

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 11

Night was almost falling. Vetta watched Danika as she drew water from the pit. There was no one there, and Vetta was feeling really angry just staring at her.

How can someone in a plain slave uniform, look like royalty even without trying?

It angered Vetta really well. She has to work hard in looking like a mistress she is. Some times, she looks at the mirror and she sees the slave she's always been.

No. She's no longer that girl. She isn't!

She watched as Danika carried the pot of water on her head and started walking. As she got closer to Vetta, she came out of the shadows and placed a leg on the path.

Danika stumbled on it and fell. The pot broke to pieces and she winced, scrapping her elbow on the ground.

Vetta bent down and grabbed hold of her hair. "Watch where you're going, Slave!" She snarled.

Danika swiveled her head and stared at her. "You placed your leg on my path." She told her bluntly.

Vetta flushed in anger and struck her hard across the face.

Danika's head whipped back at the force of the slap, but Vetta yanked her hair forcing her head back to where she wanted it.

"You have no right to talk back at me! And you have no right to make such unfounded accusations!" She hissed angrily.

Danika stared at the woman holding her hair. Her fingers itched to slap her back. The King's mistress. How can she forget this woman? She didn't.

When Danika's eyes held hers defiantly, Vetta let go of her hair. "Do well to avoid my path, Slave. The next time, I'm going to whip you!"

She let go of her hair, straightened to her full height and walked away.

Danika watched her leave. She took deep breaths to calm the anger coursing through her.



It's the middle of the night and Lucien was sleeping. He started waking to pleasure...his body registered.

He g****d inaudibly, his body hypertuned. A hot mouth was giving him a blowjob. Licking hungrily at the seams of his scars, sending a little electric sensation through me.

He wants to believe that it's Vetta pleasuring him like this in the middle of the night. But he knows it's not Vetta.

Lucien opened his eyes on the verge of release. He stared at Chad's head as he bobbed it up and down.

"Chad—" He tried to dislodge the man, even as he tries to wake up from sleep completely.

His mouth let go of him with a pop, and he stared at him dreamily, "Lucien...." Then, he lowered his head again, and applied pressure that left him on the very edge of climax.

Sleep fled Lucien's eyes and he pushed away from Chad, carefully but firmly. He stared at the man who's been with him through thick and thin....mostly thin.

Chad and Declan always gave him strength.

Even the times he'd wanted to give up, when it was becoming too much for him, he'd remember these two men first, his dead family and then his people.

Lucien palmed his face. "We're no more in captivity, Chad. We are free. You're no longer a slave." He reminded him slowly, like he always does.

But Chad wasn't there. Whenever he's like this....he's never really here.

Seeing the familiar dilated faraway look in his eyes, a mixture of l**t and sleep, Lucien tugged himself back into his sleeping clothes and rose from the bed. "Come on, big guy."

He urged him towards the bathroom and poured a full pail of cold water on his head.

Chad sputtered and gasped and rubbed the water from his face.

Lucien crossed his arms and waited for him. He knew the moment Chad joined him back to reality.

His eyes widened, "My King!"

Lucien started for his bedroom in measured strides, leaving him to follow. Arousal beat hard at him, but he tried to push it to the back of his mind.

When he got to the bed and stared back at Chad again, he looked so horrified, he looked like he'll lose consciousness from it.

"I did it again, didn't I?" He g****d, miserably.

"You did."

His knees hit the ground and he lowered his head. "I'm so sorry, My Ki—"

"Stop with the 'My King', Chad. It's the middle of the night and it's just the both of us in here."

He nodded once and swallowed guiltily. "I'm so sorry, Lucien."

Lucien took a deep breath, staring at this man who's been through hell with him.

He patted Chad's shoulder, "Rise. Go back to your quarters and try to sleep. The doctor promised to get you the best medicine for this ailment. You will be fine again."

Chad looked doubtful, but relieved. He rose and walked out of the room, apologizing once again.

Minutes later, Lucien went back to bed and tried to get the sleep that almost eluded him. He has never slept well in the past fifteen years. Ever.

And now, arousal beat at him so hard, it's so painful.



Lucien was having nightmares again. He always has nightmares. He always recalls those days in hell.

Tonight, in his sleep, it's about his second introduction as the King's Slave. Cone had so many personal slaves from both gender. But he took special interest in him. Cone always made sure his, is always different.

As a male, he fvcked female slaves. That was the rules. It's like entertainment, and the men f***s the women while the Kings eats and laughs.

Unless, they want to f**k—introduce—a female slave.

While they pumped the males with herbal drugs that made them take as many females as possible, it was no longer enough for Cone.

Cone had tossed him a small bottle. "I want you to f**k him." He'd ordered.

Even in his dream, Lucien can still remember vividly, checking the botte and discovering a lubricant. He stared at Cone again.

Cone nodded, "I want you to f**k his a*s, Slave, right here. Right now."

Lucien stared at the 'him' in question and it was Chad.

His second introduction was very traumatic for him because he'd been forced to f**k his servant, who's been his since he was a boy.

He'd done it too. Right there in front of everyone. They'd laughed and cheered, and giggled whenever Chad made sounds that it hurt. Lucien did his best not to make it hurt...at least right there.

He rose from the bed breathing heavily like a man who just ran like a bull.

It's just a nightmare. It's just the past. The past can no longer harm me. I am free. I am a king now, not a slave.

Lucien recited it in his mind, the exact way the doctor told him to always too. He found himself calming down, coming back to himself.

He doesn't need a seer to tell him why his nightmare tonight featured his second introduction. It's because of earlier.

His second introduction was the most traumatic for him. For Chad too

Only, he didn't know that Cone was just beginning.

After that horrible experience in the Royal Court, the order came more frequent. For more than eight years.

It can be Chad or any other male Cone wanted. Even after Cone had scarred his phallus severally, he'd still ordered it.

Those experiences affected him badly...made him the colder and harder man he is today. But for Chad, the experience scarred him...seriously. Mentally.

Slaves were trained to get used to what they can't change. Chad got used to it. He started craving it. His body got addicted to it...to him.

The best medicine man of the kingdom already examined him and diagnosed him with a particular sleep disorder called Sexsomnia.

According to the medicine man, it explains why Chad acts out s****l behaviour even while he's still asleep. He said that Chad's mind keeps replaying experiences that are most traumatic for him, hence, he displays them in his subconscious, his mind trapped in the past.

The medicine man is still looking for an antidote for curing the ailment.

He remembered little Remeta. He remembered seeing her mangled body at day...

And what about Declan?

Lucien closed his eyes tight to dismiss the memories. They wouldn't go. When you live a nightmare for the past twenty years, they become a part of you.

Come made him the monster he is today, and the truth is...he isn't sure he can ever NOT be this monster.

Franky, he doesn't care. Not anymore.

He threw the covers from his body and got up. His body was raging, and very painful. He needed relief.

And tonight, he's going to get it. But not from Vetta.

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Chapter 12

Danika was sleeping but she knew the exact moment when she was no longer alone. She'd locked her door, and only one person has the key to open her lock.

Her eyes snapped open and she stared at the door. Lucien stood there, his face as cold and as unreadable as always.

Danika felt something different in that moment. A chill went down her spine. The hatred he has for her is back in his eyes. Not that it ever abated, but still.

"Get up and strip." He g****d, his voice as always wasn't raised.

Adrenaline filled her body. She sat up and raised her nightclothes above her head with trembling hands. Her flimsy underthings followed right after her nightclothes.

Naked, she stared at him, a little scared. He looked more terrifying and formidable than always.

“Lie on the bed and give me your back.”

She did as he said, her hands tightening on the cheap bedcover, she closed her eyes.

His body covered hers from behind and she felt him pressing against her from behind. He nudged her opening with his e*****n.

Before it registered on her that he wasn't planning to prepare her body, he worked the head of his phallus into her, and shoved all the way into her.

Danika let out an agonizing wail as the searing pain spread inside her. She grabbed hold of the mattress cover. It hurts badly and the burning sensation was too much for her to handle.

He withdrew from her and plunged into her again, all the way to the hilt. She buried her face on the bed and let out a muffled scream.

His strong hands went to her waists, he lifted her so her middle stopped touching the bed, and he began pounding her earnestly.

He took long deep thrusts that caused her to let out more muffled screams. He was bruising her badly, pain too much, she started struggling against him.

Only, he had more plans for her.

His large hands really held her down, and he covered her completely with his body, caging her.

He snaked his hand in front of her and grabbed hold of her breasts. He pinned her nipples so hard and didn't let go, as he pounded inside her with deep rough thrusts.

Danika started trembling with the persistent force of his thrusts, the sound of skin slapping skin heard.

He didn't pull punches tonight and he wasn't trying to restrain himself, Danika realized all of a sudden when he fisted her hair and yanked on it hard.

She yelped, tightening her hands on the bed. He pushed both of his legs in between hers and spread one of his leg forward.....causing her leg to spread more her him.

He pushed her shoulders down on the bed, grabbed hold of her h**s and thrust so deep into her, she forgot muffling her screams and let out a high piercing scream.

He was going so deep inside her, it hurts badly, and the force of his thrusts were really rough. He kept up the brutal plunges, in long hard deep strokes.

While Danika screamed, she distinctively noticed that he was groaning. He was taking his pleasure from her for the first time, but in a very brutal way.

He let go of a nipple and snaked his hand down to the nub of her womanhood, and he slapped her hard down there.

She cried out tearfully, and he slapped her cl't again as he kept plummeting her body. Danika's thighs shook badly and her screams resonated the whole palace. The sound agonizing, excruciating.

"Please....! Please....!" She sobbed, her whole body shaking under the ruthless possession.

He kept up the relentless thrusts, angling her again to go more deep. The force of his thrusts rattled the bed so much, and kept jarring Danika. He grabbed hold of her n'pple, held it in a pinch and pulled so hard.

She writhed on the bed and screamed unrestrained. In the dark of the night, only her screams were heard in the palace.

Danika didn't know how long passed. She didn't know just how long he maintain such brutal strength. Her strength elapsed a long time ago, and she just laid there shaking, too tired to scream, she can only whimper and sob.

Then, he grunted as he finished on top of her. He pulled out from her, and got up severing all contact.

He arranged his clothing, not a single expression on his face. He didn't spare her a glance as he walked out of the room just like he came.

Danika laid huddled there, unable to move her body. Everywhere hurts. Everywhere.

She tightened her eyes closed, whimpering like a wounded thing. Scared of this new world she lives in.

When Vetta heard her screams from her own room, she couldn't help the smile that spread all over her face.

For the first time! Now, that's more like it.

Every night in the Mombana Kingdom is like a zoo. So much screams and cries and shouts and more screams.

Men cry with whatever is being done to them at that particular time, and women scream from the animalistic way the guards take their body. Bastards, who have no reason to be animalistic...unlike Lucien.

When she stopped hearing Danika's voice, she got up from the bed in her nightclothes and made her way out of the room, because the king will need her.

She cornered to the path that leads to the king's chambers in time to see the king at the door of his chambers.

"My King—" She was whispering seductively.

He didn't spare her a glance. "Get out, Vetta. I don't need you."

He entered his chambers and she heard the lock turn. Vetta was so shocked, she doesn't know what to say. She stood speechless, trying to assimilate his words.

When she did..., she doesn't know the greater feeling she was having.

Anger, that he went all the way with that slave and even found satisfaction from her body. Or fear, that somehow....somehow....she feels that some things will start changing and they wouldn't be in her favor.

Danika fell sick. It took three days before she started getting better.

Baski was the person to come to her room the next morning, she found her in the exact position she laid in. The woman had helped her out of bed and helped her to take a bath, she was running high on fever.

Afterwards, she'd helped her use herbal portions. She explained each one to her.

The one that soothes the body, the one heals wounds. The one that calms the body, the one drives pain away, the one that takes away fever and so many others.

Danika was able to open her mouth to ask a disturbing question.

"W-What about...herbal portions....that prevents a baby?" her voice hoarse from overuse.

Baski turned pale like a ghost. But only for a second.

"I'll get them." Then, she hurried outside and came back with some kind of leaves. She proceeded to grind them and squeeze out the water.

She placed the cup on the fireplace until the content became hot. Then, she helped Danika drink it. It was very bitter but she finished it.

In the other days after that first day, Danika didn't know what happened. How no one disturbed her.

There was no order to go to the mines. No order to wash clothes. No order to fetch bucketloads of water. No order at all.

"Is it the King?" She'd asked Baski on the third day.

"That did what?" The older woman asked as she made another portion.

"That gave orders for them to leave me alone?"

When Baski stared at the incredibly beautiful but tired woman on the bed who shrugged.

"This is the first time I'm having such long rest since I was made a slave." Danika said as a way of explanation.

Baski turned back to her portions. "I kept them away. They should do their duties and leave you alone for now."

Danika didn't say anything for so long. Then she whispered, "Thank you so much, Baski. For everything."

The woman just nodded and continued making the portions she was making.

"I made several portions for her. Helped her with a soothing balm. She needs her strength so I made the hermsbalm for her and—"

Lucien stopped writing and gave her a speaking look.

Baski stopped speaking. He never asks for details—he doesn't need them—but Baski never fails to come give them.

He started writing again. His face devoid of emotions, he stared down at the scroll in front of him.

"She asked who's order it is that she should be left alone." Baski spoke again.

Lucien's bulky shoulders stiffened and he paused writing. He raised his head to stare at Baski without saying a word.

"I told her that it's my order.....I didn't tell her that it's yours, just like you instructed." She provided quickly.

His muscles relaxed and he lowered his head to continue writing again. He demarcated the scroll and drew a new line on it.

“She requested for portions that p-prevents a baby.” She rushed out.

His head shot up and he stiffened. His face that was devoid of emotions before, became filled with anger, and loathing.

“What did you do?” When he spoke, his words came out low but very deadly.

Baski wiped her hands a little nervously on her apron. “I made her the portions.”

Lucien didn’t say a word for very long seconds.

The time dragged by, but he never said a word.

When his words came, they were cold and spoken without revealing any emotion. “You should have told her not to worry about that because her father made sure that that would never happen.”

Baski lowered her head. “I knew that it’s not my place to say things like that about the king.”

His lips twitched a bit, his eyes as cold as ever. “A king who’s potent but sterile? A king who can’t father a child?”

“A fierce king who led his people out of slavery.” She told him without missing a beat.

She, Lucien, Chad and their kingdom’s medicine men are the only people aware of his condition. Not even Vetta knows that one.

Lucien said nothing. Instead, he went back to writing.

“The slave girl.... Sally....” Baski began.

“What about her?” He inked his feather.

“She still comes here every morning, crying to be let in.”

Lucien didn’t look at her. He folded the well-written scroll and kept it aside. He withdrew a new scroll and unfolded it.

“She wants to be a palace slave. She wouldn’t give up. She wants to be with the former princess Danika.” Baski pushed on.

He changed the writing ink, and kept a new one on the table. He didn’t say anything for so long.

Then, "When she comes again, take the girl to cloth room and change her into the uniform."

Baski smiled for the first time and bowed her head. "Yes, My King." Before she turned and left.

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Chapter 13

In the morning of the fifth day after the night the king visited her, Danika got ready to go to the mines.

She woke up and took her bath. She put on her uniform and made her hair. She stared herself in the mirror for so long, staring at who she became.

Twenty-one years of living as a princess, and all of a sudden, she's living as a slave. A slave everybody hated because of how much of a monster her father is.

She sighed and turned away from the mirror and went in search of her sandals across the room.

It's the first time she'll be going to the mine in days, she dreaded the slave driver, Karandy. She hasn't given his request any thought yet.

While she dreaded the thought of a man like him putting his hands on her, she dreaded the pain, punishment and humiliation too. She doesn't know what to do.

"Where is she!? Oh, where is my princess!?" Came a familiar voice suddenly heard outside.

"Sally?" Danika stopped searching for her sandals and rushed out of her room.

She yanked the door open and gasped because she wasn't sure if she was dreaming or not. Sally stood at the other side of the hall, looking around.

But when the door opened, Sally followed the sound and her eyes found Danika almost instantly.

"My princess! My princess!" She ran across the hall.

"Sally!" Danika forgot she was barefoot and took off in a steadier run to meet her former personal maid halfway.

Sally stopped suddenly as she reached close to Danika and her knees hit the ground in her usual greeting. "My princess! I'm so glad you're alive and you're well and you're—"

But, Danika cut her off when she pulled her to her feet and hugged her tight. "Oh, Sally! I was worried sick about you. I didn't know what happened to y'all and no one was telling me anything!"

Sally's eyes filled with tears and she wrapped her hands around Danika. "We're fine. I'm fine and I'm doing good. Oh, I'm so happy you're alright, My Princess."

Danika started urging her to her room. "I'm no longer a princess, Sally, you can't call me that anymore so you won't get into trouble." She said sadly.

Sally shook her head. "But it's what I've called you for so long. It's been so many years, My Princess. Give me a few minutes to calculate the years on my head."

She raised her bright eyes up, struck out her hand in the air and began folding her fingers one after another.

Danika laughed softly. For the first time since she became a slave, her eyes lit up, her heart lifted and she laughed.

"Oh, Sally. What am I going to do with you." She ruffled Sally's black hair, "We've been together for nine years."

Sally flushed in both happiness and embarrassment. "I'm so sorry, my princess. You've always taught me but it's always hard to learn."

"That can only mean that I'll keep teaching you. Oh, Sally....suddenly, I feel so good because you're here." Danika hugged the girl again.

Sally felt mesmerized because today's the first time Princess Danika has ever hugged her before, and she has done it twice.

There are never such kind of intimacy between Royalty and Slaves, ever.

Tears filled Sally's eyes. "I've always wanted to come here and see you. I had to come everyday but the king refused all the time. Said, I should try to live a normal life."

"He's right. You should live a normal life."

Sally shook her head, "It's hard to live normal when I'm so worried sick. Is Princess Danika eating well? Is she getting enough sleep? Who's helping her draw water from the pit? How's she working the mines? Who's helping her with laundry? Is she even alive?"

Tears filled Danika's eyes at those words of concern. She stopped walking and stared at her former maid, practically hearing her sincerity.

Sally shook her head again. "I just couldn't stay away, my princess. I know this people hear abuse you because they don't know you. They only know the former king."

Danika finally noticed the clothes Sally had on. Palace Slave's uniform.

"Oh, Sally. What did you do?" She g*****d miserably.

Sally stared down at herself and grinned. "The cloth fits me none? I'll just tell madam Baski to change me another."

"You know that isn't what I meant, Sally." Danika palmed her head, "Oh, dear, don't tell me you chose to be a palace slave?"

"I want to help you, my princess. I was a help, but I ain't know nothing about making money and serving others. Only you. This people don't know you, and because of that they'll treat you wrong. I want to be here with you."

Danika wiped the tears from her eyes and took Sally's hand into hers. "I must be a very selfish person because I'm so happy you're here with me."

"I must be a very selfish person too, my princess, because I'm happy I'm here too." She said with a smile, and then, she noticed Danika's legs.

Sally's face took on a look of sheer horror when she saw her barefoot. "No! You're going to catch a cold! Just wait here while I get your sandals!"

Before Danika could say anything, Sally already rushed into the room and started looking around.

Danika followed her slowly, watching her always enthusiastic personal maid.

Sally's sharp eyes picked up the shoes. She rushed towards the other side of the bed and got them.

She walked out of the room again to where Danika was standing and dropped to her knees. She picked up the first slippers, "Here..."

Tears burned the back of Danika's eyes but she blinked them back. She allowed Sally to raise her legs and work the sandals on each of them.

"There....all set." Sally patted her legs, got up and grinned at her.

"Thank you." Danika said, hoarsely.

Sally was taken aback by the words of gratitude. They're so unfamiliar coming from her princess's mouth, because royalty just weren't thought to say words like that.

Of course, Sally never cared about them. She did everything always with smile and happiness. But, hearing her princess compliment her made her flush.

"You're welcome, My Princess. Are you going to the mines?"

Danika nodded, still too emotional to speak.

Sally nodded too. "Me too. We'll go together." She took in her princess's hair, and frowned a bit. It's not well combed.

She took hold of Danika's hand and led her into the room.

She'd pleaded with Danika to sit down let her comb her hair, but Danika was trying to explain to her that she shouldn't do things like this anymore because she's no longer a princess. Sally turned deaf ears.

At last, Danika sat down. Sally loosened the hair and ran a comb through it. She sang excitedly as she did so.

They started for the mines. While Danika walked in her usual steady elegant steps, Sally skidded her way forward, grinning and smiling at everything and everyone.

She's like a wealth of sunshine in a very dark world, Danika thought.

Although, it's not on her face, Danika was so happy for the first time in a long time.

As they walked, Danika discovered that everyone loves Sally. Everyone.

The people of Salem grin at her and waves in greeting. Some of them would even say words of greeting to Sally, and she'll eagerly reply them.

They came across an old woman who was struggling to lift a sack bag on her head.

"Let me help you, mama!" Sally rushed towards the woman and helped her place the sack on her head.

"Thank you so much, my daughter." The woman had said with a grateful smile.

Sally waved her down. "Think nothing of it."

As always the woman stared behind Sally to see Danika who's still taking steps closer to them and she frowned, her eyes filled with hatred.

While they all smile so much at seeing Sally, they frown so hard with loathing whenever they see her.

Some will even snarl the words to her “The monster’s daughter!” One of them even called her.

Danika, already used to the look and words, just bowed a bit in greeting, and continued down her path in her measured steps, her head held high.

“Have a nice day, mama!” Sally said to the woman as she skidded away happily in front of her princess.

When she was way ahead of Danika, she turned back. “The day is looking so bright, my princess!” She called out happily.

Danika faltered in her steps, because Sally always says these words. Back in their kingdom, whenever she manages to sneak them pass the guards and they go for a walk, this is exactly the way it is.

Sally dancing and skidding around, in front her. Telling her stories and making her laugh. Always, she go ahead of her, turn back and shout, “The day is looking so bright, my princess!”

The memories and the present, made Danika smile. She answered the same way she always answered.

“The only person brightening the day is you, Sally.”

Sally grinned, and skidding down her path again. Danika followed her and the smile remained on her face.

Vetta stood at the top of the building ahead of them, staring at them in sheer hatred and anger.

What is Danika’s personal maid doing here and how the hell did she come in here!?

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Chapter 14

Sally and Danika got to the mines, and the slaves were happy to see Sally. Danika didn’t know how her former personal maid established such good relationship with these people.

She seems to be the only slave the people of Salem loves wholeheartedly.

“Let’s not stand around looking lazy as dumbs! Come on, everyone! Get back to work!” Karandy ordered as he came into view.

Everyone went right back to work. His eyes stared at Danika. “You. Follow me! We’re going to have a conversation privately!”

Danika’s heart skipped three beats. She doesn’t need this now. She’s barely recovering from the things the king did to her five moon-nights ago.

Karandy is still waiting for her to give him permission so that he can use her body for his carnal satisfactions, whenever or however he wanted.

“But, I have to work the mines.” Danika tried to protest. She doesn’t want to go private with him.

“Oh, you’ll still work the mines, make no mistake about that, priiiiiincess!” His hand shot out and he took her arm forcefully, “But, first, we’re going to have that conversation!”

As he dragged her forwards, Danika shrugged her arm away from his grip. Then, she walked right behind him in defeat.

Karandy faced forward and breathed out triumphantly. He needs five minutes with her, just for now.

The chief maid, Baski, had brought orders from the king that no one should disturb his slave several days ago, and because of that, the former princess hasn’t worked the mines and he hasn’t seen her in five days.

But now, she’s here and he longed for a little bit of privacy. The kings can’t be the only person sampling such beauty. He can always get a sample and the king wouldn’t know.

Karandy was surprised when he turned behind him to see another slave following closely beside Danika. The new slave was walking with them.

He stopped short. “Who are you!? Get back to the working site!” He snarled.

The slave blinked in confusion. “But, you just said you needed to talk with us.”

“Us!? I never said anything about us!” He barked angrily, “I need to speak with this slave.” He pointed at Danika.

Sally truly looked confused. “But, the princess and I are a pack-pack—” she was thinking hard on the word. She was very sure her princess taught her about it, but she has forgotten.

“Packaged deal.” Danika provided the words for her, grateful that Sally was coming through for her. But at the same time, she’s scared because Sally might be getting in trouble with the mean slave trainer.

Sally nodded with a smile. “Oh, yes. The princess and I are a packaged deal.”

Karandy turned and glared at the new slave. “Get back and go work with the others! Now!”

“But, surely I’m n-not going to cause any trouble. You can always say anything you want—“

“Now!” He barked again.

Danika turned to an obviously fluttered Sally, her eyes pleaded with her former personal maid. She doesn’t want Karandy to hurt her at all.

But, Sally doesn’t like the way that man is staring at her princess’s body so hungrily. She’s been a slave long enough to know that look personally.

But, Sally doesn’t like the way that man is staring at her princess’s body so hungrily. She’s been a slave long enough to know that look personally.

Instead of taking listening to Danika’s unspoken pleas, Sally lifted her chin towards Karandy. “I’m her personal slave and the king said I should report her every movements to him.” She lied.

Karandy arched his brow. “Who made you that!?”

“The king. That’s why he made me a new slave. You know that she’s the King’s Slave, and the special ones sometimes get a personal.”

Karandy gritted his teeth in anger. The brat is her personal slave? That will make it really hard to get personal times with her, dammit!

He thought of his chances really well, and dismissed the both of them begrudgingly.

He glared at the princess’s back as she walked away with her personal slave. It just kept making him really angry.

Then, he smiled. He’ll just have to bombard the brat with loads and loads of work, and send her to a lot of errands too.

The door opened and Vetta walked into the King’s chambers. She’s still troubled about the personal slave she saw with Danika.

Why would the king allow the girl in? Surely, it isn't because he wants to do that monster's daughter a favor?

King Lucien wasn't within sight, but she saw the adjoining door of his room open so she knows that he must be at his library.

Even as a slave, the king loves to read a lot and to write too. Vetta had tried learning last year, but she hasn't been able to.

Slaves has no business reading and writing, but now that she's a mistress....the only mistress who owns a king, she should be able to do so.

Unfortunately, it's not so easy to do.

She entered the adjoining room and there the king sat in a chair, reading a book. The book is about plantations of the land, taking steps to keep a land flourished.

"You didn't announce your presence." The king said without taking his eyes away from the book.

"I'm so sorry about that, my king." She drawled, coming up towards him, she rounded his back and caressed his cheek.

King Lucien has never been the touchy-feely type. He pulled his cheek away from her seeking hand, even as he flipped the page of the book.

"What brings you here, Vetta? I didn't summon you."

"I know you didn't. I just wanted to spend some time with my king." She drawled, running her arm down his chest.

He said nothing, his eyes on the page of his book.

"I saw a new slave at the palace." She g*****d.

"What about her?"

"She's the former princess's personal maid."

"So?" He flipped another page.

"She shouldn't be here in the palace, my king." She did her best to keep from getting angry. Anger doesn't get anywhere with Lucien.

"You should concentrate more on other things, Vetta. The slaves are my problem to worry about."

Vetta knew when to drop a subject. She also knows when to use another strategy.

One thing is for sure, that she's the only person that understands the King's demons. The only person that can take them when they're unleashed...the only person that can soothe them.

She and the king knows this really well, and that is why she has the greatest edge over anything and anybody. Danika can never give him that....ever.

She would have to break to be able to give him that. And knowing the proud princess....knowing Royalties....Vetta knows that the woman would keep fighting. She would never want to break.

Lucien never broke. Even after ten years.

"Do you remember that day at the mines? Back then?" She paused, "You were asked to dig a whole tunnel alone?"

The sudden change of subject made him stiffen. He didn't say anything for a long time.

And then, "There are some things a person don't ever forget, Vetta." He g*****d.

Vetta nodded, she ran her hands down his belly and back to his chest again. "You dug for hours, I had to disobey orders and go and help you. Me and Chad. Do you remember what happened next?"

"The both of you were whipped. Twenty lashes. Chad and I was taken back to his cell and kept without food and water for two days. And you...." He trailed off, his eyes darkened.

"The king set the guards on me and they raped me. I lost my baby there." Vetta closed her eyes in pain.

She can still remember the agony of what she went through on that very day, but her pain wasn't because of the baby she lost. She was relieved to loose the baby.

The only child she wants to birth is the child of Lucien. Every other child is not welcomed to her at all.

Lucien remembered that day vividly, and it erased most of the coldness from his eyes, replaced by pain and pity for her. He dropped the book and gave her his full attention.

"I am sorry you had to go through that because of me, Vetta. You and Chad, and a lot others has really gone through so much."

Tears filled Vetta's eyes as she stared at him. Now, she has his attention and the softness in his eyes that's always rare to see.

She lowered herself in front of him, pushing his strong legs apart to get in between them.

"It's not your fault, my king. It was never your fault. We would go through the valley of shadows for you and with you, that's how much we care about you..." her voice turned to whispers, "...that's how much I care."

Her eyes held his as she raised his garment, and unbuckled the leather pants underneath it. She freed his phallus, and ran her fingers through the smooth and rough skin.

"I want the pain and the pleasure only you can give. Right here, right now, my king."

With those whispered words, she lowered her head and took him deep inside her mouth, until he hit the back of her throat.

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Chapter 15

Vetta took his d**k into her mouth and sucked him hard, down to the back of her throat, and he g*****d.

She held him there and sucked him repeatedly. Her mouth couldn't cover all the grounds, so she used her hand to stroke the parts her mouth couldn't touch.

The king g*****d, his eyes staring at her. She was kneeling in between his legs as she sucked him off.

She bobbed her head up and down, her tongue trailing his scars and licking at them. The sensation made Lucien g*****d again, and he pulled away from her completely and got up.

She was kneeling already so, he held her mouth and shoved himself deep into her mouth until she took a mouthful of him in and gagged.

He held himself there and started f*****g her mouth roughly. Vetta relaxed underneath, her mouth taking him while he snaked his hand to her breast, and found her nipple.

He held onto the nub and pulled hard to it's limit. The pain of it went straight to her cl't and she m****d openly.

Suddenly, he pulled away completely. "Get up and face the shelf, give me your back."

Vetta wants him to take her from the front, she's never had that kind of intimacy with him, but she clamp her mouth shut. The king being so unpredictable, she wasn't sure how he'll respond to that if she makes such demands.

She pulled to her feet and faced the library shelf. She held on to the rails with both hands and arched her back.

He produced an oil and worked it into her a*s. She m****d as he prepared her with his fingers. Then, she emitted a long satisfying g***n when he worked his big p€nis deep into her a*s.

"Oh, yes...." She pushed back against him, even as he pulled back and shoved all the way in again.

He started f*****g her in earnest, unrestrained and rough as usual. She riveled in it, his hand pressing at her h**s, holding her captive to take his brutal thrusts.

It didn't take long before she was sitting on the very edge of climax in sheer pleasure. She didn't want just the pleasure, she needed the pain too.

She arched back into him, and he understood her silent request. He snaked his hand from the front down to where they're joined and pinned her clit hard without breaking the skin.

She cried out and started trembling as she felt her body tighten up. Still holding her bud captive, his h**s pistolling behind her, he held her with the other hand and jerked hard on it.

She came with a scream, her body bowed out. Her o****m triggered his, he g*****d as he climaxed, f*****g her unrestrainedly.

This is what she needs. This is what he needs. This is what their broken souls need.

And she'll be damned before the Cause Of Their Torment takes him away from her. Oh, will she be damned.

Danika and Sally worked the mines together. Sally wanted to do the works alone but Danika refused adamantly. In the Ned, they did it together.

Sally told her stories of after her captivity. Danika was shocked when Sally told her that none of her people were enslaved, just the wicked guards of the kingdom.

The slaves of Mombana were set free to live as normal people. Her people still stays in their houses and go over their daily activities. None of them were made slaves and getting punished for what they knew nothing about.

Danika blinked back the burning tears at the back of her eyes. It gave her a huge relief.

She can never figure out King Lucien at all. Why would he be so good to the people of Mombana after everything her father put him through? Her father enslaved ALL his people when he had the power.

She thought about it as she hit the ground with a hammer repeatedly. After that story, Sally proceeded to tell her a fairytale story as they worked.

The slave trainer, Karandy, was so angry at her, he enters the tunnel from time to time to glare daggers at her. She pretended not to see the look.

“Yeeeeei!!! Look what I found!!!” Sally suddenly sounded as she dipped her hand into the group and withdrew the stone-like silver object.

“It’s a gemstone.” Karandy noted reverently, his anger forgotten as he took the stone from her happily.

Sally grinned wild and proudly as the others entered the tunnel to check out what she found.

“So, that means we’re getting tomorrow off, right?” Sally enthused excitedly and began reciting, “I know the rules too. You find a valuable mineral, you don’t work mines the next day, instead you rest because you’ve done a job well done.”

Karandy nodded all too eagerly, “Yes, you don’t work tomorrow.” That will give him time with the princess.

Sally frowned a bit, “Not just me, it’s the princess and I.” She raised her chin, “We found it together!”

Karandy wasn’t there when it happened so he had no way of disputing it. It pissed him off, because as a slave trainer, he knows the rules more than anybody.

“Alright. The both of you.” He grumbled.

“Yeeiii!” Sally danced and dropped all her working tools. Danika too was happy, dropping hers too.

“We’re off for the day, then.” Sally started out of the tunnel, and Danika followed her.

Karandy held Danika’s hair and yanked her back towards him when she worked passed him.

“What about what I asked you to think about?” He snarled into her ear in a whisper.

Danika didn’t say anything, silently willing him to let go of her hair because it hurts badly.

“I’m watching you, princess. Very soon, you’ll not be able to run anymore.” He g****d, pinching her butt from behind before he let her go.

Danika started out together with Sally. Sally asked her what was happening and she just shrugged. How does she tell her Sally that the slave trainer is desperately demanding for her body?

She’s just happy to be away from there for a little while.

When they got back to the palace, there were heaps of clothes to wash as usual. The only difference is that there’s Sally and she’s helping her.

They carried the clothes to the backyard. Sally washed while singing and dancing and talking, while she rinsed them and spread them on the rope.

It was evening before they were done with everything. She was so tired, she just wanted to rest her head and sleep.

But, Baski appeared on their way to her room. “The king summons you, Danika. Do NOT keep him waiting.”

Danika’s heart skipped a beat. She dreads this, the most. She hasn’t seen the king in five days. Since that night....

She forced her mind back to the present, said goodbye to Sally and walked on her own to his chambers.

She knocked and entered the room, but couldn’t find the king. Chad entered to tell her that the king is still in a meeting but will be out shortly.

She nodded. After he closed the door, she looked around the room openingly for the first time. The room looks just like him. Sophisticated.

She saw an adjoining door and walked right through it. It was a library.

Danika gasped, amazed at the amount of books that are there. As a person that likes books too, they drew at her.

She walked shelf after shelf, looking through the back of the books and the insides.

She must have lost track of time. She held a book in her hand, reading so engrossed. There were red smears to the back of the book and she wondered if that's the way the book cover is.

She knew the exact moment she wasn't alone anybody.

She turned and saw the king standing at the door of the library, his face expressionless, his eyes cold and angry.

"How dare you come in here?" He growled in a low voice.

Fear gripped Danika, but she didn't let it show. She bowed her head. "Please, f-forgive me, your Majesty. I lost track of.....everything." She whispered.

He stared at her, disdain written all over his features. "Drop that book back." He snarled.

She brought the book like it burned her hand.

"Kneel."

Her knees sank to the floor. She held her hands together and twisted them.

"Come here." He looked so angry, he scared her.

She walked on her knees towards him on the floor. Her knees arching, she stared up at him.

He leaned down and his hand went to her neck. He wrapped his big hand around her collared neck and squeezed, choking her.

Danika's eyes widened as her breathing hitched, she found it hard to draw in breaths.

His hand only tightened, his eyes blackened in dull rage. "You don't ever come in here again, Danika. Ever. Because I'll truly kill you then."

Tears filled Danika's eyes. He wasn't using all his strength but he was truly choking her. She tightened her hands on her skirt to keep from holding his hand.

He let her go. His eyes bloodshot.

“But, then again, your father never gave Melia a choice when he spilled her b***d...” His low voice like granite, “...right here. With that book you were holding in your hand.”

Melia...his late sister. Melia, the pregnant princess dead in this library.

Danika lowered her head, her neck burning as she tried to drag in breaths. Will she ever outrun the sins of her father?

He turned away from her and started deeper into his bedroom to his writing chair behind the desk, waiting for her to follow.

She followed him on her knees. His personal bodyguard, Chad, was sitting down on the other chair in the room.

Another person? Is he going to share her? Her heart is in her throat as she moved on her knees.

Could this be it? Or is it what she's been dreading all week.

As a slave, she's long overdue for at least one torture session. Could it be why he summoned her?

No, no, no! She was almost panicking.

She'll pick that he shares her with as many men as he wants, than to command her torture session.

She doesn't want to be tortured. She dreads it with all the bone in her body.

She got to his chair, and waited beside him, her body trembling. Her heart beating loud in her chest.

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Chapter 16

Danika was still kneeling, she stared up at the King, her heart beating in her chest. She doesn't know what to expect.

Will he share her or command her torture session?

“Get up and strip, Danika.” He commanded, opening up yet a new scroll.

Chad was in the room and for the first time, Danika couldn't pick up what the man was thinking or feeling. It was something to be afraid of because the man was always like an open book.

But now, his face remained as expressionless as Lucien's. Her hands turned sweaty.

She got up and started removing her clothes one after another. She removed the pins on her hair, loosening it wildly. Then, she removed everything from her corset down to her underthings.

Naked, she tried not to stare at any of them, her gaze pinned to the ground.

“To the table.” King Lucien's voice came again.

Danika swallowed tightly and started for the table. She doesn't know what's with him and the table. She's only been on the bed just once....that first time.

She closed her eyes, pressing tightly on her table, almost hugging it like a refuge.

She felt the movement when he came up behind her and pressed against her, his body covering her. Her a*s cushioned his heavy e*****n perfectly.

Danika kept her eyes tight. You don't have to look, she told herself. She doesn't know if it's the big Chad behind her or the king himself.

She kept her eyes tight and willed her mind to believe that it's the king.

But, when he snaked his hand to her front and caressed her breasts, Danika whimpered because she knows instantly that it's not the king.

The king doesn't caress or play. He goes right down to taking what he wants.

Chad turned her around and pressed closer to her, he was still dressed completely. His touch was surprisingly gentle as he forced her to look at him.

“This is a session, Danika.” He g*****d.

Her heart ran out of her chest and all the b***d drained from her face.

He must know what the reaction means, because he shook his head. “Not a torture session. Actually, this is the only session a slave enjoys.”

“I'm here to teach you how to pleasure, Danika. How to take and receive pleasure. There will be...less pain in here.”

His English was halting as usual. His handsome chiseled face staring at her. Up close, she found out that there's a thin scar running down his cheek too. Just like the King's...but thinner.

She wondered how much this two has been through together?

And what does he mean by pleasure and less pain? She can't understand what he's saying. She has only known pain from them...from the king. She doesn't know pleasure.

He urged her on top of the low table and spread her on it. His hands on her breast caressed and soothed, but she couldn't relax.

"Relax your mind, Danika. Free yourself." His voice was almost hypnotic. Almost.

When he lowered his head and took her nipple into his mouth, she whimpered and drew taut like a drawn arrow.

She doesn't want his hands on her. She doesn't want anybody's hand on her. The pleasure will be a sham. Pain is the only feeling s*x produces, she is very intimate with this knowledge.

The more he suckled and caressed her, the more she stiffened and whimpered miserably.

She tried to relax herself because she truly doesn't want to be punish, but she couldn't.

When his sturdy fingers caressed her womanhood, she almost jumped out of her skin.

He frowned, watched her face as he did it again. She looked as pale as a ghost, staring back at him as her eyes watered.

He leaned closer and pushed his face towards her ear, "If you truly want to survive being a slave, you have to learn to BE a slave, princess. In any session, in any torment, you close your mind and say...I have to survive. I won't give them the satisfaction of seeing me dead."

"The words work like magic, sometimes. It is one of the ways we survived too." He lowered his voice the more, "You'll be going to court again soon, you'll need this knowledge...you'll need to learn how to pleasure. Your introduction must have taught you how sexually inclined the kings are, yeah?"

She nodded, swallowing tightly.

He nodded too. "You might never know what's ordered of you. I think the king is doing you a favour with this sessions, and I don't even know why. Most of us had to learn through pain and lots of humiliation in court. Including him." He whispered the last part.

That said, he began f*****g her with his finger in earnest, his eyes watching her face observingly.

She closed her eyes and tried to take his advice. She forced her mind to relax while he worked his finger into her tight sheath.

Very good.” He complimented, approvingly.

Her eyes opened and found the King on this writing chair, he was looking at them closely. At her. There was no sort of expression on his face.

Tension filled her. The more she tried to relax, the less she is. The session wasn't going well.

When Chad started unbuckling his pants, she heard the King's voice for the first time.

“Enough, Chad.” His low voice reverberated, his eyes flared.

Danika would have sworn that she saw something like...possessiveness...in his eyes for a minute, before he blinked and it was gone. Just the cold and unfeelingness again.

Maybe, she imagined it.

Chad stopped immediately and stared at the king in confusion.

“Stop touching her. Teach her how to pleasure a man.” He ordered, and began writing again.

“As you wish, your Highness.” Chad urged her down from the table and lowered himself towards the nearest chair.

He unbuckled himself and pulled out his p€nis from his leather pants.

He was big and Danika was glad that the king called a stop to him taking pleasures from her body. It would have hurt badly.

“Run your hand on it.” He urged, taking her hand and teaching her how to run it up and down his phallus.

How to caress it. How much pressure to add. What not to do. The more he thought her, the more he complimented that that she's doing well and she's a fast learner.

It made her more confident, her hands stopped trembling and she did everything he said.

Suddenly, she had the great urge to please. But, not Chad. She wanted to please Lucien. She knew he was watching.

“Now, the mouth.” He urged her mouth down on him and even though she didn’t know what he expects of her, she let him urge her head down on her.

In the long minutes that followed, he taught her how to take him deep. How to get it down right. How to get past her gag reflex. How to suck on it. How to hold it with her throat.

It wasn’t easy to learn but he was very patient with her. She was glad that it’s Chad holding this session....she can’t begin to imagine how bad it’ll be if it’s another stranger.

And one that wears his hatred for her and her father up his sleeves.

More time passed before he was groaning, and she was openingly sucking him, doing everything he taught her.

She applied the right amount of pressure and he sucked in a breath, grunting as he came into her mouth.

She ceased her breath and swallowed quickly like he taught her. She kept on until she milked him dry, then, he tugged himself back into his leather pants, still breathing heavily as he stared at her.

“You did well, Danika. You did really well.” He surprised her when he kissed her forehead.

Danika knew that her father had been very cruel to this man. Why wasn’t he being as cruel to her?

She stared at him as he got up, and just then, she heard ruffle of movements. She followed it to see the king striding in measured strides towards her.

“Go out, Chad.” He hesitated, his eyes on her, “You can wait on the door or you can call Vetta.”

“Yes, my king.” He proceeded to do just that.

The king started forward. “To the bed.”

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Chapter 17

The king started forward. "To the bed."

She nodded, relieved that it's the bed but at the same time scared out of her mind.

She knows what he's capable of doing to her and just the thought of it had panic closing down her throat.

She climbed on it and gave him her back. She closed her eyes tight and started a silent prayer to the Creator in her mind. She was so scared, her body shaking.

The ruffle of clothes were heard, then he came up behind her. She was liquid underneath from the session, and his searching hands soon discovered it.

He g*****d approvingly and guided himself towards her opening, his hand holding her h**s as he worked himself into her. He didn't shove right in, like he did that night in her room.

Instead, he pushed slowly, stretching her until he was all the way inside her.

It burns as always, and it hurts, but...there was something else. That feeling she couldn't explain.

He leaned closer into her and his breath caressed her ear. "Every slave gets a reward from her master from time to time for doing a good job....for pleasing her master. I'll give you for first reward today. Here."

Reward? She knew it was done, but she's sure her father never practiced it.

Why would he want to reward her? And how? Surely, hurting her doesn't amount to a reward.

So many questions and pleas and protests in her mind, but she said nothing.

She wasn't understanding anything he's saying, but she still responded. "Thank you, master."

He leaned back, withdrew himself from her and pushed into her again. He began a long but steady movement.

Danika clenched her hands on the bed and took his strokes. She was half afraid that he'll yank on her hair, or hurt her breasts, or slap her butt. She was so afraid that he'll do a lot of hurtful things again.

But, he didn't.

Instead, he kept up the steady thrusts until she had the unbearable urge to push back against him.

She didn't understand what he was making her feel. It was overwhelming, but it wasn't pain.

His hand snaked to her breast and he twerked her nipple, applying slight pressure at the same time, he angled his thrusts.

Danika made a sound on her throat, pushing back against him. Such unfamiliar response from herself confused and scared her at the same time.

He began a faster pace. Plunging in and out of her. Soon enough, she was moaning underneath him. Making little sounds of pleasure on her throat.

Her eyes closed as pleasure sipped through her, her body trembling under the onslaught. She reveled in the sensation she doesn't understand, but was overwhelming her.

When he tangled his hand in her hair, she stiffened immediately, the sensation forgotten and she whimpered with fear, waiting for him to yank hard on it.

But, instead of yanking on it, he pulled her back to meet his thrusts. His other hand snaking down to caress the nub between her legs.

"Oh..." The sound escaped her in breathy exclamation.

The motions relaxed her as he rubbed in a circular motion the same time plunged and strained behind her. He never made a sound behind her.

She was suddenly climbing an edge she doesn't understand....and it scared her too, but she didn't fight him or struggle against him.

She cried out when an unbearable sensation suddenly burst through her, her body trembling under his as she met liquid around him.

Her hands gave out and she collapsed on the bed, sobbing aloud unable to control herself. He kept his thrusts short and steady while the feeling washed over her completely.

He pulled away from her then and she laid there, trying to catch her breath, trying to understand what happened to her. There was no bone in her body anymore.

Her eyes watched as he turned away from her. He never removed his clothes with her. She has never seen his organ before but she knows it's large and manly because of the way it feels inside her.

Is it also his hatred for her that makes him stay clothed with her?

"Who's behind the door?" He g****d, l**t...and something akin to pain, in his voice. He didn't raise his voice, but he never had to.

The door opened and Chad entered. "Mistress Vetta went into the village."

His shoulders stiffened, drawing taut with tension.

"L-Let me do it...w-with my mouth." Danika whispered from the body, her body still liquid. Her cheeks flushed at her own words, but she didn't take them back. Didn't want to.

She was feeling so sleepy, the events of the day finally catching up with her.

She knows instinctively that he didn't find pleasure from what just happened. He likes it rougher and with a measure pain attached. She doesn't know why, but she was almost certain of it.

He stared over his shoulders and said nothing. Instead, he became more tensed, he never said a word to her.

Then, he glanced forwards towards chad. "Kneel."

His knees hit the ground, the king unbuckled himself and Chad took him deep into her mouth. Just the way he'd taught her.

She can barely keep her eyes open and she feared that he'll tell her to get out as usual, because she isn't sure if her weak muscles could carry her.

It didn't take long before he grunted out his pleasure and pulled out from Chad's hot mouth. He buckled himself up and stepped back.

As usual, he didn't look like a man who just found his pleasure, his face as hard and cold as always.

Chad watched the king as he turned and stared at the bed. King Lucien paused when he saw Danika was sleeping on his bed.

Chad stiffened because he knows the king will react badly to this. Lucien doesn't like anybody on his bed...on his personal space.

King Lucien has more demons to fight than any of them.

No woman sleeps on that bed...not even Vetta, his mistress of five years.

When he turned towards Chad, Chad lowered his head and awaited his command.

It's either the king orders him to throw her out, or he angrily barks her awake and order her to get out.

He was surprised when King Lucien walked passed him towards the bathroom. "Wrap her up and take her to her room, Chad. Do not wake her." He ordered in a low g***n.

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Chapter 18

Chad wrapped her up like the King ordered and carried her out of the room. Danika slept exhaustedly in his arms while he carried her away from the King's quarters, down to the servant quarters.

He just rounded the corner when he saw Vetta coming forward. She took one look at them, and her eyebrows shot up.

"What's wrong with her?" She asked as she strode forward, her forehead knitted in a frown.

"She had a session." Chad answered simply.

A smile spread across Vetta's face and her heart lifted. She wants the Princess to keep suffering for everything her family did to them. No amount of pain is enough.

"She passed out? Which session? The whip? Strip session? Crawl and torture? Devil's session? Which one?" She called most of the names the slaves had given most of the torture sessions over the years, barely able to curb her excitement.

"It wasn't any of those, Mistress."

That had Vetta frowning again. She took a good look Danika who was wrapped up in a white sheet, her face peaceful in sleep.

She searched for bruises, but couldn't find any. Surely, that white sheet is supposed to be stained with b***d? Where are the bloods?

She placed her hand on the sheet, opening them a bit, but she only sure white flawless skin. No bruises.

When she tried to search deeper, Chad reacted for the first time, taking a step back with the bundle wrapped in his arms.

"She's sleeping. The king gave instructions not to wake her." He said, politely.

She clamped up. "Why would the king give instructions like that!?"

"I don't know why the king does the things he does, Mistress Vetta."

Vetta was practically spitting fire, trying to figure out what's going on. "The king took s***| pleasures from her?"

Chad nodded reluctantly.

"Who finished for him? Her!?" She tensed up.

"I did."

She relaxed a bit. Better Chad than the stinky slave. The king has no likeness for men in a carnal way. She and Chad knows this personally.

But, some things just don't add up.

She faced Chad again, staring at him defiantly, and he lowered his head in respect for her.

They're no more slaves, and Chad is in a very respectable position where everybody treats him with respect. The King's personal guard, is no small position at all.

But all in all, she's still at the head. She's his mistress, and the king has no queen yet, so she's definitely at the top. And she's going to be Queen.

"So, if she served the king why is she this way?" She asked haughtily.

"The king rewarded her for being good." He answered rather reluctantly and left it at that. Knowing Vetta, she'll pick it up soon.

She did. Her eyes darkened in anger, sheer disbelief and confusion.

"He gave her pleasure...?" She could barely get the word out of her tight throat.

Chad shrugged, "It's a pleasure session. She fell asleep on his bed."

"Don't give me that! You and I know that there's no such session as pleasurable!" She narrowed her eyes, "How can he do something like that!? After everything we went through!?"

"I'm not entitled to know why the king does the things he does."

His answer only infuriated Vetta all the more but then, it actually dawned on her what he just said. "What? On his bed....?"

Jealousy was riding her hard. He never allowed her to sleep on that bed...ever. "Why would he allow a slave like her on his bed?"

Chad almost told her that he's the king and that gives him right to do everything he wants to do. He almost reminded her that the king went through hell too, she's not the only person that did, so why is she taking it so personal?

He has always been a man of few words, so he said nothing.

"Where's the king!?" She hissed.

"In his chambers. Although, I'm not sure he'll like to be distur—"

She stormed past him in anger and took angry strides away.

Chad continued forward until he arrived at Danika's room. He was about to open the door when the door swung open.

Sally rushed out of the room, took one look at him and the way he carried the Princess, and burst out crying.

"He has k-killed her?" The kings kill slaves all the time, it means nothing. A slave is just an animal not human, it means nothing if their b***d is shed.

That's exactly the rules of King Cone....and so many other kings.

"She's not dead, Miss. She's just sleeping." He carried her inside the house and dropped her on the bed, gently.

Danika sighed, shifted comfortably and settled back into sleep.

Sally let out a deep breath of relief and bowed her head rapidly in greetings. "Thank you so much, sir. Thank you so much."

He was embarrassed by her enthusiastic greetings. Chad knows this girl so much, starting from his period in captivity.

“You’re welcome, miss.” He inclined his head.

Sally blushed fiery red and ducked her head. “I’m not ‘miss’, I’m no girl of privilege, sir. I’m just Sally.”

Chad nodded, and left the house.

Sally stared worriedly at her princess. She confirmed her steady rise and fall in breathing, she was able to relax a little. She’s not dead. She’s just sleeping.

Vetta stormed to the door of the king, but the two guards on the door blocked her way. It’s actually the first time she was blocked from seeing king, it made her really mad.

“Get out of the door, now!” She commanded them.

They bowed their head. “I’m so sorry, mistress. The messenger is in the room and the king instructed that nobody should disturb.”

She stopped and listened carefully. She couldn’t hear a thing. The King’s chambers has really thick walls, but she wasn’t exactly thinking clearly at that moment too.

“I dare you to place a filthy finger on me!” She stormed past them and pushed the big door open.

She stopped short when she saw that indeed, she just interrupted an important business.

A message man stood at the center of the room with a long scroll, reading out loud from it while the King sat behind his desk listening attentively.

When she stormed in, they stopped and stared at her. Anger darkened King Lucien’s eyes.

“Vetta?” One word. A loaded question.

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Chapter 19

When she stormed in, they stopped and stared at her. Anger darkened King Lucien's eyes.

"Vetta?" One word. A loaded question.

"I'm s-sorry, my king. I didn't know you were in the middle of something so important..." She faltered because she did know, but she didn't believe.

Lucien's mouth flattened in displeasure. He turned his attention back to the message man. "Get out." He dropped in a dismissive tone.

Vetta doesn't need to be told twice. She bowed her head and stepped out of the room in shame.

She didn't have to go and disgrace herself like that at all. Slave Danika got her all twisted, she's taking actions without thinking them through. She shouldn't do impulsive things that'll make the king lose favor in her.

No, she need to do other things, she thought with a sudden smile.

It's high time she takes that torture session the king already gave her permission to. She just have to get Danika alone.



Danika woke up the next morning to see the whole room swept and cleaned. She doesn't need anybody to tell her that it's Sally.

And speaking of Sally....

She looked around but couldn't find her former personal maid. "Sally?" She called.

When she saw that Sally really isn't around, she got up from the bed. Last night was a little bit hazy. She can still remember the session. The things Chad taught her.

The things the King did to her.....

Danika doesn't understand how that was possible. How can something that gives such tormenting pain, give such pleasurable sensation too?

She remembered the way the thing was with her last night, and her insides warmed up. It's a side of him she never thought he had.

How many other sides does he have apart from the side that hates and wants to punish her?

The king is the most unpredictable man she's ever known. Not that she has known a lot of men.

She got up from the bed, holding the white sheet to her body when it dawned on her that she's naked underneath it. Her jaws hurt from overuse.

How did she fall asleep? How did she end up in her bed?

She g*****d miserably when she realized that she fell asleep on the King's bed. Will he punish her for it later?

She forced the thought out of her mind. No need dwelling on the things she can't change.

She found her sandals cleaned out and kept waiting beneath the bed. A smile crossed her lips as she slipped her legs into them.

The room smelled fresh. None of her clothes are still in the small cloth cabinet.

The door burst open and Sally entered carrying a bunch of red roses. "Good moooooorning, my princess. I see you're wide awake now."

"That, I am, Sally."

"How do you feel?"

"I feel very good." Danika looked around, "This place is looking so beautiful. Thank you, Sally."

She flushed under the compliment. "You know it's nothing, my princess. You've always liked the place tidy and airy and I brought roses too!" She stretched out her arms, grinning excitedly.

Danika took the bundle and sniffed it. The fresh scent of the flowers almost had tears burning her eyes. Doly, but she missed this so much.

"I know how much you love them, my princess! I might not be so good in learning to read and to write, but I still remember a lot of things too!" She enthused excitedly.

"They're so beautiful, Sally." She could barely speak with the emotion tightening on her throat.

Her day always started by looking grim, and her wondering how much suffering she's endure in the day. But, here Sally is, changing a lot of things for her.

"I know, right!?" She whirled towards the wardrobe and looked guilty. "I'm sorry about the clothes, I washed them because they no longer have fresh scents even though they're still clean."

"You should have woke me up to go wash together. I would have helped."

Sally looked absolutely horrified at such prospect. "No way. Never."

Before Danika could say anything else, she was grinning and talking again. "I want to go into the village and get some things the room is missing. I'll be back soon!"

"Oh, Sally... You might get in a big trouble, staying here with me. I love that you're here in my room, but I don't want you to get in trouble for leaving the palace slave's quarters to come stay here with me."

"No one cares in the palace quarters, so no one will tell on me." She lowered her voice in a staged whisper, "I think Madam Baski knows I'm here, and she doesn't mind. She didn't tell on me."

"Really?" Danika whispered too.

She nodded her head, enthusiastically, grinning from ear to ear. "I've got to go into the village, but I'll be back reeeeeal soon!"

Danika nodded, "Alright."

She stopped at the door and turned with a huge grin. "The day is looking so bright, my princess!"

Danika's lips stretched into a big smile on it's own. "The only person brightening up the day is you, Sally."

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Chapter 20

After Sally left, Danika made her way to the bathroom and took her bath. Then, she was dressing up.

There's no going to the mines today because of the gemstone Sally found yesterday. The reminder made her smile a little as she put on her petticoat.

She might go into the village today and check out if she can find a library. It's been so long she read, she has missed it terribly.

The thought firmly on her mind, she was putting on her slave wear when the door suddenly burst open.

Mistress Vetta strode in like she owns the place, with two hefty guards.

Danika bowed her head to the woman even as she fixed the last button of her dress together.

She walked closer to Danika, her eyes filled with so much loathing. She didn't say a word to her. Instead, she turned to the guards.

"Get her." She ordered as she turned and marched out of the room.

Before she could process the command, the two of them grabbed hold of her arms and started dragging her out of the room.

Her heart beat wildly in her chest, and her breathing turned erratic in sheer panic. Danika always knows that this woman hated her badly. Sometimes, she just doesn't know which of them hated her more. The King, or his mistress.

"Where are you taking me!?" She gasped, asking no one in particular but she needed the answer all the same.

No one answered her. They dragged her through rounded hallways and Danika recognizes this route.

It leads to the underground dungeon, the place she spent her first week on this place.

At the dungeon, they pushed her inside, she was barely able to catch herself. When she caught her footing, she stared at the king's mistress as she drew closer to her.

"Well, well, well. Look who we have here..." Vetta drawled, obviously enjoying herself.

Danika's insides are practically quivering in fear and panic but she didn't let it show on the outside. She wouldn't give this woman the satisfaction.

"What am I doing here?" She asked politely, but her chin was tilted in that upward manner only a royalty can attain with ease.

Vetta took one step closer and slapped her so hard across the face, Danika's head whipped to the side. For a full minute, she couldn't hear a thing as her ear rang, the pain reverberating all through her body.

"Let's get one thing straight, Slave." Vetta intoned, fastening her hand into Danika's hair and yanking it back to stare at her face openingly. "You do not get to question me!"

Danika gritted her teeth. She said nothing, but her eyes burned with fire and anger for this woman.

The king's torture is one thing...but a torture from his mistress is one that riles her up so much, especially when she hasn't done anything personally to deserve it.

Vetta saw the fire in her eyes, and it only angered her the most. She smiled wickedly as she let go of her hair with a hard tug and stepped back.

"And to answer your question as to why you're here....you're about to get your first torture session. One you deserve."

Something curled up inside Danika and died. Somehow, she'd always known at the back of her mind that this woman didn't bring her here for chit chats or anything. The woman's hate for her is always clear on her face as boldly written words.

For a moment...just a moment...Danika felt the urge to beg her to have mercy on her. Then, just as instant, the feeling passed.

She knows for sure that this woman would never have mercy on her if she rolled on the floor and pleaded from now till the Creator comes down to earth.

"Won't you say anything, Slave!?" Vetta snarled angrily with an evil smile, "What? Won't you beg me? I know you will when you find out what I have in mind."

"If I plead, would you pardon me?" Danika asked.

"Let me think...let me think..." She pretended to think about it. She gasped and grinned, "Nope, I probably would say 'over my dead body'"

"Then there's no reason to plead, Mistress." She shrugged.

Vetta hated the attitude. She came closer and slapped her cheek. Again. "Do NOT give me attitude, you useless slave!"

Danika decided that she has nothing to lose. She's about to torture, and there's no escaping it. She might as well do what she's been longing to do since she became a slave.

She added all the energy to her hand and slapped Vetta so hard, the sound of it was heard all over the place.

The guards gasped. Vetta g*****d in pain, utterly stunned. How dare her!

“Tie her up! Now!” She raged angrily, her cheeks hurting.

The guards rushed forward and took hold of her arms.

Danika still glared at her so badly, a small smile on her lips when she saw the b***d that pulled by the side of Vetta’s mouth.

“I’ll make you regret this!” Vetta vowed.

Sally just finished buying the things she needed to keep the room fresh and beautiful from town. She was so happy, it was all over her face as she skidded into the palace.

She ran headfirst into a wall. No, not a wall, a person.

Her wrapped bundles fell to the ground and shattered. “Oh, I’m so sorry! I wasn’t looking, I’m so sorry!”

It was the King’s personal guard, she found out when she took steps back and stared into the man’s face. “I’m so sorry, sir!” She cried again.

“It’s alright, Miss.” Chad g*****d when he saw how panicked the girl has become. He bent down and started helping her pick her goods.

“No, no, no, you don’t have to worry yourself, please. I’m still so so so sorry.” She said in a rush, in an attempt to get him to stop helping her pick her fallen items from the ground.

Chad helped her with all of them and placed them in her outstretched arms. “It’s nothing to worry about, miss.”

Sally flushed and bit her lips. “I’m a slave...Sally.” The way he calls her miss, makes Sally feel like a privileged person, when she’s just a slave.

“I know you are, Miss.” He inclined his head a bit in respect for her, “Have a nice day ahead.”

Sally watched him as he moved past her and started down his road. The man is so polite and looks upon her like a person of respect.

A thrill of pleasure ran down Sally’s body. She found out that it’s something she likes.

Just as quickly, she started down her path again, smiling widely and greeting everyone she met.

She stared at the wrapped bundles in her hands. She didn't get to pay much for them at all. All the sellers seem to know her from back in the days in Mombana kingdom.

Some gave her for free. The others sold it for her at a very cheap rate. She still has all the money she budgeted when she went to market.

The money she made from the little time she worked as a help.

She was surprise when she got to the door and found it open but couldn't find her princess. Where is she?

"My princess?" She dumped everything on the table and headed out in search of her.

She started from the small laundry room at the back of the palace, to the bush where some maids cut grass. She asked every slave she came across but none of them saw her.

She was in the palace again searching, when a maid came to her. "Are you looking for the slave princess?"

"Yes, yes, please did you see her?" Sally was out of breath from running around and searching around.

The maid nodded. "The Mistress took her. I saw them taking her to the dungeon."

Sally's heart skyrocketed. "D-Dungeon?" She thanked the maid in stuttered words and took off in a race.

She was hearing the strokes of whip even before she drew close to the dungeon and burst the door open.

Her eyes widened. Her princess of tied standing with her arms sprayed, the clothing on her back was torn and a guard was whipping her with the devil's whip that hurts like hell.

Her back was bloody, her eyes were red with tears when they found Sally. But even as another stroke of whip landed on her back, the princess didn't make a sound at all.

"Oh, Creator!" Sally cried out, tears filling her eyes at the awful sight. She threw herself to her knees and faced the mistress.

"Please! Please, have mercy! P-Please, mistress, please! Let her go, please!" She cried sorrowfully.

Vetta kicked her, "Get out from here! How dare you burst into this place and think you can do anything you want!? Get out, now!"

"No, no, no, no, please..! Please, mistress, you have to l-let her go..." Sally sobbed, "I'll take the s-s-strokes for her, just let her go!"

"Isn't that so martyr of you!? Well, too bad, she's the bitch I want to take it!" Vetta snarled at her.

Danika watched the woman under her eyelash, her body hurting massively. She couldn't stop glaring at the mistress.

Vetta saw the look and only smiled. "What? Do you feel like hitting me again? Killing me?" Slowly, she stepped close to Danika and smiled, "I'll have you know that that's the exact way we feel when we're being tortured."

Danika watched the woman as she laughed in her personal space, standing so close to her as another lash of whip fell on her back.

"Too bad, you can only feel. You can never do a thing about it. Nothing." Vetta whispered to her ear.

Then, she snaked her hand towards the collar wrapped around Danika's neck. She caressed the red button, watched Danika closely, "I've always wanted to know the way you'll react to this...."

She pressed the button.

A wave of shock so massive travelled all over Danika's body in waves. She cried out as her knees buckled, she would have fallen if it wasn't for the ropes that tied her hands.

Sally screamed from the ground, crying unbearably, while Vetta just laughed.

"Oh my.... You do react to it so well." Vetta drawled, watching as spasms after spasms raked Danika's body.

Sally pleaded and pleaded but the mistress refused. Instead, she ordered the guards to lash her the more. The guards ordered and flogged Danika the more.

The sight was so painful and heartbreaking to Sally, it hurt her so much. The mistress will never listen to her, she decided.

She got up from the floor and ran out of the dungeon. The mistress wants to kill her princess! She will not allow it! Never!

She needed to find help. She just needed to, and she doesn't care who she has to ask....even if it's the King!

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