that Princess Kamara for days now.

She'd heard from one of the maids that the princess prefers reading in her bedroom as her favorite pastime.

For Vetta, that's a plus. Less time to run into that horror of a woman. She remembered the hot slaps the princess delivered to her cheek, and did her best to tap down the anger.

Dealing with that princess is a small case. She just doesn't have her time at the moment.

Inside the palace building, she was on her way to the mistress's quarters when she saw the king coming out of the Royal Court.

Her heart skipped several beats. Oh, no! Oh, No! She CAN'T run into the king at this moment.

What if he demands for s****l pleasures? He'll definitely find her out, because that bastard's release smeared all over her thighs. And she's yet to clean up too!

She wants nothing more than to reach her bedroom and wash his filthiness from her body.

He was striding towards her and she stopped at the sight of him. She bowed her head in greeting, "My King..."

"To my Chambers, Vetta." He walked past her towards his chambers. His steps unhurried, his hands behind his back.

Vetta's heart skipped three beats. She followed him to his chambers, closing the door behind her when she walked in.

"Is anything the matter, Your Highness?" Thankfully, her voice was calm.

He turned towards her, scowling. "You have been going out a lot lately, Vetta. And you do not take the carriage or take any guard with you. Do you not value your safety? Or you do not want to obey my command?"

What!? She wasn't expecting this.

"No, no, o-of course not, Your Highness. I just... I just needed those moments alone. It's not really some dangerous place, it's a friend of mine that lives just outside the boarder..."

Silence. He seems to be thinking about that.

"And you go to see this friend without taking any escort like you are supposed to? Like your status is required of you?" He asked in that ridiculously calm voice of his. He might as well be talking about the weather.

Vetta doesn't know what to say, so she said nothing.

The silence stretched between them. She wished she'd never seen him, at least, until she'd taken her bath and wash away Karandy's filthy hands on her.

Now, she stood in front of him, feeling so dirty. It is not a good feeling at all. She stared at him, and he has the usual blank face.

She has no idea what's going through his mind at all.

King Lucien began walking closer to her. He stood in front of her and palmed her jaw, lifting her chin. "I do not understand you these days, Vetta. It's as if something is going on with you right here under my nose and I do not know about it."

His sense of intuition has always crept her out. "Nothing is going on with me, My King. I swear it." She rushed out.

“You just like to disobey my instructions.” He let go of her and walked past her towards his desk, “I’m putting you under five days House Arrest for disobeying me so blatantly.”

“My King!” The punishment so unexpected, startled Vetta and horrified her.

“Guards.” He called without raising his voice.

The door opened and two guards entered. They knelt down and bowed their heads, “Your Highness.”

“Escort the mistress to her quarters.” His eyes found her horrified ones, “You do not regard your safety, but I do. You go out alone and come back so late, after sundown. You do not take permissions from me. You do not inform me. A lot of things might have happened to you, but clearly, you do not seem to be thinking about that.”

He walked to his desk and picked up his well-written scroll as he continued addressing her. “That is being rash. Stay in your bedroom for some days and clear your head, Vetta. Do not leave your bedroom.”

His words brook no argument. And, with the way he turned his back and took steady strides into his library, it’s obvious he has dismissed her.

What the hell just happened? Vetta asked herself in shocked horror.



Danika do not know how long passed. It took a long time before Baski was able to get control of herself again.

“All hope isn’t lost...!” Was Baski’s exclamation as she pulled away from Danika.

Danika watched her warily as the older woman began talking to herself, as if making plans.

“We aren’t sure if the baby is gone or not, so we can’t conclude anything yet. In the meantime, I’ll go into the forest now in search of Albaress. Yes, Albaress! It’s good for pregnancies, babies in the wombs. It soothes a mother and a foetus. Repairs the body. Stops bleeding. If the baby is hurting anywhere, Albaress can heal his wounds. Yes, I have to get that herbs. And so many other herbs! I need to make a list—”

“Baski! What are you doing...?” Danika asked warily, already she’s so tired and sleepy.

“Oh, Danika, we have to save that baby if there’s any chance that you’re still pregnant.” She informed Danika.

“But...” Danika swallowed down the lump in her throat, “Isn’t it for the best...? That I lost the baby...? The king will—”

“No! No, Danika, don’t ever think that way! Ever! It’s not for the best, we have to save your baby! If there’s a chance, we MUST save that child!”

Danika opened her mouth to say something, but Baski shook her head. “Heavens, I’ve stressed you much, I’m so sorry. It’s not good for you at all, stress.”

Baski walked to her and helped her lie down on the bed, “Here, get some sleep, so that you’ll feel better and stronger later. Princess Kamara has come here countless times today to see you but you’ve been sleeping and you aren’t strong enough for visitors yet. For now, just focus on getting better and I’ll take great care of you.”

Danika was feeling so very tired and sleepy, so she didn’t bother arguing. Baski has behaved really strange with her today, but she didn’t let herself think about it.

Baski rushed to the table and brought her portions. She helped her drink them. “It’ll help you sleep well for a long time. A good sleep is best for your health.”

Danika stared through dazed eyes as the older woman fused over her. Finally, Baski drew her blanket over her and kissed her on the cheeks.

“Thank you so so so so much, Danika.” She whispered.

Danika’s mind was already half-way asleep, but she still murmured, “For what...?”

“For... Everything.” For being a ray of sunshine and a basket of hope to our people. But, Baski didn’t say it out loud.

Danika’s thoughts as she grew more sleepy was filled with King Lucien. How much she misses the King. How much she wants to be with him... Lie against him.

Her conscious self might not remember the events of the night before, but her fuzzy drugged-up mind remembered.

As she felt asleep, she wondered if the king will come to her again tonight?

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Chapter 130

Princess Kamara hasn't been able to go to sleep. She stood by her window and stared out of the dark night.

Her mind was filled with the image of a man who isn't her future husband. Callan occupied her mind.

Every night, she dreads that the king will summon her for her duties on his bed. While she isn't untouched, she isn't a loose woman too.

And now, she has fallen in love, which makes just the thought of another man putting her hands on her that way fills her up with dread. On a normal way, she should have gone to the king and demand for her right to be on his bed with him, this season.

But, she only felt relief when a time passed and the king does not summon her.

She worried about Princess Danika too. The beatings she got were brutal. Danika has always been brave for a princess, that is why she was able to withstand such pain.

Kamara can't even think about that... It sends a shiver down her spine.

She has tried to visit Danika countless times, but she has always found her sleeping. The portions she's on, must be too much.

A bird flew across the window, forcing Kamara's attention to it.

Memories of the day she'd written some words and sent to Callan on a messenger-bird filled her mind.

She closed her eyes tight and revelled in the memories. He'd written back to him, which had surprised her.

Callan is a peasant, and peasants do not know how to read and write.

But, apparently, Callan is way different because he wrote back to her in short concise words, and a very masculine handwriting.

She smiled at the memories. He'd thanked her politely for taking care of him and his injuries. Thanked her for sending Henna to care of a peasant like him.

He is always very polite with her, and he does not know the feelings she harbors for him.

Following the memories, came a sting at the back of eyes. The world difference between them is too painful.

Even if she doesn't marry King Lucien, ending up with her Callan is the most impossible thing in the world.

She stood there for a long time.

Finally, she wiped the tears from her eyes and walked away from the window. As she strode towards the bed, she wondered...

Does Callan think of me too...?



Madam Baski was still very shock about what happened in the afternoon. The new things she learnt earlier in the day. Danika had been pregnant for the king. That child was the King's baby.

That night, she sat down on the chair in her bedroom and revived the events of the day. Danika is a different kind of light shining on their people.

She'd gotten pregnant for the king. Something that no other woman had been able to do.

Her biggest pain came from the fact that she isn't so sure if the baby is still there. That was what hurt her the most.

Heavens, let that baby be in there. Let that be alright.

She wouldn't know for a few weeks for sure. She can't check the natural way again without harming the mother and the baby. They are both so vulnerable now, she can't afford to do that.

She'd been so overjoyed, she'd practically wanted to run to the king and give him the shocking news but she knows that it's out of the question for now, until they know for sure that Danika is still pregnant.

It will hurt the king without measure if he finds out that he'd been able to impregnate a woman but the child died. It'll be an incomprehensible pain.

So, yes, she'd have to keep it to herself for now. Creator, let that baby be alright!

She was about to get up and prepare for bed, when the bed ruffled and Remeta shifted sleepily beside Sally. She'd made Sally come to sleep with Remeta because she'd planned to sleep in Danika's bedroom and keep watch over her.

Remeta shifted again on the bed and rose slowly. She rubbed her sleepy eyes, "Mama...?"

At the murmured words, Baski got up from the chair and strode towards the view of her daughter, where Remeta will be able to see her clearly. “Remeta? Sweetie, I’m right here. Go back to sleep.”

Remeta rubbed her eyes sleepily, “I’m worried, Mama.”

“Why, my dear?”

Silence descended, as Remeta kept rubbing her eyes, “I’m really worried, Mama.”

“About what?”

“My Queen... The Prince... I—“ she paused, as if trying to sort through herself, “I really feels so much pity for King Lucien.”

Baski kept quiet as she tried to understand to understand what Remeta was saying. Her Queen... Prince... King Lucien...

The Prince... The Prince...?

The Prince...!?

“Oh... My... Heavens...!?” Baski exclaimed when it all suddenly made sense to her. “Oh...Creeps...!”

Her eyes were wide like saucers as she stared at her daughter like she’s just seeing her for the first time.

“This was what you meant all along...! This was exactly what you meant all along...! And I thought you were losing your mind...! Oh, Creator...! I should have seen this all along...!”

Remeta just watched her mother without saying a word.

Baski was just trying to put two and two together.

She remembered yesterday they were picking herbs in the bush... Her daughter had been able to feel danika’s pain even from afar. She can still remember the way Remeta drop everything she was doing and ran out to where Danika was.

Does it mean that her daughter has some kind of special ability or something?

She filed it away as it dawned on her that Remeta said she was worried...,

Baski held Remeta’s hand in reassurance. “Tell me, dear. Tell me why you’re so worried...?”

“It’s the Prince. The future—” she cut off suddenly, “I still don’t know if he will stay.” She whispered.

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Chapter 131

King Lucien tried to lay down his pounding head and go to sleep, but sleep remained so far from him. He isn’t surprised, but still he tried.

When he finally slept, his dreams were the usual nightmares. The memories of Declan play themselves one after another in his head.

He woke up sweating profusely and breathing hardly. It’s the middle of the night and silence already descended everywhere.

Memories of Declan do not hesitate to break him down. Will a day every come when he will remember his believed cousin without such intense pain gripping his chest?

Declan never deserved that kind of horrible death. He does not deserve it at all.

A pounding headache nagged him. He got up from the bed and walked out of the bedroom.

He has no destination in mind, but his legs carried him towards Danika’s bedroom. He took the key from the guard standing out there and sent the guard away.

He opened the door, but made no move to enter deeper into the bedroom. His arms crossed together, his face inscrutable, he watched her sleep.

She looks so small on the big bed, her blond hair spread out everywhere. Even while bandaged up like a sacrificial lamb at the altar, she looks as beautiful as an angel and as forbidden as sin.

He does not plan to be found out. Doesn’t want her to know that he ever came here.

It’s been three nights since his future bride came to the palace, and he hasn’t summoned her to his bed. That is not the way things should be.

The courtship is for the king to get to know his queen, to spend all his spare time with her, for the queen to warm his bed and satisfy his s****l urges.

He has no desire of all of that. In his mind—so very deep into his mind, he acknowledges that he has the desire to spend more time with Danika, than his future queen.

But then again, when a man performs his duties, he do not have to like them. It is called a duty because it is an obligation—whether you fancy it or not.

His eyes took in her bandaged arms. Is she doing better?

He watched her sleep for a little while. The rise and fall of her belly in breathing fascinated him. He walked into the bedroom, getting close to her, he bowed a little and placed a hand on her belly.

Just a feather-like touch of assurance. Is that what it is?

He frowned a bit and straightened himself to his full height. He did not know how long passed as he stood there and just watched the rise and fall of her chest, of her belly.

Finally, he tore his eyes away from her. He turned to leave—

Danika’s bladder woke her up all of a sudden. She’d kept her eyes closed, trying to put off the feeling of having to get up from the bed and use the bathroom.

But, the pressure was suddenly unbearable for her. She stirred, stretching herself a little bit. The moment she took that first step into consciousness, she felt his presence.

King Lucien is here. He really did come tonight.

Her eyed opened and found his, standing beside her on the bed.

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❁❁IN THE KINGDOM OF NAVIA❁❁

So late at night, no one is awake anymore. Just the guards on duty.

A small house was located in the secluded part of the town. Darkness surrounded the house...it’s way past midnight.

Time for lovers. Time for nightmares.

Inside that house, it's owner laid on the bed and he was having nightmares. He breathed heavily and thrashed on the bed, lost in the tight grip of his nightmares.

He lost his memories a long time ago, and so, his nightmares do not make sense to him.

All he knows is that it's hard for him to have a peaceful sleep, and his nightmares do not reveal much.

It's only filled with images that aren't complete. Horrible suffering he does not understand.

But, tonight, he heard words in his nightmares for the first time.

Someone shouting a name. The person's voice was filled with so much pain and desperation.

"Declan...! Nooo, leave him alone...! DECLAAAAN!!" The voice roared so loudly.

Callan shot up from the bed, sweating profusely. His breathing erratic as he tried to catch his breath.

The voice would not stop calling to him and pleading on his behalf.

Declan, the voice called him. Instead, of Callan.

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Chapter 132

Danika's bladder woke her up all of a sudden. She'd kept her eyes closed, trying to put off the feeling of having to get up from the bed and use the bathroom.

But, the pressure was suddenly unbearable for her. She stirred, stretching herself a little bit. The moment she took that first step into consciousness, she felt his presence.

King Lucien is here. He really did come tonight.

Her eyed opened and found his, standing beside her on the bed.

"My king..." Danika whispered sleepily.

“Get some sleep, Danika... I was not here.”

His deep voice blended with the night, and sent shivers down her bruised body.

“Yes... You were not here.” She easily agreed with him to make everything easy. Her mind was all slurred up from dozens of portions and pills.

But, no matter how hazy her mind is, she knows that the king is standing right there. And she doesn't want him to go.

“How are you feeling?” His arms were crossed around his chest, he's dressed for bed in his casual attire.

He doesn't look like a man that has gotten any sleep. He must have been busy all day.

“I feel...better than I did, yesterday.” Danika told him truthfully. Whatever it is Baksi has been giving her, it's making her feel better.

He nodded once, and turned to leave.

Her bladder only pressured her all the more. She made a move to get up from the bed, wincing when her body protested that movement.

He turned to her and scowled when he realized that she's trying to get up from the bed. “What are you doing?”

The deep command of the calm question halted her, she glanced at him warily. “I want to use the bathroom...”

His scowl went blacker, “No one is here with you? Baski should have been here. Or your former personal maid.”

“They were here w-with me all day... Madam Baski might h-have left for a little...while to put...Remeta to sleep...” Danika rushed defensively, so that he wouldn't get angry at them.

He made no move but she noticed some of the tension leave his body. He was still frowning as he watched her struggle to get up from bed.

Finally, he walked away from the door and she expected that he'll be going out. But, he walked towards her and took hold of her arm gently.

His help startled her. If he saw her startled look, he said nothing about it. “Lean into me.”

She followed his soft command, leaning heavily into his body, letting him take most of her weight.

He smelled so good, she breathed him in deeply and held it for a moment, before she let it out.

In steady steps, they made their way to the bathroom. He pulled up her nightwear and began untying her underthings.

Danika flushed red, staring down at him as he worked the robes of her linen shorts till he untied it. He pulled it down and looked at her meaningfully.

“Thank you, My King...” Her face was crimson as she did her business. He waited patiently for her, and he was holding most of her weight.

Afterwards, he buttoned her up and dressed her clothes before leading her out of the bathroom. He helped her get on the bed before he took a step back.

Danika laid under the coverlet, drinking in heavily the very sight of him. She'd carried his child and lost it too. The reminder sprang tears to her eyes.

“Are you alright?” He asked at the sight of the tears.

She nodded rapidly, “Yes. My wounds hurts.” Her internal wounds hurts more than the external ones now.

A muscle ticked in his jaw. “You'll be fine.”

“Thank you, My King.” She whispered. Danika does not want him to go. Although, it's inevitable, she wants to keep him close for as long as she can...no matter how little.

“Can I ask something...?”

He untangled his hands, walked towards her and sat beside her on the bed. “You can.”

“How was your day...?”

King Lucien spared her a glance because the question was unexpected. Unbiddenly, he searched his memory and realized that she's the first person to ever ask him that.

Baski would, if she was ever allowed to, and Chad would too. His mistress wouldn't.

His brows knitted at the thought.

She saw it and shook her head, “I'm so sorry for asking...”

“I spent most of the day in court. A lot of things to do. A lot of decisions to make. It was quite a strenuous day.” He answered at last.

“I’m so sorry—“

“Stop apologizing for things you have no control over.” He chided her but his voice was unusually soft.

It must be the softness in his voice that gave her courage. Or, is it the way he has been with her lately? Or, the fact that he won’t punish her now because her body is a massive bruise?

She wasn’t really sure where her courage came from when she whispered, “Come and hold me...”

Silence met her request. A silence that stretched while he looked at her with blue eyes that won’t reveal anything.

“Do not think you can ever order me around.” He stated at last, a muscle ticked in his jaw.

“I’ll never think...of something like that...” She whispered hoarsely.

“Do not think that you can ever tell me what to do.”

“God forbid that...I’ll ever do something...like that...” She countered softly.

Silence. Then, he looked away, “If I hold you, I will want to stay here with you. It is not proper.”

“Oh...” Her face fell. She wished that just like yesterday, he would forget what’s proper and what is not.

Her mind wasn’t the only mind troubled. The king was also battling his innermost self.

It is not proper being here with her, but when he goes back to his bedroom, he will not sleep either. And when he manages to, nightmares plagued his subconscious. Memories of his dear little brother.

Would it be so wrong to lie down here with her and escape...just for a little while?

His body wants hers so much. His d**k has thickened since he helped her use the bathroom, and it only makes him scowl at himself.

Wanting to burying himself deep into a woman who’s badly beaten up and is trying to recover does not make sense. It is unlike him.

Danika wondered what runs through his mind that's bringing such deep frown to his face? She bit her lips.

She should never had asked him to come and hold her. It was ridiculous and so-unlike her. She opened her mouth to apologize for that but then, his words before about apology stopped her.

He will not accept it. She looked away, staring at the empty space ahead of her.

When the bed dipped, her breath caught. She swiveled her head to see him climbing onto the bed beside her.

"I will not to be here when you wake in the morning, Danika." His deep voice resonated in the silent room.

Happiness spread through her bruised body inwardly. On the outside, she nodded her head, "I will never request that of you, My King."

For the first time, Danika was forced to wonder of the king really do hate her? If he still hates her as much as he did all those months ago?

In her hazy mind, she could only think of a few things he has done which she never expected. She slid her eyes close and tried to remember the last time he'd ever punished her like a master would punish his slave...

It's been such a long time, her mind whispered as he pulled in beside her. She turned herself into his arms, ignoring her protesting body.

His large hand wrapped around her body, drawing her closer to him. She bit back a wince, instead, she melted into him completely.

She felt him on her lower body. He was hard for her.

Raising her head, she stared up at him.

"Get some sleep, Danika. I will not make any demands on you. Not in your condition." He stated flatly.

Her heart raced and her mind whirled. He will be with her until she falls asleep, and then, he'll go back to his chambers.

What if he summons his mistress to satisfy him? Or Princess Kamara...?

Her heart tightened in her chest, the thought leaving a bad taste in her mouth.

She wants to be the one who satisfies him. He's this way because of her, the thought of him drawing pleasures from the body of another woman...or another woman bringing him to to sexual release, do not settle well with her at all.

As Danika nuzzled her head to his wide comforting shoulder, she acknowledged that she has no right to feel this way. She's merely his slave, while the other women are his mistress and his future queen.

She should not be feeling possessive of him in this way, but she couldn't help herself.

Acting on impulse, she lifted her face and pressed her mouth to his. Wherever her courage came from, she has no idea.

But, she didn't cower or falter, not even when he stiffened against her.

She slipped her eyes closed and did the things his lips taught hers, whirling her tongue softly to the contours of his lips, she kissed him wholeheartedly.

Time passed, he wasn't kissing her back and that was when she self-consciously began pulling back.

Then, he muttered out some explicit but inaudible curses before he snaked his hand at the back of her head, pulling her closer to meet his descending lips.

He began kissing her thoroughly, holding her closely. His tongue tangled with hers, their breaths became one. He suckled on her lower l*p and she m****d breathily.

She felt the fierce crush of his mouth with awed pleasure. He tasted of masculinity and male, and his lips were devastatingly expert. Her arms went under his and around him; her hands savored the taut muscles of his broad shoulders.

She clung to him, her body trembling with a kind of pleasure that terrified her while his hard mouth took everything it wanted from hers.

Danika's hand reached out, she pulled up his robe and began untying his underthings.

Princess Kamara gave up on sleeping when it kept eluding her. She put on her robes and headed out of her bedroom on a night walk. She needs company.

She'll check on the king to know if he's awake too, maybe, they'll be going on a walk together.

Baski mentally blamed herself to death for getting so carrying away while making herbs, she forgot to check on Danika for such a long time.

She was on her way to Danika's bedroom when she heard soft cries and a male grunt. The king is in there with Danika.

The King's Chambers is lightly soundproofed, only a scream or a roar can be heard from his bedroom. But, others quarters aren't...including Danika's bedroom.

Her ears flushed. She suddenly felt like she's in a place she isn't supposed to be.

Worry filled her. What if the King is making demands on Danika? She's physical capable of being intimacy with a man like him right now. Apart from her bruises, there's still her uncertain but vulnerable condition.

Just then, she heard footsteps coming towards the King's Chambers.

She saw Princess Kamara coming towards the King's Chambers and her eyes widened. If she goes any further she'll here the King and Danika, and if she goes to his bedroom, she'll find out he isn't there...!

Baski hurried towards her immediately. Her steps quick and fast to cover more grounds. "My Princess?"

Princess Kamara stopped and confided, "I couldn't sleep... I'm going to try and take a walk—"

"I'll give you something to help you sleep, Princess, do not worry, you're in the right hands. Come on, come on," she urged as he led the princess away from her destination, "I make the best of herbs, you can ask anyone in this kingdom. I'll give you something to help you sleep like a baby."

"Oh... Okay." Princess Kamara allowed the older woman to led her away.

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Chapter 133

She clung to him, her body trembling with a kind of pleasure that terrified her while his hard mouth took everything it wanted from hers.

Danika's hand reached out, she pulled up his robe and began untying his underthings.

"Danika..." He breathed to her mouth.

“Please, let me...” She reached inside and wrapped her hand around his warm flesh. His breath hitched as she caressed the length of him.

His breathing hitched, she half-expected him to pull away from her, to stop her from touching him. But, his k****s only became more ardent and intense.

She let out a breath she didn't know she was holding, and withdrew her hand. His k****s were like a drug to her system, nothing else existed than his hands on her body and his mouth on her.

Danika reached her hand behind her, towards the table and withdrew the gel Baski used on her body. Without breaking the k**s, she opened the lid and dipped her hand into it.

Her hand came out wet and dripping. She wrapped it around his thick hardness, and began working him determiningly with her hands.

Their unsteady breathing filled the air as the two lovers lost themselves in the arms of each other.

King Lucien broke the k**s, his hand working a little unsteadily on her cotton nightie. He freed her breast from the confinement of her gown, dipping his head lower, his searching mouth found her pert nipple and he began sucking ardently.

Danika cried out. Shards of pleasure overrode the pain that sizzled through her body as she arched her back towards him. Her breasts were so sensitive that the rough urgency of his mouth was hurting and pleasuring her at the same time.

She circled the wide head of his massive thickness, he grunted unsteadily and his hands holding her back to him contracted softly.

“Danika!” His voice broke, but her touch had an inevitable effect on his reserve. She felt him tremble against her, heard his tortured breathing as he tutored her with his mouth.

Each tug of his lips, she felt it in between her legs. She is so wet, she's all liquid fluid down there. What he was doing to her had her tethering on the edge of climax without falling over.

The movements of her soft hands increased jerkily, she melted into him completely giving herself up to him without holding back.

When he convulsed, crying out in ecstasy, she forced her flushed, aroused, eyes to lift, to look at him. It was incredible...watching him come apart in her arms like that.

King Lucien pulsed in her grasp, helpless, blind, deaf, to anything but the fierce pleasure that was coursing through him. He pulled his mouth from her red nipple and lifted his head, he devoured her mouth.

He kissed her with fervor, his lips hard and fast against hers, he took her breath away. When the last jet of his release spilled, Danika reached for one of the towels Baski has been using to press hot water to her body without breaking their feverish k****s.

She used the towel to wipe him clean before he broke the k**s at last.

His eyes scrutitized her, taking in the unspent desire in her dazed innocent eyes and the slight trembling of her body. He freed her other breast from it's confinement and lowered his head to it to give it the same treatment he gave to the other.

She cried out at the sensitivity and intensity of it all, it was almost too painful. Her hand held on to back of his head trying to push him away, but it's like trying to move an unmovable wall.

Then, she heard his hand trail behind her back, he intentionally didn't touch any of her bruises so he wouldn't hurt her. His large hand snaked into her underthings from behind and he caressed the small sensitized nub of her womanhood.

Danika clung to him and made soft music for him with the things he was doing to her. He played her body like a keynote and she responded with soft music.

It's the first time he's doing something like this to her, it dawned on her hazy mind. The first time he's touching her with his hand in such an extensive blatant way.

He pushed two fingers into her, her body tensed and she came in shuddering breaths. He patted her soothingly without being persistent, so that she doesn't hurt herself.

Finally, he pulled back and wrapped her in his arms.

They fell asleep that way. He held her all night.

He didn't leave until dawn.



As days passed, Danika started getting better. It was a gradual and steady steps, but she did it. Sally and Baski was right there with her to help her as much as they could.

She was determined to be well and strong on Sally's upcoming wedding, that was the greatest reason why she pushed really hard. She took all her herbs, never left a pill she was supposed to take.

Remeta was also right there with her, but she's back to her usual playful child-like behaviours of being happy all the time and chasing crickets.

If you have no knowledge about her, you'll never believe she has any gift of foresight.

A week passed, and Danika was able to walk around without help anymore. Most of her bruises have faded to red marks and the wounds are almost gone.

Sally worried herself to death as her wedding approached and she hasn't been able to buy her sandals. She hasn't been able to go to the village, since what happened to her princess.

Now, her princess is getting better and she still doesn't want to leave her a single minute.

Danika found out what was happening and was horrified. "Your wedding is fast approaching and as a bride you don't have your sandals!? What are you going to wear...!?"

"I'll still go out one of these days and buy one." She admitted, flushed, "I have the money to buy a very good one."

"You do?" Danika asked, feeling happy for her best friend.

Sally nodded and confided excitedly, "The king gave Chad a really big money for us to make good preparations. I'm so grateful to him!"

Danika was happy and grateful too, she'd informed Sally that they'll be going to the market to buy her footwear. A new bride shouldn't wait to buy anything, she'd informed her.

Sally was horrified. She hasn't forgotten what happened the last time they went into the village. How can she forget when her princess is barely getting out of the ordeal?

She'd tried to protest but Danika only shook her head and refused.

"I can't be inside the palace for the rest of my life without any freedom to walk around as I please, just because I'm scared of being implicated and beaten up. That is not living, Sally." She stated vehemently.

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Read Chapter 134

Chapter 134

Sally kept quiet because she knows that her princess is right. That very day, two weeks ago, her princess had passed out before she could hear the things she'd screamed to the people.

Her princess isn't aware of the way she was saved, and when she'd heard about the crowd that stayed awake in the palace gates because they wanted her to be alright, she never believed it either.

"They must have been there for another reason. Those people hate me too much. It can't be that..." She'd told Sally.

So, when they walked out of the palace together, Sally was right there beside her to help her when she got tired and needed to lean on her.

As Danika walked and staggered, Sally was right there to catch her and steady her, before leaving her alone so that she'll keep walking on her own and getting stronger.

It reminded Danika of the events of three months ago when Sally was raped and brutalized by the Kings. They'd also walked this way during her healing process.

How time flies... It felt like ages ago.

Immediately they stepped out of the palace, all eyes were on Danika. Passersby stop to look at her and other just stood and watched warily.

Danika noticed the blatant stares—how can't she when it's way too obvious?—it made her uncomfortable.

But, she was determined to keep her shoulders high and walk with Sally. This people who almost killed her two weeks ago, and now, they look at her like they're seeing a complete stranger.

The few glances she got of their faces, she couldn't see the usual malice... the pure hate... they'd always emitted.

They got to a point where a little girl who doesn't look older than six years old walked up to them. The girl hesitantly offered her a gift.

Danika stopped and stared at the chocolate in the little girl's outstretched hand. It touched her immensely, that this little girl would offer her such gift.

Being a lowborn, or less privileged, they barely have enough to eat and sustain themselves. Now, this little girl offers her the little she has...

Danika lowered herself to become her eye level with the child, "Thank you so much." She whispered as she accepted the gift.

The child beamed at her and ran away. Before she could take another step, other children began walking up to her and offering her chocolates.

There were so many children, their smiles sincere as they crowded her and made peace offerings. Tears sprang from her eyes as she accepted and thanked them all.

Then, the women, men and older people walked to her, and apologized vocally about what they did to her.

It was so unexpected, Danika couldn't control the tears. Sally was there, patting her back occasionally as she forgave them all for ganging up on her and beating her up.

The people of Salem didn't expect her easy forgiveness, and when it came, it only made them feel so guilty and their conscience so heavy.

Indeed, they'd preyed on an innocent. Indeed, they'd bit the finger that fed them.

The former Princess Danika is nothing like her father.

As Danika and Sally continued their way to buy what they came for, people were very good to her, and most women even gave her a gift from their shops. They bought Sally's sandals at a discounted price.



When she entered the palace, everyone took one look at the gifts she carried and knows it for what it is.

Peace offering and gifts. She has found favor with the people.

The maids have stopped being so mean to her after they found out about the things she did when they were still slaves in Mombana. They look at their hands and see the gifts from the people, and they smile at her in acknowledgment.

"You deserve it." Was practically written in their faces.

The mistress was the only person that glared so hard at her as she passed with her sets of maid and saw the gifts. Vetta didn't say any words to her, but she didn't need to.

Her eyes and stiff posture shows her anger and rage. Thankfully, she just walked passed Danika, matching straight to her quarters.

But, other people...each and every one of them...looked at her with kindness and appreciation.

Danika felt so emotional, and for the first time in two weeks, she decided that her pain was worth it. The beatings were worth it too.

If those were what it took for the people to accept her and stop seeing her in the same light they saw his father, then, it's definitely worth it.

And yet, a part of her prays to the Creator for the baby inside her to be alright.

She shouldn't have a prayer like that, because that child will only cause more problems for her. For one, the king might order her execution if he finds out about it.

For another, his mistress or his 'Queen' might order her to be whipped or force her to take a body flusher...just like most queens and mistresses does in other kingdoms.

She isn't particularly afraid of Princess Kamara because she's a good person. But, the King's mistress is more wicked than the others, she might do that to her and more...

Body flushers does kill the woman in some occasions too, under overdose. Most people use very dangerous herb combinations for it.

A slave do NOT carry the King's child, it's simply not done. And yet, no matter how much she crosses her heart on wishing her baby has left her, she still finds herself wishing otherwise too.

"Oh, Danika, what do you do...?" She whispered to herself, alone in her bedroom at evening.

Well, she shouldn't worry about it now. Although, she still has all her symptoms of pregnancy, Baski said they wouldn't be sure until she does her first checkup on her tonight.

In the meantime, she forced her mind away from it and focused on the beautiful gifts in her hand.

Several minutes later, the king summoned her.

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Chapter 135

Vetta was in her bedroom with her heart in her throat. She'd heard that today, the fate of those women she'd hired to mess Danika up will be decided.

She couldn't sit still, so she paced around the bedroom. Karandy had told her that he will make sure those women do not spill the beans, and she had paid dearly to make sure he gets that side of his job done.

She just hopes that nothing goes wrong. She needs to come out of this without really being inside of it.

And then she will deal with that bastard for having the effrontery to threaten her and use her body that way without respect. It had taken more than a few days for her body to heal, and because she was given house arrest, she hadn't been able to get pills to stop the ache.

She'd kept her fertility pills aside just to be sure that the idiot's seed do not take root first, before she can continue her pursuit of carrying the King's seed.

It's the courting week delaying her from being intimate with the king. The king hasn't summoned her to give him pleasure because of the stupid courting week.

It's been two week, she wishes that it has ended already.

Once it does, she'll take her pills, go back to the king and get pregnant. She needs to carry his child before he gets married to that wild woman, Princess Kamara!



Danika entered the king chambers and bowed her head, "You summoned me, My King."

King Lucien was dressed in his royal attire, he came out of the library with a book in his hand. He walked straight to his desk and kept the book there.

"It's time I take you to the dungeon." He stated matter-of-factly.

Danika's heart flew right out of her chest. Has she done something really wrong? The dungeon?

She snapped her mouth shut and only nodded. "You wish is my command."

He walked past her, leading the way. She followed him dutifully, and all the while, she couldn't stop wondering what going to the dungeon is all about.

They walked out of the Royal Quarters, towards the servant's quarters where they entered the hidden wing that leads to the underground palace.

At the gate of the dungeon the guards rushed towards it and opened the chains. The king walked in, and turned towards her.

She walked right in behind him. Then, she saw the two women she recognized from two weeks ago in the market square. They'd beaten her up very badly.

"It is only fitting that the woman who they almost killed becomes the one to pass judgement on them." Was all the king said.

"Your Highness...?" Her voice mirrored her confusion.

"This women were the mastermind behind your beating in the market. They stole the neavklace and put it in your bag for you to be beating for it." He declared, his cold eyes on the women.

Danika looked at the both women who was looking sad and resigned at the same time. They had dried tears in their eyes and from their expressions, they already sentenced themselves to death. They were just waiting for her to say the words.

Four pair of eyes stared up at her, and then, lowered their head in shame.

Danika walked deeper into the cell, walking past the king, she stood directly in front of them. "Rise."

At her soft but firm whispered, the both women wearily rose to their feet. Coria looked at Zenia with the resignation and the knowledge that this will be the last time she'll be seeing the woman ever again.

The daughter of Cone do not deserve what they did to her and it's very very unlikely that she wouldn't sentence them to death.

Just as they expected and predicted, the former slave trainer has their children captive in exchange for their silence.

They'd gotten the word right here in the dungeon. There fates has been decided a long time ago, there's no need to kill their own children too just because they wanted to live.

And so, they'd snapped their mouths shut and waited for the inevitable.

"I forgive you both."

She said the words so softly, it took them a while for them to assimilate the word. When they did there eyes widened, and looked towards her in shock.

Even the King's eyes flashed with surprise, but only for a second. He did a better job at hiding it.

Her eyes held theirs and she continued. "I forgive you both but I hope you wouldn't treat another person the way you treated me, in the future. You have to learn to give people a choice. Give people a chance..."

Each softly spoken words touched the deepest part of them, and she isn't done yet. "My only crime is being my father's daughter. But, I had no choice. I wasn't given any choice to choose who my father will be. I only came of age one day and realized who my parents were, I wasn't given a choice. So, please, do not hate and punish people for sins they did not commit. So, you don't shed the b***d of an innocent all because of it."

"Yes, Princess! So, so sorry...!" Zenia was crying. Her forgiveness was so unexpected it's like a struck of the arrow to her chest.

She knelt down and kept thanking her and also asking for her forgiveness at the same time. The way she spoke made them forget the rags she's wearing and hear the authority of the words of a princess.

When the both women fell to the ground, crying and thanking her and saying sorry at the same time, Danika lowered herself to the ground and hugged the both of them.

"It's alright. I forgive you." She whispered.

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Chapter 136

Danika and the king walked back into his chambers. The silence was uncomfortable.

Danika picked the hem of her dress nervously, while waiting for the king to dismiss her. He hasn't said a word since the dungeon and it had her worried.

Is he angry that she released the women? But, he'd given her rights to their judgement. She shifted uncomfortably from one foot to another.

"Danika." He has his back to her when he called her name.

That tone... The very tone of his voice had shivers going down her spine. It's the same voices he uses whenever they're in bed together.

The same tone he calls her name with, when he's taking his pleasure from her body.

“Y-Yes, Your Highness.” She fidgeted with her dress, her voice wasn’t past a whisper too.

“What am I going to do with you...?”

The question, so unexpected, rubbed her of speech. So, she snapped her mouth shut and prayed to the heavens for him not to be so angry at her.

“You make forgiveness so simple. People who ganged up on you, and beat you up so badly you almost died. And there you are, forgiving them as if they committed a crime as simple as lying.” He g*****d.

She wished she could see his face now to discern if he’s angry or not. She swallowed tightly, “I felt like letting it go, Your Highness.”

“Why?”

“The whole world is driving by a will, blind and ruthless. In order to transcend the limitations of that will, we have to learn to let go. That is the only way to move on.”

Silence met her words...as of he was contemplating it. She let him have all the time he needs.

Finally, he turned towards her and she got a good look at his face. There was no hate or angry. Just...warmth.

“You can go now, Danika.” He stated.

She bowed her head to him and turned to leave, but his hand snapped out and caught hers. He jerked her towards him and kissed her.

A gasps of surprise slid past her lips as he kissed her hard, fast and hungry. His hand held the back of her head while he ravished her mouth. She closed her eyes and kissed him right back.

She has been so starved for him for the past two weeks, she grabbed onto crumbs, needing anything he could give her at all.

The k**s lasted forever before he pulled back. His eyes blazed fire as he stepped back. He doesn’t look like a man who’s practical led devoured her just some seconds ago.

Danika’s feet was unsteady as she bowed to him again and walked out of his bedroom.

The rest of the evening passed methodically and Danika found herself smiling more times than she can count.

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The smile lasted until she was examined by Baski in her bedroom, that night.



Vetta was more than happy when the maids gave her the news about the release of those women.

She was standing in the shadows of the hallways that leads to the dungeon, and that's where she stood when Danika and the king passed. She was also there when both crying women were released.

Now, that chapter is closed and done. She took a deep breath and stared at the route Danika and the king followed.

A plan that would have gone so perfectly where but Danika and her useless maid, Sally had to ruin everything. Now, the people are on their side!

So, what if she ate from the silver bowls? And so? It's all in the past and this is the present!

Vetta admitted to herself that she ate more than most people from the silver bowl, in Mombana. She's always been competitive and so damn hungry, she never hesitates to grab onto a silver bowl whenever food was brought in.

But, that's all in the past! And it doesn't matter if Danika gave them food! It does nothing to erase the pain and punishments her father gave to them! Food has nothing on the whippings! The forced-s*x!

She turned and began striding away. Doesn't matter of this plan didn't go the way it was expected to go, she'll get another way to deal with Danika.

This time around, she'll find the best way because she wants to deal with Karandy too while she's at it.

They will regret messing with her—

A hand suddenly grabbed hold of hers from behind.

She startled. Turned around, she saw Remeta holding on to her hand.

Remeta was staring ahead of her as she began speaking in a robotic way. "You get away this time around but what about next time? Don't. When it comes to your head, ignore it. Don't."

She finally looked Vetta in the eyes, "Don't do it. You'll hurt queen. You'll hurt Prince. You'll hurt his father. And you will get hurt. You get away this time around, and you get hurt the next. And your nemesis is coming in form of a person."

Then, she let go of Vetta's hand suddenly and walked away.

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Chapter 137

Princess Kamara just got words from her father's kingdom that she should stay put here in Mombana for sometime because there's a problem in Navia.

Her father detected a spy in his cabinets, and until the spy is found out and flushed out, it isn't safe for her to come back.

It made Kamara angry and sad at the same time. She misses home. Most importantly, she misses seeing Callan.

Once, she gets back home, she will try to find a way to make seeing Callan possible. It's been so many months, it's like an ache in her flesh.

She has been very lucky for the past two weeks, the king hasn't summoned her to perform her duties to him. He hasn't summoned her to warm his bed.

But, she isn't sure how long her luck will last. The thought made her restless and wary.

Henna was walking right behind her, and they were coming back from an evening walk when she collided with someone.

"Don't you look...!?" Vetta sputtered angrily when someone collided into her, only to look up and see it's the Princess Kamara.

Henna had her hand to her mouth because she didn't see the accident on time to stop her princess and the mistress from colliding into each other.

Vetta herself, was deep in thoughts of the things Remeta said to her. She didn't understand anything and frankly, it wasn't bothering her that much.

It's unfortunate that Remeta's madness only keeps getting worse as days goes by. It's really a pity.

But, she'd wondered what the insane girl meant by 'The prince' and 'The Queen'? And not hurting them?

It had her confused because she knows that Remeta refers to Danika ad a queen and also, Princess Kamara is the King's future queen. So, what does she mean?

Those were the thoughts running through her head when she collided into the Princess.

Princess Kamara stepped back from her and looked at her like she's seeing a bug. Her hand itched to slap the mistress again but the only thing keeping her is the polite warning the king gave her about beating his mistress.

"You ran into me." Kamara glared at her, emphasizing through gritted teeth.

Vetta really hates this princess, but she knows her place too. Her cheeks hasn't forgotten the slaps...

"I'm sorry, Princess. I didn't mean to run into you." The apology left a sore taste in her mouth, but she had no choice.

Princess Kamara remembered the way the mistress had beaten Princess Danika weeks ago for colliding into her. A very wicked mistress, this one.

Just like Mistress Donna, her father's main mistress.

Princess Kamara stepped closer to her, suddenly feeling that anger she always felt for her father's mistress. The same bitch that advised her father to marry her off, just because she fell in love with a peasant.

Kamara's hand snatched out and she grabbed hold of Vetta's hair.

"Ouch! Let me go!" Vetta shrieked at the unexpected reaction.

Princess Kamara's hand only tightened in her black mane. "You beat up a former princess because YOU collided into her few weeks ago, and now, here you are...a MERE mistress, colliding into ME, a princess? Your future queen!?"

"I already apologized, didn't I?" Vetta snapped, not used to answering to anyone but the king, for such a long time.

Kamara yanked hard on her hair, pulling a few strands with her. She hissed, “You watch that tone and attitude with me, Mistress, or I will have you whipped for such insolence.”

“I am sorry, Princess.” Vetta gritted out again.

Kamara held on for a few more seconds before she let go of her hair and stepped back. She squared her shoulders and walked past the mistress, “Make sure to keep out of my way!”

Vetta kept glaring at her back until she disappeared from the hallway. Her scalp burned from such treatment, and anger was boiling in her b***d.

That wicked bitch!



The smile on Danika’s face lasted until she was examined by Baski in her bedroom, that night.

“Oh, Heavens! You’re still pregnant, Danika!” She declared with renewed joy on her face as stared up at Danika from in between her legs.

Danika’s face was pitched with pain from the tiny thing Baski inserted in her body. “Please, get it out... It hurts my lower belly.” She whispered.

Baski’s face was radiant as she held her thighs in reassurance and began extracting the small test tube.

When she got it out, she was still smiling and happy. She gazed at Danika like the sun rises and sets on her head. “Your child is healthy and strong, and still hanging perfectly in there after everything!”

Excitement and dread filled Danika at the same time. “Creator, what do I do...!?”

“You’re going to tell the king! That’s what—“

“Never!” Danika stated heatedly, “He can’t find out!”

“What!? But, he has to know. Danika, he fathered a child! He should know—“

“No,” she shook her head adamantly, “No, please... He’ll have me killed! You know this! He’ll punish me...! Why are you so excited about telling him, madam Baski? Do you want him to order my execution!?”

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Chapter 138

“No,” she shook her head adamantly, “No, please... He’ll have me killed! You know this! He’ll punish me...! Why are you so excited about telling him, madam Baski? Do you want him to order my execution!?”

Baski paused, deep in thoughts. She understands where Danika is coming from, but Danika doesn’t know the condition of the king. She doesn’t know that the king was thought sterile and she can’t tell her about it.

The king is a very private person and this is not a secret a person just reveals. Even Vetta doesn’t know about it.

“Danika, my dear, he might be very happy about it. You’ll never know unless you try...” She informed uncertainly.

“Might?” Danika whispered, “I should walk up to him and risk my life for ‘might’? I can’t do that, Baski. I’m not strong enough...”

“But, pregnancy is not something a woman hides, Danika! Sooner or later, he’ll find out about it. Your pregnancy especially shouldn’t be hidden because a lot of care should be taken. A whole lot of care!” Baski reasoned.

“I can’t... No, he can’t find out...!” Danika was remembering when she was a child, she’d heard her father sentence two slaves to death for getting pregnant with his child.

No matter how much those slaves pleaded that they’ve taken Body Flushers, he rather had been adamant in sentencing them to death by beheading.

“No way, I’ll never!” She reinstated more firmly, her hands going around her belly protectively.

“But—“

“If you tell him I’ll run straight to the nearest bush and chew on Alka.” She vowed heatedly.

Baski’s mouth hung open in shock. “That’s the most poisonous herb ever!”

“My thoughts exactly.”

Baski bit her lips helplessly. The firm set of her jaw shows that she's very stubborn about it. That infamous stubbornness most brave princesses inherited.

She doesn't have what it takes to tell the king about something like this, because even she, doesn't know what his reactions will be.

But still, keeping him in the dark is very dangerous. "If he doesn't find out, how does he know that he shouldn't be intimate with you?"

"Huh?" Danika doesn't understand that part.

"Your pregnancy is in a very vulnerable stage, Danika. Coupled with what you've already been through, the king shouldn't be intimate with you for more weeks to come. And even after those weeks, he would have to be extremely gentle with you when you both are in intimacy." She paused, for her to digest that part.

Danika's cheeks heated but it didn't stop her from pointing something out. "The king is not g-gentle when it...uhm...when he..."

Baski nodded, "The king is not a gentle man, you know this much more than I do. That's the sole reason he should have this knowledge or else, you'll be killing that baby and endangering your own life whenever you go to bed with him."

"Oh..." Headache began pounding at her head. Danika palmed her head in indecision, shaking her head miserably. "You know I can't deny him..."

"I know. That's why I worry for the future when he will summon you to his bed."

Minutes passed before she called, "Baski?"

Baski came closer and patted her head in a motherly way. "My dear?"

"Do you have hundred percent certainty that he wouldn't kill me if he finds out?" She mumbled.

Baski opened her mouth. Closed it. Opened it again.

At last, she snapped it closed because she truly doesn't know the answer to that. The king is the most unpredictable man she'd ever known and great chances are...

He might not believe that the child is his. He might never believe.

Danika put Baski's thoughts into words. "You, Baski, found it hard to believe that I'm pregnant for the king, for reasons I don't know. And what about the king? Will he just sit down and take the news that I'm pregnant for him at mouth-value? Without disbelieving it or questioning it?"

She glanced up at Baski, "You gave me a chance to explain and swear, but the king wouldn't give me that chance if he doesn't believe me. I'll pay a dire price"

Baski knows that she's right too. There are just too many things at stake here. She wants nothing more than to let the king know that he's not as sterile as everyone thought, but at the same time, she doesn't want to risk Danika and her baby's life for it too.

"I'm so worried, Mama, because I'm still not sure if the Prince will stay." Remeta's word filled her ears.

The reminder made Baski shiver. "You know what? We'll take it one step at a time. We'll keep it a secret for now, while still looking for a way to break it to him without putting your life in danger. Pregnancy is not something that can be hidden for long, Danika. Very soon, you'll be running out of time."

Danika drew her knees up and hugged it tight to her chest, she began to rocking herself unable to stop worrying.



It was very late at night when King Lucien finished the last petition he had been writing and rolled the parchment closed.

He held it closed with a band and kept it beside him where the other scrolls are.

He knows he can no longer put it off. His duty.

It's long overdue.

"Who is there?" He called as calmly as ever. He got up from his chair and lifted the scrolls from the desk.

The door opened and Zariel entered his chambers. "Your Highness!?"

He took the scrolls to the inner bedroom and arranged them on the library where it will be easier for him to extract them in the morning.

He came back to his bedroom and walked back to his desk in those steady regal strides of his, that practically screams power and authority.

His eyes found Zariel and he stated, "Tell Princess Karama, I summon her."

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Chapter 139

IN THE KINGDOM OF NAVIA

Callan rose from the bed when he couldn't sleep anymore. He was sweating profusely from the nightmare he just had.

Bids and pieces of images that doesn't make sense, filled with screams and human torture. He knows it's slavery at it's peak, and that was one thing he knows for sure about himself.

He is a slave and he was left for death. A young woman saved him somehow and an old woman saved me too by bringing him to this kingdom. A privileged woman in this kingdom has been so dedicated, taking care of him.

He knows her as 'Lady'. He address her as 'My lady' because he doesn't know her name. She comes her all the time with her personal maid, bringing him foods and herbs, and helping him.

He will forever be grateful to her, even though he hasn't seen her in a long while. She stopped coming around one day, and only recently, he found out that she's the princess of this kingdom.

And, he went to another kingdom to court with her suitor.

He strode towards the window and looked out of it to the darkness of the night. His house is isolated from most houses because he doesn't like noises and disturbances. He built this small house here five years ago, and he likes it.

Crossing his arms, he watched the night. He allowed his mind to wander where he never allowed them to do so before. My lady.

He wondered how she is? Does she have a good suitor who will take good care of her?

She's a good woman, the best he has seen among privileged women and he was so surprised when he found out that she's a princess.

She wasn't spoilt, mean and wicked like other princesses he has heard about, instead, she was cool, reserved and an elegant lady.

He'd never seen a more beautiful woman. It has been a long time, but he still can't forget what she looks like...and what her smile is like.

He'd wondered time and again why a woman like her would mingle with the likes of him, and always he gets no answer. She'd seen a peasant like him almost dying at the side of the road five years ago, with no memories of his past and with no name and identity.

And yet, she'd gotten people to carry him to shelter and she'd been nursing him since. Three women aided him and saved his life.

A young woman from his own kingdom who gave him water to drink after he was left for death.

The old woman who's chariot he'd hidden inside and drove all the way from his kingdom to this place.

And his lady. The Princess Kamara. The only princess of the kingdom of Navia, soon to be married to the King of Salem.

As Callan stood before the window, wondering how she's doing and her wellbeing, he heard that name again in his mind.

Declan.

He has been hearing that name since the night a man roared out that name in his nightmares. Is he Declan?

Who is that man? Why hasn't he tried to look for him...? Has he tried and haven't found him?

Who is that man?

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Chapter 140

Princess Kamara had gone to sleep when she was awakened and given the message about the King's summon.

Her heart flew right out of her chest. She knows that she has exhausted her luck and it's time to perform her duties.

Tears prickled the back of her eyes.

She got up and put on her robes. She made her way out of her chambers and started towards the King's Chambers.

It's well past midnight, she bypassed sleeping guards and a few guards on duty. Getting to his door, she paused and took a shaky breath. Then, she knocked hesitantly.

Silence met her soft knock. She waited patiently, trying to still her racing heart and calm herself down. Nerves racked her, and her eyes won't stop prickling.

"Come in." Came the deep g***n of the king.

She opened the door and entered his room. Inside, he was seated behind his desk scribbling down on the scroll in front of him.

It made her remember her father, who was always writing when he isn't dealing with matters of the court and his people. When he isn't with her mother, or listening to the advice of mistress Donna.

"You summoned me, Your Highness." Thankfully, her voice was calmer than she felt. There was none of the shivers working inside her reflected on it.

King Lucien looked up from the scroll towards her. "Give me a minute."

That short-clipped words more than anything confirmed her fears. The king will take her to bed tonight.

"Take all the t-time you need, My King." She gripped the hem of her dress.

Princess Kamara tried to put herself together. It's just coupling, nothing she hasn't done before. She can survive this night. All she has to do is just to close her eyes and take it.

She walked on shaky legs to the bed and lowered herself on it. He continued writing, while she sat down there being racked with nerves.

If she doesn't know better, she'll say that he's also trying to delay their coupling too.

The silence between them stretched. Only the cool breeze of the night was heard occasionally.

Finally, he placed the inked feather gently back into the lid, and closed it, picking up the scroll, he began rolling it methodically until he got what he was looking, then, he kept it to the of the desk.

Then, the sound of a chair pulling back interrupted the silence of the night as the king got up and walk around his desk. He crossed his arms and leaned against his desk. "Take off you clothes, Kamara."

Kamara got up from the bed and began pulling off her clothes. Her hands were trembling but she tried her best not to let her anxiety show. Taking off her robes, she stood in her flimsy nightwear and stared up at him.

It was at the tip of his tongue to order her to the table and fir her to give him her back. He just wants to

The king wanted nothing more than to order her to the table and have her give her back to him, he wanted it swift and fast like it's best good tp him.

He does not want to have to touch her, and having her touch him right back. He does not want anybody's hands on him.

But she's a princess, and will be his future queen. She doesn't deserve such treatment from him.

And so, he forced himself to pull away from his desk. He strode towards her, coming up to her fr behind. He placed a hand on her shoulder and she jumped slightly.

"It's okay. Relax." He g*****d.

She jerked her head into a hesitant nod and waited, her hand clutched to her clothes. He placed a k**s on her shoulder and it left a sore taste in his mouth.

King Lucien turned her around to face him, she was doing her best to hide it but the fear in her eyes couldn't be hidden.

His eyes fluttered to her face and he saw Danika.

He blinked hard and looked again. But, it was Kamara. Why will he think about Danika at such time like this?

Putting the thoughts away, he dreaded what will come next, but it did not stop him from trying to get it done. The sooner, the better.

He lowered his head and took her lips with his. Swallowing her whimper, he coaxed her lips with his, while his hand hanged loosely on her shoulder.

Kamara squeezed her eyes shut and tried not to let her uncertainty show. Her hands felt useless by her side, so she placed them on his clothed shoulder.

He stiffened instantly. Every large part of him froze like stone in front of her, and he pulled back breaking the k**s.

Her chaotic mind refused to process and remind her at the moment that this man does not like to be touch, because her nerves were shot all over the place.

“Kamara.” He breathed her name.

“Yes, Y-Your Highness.” Her voice shook.

“You aren’t ready for this, are you?”

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Chapter 141

“You aren’t ready for this, are you?”

She was surprised that he asked. She knows that they do not ever ask or care. During the princess’s meetings, they talk and confide in each other, and the married ones tell them some secrets of the marriage bed.

They don’t care if you want it or not, and it’s never pleasant too. You just lie there and take it, so you can make a baby.

“No... I’m not ready.” She almost added that he should get on with it, because she might never be ready.

But, she didn’t want to push her luck. She isn’t brave enough.

He stepped back, causing her hand to fall away from his shoulder. Kamara could have sworn that it’s relief she saw in his eyes before he blinked it away and gave her that blank stare that has become perfectly his.

“Get on the bed and lie down.” He ordered her all of a sudden.

Her eyes widened at the command, her own relief shot to dust to be replaced by dread. She nodded jerkily and walked to the bed.

She laid down on it and curled into a ball, a protective move she couldn't help, and peeked at him beneath her long eyelashes.

But, he didn't follow her, instead he turned away from her and walked back to his desk. He sat down there and unrolled one unused scroll.

Kamara watched him warily. This must be his way of getting her relaxed and ready for him.

The bed was very soft and comfortable, but her rankled nerves wouldn't allow her feel it. She watched him like a trapped mouse would watch a predator cat.

He began writing. Time dragged by.

So much time passed, Kamara began feeling sleepy, but she did her best to jerk her eyes open. If he saw that she was sleepy, he might abandon his scroll and come over to get it over with.

She forced her eyes to remain open, even as all the nerves drained out of her gradually. She laid there pliant and sleepy.

King Lucien knew the exact moment she fell asleep. He paused and stared at her.

She'd put her hands on him and the touch had felt so strange and uncomfortable, it made his skin crawl. It was not a new feeling, because everyone's touch made him feel that way.

Except Danika.

Danika who's touch he almost...anticipates. Craves. Who makes his d**k harden and thicken with just her presence. Who's lips he can spend a good amount of time, kissing.

Danika is who he wants in his bed. Who he wants to loose himself in.

He picked up the scroll and folded it. In the privacy of his mind, he can admit this to himself.

He knows that if he tries hard enough, he can get hard for his skittish future bride and perform his duties. But...

He did not want to try hard enough. At least, not for tonight.

Tonight he does not want her hands on him and he does not want to touch her too.

They can try again, another time.

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The king summoned Sally two days later.

Sally's heart was in her throat when she got words that she was being summoned by the king. It's the first time, she'll be standing before him in that way, and as she stood in front of his door, her legs were practically shaking.

She knocked and his deep voice ordered her in.

She entered inside the empty room, but the sound coming from the inner bedroom indicated that he must be in there. She squeezed her hands together nervously as she waited for him.

The door opened and the king came out of the inner room, she bowed her head to him. "You summoned me, Your highness."

He walked towards her and stood in front of her. He said nothing but his eyes scrutinized her thoroughly.

Those eyes that revealed nothing almost made her squirm. She kept her head lowered and waited agitatedly.

"You have been Danika's personal maid for a long time, right?" he g*****d finally.

"Y-Yes, My king."

"And, you're getting married to the chief of my security guards in a few days, right?"

"Yes, Your Highness."

"Why?"

"Uhm?" The question so unexpected, took Sally by surprise.

He crossed his arm to his chest and picked her with blue eyes that revealed nothing. "Why are you getting married to him?"

Sally thought about that and swallowed tightly. "I like him a lot..."

He turned away from her and strode towards his desk. Without turning towards her, he g*****d, "Do you have any idea that Chad means more to me than the chief security?"

“Yes, Your Highness.” She had heard a lot about the king from her betrothed to know that the king favors him so much.

“Even before we were enslaved, Chad has always meant more to me. And then, we got enslaved and he made so much sacrifices for me...” He paused and turned around, “Will you treat him right, Sally?”

“I will do my best, Your Highness.” She really loves Sire Chad and she knows that he loves her too.

In their world, in their time, two people do not marry for love. Marriages are arranged, also brides are betrothed to their husbands at a very young age.

Love rarely comes in and when it does, it’s mostly after marriage. Marriage for love is as rare as rain in their world.

That is why their relationship fascinates King Lucien as much as it gladdens his heart too. If any man deserves such luck and fortune, it’s Chad.

He turned towards the girl that will be marrying his good friend and scrutinized her again. They are both damaged people. Can she handle him?

“Chad, he...” The King paused, “He has some problems. After we were enslaved, he went through some horrible things that damaged him. Do you know about this?”

Sally nodded her head because Chad had told her all about it. She knows about his sleepwalking problems, and the rapes he was subjected to by the kings.

Chad also told her that it affects him, because his body got used to the horrors he endured. She did not understand what he meant, but she knows that she will stand by him. She loves him too much.

The thought of their wedding night fills her with nerves, but she doesn’t have to think about it beforehand. She does her best to put it out of her mind.

“He told you?” The King was surprised. Chad is tight-lipped and a very private person, he does not confide in people a lot. Just like he is.

“Yes, he did, Your H-Highness.” The reminder made tears burn through her eyes.

Whatever she’s been through is nothing compared to what her Chad has been through.

The king saw her fighting tears and most of the coldness left his face. A muscle ticked in his jaw, “Lately, he has looked...better. Happier. I see a different man and it gladdens my heart. If any man deserves to be happy, that man is Chad.”

And you. But, Sally knows better to voice out her thoughts. If only the king will give Her Princess a choice.

Then, he pulled away from his desk and walked around it. He opened the cabinet and withdrew a small wrapped bag.

He began walking towards her, "You make him happy. That is enough for me. Take this."

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Chapter 142

He began walking towards her, "You make him happy. That is enough for me. Take this."

At the soft but firm command, Sally reached out with both hands and took the wrapped package.

Her eyes widened to unbearable degrees. It's a small bag of coins.

"You can pay dowry with that on your wedding day." He said.

"Thank you so much, Your Highness! Thank you so much!" Sally gasped, her heart filled with gratitude. Her hands trembled as she held the unexpected gift with both hands like a cherished feat it is.

She has been worried sick about how to get this money, and even though she has saved up, it's never enough. She has hidden it from Danika so that her princess wouldn't worry herself sick.

And, here the king is, offering her this large amount of money.

Her knees hit the ground, her head lowered. Tears of gratitude spilled from her eyes as she thanked him over and over again.

"You are welcome, Sally. I want you both to get married and live well. Also, from today you cease being a Palace Slave. Chad is getting married to a young beautiful common girl, not a slave. I already gifted him with a small but comfortable house just outside the palace. It is a wedding gift." He stated.

Sally's eyes widened in fear. She can't stop being a slave because it'll tear her away from her princess. She'll have no reason to be in the palace anymore.

When he saw her face, he added, “Do not worry. You can work as a palace maid afterwards. If you want to.”

A heady wave a relief filled Sally. She thanked him so much, never expecting such kindness from him. She has always known...and heard,that the king is a good man but the things he went through hardened him.

Today, she witnessed first hand how thoughtful and kind he is. Her mind went to Danika. Her poor princess.

She wished one day, his heart will heal completely and he will forgive. She wished one day, her princess will witness his kindness and mercy too.

She wished that one day, he would remove the collar from Danika’s neck and free her too.

She thanked him again and he nodded curtly before he ordered her to go. Sally was on her way out when his deep voice stopped her.

“Sally.”

She turned, “Yes, Your Highness?”

He kept silent for long. And then, “You are a good girl, a loyal companion. I appreciate your selfless sacrifice. Chad is exactly like you. I know you both will have a good life.”

“Thank you, your Majesty.” Her head riled as she walked away. Her selfless sacrifice?

Could he be talking about that day she took her princess’s place at the courtroom? That day the kings brutalized her?

But, why will he appreciate her for that day...? Could it be that he’d felt relieved—even happy—that she took Danika’s place?

Sally stopped outside the door and looked back at the door in puzzlement.

Could there be any chance—any chance at all—that the king has feelings for her princess...?



It’s been five days since Baski confirmed that Danika is still carrying the king’s child inside her, and four days since the king had summoned Sally, but the time that passed did nothing to solve her problem...to alleviate her worries.

Danika woke up in the morning of the sixth day feeling sick. One good thing about it, is that she already knows her symptoms for what they were, as she ran to the bathroom and disposed of her breakfast.

How does she tell the king about this child? What does she do? What if the mistress finds out?

Five days hasn't giving her an answer to that. She pushed it all to the back of her mind, wiping her mouth clean.

She has been avoiding the king and every night, she goes to bed with her heart in her throat, praying that the king does not summon her for the night.

She misses him so much, and she craves to be in his arms so much it's almost physical pain. But, a lot is at stake now and a coupling with him is dangerous for her...for her baby.

"No, Danika." She muttered, shaking her head. "This isn't a day to think about this. It's a special day today."

"My Princess! How do I look!?" Sally shouted happily as the door of the bathroom burst open and she waltz inside.

Danika took one good look at her and a smile spread across her lips. "You look beautiful, Sally."

Sally whirled around, a big smile on her face. She's getting married to Chad today and Danika wants this day to be so beautiful for her.

She had been happiest when Sally narrated her confrontation by the king. The gift he gave her, setting her free and also giving her a chance to work in the palace.

Emotion had welled up in her and tears had filled her eyes. She was most happy. Sally deserves every happiness in the world, and she is determined to make sure that today remains so good for her.

Sally has always been so protective of her, it's her turn to protect Sally today and make sure her morning sickness does not ruin her day.

"Are you alright, My princess?" Sally asked worriedly, glancing at her breakfast she just disposed of.

Danika had tried to keep the knowledge of her pregnancy all to herself but she was forced to tell her when Sally woke up in the middle of the night one day and caught her crying.

She'd told Sally and poor Sally had been as horrified and as helpless as she is. She couldn't have done it these past few days without Sally's encouragements.

Everything will be alright, My Princess. You will be fine, My Princess. Carrying a child is a blessing and not as evil as slave masters makes it look like. You will be fine, My Princess.

"Yes, I'm fine. This dress really matches you and you look so good in it." She grinned at Sally, shoving her problem down.

The worry dissolve from Sally's face to be replaced by a smile. "I know, right? Are you feeling queasy?"

"A little," she admitted, "But, I'll be fine. Come on, let's get you ready for your wedding. You wouldn't want to be late."

She prays that the creator will help her today. She has been feeling faint and dizzy a lot lately because of her condition.

And, she will be giving Sally away today in front of a whole lot of people...even the King, if he will attend.

What if she feels dizzy during the ceremony? Or worse, what if she faints?

Heavens, please, help me. Danika thought as she led Sally out of the bathroom.

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Chapter 143

Sally and Chad married in the local church, and a lot of people attended too.

Danika was shocked that almost the whole of Salem, came to witness their legal union. Mombana came too, and for the first time in a long time, she saw the familiar face of most of her people.

Tears sprang to her eyes when her people walked past her and bowed to her. They still recognize her as their princess...even when she was dressed in rags.

And the king was there too.

He was seated at the front with his guards behind him, and Chad's joy about his presence was clearly written on his face. He knows how busy the King's schedule is, so he knows the sacrifice the king made to be present on his special day.

Princess Kamara sat on the left side of the king with a kind smile on her face, and Vetta was seated by his right side glaring at the door of the church. That was where the bride and her handler stood.

Apparently, the mistress does not like weddings too. But, the way she's glaring at the door, you'll give it a second thought.

Is it truly the wedding she doesn't like? Or the bride's handler?

Danika stood beside Sally at the door of the church. Sally has no other family, and so, Danika is acting as her handler who will give Sally away.

Sally was dressed in a beautiful white extravagant ball gown and Danika in a red less-extravagant gown. The both of them looked so beautiful.

Sally has a bright smile that made her face radiant and glowing, but she was so nervous, Danika took her hand and smiled at her in reassurance.

She walked her down the aisle and the wedding rituals began. A lot of time passed before, finally, the old priest pronounced them man and wife.

The joy of the couples were so apparent, it brought tears to Danika's eyes. So many things were urging tears to her eyes.

Her Sally is getting married, after today, Sally will no longer be here for her all the time because she's a married woman and her husband comes first. She will miss Sally so much.

And then, the love in their eyes. It's so obvious that Chad loves Sally so much, the always brooding guard wore a warm smile on his face. If only the king will love her this way...

Her eyes darted towards the King at the opposite side of the church and widened when their gaze collided. He'd been watching her.

His eyes pinned hers and she doesn't know why he'd be looking at her that way.

She quickly averted her eyes, her heart racing. If only wishes were horses, she signed dreamily.

But wishes aren't. The only man she loves so much is one man she cannot have.

“We call on the bride’s handler to give a little speech about the bride.” The priest’s voice jerked her back to the present.

All eyes turned to her.

Danika got up from her seat and took a step forward. Suddenly, her eyes blurred...

Oh, no...! Creator, please not here...! Not now...!

She took another step and another wave of dizziness slammed her so much, the world blurred around her.



Baski was sitting beside her and she noticed when she almost lost her balance. The older woman got up immediately and held her, steadying her.

“You can’t, Danika. Not here...!” She whispered heatedly into Danika’s ear.

“I feel so dizzy, Baski... I don’t think I can make it to that altar.” Danika replied, her fear apparent in her trembling voice.

“Holy Creator.” Baski whispered under her breath.

Danika blinked hard and looked up. Everyone was watching her. They looked worried and confused with the way she staggered to a stop in the middle of the aisle and Baski was holding her.

Her eyes darted towards the king, he was still watching her but this time, his brows furrowed.

Baski raised her voice, “I apologize on behalf of the handler. As you all know a week ago, she was beaten up badly in the market and she’s yet to recover fully.”

The confusion cleared from most faces, but guilt and sadness remained. Sally looked relieved by Baski’s intervention, she watched as Baski led her back to her seat.

The King’s expression didn’t change.

Danika sat down again and tried to level her breathing. The old priest continued other activities, jumping the parts that involved the handler.

The wedding progressed from there until it was finally done. Danika felt guilty that she almost ruined things for Sally. Her face reflected her guilt when they all came out of the church afterwards.

She was hugging Sally and apologizing for almost ruining her day.

“No! Don’t ever say a thing like that, my day is not ruined. I’m very happy that madam Baski was able to cover it all up. I can’t begin to imagine how much disaster it would have been if your condition was found out so publicly. It would mean hell for you, My Princess.”

Danika sighed as she pulled back, “Those were my thoughts exactly, Sally.”

“I’m so nervous about tonight, My Princess.” Sally confided nervously, her beautiful face with light makeup, filled with uncertainty.

Danika took her hand in reassurance. “You don’t have to be, Sally. You’re going to be with a man you love. That basically means that everything will be fine.”

“You’re right, you’re right.” She took a deep breath and smiled anxiously.

“Oh, Sally, I’m going to miss you so much!” Danika hugged her again, emotion clouding her throat.

Sally closed her eyes holding her tight. “I’ll miss you too, My Princess. I’m glad that you have Madam Baski and Remeta. If not, I don’t know how I would have coped with leaving you all alone on this place! I’ll still be working here, so I’ll see you almost everyday...!”

They stayed that way for a while before they had to pull away.

Danika watched the king as he strode to his carriage. She picked up his stiff shoulders, and the tension that radiates from his body even from afar. What changed?

He was so relaxed during the wedding, what happened to make him look this way?

Sally followed her eyes to see the king entering into his carriage, ready to go back to the palace. Sally bit her lips at the hunger and longing on Danika’s face.

Her Princess wears her deep love for the king on her face whenever she’s looking at him, she wondered how no one else has been unable to notice this?

She’s glad they haven’t too. It will only mean more problem for her princess.

Sally bit her lips. “When will you tell him?”

Danika knows she meant the pregnancy. “I don’t know, Sally.” She answered truthfully. Just the thought of the king finding out has her belly tied in a knot.

“You can’t hide it forever, My Princess.”

“I know, Sally, I know. But...” she waved her hands uncertainty, trying to explain her thoughts. In the end, she let her hands fall to her sides, “I’m too scared. I don’t know how to go about it, Sally.”

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Chapter 144

“Sir Declan had once talk about marriage to me, My King. I know he will be happy for me on this day, if he was here.”

King Lucien blinked hard and shook his head to get Chad’s heartfelt words away from his mind.

But, the words kept whispering into his mind over and over again, until he drew taut with tension like a drawn bow.

If only Declan was alive...

Chad had made the innocent comment after his wedding while he was greeting and thanking him for attending his special day. He’d clamped his mouth shut immediately he said those words and apologized regretfully.

“Declan is not some forbidden topic, just because he’s dead. It’s okay, Chad.” Those were the words the king replied with.

But the harm has been done. If only Declan Declan was still alive... If any of his family was still alive...

He is all alone in the world. His mother, his father, his sister and then, his cousin. All killed by one monster.

But, as the day progressed, those words tormented him. Declan and his horrible death tormented him until he developed a pounding headache.

His shoulders weighted heavily. Restlessness filled him.

He spent the rest of the day in court and by evening, he was back in his chambers with a cold heart and a hard face.

He got behind his desk and unrolled a new scroll. He has to send a petition to the Kingdom of Ijipt on the morning of the morrow.

The door opened and Baski entered. She took one look at him and her steps faltered. A huge frown marred his face, and tension came off him in waves. The frown isn't unfamiliar, but there was something slightly different about it.

Cold. The raw coldness she hasn't seen in his face for a while was right there.

He spared her a glance and took in the wooden cup she carried. He said nothing, but his eyes asked the questions.

"I m-made you a tea for headache and relaxation, Your Highness." Baski forced herself to answer with a braveness she doesn't feel.

He focused back on the scroll in front of him. "You know that those herbs do not work so well on me, Baski."

"I know, My King, but this one will definitely work." She began walking closer to him, "It's a new recipe I decide to try today."

She offered it to him so expectantly. He paused and took the wooden cup from her. He downed the content in one swing of his arm.

Only the king will drink something so awfully bitter with such a cold straight face, Baski thought as she watched him sadly.

She took the empty cup from him and stood, racked with indecision. She knows that something troubled him...something very terrible that must have caused such coldness and tension in him.

As Baski watched him uncertainly, she doesn't know how to go about the reason she came. She'd wanted to find a way to tell him about Remeta's gift and foresightedness.

Baski knows that if she can tell him all about her daughter and he believes her, that will be the first step of warming him up for the news of Danika's pregnancy. For the news that a woman is carrying his child.

All that will be remaining is for her to find a way to coax Remeta to come and talk to him about the child. This part, she knows will not be easy because Remeta doesn't talk until she is 'pushed' to, by her gift.

Will cross that bridge later. First things first...

Baski glanced at him again and tried to find a way to start, but he allowed his inked feather to drop suddenly.

He looked up at her with cold blue eyes, "You can go, Baski, I want to be alone."

"Of course, Your Highness." She will try another day when his mood isn't so black and scary. Oh, whatever is going through that head of his?

She bowed to him and turned towards the door. She took two steps when he called her back.

"Baski." His voice was cold and hard.

"Yes, My King?" She turned expectantly.

"Tell Danika I summon her."

Fear and worry slid down her old spine. Summoning Danika in a mood like the one he is cannot be a good thing.

Baski thought fast, "Danika isn't around, Your King, she—"

He only glanced up at her. He didn't say a word. He didn't have to, his chilling blue eyes said it all.

"I will find her, Your Highness." Baski whispered.

Sally and her husband arrived in their new house, a feeling of excitement and peace was apparent their expressions and the way they look at each other.

They held hands all the while, since they were seated in the carriage, and now in the confinement of their new home, they were reluctant to let each other go.

They changed out of their wedding clothes and headed outside. Most of the day they spent lying out at the beach all cuddled up. They weren't strangers to being in each other's arms because that was how they spent the last few months.

Always pressed together, always touching each other innocently. And now, they're married.

Sally has been nervous all day because of what this night means for them. But, now in his arms, she let nothing worry her. They talked about little little thing already used to talking with each other. They enjoyed the peace and quietness of the beach.

The sound of water flowing before them and the warm touch of the evening air. It was beautiful.

Sally began noticing that her husband has grown really silent with the progress of time. "Is anything the matter...?" She whispered, her head on his chest, her finger trailing his parch of hair.

Chad looked down at his wife, he still cant believe that she's finally his. He does not deserve this woman but he would look his blessings in the eyes.

He can only make sure that this beautiful woman who is a box of sunshine wouldn't reject marrying him for the rest of their lives. Will makes sure that she's always happy.

"I was too excited about our union, I'm afraid I must have said something to the king I shouldn't have." He admitted, his hand stroking her soft auburn mass.

"Really...?" she bit her lips in concern. "Is it something so bad...? Is he mad at us?"

Chad shook his head, hating the sad concern on her face. "No, dearing. He isn't mad at us but it does put him in a sore mood. I just hope he'll be alright. The king has no one, and I have always been by his side for so many years. I hope he'll be alright."

Sally was having the same thought. Her Princess has no one and she has been with her for such a long time. She wishes that Danika will be alright.

"He is a strong man. He will be fine." Sally said, rubing his chest in slight reassurance.

Chad nodded distractedly. He knows the kind of man the king is and it worries him.

A damaged man in every aspect of that word, the king will rather push people away than let them get too close to him.

Already, the former princess Danika is working her way into the king's heart and he's completely unaware of it. Chad wishes it remains that way for long.

Because, it will be a rocky road when it dawns on the very stubborn broken man who has lost every single one in his life in a very brutal way, that he is falling in love with the daughter of his nightmare creator.

Chad hopes that he wouldn't be hurting Danika, and himself, too much when that time comes. Because, if any man ever derserves to be happy, it is the king.

If any man deserves to laugh again, it is king Lucien.

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Chapter 145

Baski walked out of the king's bedroom with her heart in her throat. This summon filled her with dread.

She walked to Danika's bedroom and saw her lying down on the bed, her breathing evened out. She knows that she's sleeping even before she walked towards her front and saw her closed eyes.

Even in sleep, lines of worry marred her face.

Baski knows that the poor girl is more stressed lately with everything she's going through. And, now this...

She touched Danika gently. "Danika, dear you have to wake up."

Danika mumbled incoherently and settled back to sleep.

"The king summons you, Danika."

Her eyes snapped open and she sprang up from the bed with so much force, her head spun.

Baski held her, "Easy, easy..."

Danika fixed her with a worried gaze, "For what...? Do you know why, Madam Baski...?"

The older woman shook her head, "I don't know, Danika. But he's not in a good mood at all."

All the b***d drained from Danika's face. She sat up straighter, "Do you think it has something to do with what happened in the church today? Or..." she swallowed tightly, "Or, he's doing to want to..."

"I don't know, Danika, but there's every possibility that he's going to want to draw s****l pleasures from your body." She shook her head miserably, "That is not a good idea, Danika. And, with the way he is now.., I fear for you."

Danika's heart flew away from her chest. "Is his mood that bad...?"

Baski nodded calmly.

She swallowed tightly and stared down at her hands. She has dreaded this constantly for the past few days, she has worried herself sick.

She missed being in his arms but not like this... This is downright terrifying.

“What do I do, Baski...? I think I’m about to die from panic.” Her voice trembled, as she looked at the older woman so helplessly.

“Here...” baski pulled her to sit towards the edge of the bed, “Wait right here for me, I’ll be right back.”

Danika nodded her head and watched Baski as she hurried out of the room. She wrapped her arms around herself, suddenly feeling so cold. The king summons her and he isn’t in a good mood.

Oh, whatever it is that blackened his mood...? She asked herself worriedly.

If it has anything to do with the things her father did, then, she really has something to worry about.

The door opened again, and Baski entered with a small wrapped ball like a small stone and a gel.

“I read about this herbal seed so many years ago when I was young and still learning herbs from my grandma. One of her herbal old books has words about this seed in it’s pages.” She began.

“They say it keeps a baby in the womb firm and healthy even during hard times...like the mama had an accident or something. I don’t really know because I don’t read so well, but, we don’t have much of an option. I harvested the seeds after I found out that you were pregnant. Just in case...”

Danika bit her lips, staring at the weird-looking seed, “Do you think it will work...?”

Baski looked unsure, “I don’t really know, Danika, but I can’t just send you to the lion’s den unprepared.”

“I’m scared, Madam Baski.”

Baski took her hand into hers and squeezed lightly. “You’ll be fine, my dear. You’re Danika and you’ve always been strong, brave. All my life, I’ve seen the worst kind of slavery. And yet, most of us are able to give birth during the worst kind of it all.”

“Back in Mombana, I know a few women who the guards molested every single day, even when they got pregnant. Some were subjected to very hard labor. A few of them

were able to give birth to that strong child too and come out healthy.” Baski smiled at her in reassurance.

“A few?” Danika could only mumble, her throat dry like sandpaper.

“We go through a lot, Danika. Slaves. Most of them couldn’t survive.” Her voice took on a sad note.

“How is that suppose to be an encouragement, Madam Baski?” Danika cried out.

“Oh...!” The older woman flushed guiltily, “Uhm, well, let’s see...” she seemed to be in thought for a few seconds. Then, her eyes brightened, “The king is...quite partial to you and you love him so much. Surely, that will help a lot. You’ll be fine, Danika.”

Danika took a deep breath, she didn’t even need to ask how Baski knows that she loves the king because she has a bigger problem to worry about.

But, surprisingly Baski’s encouragement worked. Not really much of the words but because she’s really trying to encouraging her. Danika knows that if anything goes wrong, Baski will be here for her.

Another deep breath. She took the seed from her and threw it down her throat. The older woman gave her water and she washed it down.

Then, Baski gave her a small bottle of gel. She took it from her, murmuring her gratitude and opened it. Her confusion was apparent as she glanced up at Baski for explanation.

Baski’s wrinkled cheeks flushed a little. “Vetta once referred to the king as a no-preamble man. Just in case... uhm, you have to be prepared.”

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Chapter 146

Baski’s wrinkled cheeks flushed a little. “Vetta once referred to the king as a no-preamble man. Just in case... uhm, you have to be prepared.”

Danika would have refuted the mistress’s notion, but she was too worked up to try. Indeed, the king is not big on foreplay and he doesn’t like to be touched, but he is different with her.

That gave her a pause. He is different with her.

Surely, everything will be alright. That, more than anything, calmed her.

She took the gel from Baski, entered the bathroom and used it. She came out a minute later and walked towards the door.

“Danika?”

She turned at the sound of Baski’s voice. “Uhm?”

Baski hesitated, “The king is a very damaged man. He might look well on the outside, but he is broken on the inside. He needs help, but he is not a man that will allow it.”

Danika knows all this, but hearing Baski say it squeezed her heart in her chest.

The older woman smiled sadly, wet her lips and continued, “Do you know that sometimes, when he takes so much time to reply words or give commands, I think it’s because he’s trying to hear the words above the ones in his head. His head is a war zone.”

“Madam Baski—” Danika began.

But she walked closer and took her hands again into her older ones, “So, please, be patient with him, okay? Don’t struggle. Don’t fight him. If any woman can reach him and draw him out of the abyss, it’s you. You have done it before, I have complete faith in you.”

Danika smiled nervously. The thought of the king hurting, does not settle well with her. She nodded her head, “Alright, Baski.”

Stepping back, Baski severed contact. “Go, now. And, hurry. Keeping him waiting will only put him in a worse mood. Getting all worked up in that calm way of his. Not good for you.”

Danika nodded again, and walked away towards the King’s quarters. With each step she took, the hammer in her chest beat louder and harder.

She reached his door and knocked on it so hesitantly, her heart pounding.

She waited for his command. The wait was killing her.

“Enter.” His deep voice came.

She shivered. She can feel the hardness and coldness of it even with a closed door between them.

Calm down, Danika. Calm down.

At this rate you'll panic yourself to death right here before you even stand before him.

She opened the door and entered. She locked the door behind her. Took a step inside and stopped.

Baski was right. He is in a very black mood. The worst kind.

The man who seated behind the desk without sparing her a glance—who's whole attention was focused on the scroll in front of him—isn't the king Lucien that took her out for an evening walk and gave her memories she'll never forget.

The large formidable figure that began folding his well-written scrolls into a neat roll in front of her, isn't the man that visited her sick bed and stood for hours watching her sleep. He isn't the man that held her in his arms, kissed her senseless and held her all night.

No. The man in front of her is her Master. The man that hated her and drips with his loath for her father. The man that took her virginity.

He is 'My Master' not 'My King'.

He raised cold chilling eyes to her and uttered only one word.

"Strip."

The word sent a chill down Danika's spine. It shredded her heart right out of her chest. This is truly not the man she has been with recently and she doesn't know what happened.

She don't know how to reach him—how to reach Her King and not Her Master. Fear gripped her but she was determined to try.

"My K—" She began, only to cut off suddenly when his cold eyes glared at her.

Do not dare. Those eyes said the words his mouth didn't.

"Strip." He repeated, putting the scroll away.

Danika's heart beat wildly as she raised her shaky hands and began undressing with shaky hands. What happened to him? What went wrong?

During the wedding he was cool and refined, his usual self lately. Something must have happened after the wedding to tick him off. Or is it about the past?

Untying the ropes of her chemise, she let the it drop to the ground and stepped out of it. The sound of his chair pulling back was unusually loud in the room as he got up.

He looked wild. Fierce. Animalistic. Angry.

Chilling blue eyes—eyes she has not seen in a long time—pinned her as he began striding towards her. She'd pulled off her garter and stepped out of it too, left in her cotton underthings.

He didn't give her the time to pull them off, instead, he grabbed hold of her arm and pulled her back, twisting her almost immediately until Danika suddenly saw herself pressing face-front to the wall.

She shot out her arms immediately to either side of her to steady herself and prevent front-colliding with the wall. He came up behind her almost immediately, she felt his breath to her ear.

"Please..." She gasped, trying to tap down her terror, "Please, calm down, Your Highness."

A large hand circled her neck, and she froze up expecting him to choke her. Relief coursed through her when his hand lowered.

But, her relief was short-lived because he wasn't dropping his hand, instead, he circled the button of her collar.

She has never forgotten the cold metal around her neck that branded her as his slave. A collar-shock in her condition will kill her.

Terror closed up Danika's throat and she began shaking her head vigorously. "Please, please, not the collar. Please, don't press it please....!"

"I'm your Master. I am not your king." His voice was positively animalistic, so deep it was a growl.

The king Lucien she has come to know lately, is not in there anymore. Tears filled her eyes.

"Yes... Master." The whispered word left a bitter taste in her mouth.

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Chapter 147

He caressed her collar button for a few more seconds. Then, he dropped his hand to her waist. The relief made her tremble, but the fear remained.

His body drawn taut, felt like stone behind her back as he pressed close to her.

Danika gasped when she felt his massive e*****n on her lower back, thick and hard poking her. But, only for a second.

The next, he pulled back a bit and with one firm yank of his hand, he tore her chemise from her body. Her breasts spilled out. Another yank of his hand tore the cotton trouser that covered her lower body, leaving her completely naked before him.

The swift and rough way he handled her had her almost hyperventilating with panic. And, for the first time since she became a slave, she found herself struggling to be free from him.

His muscular strength and powerful exertion scared her. If he touches her this way, he'll hurt her very badly. Her mind registered and it only made her struggle all the more.

Oh, Creator! Whatever is wrong with him...!?

But, the more she struggled, the rougher he became. Caging her with his arms, a g***n emitted from his throat when he had her easily confined.

"Please... Oh, please... I'm pregnant..." She whimpered, tears welling in her eyes.

The words tore from her throat before she could hold them in. Her head no longer worked, she does not know the words she uttered.

But whatever her words are, it doesn't seem to get to him. To stop him. Whatever it is she's saying isn't working at all.

The ruffle of clothes registered distantly through the roaring on her ears. She tried to think through her fear... She needed to think.

She feels like she's missing something important, but her mind was too clouded to think clearly—

His bare hardness pressed against her back, and it dawned on her that he wouldn't be touching her intimately or preparing her body.

She struggled more frantically.

"Please stop, you'll hurt me! You'll hurt our child...! Please, I'm pregnant...!" her whimpers louder as she tried all her might to be free of him, but her strength is nothing compared to his.

He wasn't hearing her. The more she tried, the rougher he became.

It's as if he becomes more of an animal the more she tries to break free. As if he doesn't want to let her go.

He gripped her tight like he life depends on holding her close to him.

His leg kicked hers apart, his large hand gripped her thigh and lifted one of her legs baring her open for him.

King Lucien's demons has completely taken over him.

He was dragged down deep into the abyss, he couldn't see or hear anything.

Demons of his past. His memories. His parent's death. His cousin's death. His pregnant sister's death right here behind him in his library. Her screams as she called to him and he couldn't answer. Her lifeless tear-filled eyes as she gazed into space, dead.

Screams. So much screams.

Children being raped. Men being whipped. Declan's roars. Vetta's screams. Baski's cries. Remeta's pain-filled shrieks. Chad's howls as he was brutally raped. Cone's devilish laughter. The smell of death. The lifeless eyes.

So many voices. Calling out to him for help.

So many voices in his head. He couldn't help...!

They called to him as they died. As they took their last breath, they begged their king to save them.

He couldn't. They all died. Declan died. And, it's all his fault.

Screams in his heart.

Screams in his head.

So much screams.

Escape!!!!

He needed to escape from them. To get away. To make them stop.

They overpowered him. Overwhelmed him. His head is filled with screams and shouts.

But, he put his hand on her and it gets better. Whoever she is, she makes the screams louder and restless. Uncomfortable.

He has to keep her close. He has to keep her close. Not letting go!

He cannot think past the roaring in his ears. He can't think past burying himself inside the soft flesh caged before him.

She keeps saying something to him but he can't hear her. He cannot hear past the roaring in his ears.

She smells so good and he wants her so much. To devour her. Bury himself so deep inside her until nothing separated them. To dominate her body completely. To own her.

Until he cannot think of anything else but her. Until he can forget everything else but her.

She. Is. Mine.



Baski was as restless as a husband whose wife is in the hands of the midwives. She couldn't sit still, she got up and began pacing around.

She doesn't know how long passed, but she couldn't bear staying in Danika's bedroom anymore. She walked out and went in search of her daughter.

Who knows, her daughter might already be 'pushed' into foresight and she might be able to tell her a thing or two about the big situation at hand.

She walked towards the backyard but couldn't find Remeta. She went out to the river to know if her child has chased her crickets to that part of the kingdom, but she still couldn't find Remeta.

In the end, she went back to the palace building. Entering inside, she walked to her bedroom and opened the door.

Remeta's back was to her as she stood before the bed, her dyed-red hair asleep and beautiful behind her back resting just before her waist.

"Remeta! There you are, I've been looking all over for you!" Baski said as she entered and closed the door.

Remeta turned towards her mother at the sound of her voice. There was tears in her eyes and all over her cheeks.

Panic and relief filled Baski's bones. Panic, because of her tears and relief, because she's foreseeing something.

She grabbed hold of Remeta's arms and shook her slightly. "What is it, Remeta!? Tell me what it is!?"

The answer Baski got was more tears rolling down her eyes. Eyes that stared right at her but weren't really seeing her.

"Remeta!" She shook her desperately, "This is not a time to keep quiet!"

Remeta sniffled, and remained silent.

"Alright, that's it." Baski got up with a new purpose. She's going to the King's Chambers to get Danika out. She has no idea how she'll achieve that but that isn't what her mind is thinking about at the moment.

She has to get save that pregnant girl who's already has so much complications at such early stage!

Getting up, she pulled away from Remeta and hurried to the door.

A hand grabbed her. She turned to see Remeta clutching her tightly.

"It's too late. Don't." Remeta whispered hoarsely.

"No, I have to—"

Remeta began rambling in a low voice. "You can't take them from him. You can't take them from him. Don't take them from him. He won't let you. He won't let anyone. You can't take them from him. If you take them from him, what will happen to him? He needs her. He needs them. He's hurt. Gone. Mad. Hurt. Hurt. Hurt."

Baski turned towards her daughter completely, trying to make sense of the things she's saying.

Remeta is saying she shouldn't take them away from the king? Danika and her unborn child?

She knelt before her daughter who was already trembling and crying softly. She tried to know if Remeta can say more for her to understand.

"Remeta...? My baby...? I don't understand...?"

A full minute passed in tensed silence that only only interrupted with the sound of her sniffles and soft cries. And Baski's loud heartbeats.

Then, Remeta looked her mother dead in the eyes with the saddest eyes Baski has ever seen. "It's not his fault. He is hurting badly, Mama... We're losing him. He has been fighting for five years, but every man has a breaking point. She is the only one that can help him."

"Danika...?" Baski's breath caught in her throat. Fear sizzled down her spine.

She nodded once. "We can only hope that she reaches him on time. Or he will hurt her badly. And, we will lose him completely."

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Chapter 148

Escape! ESCAPE!! ESCAPE!!!!

He has to keep her close. He has to keep her close! Not letting go!

King Lucien cannot think past those animalistic urges that beat down on his head. Cannot hear past them.

She struggles against him. It angered him that she's trying to get away from him. She's not leaving like his sister did! Not like Declan did! He'll do everything to keep her close!

Never! She is not getting away! He is not letting her go!

He palmed her thigh and lifted her leg, baring her to him. Pure animalistic instincts rode him so hard, he was shaking with the urge to bury himself so deep inside the soft flesh he caged before him.

Positioning himself blindly, he bumped against her but her body restricted his invasion. An animalistic growl tore from his throat and he tightened his hand on her waist and on her thigh.

"Take. Me. In.!" The guttural growl so deep tore from him as he nudged her opening with his dick again more roughly and urgently.

He breached her a bit, shoving the head of his e*****n into her. Danika cried out, the pain rolling off her in waves.

It's been so long since he'd taking intimate pleasures from her body, and she'd tried to prepare herself like Baski instructed her but she wasn't able to achieve that because the finger she'd gently put inside herself had hurt. She's given up after a few attempts.

Her lean dainty finger is nothing compared to the King's hardness. Absolutely nothing.

"Oh, Creator! P-Please...! Please...!" She struggled blindly to pull free from him, unable to think of anything else at that moment.

Another savage growl emitted from his throat and his hand on her waist tightened to iron grip.

He withdrew jerkily, spread her wider for him and slammed into her again with so much force he breached her body and buried himself to the hilt.

A scream tore through the air that sounded very distant to his roaring ear and her spine arched under his onslaught of savage greed. He pulled back almost immediately and thrust harder again. And again and again.

Danika felt like she'll break into two. She burned from the inside...a very intense painful burn. She screamed again and cried out against the very uncomfortable feeling as he plummeted her body over and over again.

With each thrust, he tries to go deeper like he wants to brand them together. Like he wants to glue her to him so that nothing separates them ever again.

"Not... letting... go!" He thrusts with each word, harder and harder, his body came over hers completely.

She laid her head on the wall in front of her, yelping with each stroke he took inside her. She felt like she was sandwiched between two hard walls.

The tension that emitted from the King's taut body was too much and as he took her body so roughly, she felt as if he was owning her soul too.

Animalistic growls of pleasure left his throat with each thrust, his head pressed to her neck, his breathing erratic.

Tears licked from her eyes, her forehead pressed to the wall. Her leg—the one that met the floor—was trembling, unable to hold her. Whimpers after whimpers tore from her throat.

His hand shot to her hair, he grabbed hold of it and gripped it tightly.

Danika stopped breathing. Her body tensed up and her eyes snapped close as she tried to prepare herself for the searing pain she knows will come when yanks on her hair.

She waited, but he didn't yank on it. Instead, he only held on as he kept plunging in and out of her. Relief crashed through her that he isn't pulling on her hair.

Her king might not be in there, but whoever this is behind her isn't intent on inflicting blatant physical pain. No, he's only intent on possessing her with his body like he wants to brand himself in her. Like he owns her.

He was gripping her so tightly and so close like he's afraid of letting her go. Like he's afraid of her leaving him.

...Like his family left him. The voice ghosted inside her, startling her.

Suddenly, she remembered Baski's words.

"Please, be patient with him, okay? Don't struggle. Don't fight him. If any woman can reach him and draw him out of the abyss, it's you."

Could this be what Baski was talking about? Is he truly holding her this way because he's afraid that she'll leave him like his family did? Can she truly reach him?

She squeezed her eyes shut and the fight suddenly went out of her. She stopped struggling and melted into his hard body.

Her eyes closed, her head tilted in surrender, she gave herself to him. And waited, her heart pounding.

He kept plummeting her body so hard. His hand let go of her hair and grabbed hold of her breast, he squeezed roughly.

Her fear skyrocketed, and the need to struggle threatened to overwhelm her. She forcefully shoved it down and shut her mind to it, instead, she only arched back into him.

It went on and on. A low growl—more like a vibration—emitted from his chest behind her, like a hungry panther.

Suddenly, she felt some of the hard tension leave him. He didn't loosen her hand, but his strokes lessened somewhat.

It gave her hope and courage to take the next step. She reached behind her and touched him for the first time.

She caressed his bare h**s so tentatively—like a person soothing an angry lion—half expecting him to snatch away her hand or do anything physical to hurt her.

He stiffened. A shudder worked through his body.

She didn't stop.

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Chapter 149

A soft hand touching him hesitatingly, it penetrated his drunk haze. So soft, and oh so soothing.

It reminded him of when he was a young lad in his mother's knees. His mother would read to him, and teach him how to do maths. She will praise him and pat the soft curls of his head when he does things right.

The small hand that caressed his thigh, and now, his hair, was like a soothing balm to his wounded soul. To his head raving mad.

One by one, his demons began receding. One by one, the dark memories began fading. They loosened their fierce hold on him. Only a bit.

For the first time, he became aware of his surroundings. Of the soft trembling body he pinned to the wall, thrusting savagely and hungrily into her.

Danika.

He loosened his hold on her breast, but his control was still shot to dust. He only slowed his strokes, but he didn't stop. He couldn't.

He pressed his sweaty head to the side of her face, "Danika...?" He breathed for the first time.

Relief was like a river flowing inside Danika. She didn't stop touching him, caressing his hair. Running her hand up and down his hipbone, she whispered, "My King..."

"I... can't... stop..." His deep g***n vibrated her ear, "I need you..."

Danika closed her eyes and those three words washed over her. It's the first time he has ever said words like that to her. He didn't tell her he wanted her. He needs her.

Suddenly, a rush of power and love filled her and made her swell with it. This man who she loves so deeply...; this man who's so powerful who has never needed anybody, needs her.

Her head rolled back to his chest, her fingers held on to his h*ip and the back of his head. Her love for him so pure and deep, she gave herself completely to him.

“Then, take me... take anything you want... take everything you need...” She whispered hoarsely.

A deep shudder worked through his body. He buried his face to her neck and inhaled deeply, causing her to shiver.

“Danika...?” He sounded unsure. His deep voice was barely a hot breath to her neck.

Her hand left her breast and held her belly, pressing her closer to him. He run his hand up and down her smooth flat abdomen, his breath puffing out hotly on her shoulder.

Even without his awareness, he held their child in his grasp.

“It’s okay... It’s alright... I’m right here... With you... For you... It’s okay... I’m not going away...I’m right here...I’m not leaving... It’s okay...” Those whispered words spilled from her lips, unrestrained.

She has no idea where her consent—her words—will take them, but none of that matters to her anymore.

Not minding how tight he held her, how savage his thrusts are—she knows that she’ll wear his bruises for days to come—she kept her body molded to him and held on tightly to him.

He pulled out of her then and turned her around. She faced him, he closed in on her and she wrapped her arm trustingly around his neck.

He lifted her and wrapped her legs around him. He plunged back in, his thick d**k pressed deeper and his body smothered her harder.

He thrust once, gritting his teeth. “I can’t be slow. Don’t ask me to be slow.”

Danika nodded, stroking his back, thrilling with fear and want. And a deep need to soothe. “Take me however you need.”

As she uttered those words, she closed her eyes and prayed to the creator to protect her child. Their child that nestled inside her.

In that moment, all her fierce protectiveness rounded and centered on the father of her baby, she left the rest to the creator...or whoever up there that is listening to her prayer.

Whoever up there that sees the impossibility of her situation. That sees how much she loves this man who held her body plastered to his.

This man—who seems to be battling what another man would never have survived, became her main priority.

His body slammed into her once, twice. He switched from barely-human back to animal. He let go of everything.

His h**s pulled back before colliding with hers with a ferocity that echoed in her heart. Everything about him switched to possessive greed.

His face shut down. Lips pursed. Sweat beaded.

“Danika.” He growled, driving into her. He repeated her name like it’s a lifeline and he’s hanging on to it. Like he needed the reminder that it’s her to hang on to sanity.

Every stroke of his phallus claimed ownership and she closed her eyes and let him steal her away.

Nothing else existed but him inside her and his hard heat surrounding her. She locked her legs tighter, pulling him achingly deep. He bumped her cervix and she yelped.

Her eyes watered. The pain is out of the world.

She pulled back immediately and dislodged him a bit. His mouth latched onto her neck, sucking, biting. Sparks of gold and silver whizzed in her b***d, intoxicating her—making her body come alive in his arms.

“Yes. Take me,” She panted as King Lucien drove violently into her. Every thrust he lost himself until she didn’t know which man she held in her arms. Her Master or Her King.

Her buttocks rammed on the wall as he took everything he had to offer. He was right.

It wasn’t gentle. It wasn’t sweet. It was dirty and cruel and broken. But she took it all.

His hands landed on her h**s, holding her in place as he increased his rhythm. His face twisted until he looked furiously angry.

Her heart no longer beat—it hummed like a hummingbird as every thrust unlocked a power deep inside her. A power over this man. Over her fate. Over her sadness and happiness and future.

“Danika.” He kept repeating.

Love swelled like a typhoon in her chest, evolving, growing until it filled every space and cavity. She visualized love protecting the new life inside her—spreading to King Lucien and healing him.

It kept growing until her body had no more space and it exploded out of her, showering them both in emotion.

“I—I can’t stop.” He reared back, his face shiny with sweat. “I’m hurting you.” His eyes were wild, skin ashen. “Make me stop. Make me to stop.” His teeth gritted as he drove particularly hard into her.

As if she ever can. Her feelings for him was stark in her eyes. Their child nestled right between them.

She was so close to falling over the precipice of a release she felt was profound.

This was between her and him.

Life and death.

Possession and ownership.

She threw her head back. “You’re not hurting me. I...” I love you, I love you, I’m pregnant for you, I’m carrying your child, I love you, I love you so much! “I trust you.”

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Chapter 150

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He g****d, increasing his rhythm until she felt sure she’d snap in two. His guttural m**n vibrated through his chest as the first ripple of need travelled down his dïck, massaging her with the fierceness of his impending o****m.

Her body clenched, tightened, wound. Taking me out of this stratosphere and placing her on a shooting star. A comet where everything was happy and perfect and there was no tragedy or sadness. No memories. No slavery. No pain.

Grief tried to steal her from his embrace and she clamped her eyes shut. Focusing only on his heat and vitality.

Danika wrapped her arms around his shoulders, dragging him close against her. He m****d as his entire body went bow-string tight.

He pulled her away from the wall, lowered them to the floor and landing on top of her.

His hands went to either side of her head, his h**s pistoned as she held on, never letting him go. Our breathing mingled, panting out of control.

Every stroke was delicious; every motion sent her higher up the mountain of claiming the most incredible o****m of her life. She relished in the fierceness of him, the absolute ownership of his body on top of her.

Full body contact. Something completely new.

She loved hugging him.

She loved being blanketed by him.

The first spindle and body-shivering band of her release teetered just out of reach. Danika's dug nails into his a*s, curving into him, meeting his every thrust.

He cried out with all the torture in the world—lost in whatever mind-warp he suffered. “I—I need you so much,” he snapped, violence tinging every part of him.

That was all she needed. The knowledge he needed her gave me the strength to brave the unknown future. Gave me the courage to keep loving this broken man.

Danika came with a loud wail.

She unravelled and combusted all in one go. The o****m wasn't just in her wet sheath; it existed in every b***d cell, in every breath she took, in every part of her.

On and on the waves rolled, mimicking the crashing surf of the river down the palace. She cried his name repeatedly, bulking under him.

His mouth found hers then, in a battle of lips. His mouth devoured hers, stealing her breath completely.

Danika felt complete.

She hadn't even known a lot was missing something until he gave her everything he was. Until he lost himself completely and had to find himself again in her arms.

She'll never be free of him. Just like he'll never be free of her. She knows this with every fiber of her being.

She cried out as the contractions of her release squeezed around his dick. He shivered and thrust harder. And again.

King Lucien came apart.

His thrusts lost uniformity, driving relentlessly, seeking pleasure, seeking a release.

His orgasm tore down his back, rippling like a powerful wave over his muscles. He spurted deep inside, splash after splash.

Her release kept going, intensifying as their life mingled. She found, for one brief second, eternal happiness.

Gradually, he slowed before coming to a gentle rock. Then, he collapsed on her, going completely still.

But, Danika's breath wouldn't slow. No matter how much she tried to catch her breath, it wouldn't slow down.

She gulped in air in large quantity, her gasp filling the air. She panted heavily, her chest rising and falling rapidly.

She panted and panted. Her head spinning, the world blurred around her. And tilted.

And yet, she still held

The world closed in on her. She came dangerously close to passing out. And, she still gulped in air.

She gripped her neck as if she's trying to loosen whatever is gripping her neck and cutting off her breath. Her other hand, she placed on his soft curls, unconsciously patting him soothingly.

King Lucien opened his eyes and took in his environment. He's in his chambers. He felt disoriented and very tired.

More importantly, he noticed the soft body beneath him and the quick rise and fall of her chest, the panting sounds as she tried to drag in breath.

Danika watched the king through blurry eyes as he looked down on her, his sweaty brows were knitted and creased with concern.

“Are you alright, Danika?” He asked, his hand touching her forehead.

“Can’t...catch...my...breath!” She gasped.

“I will send for the Medicine Man—“

“No!” She grabbed hold of his arm, still panting. The medicine man will find out that she’s pregnant even before she’s able to find a way to tell him.

His eyes touched her body examiningly. Pain and regret flashed in his eyes, but he blinked and it was gone. The warm glow and tiredness from what he’s been through—and what they just did—remained in their wake.

He lowered his head to hers and kissed her forehead. “You’re alright, Danika. It’s okay. Try to take a deep breath. Not short breaths. Try to take in a lot of breath, hold it for a second and breath out.”

Danika closed her eyes and blindly followed his soft commands. She did as he instructed her.

“That’s it. That’s it.” He added, then he dipped his head and took her lips into his.

He wasn’t kissing her, instead he gave her air. Breathing in deeply, he released it gently into her mouth. He did it repeatedly until she felt so much better.

Danika’s eyes watered at the intimacy. Somehow, this... what he did right now, feels more intimate than his k****s. And his k****s has always been intimate.

“I’m better now...” She whispered, at the same time wishing he wouldn’t stop, but she already has too much air.

He pulled back and looked at her again to confirm. Danika began dreading that he’ll get up now and go back to doing one of his kingly activities.

She wants him lying down right here on the floor of his chambers... She wants him to be with her, even for a few note minutes.

He pulled away from her body completely, but he didn’t leave. Instead, he laid down on the floor beside her and placed his head in between her brêasts.

Her arms felt like water, but she was able to raise them and wrap around his head. They cuddled that way.

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