

# The Alpha King's Hated Slave

## Chapter 151

Her arms felt like water, but she was able to raise them and wrap around his head. They cuddled that way.

They listened to the sound of their breathings. Allowing the silence between them to stretch, it was a comfortable silence where the king tried to remember the details of what just happened, and Danika tried to suppress the feeling of worry for her child.

What was done, was done. At least if she lost the baby, it will save her from all the stress and worry about the king finding out, she tried to console herself.

She concentrated on the feeling of the King's head in between her breasts, his hand was caressing her skin the same way hers does to his head.

They almost seem like real couples, Danika thought with an inner sad smile. She closed her eyes to enjoy the moment.

"Thank you, Danika." His deep voice broke the silence at last.

Her eyes opened and she looked down at him, he turned towards her, his eyes on her face. He looked like a better version of her King because he looked more relaxed than she's ever seen him.

"I scared you. Then, I took you so savagely, already some part of your body where I gripped you are turning red." He said to her.

If only her body was her biggest problem. Her external comfortless, bruises and body is the least of her problem. The thoughts that she'll be saying goodbye to the life inside her is the main source of her problem.

"I'm fine..." She whispered, giving a small smile to emphasize that notion.

He laid his head back on her body, listening to sound of her breathing. What happened a few minutes ago still shakened him. How he had lost it.

He'd needed her badly. Never wanted to let her go. He can still remember how overwhelming it had all been. He never needed anybody the way he'd needed her few minutes ago.

And she'd been there. She was right there. And she never left.

He'd scared her. He'd hurt her severally—the thought does not seat well with him, and she was choked to her throat with terror and the need to escape him.

And yet, she didn't. She gave herself completely to him. Touching him. Urging him on. Caring for him.

He closed his eyes and the feeling washed over him. For the first time since his father died, he felt connected to another person. She never let him go.

And, for the first time in his life, he is willing to keep that connection. To fully give out his trust to her. She can never betray him. Or leave him.

A cherished memory prickled his head. He found himself opening his mouth to talk about it. "When I was a lad, my father was very strict when teaching me everything about being a good prince."

Danika released her breath softly and listened attentively. She couldn't resist touching him, and she didn't.

She whirled her fingers around his earlobes, slid it down to his stubble parch of his cheek and rested it there.

"He would teach me how to shoot an arrow. How to hunt, and to fish. How to make decisions in court. My father said that the strongest king is the king of his people not the king for his people." His eyed her plump breast with interest as he spoke.

"After every learnings from him I always feel bombarded and overwhelmed. I would run to my mother's chambers and fight with Melia about who will get the favorite spot where to seat and listen tell us stories. In the end, we will sit anywhere and she always reads to us. Told us lots of stories."

"As a child, she was my escape. After every tough day, I will go to her and she will make it all go away..." He swallowed tightly. "And then, one day, she was no longer there."

Danika didn't stop touching him. He pulled closer to the crook of her arm so that her breasts becomes a breath away from his face.

"I'm sorry." She breathed, not knowing what else to say.

He peaked out his tongue and licked her nipple twice. "It was difficult because I had to suddenly resume responsibility of so many people because my parents died, and still I failed them all. We ended up in slavery and experienced hell for ten years. Ten horrible years that lives at the back of my head, tormenting me all the time."

The way he paused in between few words told Danika how difficult is it for him to talk about this. And yet, he's telling her all about it so effortlessly.

He wrapped his mouth around her nipple and suckled in soft tugs, a shiver worked down her spine. He's fixated on her breasts to distract himself from his revelations.

One arm around his neck, and the other obsessed with his face, Danika held him like a woman would hold a child who nurses on his mother's breasts.

He let go of her nub with an inaudible pop and his eyes found hers. "I made Declan a promise that I will get him out of that hellhole. I failed to keep that promise and it haunts me. I held on to Declan like a lifeline because he's the last of my relative. The only person I had left."

Blue eyes fluttered closed and he pulled her back into his mouth, he sucked with more urgency this time around causing her to grimace. Her breasts were bigger and more sensitive.

He released her puckered nub reluctantly and began playing with them it until his fingers. "His death is never an easy one. I don't think I can ever get over it."

Emotion welled inside Danika that he'll open up to her like this. She swallowed down the lump on her throat, "Death of a loved one is never easy to get over, but we have to keep trying. That is because we we're alive, and we have to survive and keep our head above the waters."

She paused and debated if she should say the next thing on her mind. Would it upset him?

She took a blind leap at it. "When my father died, I mourned him. He was never really a father to me but he was all I had. That was before I found out how animalistic he is... That was before I found out that he was a monster who never loved anyone but himself. I don't have anyone too, but Sally. And she keeps me going. And now, she's married..."

Her throat closed up and she blinked hard to keep the tears. Her friend is married and she is happy.

He swiveled his head, pulling his attention away from her breast, he looked at her beautiful face laced with languid exhaustion.

King Lucien likes being this close to her. Maybe...just maybe...he can take a chance.

Maybe...just maybe...he can try to let one more person in. Someone who will not ever betray him. Someone who he can give more of his trusts. Someone who will never leave him.

“Promise me, Danika.” He whispered hoarsely.

“What, My King?”

“Promise me that you will never betray me. Promise me that you will never break my trust.” His voice took on a hard edge.

Danika swallowed. This is the second time he has said these words to her. They sent a shiver down her spine.

“I promise.” She vowed in a low voice.

“Promise me...” He buried his face to her neck, “Promise me... you’ll never leave my side.”

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## Chapter 152

“Promise me...” He buried his face to her neck, “Promise me... you’ll never leave my side.”

The vulnerability he shows her, shocked her so much. She cannot imagine how difficult these last words must have been to come from a hard and powerful man like him.

Her throat cloaked up, but she whispered hoarsely, “I promise.”

He looked up at her. Warmth filled his eyes for the first time in five years. He lowered his head again and kissed a small bruise on her neck.

“I will never forgive you if you break any of those promises, Danika.” He stated softly but vehemently.

“I will never forgive myself too.” She will never betray this man. Why will she ever betray him?

A man who has known more heartbreaks and emotional suffering than all the slaves in the whole twelve kingdoms, why will she ever betray him?

He took a deep breath, licking her neck. Silence descended.

Can I tell him about my pregnant now? Danika thought.

Just the thought had her heart in her throat. She opened her mouth, "I... I... I'm..."

He raised his head and looked at her, "What is it?"

She swallowed tightly, "I'm... I'm... I'm pr...." But the words caught on her throat.

"What if I get pregnant?" She blurted out.

He stiffened all over. One moment he felt like a man, and next, he felt like stone beside her.

The silence that followed was nervewrecking.

Then, "You should never worry about that. I have never given you to another man. I have never shared you before, and I do not have plans to share you with anybody." he looked her dead in the eyes, "So, that is not possible, Danika. That, I can assure you."

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Baski couldn't sleep, she worried herself sick. How is Danika doing? What is going on in that bedroom? Will the child be alright?

She was standing at the window, almost sick with worry. She'd heard Danika's screams, and since then, her heart refused to leave her throat.

She made the decision already. On the morn of the morrow, she will do everything within her power to get a good duration of time with the king...to explain about Remeta's gift.

If he knows and believes in Remeta's gift, all that would remain, will be to get Remeta to go to him and break the news to him.

It's their best chance of telling the king about Danika's pregnancy without endangering her and her child. On the morrow, she must find the courage to talk to him.

But, for tonight... What is happening in that room? She worried herself.

"Stop worrying, Mama. Come to bed, I feel scared." Remeta's sleepy voice came to her.

She turned to see Remeta sleepily rubbing her eyes. "I'm coming, my child."

"You need not worry about the Prince. He's fine in his father's arms now. Worry about the near future that scares Remeta, Mama. Worry about the three 'W'." She whispered sleepily.

A shiver worked down Baski's arm. "What scares you, my child? What is the three 'W'?"

Remeta only laid back on the bed and fell right back asleep.

Baski watched her labored breathing as she slept peacefully. In the end, she took her advice, and joined her on the bed.

Tomorrow is another day to worry about.



Sally stood in front of the mirror, looking so worried and so nervous, her hands were all sweaty.

It's her wedding night and she doesn't know how to go about it. She has tried not to think about it all day, but night has fallen and she's more nervous than a cat.

Madam Baski had called her to the privacy of get bedroom yesterday. She'd talked to her like a mother would do and she'd told her the things to expect on the marriage bed.

Madam Baski had told her that it's completely different than what the kings did to her and what the guards did to her too when she hustled to feed the slaves back in Mombana.

"I don't know how it'll be different, Madam Baski." She'd whispered confidingly.

"You'll see." The older woman had replied.

Standing in front of the mirror, she stared at herself. She'd bathed in scent water Madam Baski told the maids to arrange for her.

Dressed in her flimsy nightwear, her red hair pulled down well past her waist and her eyes emphasizing her nervousness. But, she has kept he husband waiting for long.

She came out of the bathroom and walked back into one of the bedrooms that has become thiers.

Chad just finished putting on his shorts when his new wife entered. She looked so small and nervous, and oh, so beautiful. He has never wanted another woman so much.

He walked close to her and took her hand into his, "I will never hurt you, Sally. I never ever want to hurt you. You look so scared... Maybe, we will not lay together until you are ready. I can wait. I don't want to hurt you."

His sincere words ceased some of her nervousness. The way his concerned eyes looked at her like she's the most beautiful woman...the most desirable woman.

She found herself shaking her head. "No, I want to be with you..."

His hand cupped her cheek tenderly, "Are you sure...? I can wait—"

"Yes. I'm very sure, my husband." The word sounded strange but very sweet to her. She loves him so much.

That was all Chad wants to hear. He pulled her closer and took her lips into a soft k\*\*s.

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## Chapter 153

Danika's heart flew right out of her. The king lowered his head again and closed his mouth around her nipple, he sucked and played with the other one.

The courage deserted her at his reply, and the fear of what he'll do when he finds out doubled. She must be a coward because she can't tell him about it anymore.

At least, not for today.

She'll talk to Baski and they'll think of another way to telling...another day. Today, she just wants to enjoy the peace and solitude and happiness of lying right here on the floor with him, and seeing a complete different side of him.

She doesn't have the guts to ruin this moment for them. She earned this beautiful moment. A m\*\*n slipped from her throat as he nibbled her softly.

"Is it my imagination or did your breast get bigger?" he pulled back and asked observingly. His finger plucked the rigid peak of her other breast, "And your nipple got darker too?"

The question shocked her. It shouldn't. She has always know that the king is very observant, she just didnt know that his observance will extend to where her body is.

"Uhm... It must be your imagination, My King." She prayed he wouldn't be suspicious.

“Mmh.” He dipped his head and licked around her nub.

What if I get pregnant?

The question shakens him and makes his heart ache. He couldn't blame her, it is not her fault for asking. She doesn't know about his medical issues, and he has been drawing sexual pleasures from her body a lot. She was bound to ask.

It doesn't make it hurt any less. Apart from the death of Declan, the next reason he knows affects him so much is the pain of knowing that his father's bloodline will die on his reign.

It is an unbearable pain. His generation has been on the throne and kept their bloodline going for more than 1000 years. And, suddenly, it has to come to an abrupt halt on his own reign.

If any of his male relatives were alive, he would have given him his queen for them to make an heir that will continue their bloodline. As many Royal families as done over the years.

But, he has no one. No relatives. No family. No child.

“Please, stop thinking about it...” Danika's soft melodic voice filled the air, “Whatever you're thinking now, please stop.”

His eyes found her. He saw the worry in hers and the deep pain in his. He blinked once and put the thought away...for her.

“I want to keep you close to me, Danika.” He breathed to her.

Her eyes watered at the heartfelt words. The king really likes her, she reasoned delightfully inside her. He might not love her, but he has taken to her.

She swiped the tears from her eyes. That's a big progress compared to the way he was with her when he made her his slave. “I want to be close to you too, My King.”

He kissed her lips, his tongue mated and danced with her in a song as old as time. She wrapped her arms around his neck, clinging to him... Making this moment last.

Finally, he pulled back. “There's a spy activity suspected in the kingdom of Navia, so Princess Kamara will still be here. The Courting Week will still go on, so I would not be able to be with you constantly. It is a act of disrespect to her and her family, and I would not want to do that.”



Once a princess, Danika understands perfectly what he was saving. She nodded sadly, but at the same time relief filled her. The Courting Week stops the king from taking sexual pleasures from her whenever he wants to and it's a good thing for her baby.

He laid his head back to her chest, enjoying the feel of her plump breast beneath his ear. "But once the Courting Week is over, you are mine, Danika."

Her heart skiddered away, "I've always been yours, My King." She has always been the King's Slave.

"Yes, you have always been mine. And you will keep being mine. I will stop restraining myself with you, Danika. You're the only woman that has seen all of me. You saw all and you are still here with me. You held me when I needed contact the most. You keep me sane." He g\*\*\*\*\*d hoarsely.

She felt each words vibrate her chest and heart. Her throat closed up with feelings.

"My upcoming marriage has weighted heavily on me for a long time. A woman who will have to touch me, try to talk to me, try to be in my personal space. It does not please me, but a king must do what he must, for his people."

"Yes, a king must." It hurts her so much to agree with him. She wants to be the only woman in his life. But she also knows how demanding the weight of duty is. If only she was still a Princess...

She closed her eyes against the pain. She no longer regrets how her fate turned out. She no longer has pains about it.

If she was never a slave, she would never have known King Lucien. She would never have had a chance to be with a man like him.

"But, I will keep you close to me, Danika. You know me and I can trust you. You have proven trustworthy. I have no one, but now, I have you." he looked her in the eyes, "I am not letting you go."

Vetta stood frozen behind the door. Her eyes wide, her heart cold as ice. She'd heard those words clearly. Shock was her first reaction.

She couldn't sleep so she came to seek him out. To hell with Courting Week, she'd stated, with all the intentions of coming to his chambers and seducing him to lay with her....

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## Chapter 154

CHAD AND SALLY'S NIGHT.

The kiss Chad gave Sally was very tender, sweet. Her thoughts turned off as she was inundated by his touch. An insidious weakness invaded her system.

Her eyes closed and her body trembled as she felt light sips taken from her mouth. His lips moved to her cheek, up to her forehead, and then to her ear. He kissed all part of her face reverently.

Her breathing fractured. Her hands slowly released their grip on her nightie, and moved to curl around his head. They kissed for very long minutes.

His hand cupped her soft breast, moving so that he could feel the nipple hard in his moist palm. "So beautiful."

Sally tried to breathe normally, but she couldn't. Her hand went to his broad chest and moved involuntarily over the hair-roughened muscles.

Her head tilted back, inviting his mouth.

He lifted her small body, she weighted almost nothing and he carried her to the bed. He felt fear that he might break his promise and hurt her. He didn't want to, but he is a big man and she is a small woman.

He laid her down very carefully on the bed, like she was porcelain. And, he began kissing her again because he couldn't help himself. He shifted her back onto the bed, sweeping the pillow out of the way.

He undressed her with slightly unsteady hands, she watched as he rid himself of his clothings too. Naked, he laid out on top of her and fused their lips together so that he wouldn't look down at his body and get more scared.

He has scars, and Sally has seem them before when she unexpectedly came in on him when he was undressing. His scars makes no difference to him, just like hers made no difference to him.

Slowly, deliberately, he knelt between her soft thighs and pushed them wide apart. His black eyes stabbed down into hers. His breath was audible as he looked down at her with possession.

He began touching her intimately, he caressed her sensitive bubble, and she shivered in his arms. Her soft arms was wrapped around him, and she pulled him closer, their lips dancing to the music as old as time.

She m\*\*\*\*d into his mouth as he rubbed her with slow, tender movements. Breaking their k\*\*s, he pulled back and watched her reactions.

“You’re so tight, you feel like a maiden.” he bit off with a grimace. “I don’t want to hurt you but I’m afraid I’ll do that. You’re going to feel it when I go into you.”

“I love you so much, my husband. I really want to be with you.” she whispered feverishly and bravely, laying her head to his shoulder.

He wants to be with her just as much, but he was also determined to take it easy and as gently as he can. He kissed her hair, down to her forehead, her neck.

He lowered his head and took her rosy nipple into his mouth. She cried out, her head thrown back. He suckled her rhythmically, loving her body so gently.

“Oh...” She sobbed in his arms as he treated her two gloves to the same treatment, while he touched and fingered her gently.

He was able to get a finger inside her wet sheath and he worked her with it until she soaked his fingers, writhing all over him.

“Please, please, I need you...” She cried mindlessly when she couldn’t take more, and she wanted more body contact from him.

He moved down over her, catching his weight on one elbow while his hand continued its maddening sweep against the moistness of her body. “I’m going to make you climax. When you do, I’m going inside you. Don’t want to hurt you.”

The blunt statement made her flush, even through the desire that was overwhelming her. Her lips parted on a shocked breath.

“I need you so much,” he whispered, bending to her breasts to k\*\*s them again. “You make me complete.”

“You complete me too.” She confided shyly. She wondered if she could faint lying down. What he was doing to her body was like slow torture.

She opened her legs even more, coaxing him, as the pleasure began to build into something frightening.

Her helpless little cries of pleasure were arousing him intensely. His mouth opened on her breast and his tongue worked at the hard nipple while his hand became insistent on her body.

She was shivering rhythmically now, lifting her h\*\*s to encourage him, incite him, to give her pleasure. Her head thrashed on the pillow.

“Chad...?” She gasped in fear, her eyes wide. What is he doing to her?

This must be what madam Baski means when she told her that it’s different, she realized with mindless pleasure. She has never felt anything so good.

She never knew women can feel like this in the arms of men because she has never felt that way. She only knew pain and torture from men, so this was really new and frightening.

He pulled back from her breast and kissed her forehead, “Trust me, sweet wife. My beloved... Just let go.”

Her hands gripped it on either side of her head. She m\*\*\*\*d harshly, her teeth clenching, as she started up a spiral of incredible tension.

He lifted his head and looked straight into her eyes, feeling the tension build. “Open your eyes and look at me,” he bit off.

She could barely focus. Her body was lifting and falling with every throb of pleasure. She ached for something just out of reach.

Her mind was focused on the distant goal that was so very close. She gasped with every touch, her dazed eyes staring into his almost fearfully.

“It’s over to let go, my sweetness. I’ll be right here to catch you,” he whispered roughly, unblinking. His own heart was shaking him.

He felt his body throbbing with insistence. The words didn’t make sense, and then they did. She was reaching, reaching, almost there, almost...there...!

“Oh!” she cried hoarsely as her whole body suddenly convulsed on a wave of pleasure so intense she thought she might die of it.

“Yes,” he m\*\*\*\*d. He withdrew his hand from her dripping wetness and moved suddenly over her, almost shaking with the urgency of how he needs her.

He got in between her and pushed down, impaling her.

Sally's eyes glazed over, she felt the sharp intrusion, but the burn became part of the pleasure, part of the throbbing heat that shook her body.

His lean hands gripped her wrists and his weight crushed her into the mattress as his h\*\*s moved roughly, his body penetrating in a fever of anguished need.

She stared into his eyes as she convulsed, seeing his face harden, tighten, his eyes like glittering black diamonds. He was groaning, his body shivering as the rhythm became insistent, urgent, fiercely demanding.

He bent to k\*\*s her bruisingly, his breath mingling with hers in the anguished rush for fulfillment. His body was throbbing in time with hers, his powerful legs trembling as he drove into her.

He wants her too much. It hasn't been easy, having her so close for months but unable to touch her. And now, she's his forever. Tonight, he'd fought really hard for control and he won.

He lifted his head and looked into her eyes at

point-blank range as the rhythm built to utter madness and the sound of the springs was as loud as their rough, frantic breathing.

Suddenly he arched down into her and stilled, his eyes wide and black as his lean body began to convulse.

"Sally," he ground out hoarsely. "I love you so much," he whispered unsteadily, holding her eyes while the world went blazing into oblivion.

The words made the fever burn even higher. She watched him as satisfaction shook him above her, his face clenched hard, his eyes closing finally in the maelstrom of passion that rocked his own body.

It was beyond imagining. She felt him burst inside her, felt the heat of their passion explode. He cried out and she watched until he blurred in her wide, shocked eyes.

She relaxed suddenly, feeling him impale her even farther as he drained the climax of it's final weak throbs.

He collapsed into her arms, damp with sweat, shivering in the aftermath, as she was. She held him weakly, tears rolling down her cheeks as she moved involuntarily against his still-aroused body to hold on to the echoes of fulfillment that stabbed into her with exquisite little thrills of pleasure.

Oh yes, this is exactly what madam Baski meant. She signed out, her chest rising and falling.

He lay over her, feeling her body move. He was awed. No s\*\*\*\*l experience of his entire life compared with it. He'd known so much horror and terror, this is an ultimate taste of heaven. He never expected it to be half this way.

He pulled her tired body into his arms. "Thank you so much, Sally."

"No, I should be the one thanking you, Chad." She whispered tearfully.

"We will just thank each other." He g\*\*\*\*\*d, watching her sleepy eyes.

"My husband?" She whispered.

"Yes, my wife?"

"When you sleepwalk tonight or any other night, you can go around and come back here to my body. I will welcome you so much..." She breathed shyly, burying her face to his chest.

Chad felt his heart tighten in his chest. He can never deserve this girl, but he is never letting her go.

"I would want that too." He g\*\*\*\*\*d hoarsely.

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## Chapter 155

Vetta was sheathing as she walked out of the bedroom. Suddenly, she wished she never came here.

She wished she never heard the incoherent mumbles, and she never pressed her ear so glued to the door to decipher the things they said. She wished she never got curious.

"Good night, Mistress." A maid greeted her with a bow as she passed.

Vetta only glared daggers at the maid and matched right past her. What is so good about the night!?

There is nothing—ABSOLUTELY NOTHING!—good about this night!

Danika is right there inside that bedroom.

The king drew sēxual pleasures from her body and sated himself on her. During courting season. Not only that, he is saying such ridiculous words to Danik she never expected him to say.

Words she kept hoping the king would say to her!

Vetta whirled around and glared at the hallway that leads to the King's Chambers. She was raging. A new urgency filled her.

Over her dead body will he be able to keep that witch close to him. She will break whatever it is between them, she will scatter it to pieces beyond repair.

And she knows where to start.

She whirled around and marched right out of the hallway. She will deal with this issue really well.

And, she knows the right place to start. She headed for Princess Kamara's bedroom.



King Lucien and Danika laid down there, doing nothing and thinking of absolutely nothing. Just taking a break from the world.

A lot of time passed as they touched each other. Enjoyed being in each other's arms. They talked and talked about their past lives...the parts that weren't filled with so much pain.

"I am very tired, and my head is pounding. I feel dizzy too." The king finally said.

Danika has her hand running lazily at his broad back and chest. She is tired too, and oh, so sleepy.

She wished the night will never end because she doesn't know what tomorrow will bring. She wants this moment with the king to last forever. But as midnight drew closer, it became a struggle to keep her eyes open.

"I am sleepy too," she admitted. Then, she asked hesitantly, "Do you want to get on the bed...?"

He shook his head, kissing the top of her breast. He spent years lying down in cold cell. This is nothing. "No. I don't want to move an inch from here."

"Me too." She whispered.

He stretched his hand, reaching for his discarded rope. He picked up the big fur cloth and wrapped it around them. "There is no guards at the door or I would have called them. You need to shout for them, can you do that?"

He'd hidden their nakedness, so she nodded. He gave a nod of approval.

"Guards!" She shouted, burying her red flushed face to his chest.

A minute passed before they they heard the sound of a key going into the lock from behind the door. It opened and a guard entered. Shock blanketed his face when he saw the king lying on the ground with his slave.

He was quick to mask his shock and bowed his head. "My king, you sent for me."

"Reach the bed and get me the big bedsheet, Zariel."

"At your command, Your Majesty." In quick strides, he reached the bed and withdrew the huge bedsheet that decorated the bed.

He didn't need to what for the command, instead, he covered the king and the former princess's body with the big blanket.

"You can go now." The king said.

Zariel bowed again and walked out, closing the door behind him.

The King pulled his fur cloth from under the bedsheet and dropped it aside.

He pulled her closer, raised her leg and threw it over his h\*p, opening her up to him. He began surging into her.

She cried out, her eyes going wide. She was sore down there.

"I won't hurt you more. I will take it easy." He breathed into her neck, "I want to sleep inside you."

Her heart fluttered. The things he said to her always has this effect on her. She also wants to be that close to him. So so close, the closest she can get.

"I want that too. I want to fall asleep with y-you inside me." She whispered shyly, thankfully that he wasn't looking at her. Instead, he was nibbling on her neck.

His h\*\*s pulled back and slowly... With a gentleness she never knew he possessed, he pushed himself into her. Inch by delicious inch.



Sore tight muscles gave slowly, they stretched to accommodate him. Her breath hitched, she bit her lips. She was sore, but the feel of him is heavenly.

Finally, he was really so deep inside her, she almost panicked that he'll be hitting her cervix again. But, he stopped pushing and took a deep breath against her.

She breathed out, and relaxed in his arms.

Wrapped in each other's arms, spread out on the floor of his chambers, the King's head to her bosom and a part of him buried so deep inside her, they fell asleep.

They fell into a peaceful sleep...because their hearts is at peace.

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## **Chapter 156**

Vetta knocked on the door of Princess Kamara's bedroom. She waited impatiently for the door to open. She knocked again and again and again.

Finally, she heard footsteps and the door opened. The princess stood behind the door, and from the look of it, it doesn't look like she's been sleeping.

"What are you doing in my bedroom?" Kamara asked, surprised to see the mistress standing behind her door.

"I need you to come and see something." Vetta stated to her. The mistress looked a little smug too.

Kamara crossed her hands. "Why would I want to go anywhere with you in the middle of the night? For all I know you might be a woman of bad mind and you would want to harm me."

"Why would I want to do that!?" Vetta hissed. She didn't like the insult...being addressed as a woman with a bad mind.

"I do not know. You tell me."

"Listen, I only want to show you something, I wanna be of help. You can either agree to go with me or you don't. Either way, I won't stand around wasting my time and getting insulted." Vetta turned and matched out of her the door.

She walked slowly, watching behind her through the corner of her eyes. She really hopes that the princess will get curious and follow her.

She walked a few more steps before she heard faint elegant footsteps behind her. She turned smugly, her eyebrows raised as she looked at the princess.

Princess Kamara already has her robes on to cover her nightie. "This better be worth my time, Mistress Vetta. I do not have time I waste a lot."

Vetta smiled wickedly, "Oh, it's so going to be worth your time. Tell me, Princess, do you like to be disrespected?"

"You must be dumb to ask, Mistress. No princess likes to be disrespected."

"My thoughts exactly." Vetta smiled wickedly, still leading the way.

Kamara cocked her head in thought, wondering what the woman is up to. They walked in silence through the hallways until they arrived at the King's Chamber.

"What are we doing here?" Kamara asked, confused.

"Follow me." Vetta said simply. She really wished that the king hasn't sent Danika away. Kamara really needs to see this.

She walked towards the window and quietly drew the curtain open. She looked inside. Her heart tightened with rage and satisfaction.

It's even worse this time around. The king still laid on the floor—ON THE FLOOR—with Danika wrapped tightly in his arms and the blanket spread over them.

They were sleeping like two lovers that found each other and never wanted to let go ever again. Stupidly pathetic!

"What are you doing, Mistress Vetta!?" Kamara kept her voice very down as she hissed. It's a very punishable crime to be spying on the king.

Vetta masked her rage, and plastered a smile on her face. "Come and see, Princess."

"I am not moving an inch." Kamara declared.

"Trust me, you don't want to miss this."

Kamara took a deep breath and walked closer towards her. Vetta stepped aside and crosses her arms. The princess looked through the window.

Vetta waited smugly with her arms crossed as she waited for the princess to come to terms with the sight before her.

She watched Kamara's face closely. Blatant shock that slackened her jaw and left her mouth wide open was her first reaction. And then, her face closed up.

Kamara remained by the window, just staring inside as time passed. She couldn't stop staring at King Lucien and Danika curled up in the floor, their body tightly pressed together.

The king do not like to be touched, that observation was the main reason why it shocked the devil out of her to find him in this position with Danika.

"Oh." Was all she said.

Vetta know they couldn't stay for long. "We have to be out of here before we get into trouble."

Kamara nodded and pulled back from the window. She followed the mistress and they walked well away from the King's Chambers.

"So, tell me Princess, was it worth your time or not?" Vetta drawled smugly.

Finally, it started making sense to Kamara. The reason why the king was so hesitant in taking her to his bed. The reason why he couldn't summon her, not once in all the two weeks she's been here.

Finally, she understood what that look is on Danika's face all the time whenever she is staring at the king. Of course, it is love. How could she have missed this?

Danika is very much in love with the king. So in love, she wears it on her face. And the king? He must love her too, to be in that position with her. It all made sense finally.

"Are you not going to say anything?" Vetta huffed in frustration when the princess remained silent on their way back.

"What do you want me to say?" She asked calmly.

What!? That was NOT what Vetta expected.

She expects the princess to be raving mad and angry right now. To barge into the King's Chambers and demand for an explanation and an apology from the king for disrespecting her like this. To have Danika whipped for such insolence.

Her, taking it so coolly isn't what Vetta wants at all.

Vetta turned to her when they walked far away. "It's Courting Week. You're in your bedroom while the king summons his slave to sate his hunger every night. He prefers his slave to you, and this is your week. Tell me you do not feel disrespected."

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## Chapter 157

"I feel very disrespected." She conceded softly.

That's something. Vetta nodded in satisfaction, "It's very bad for him to treat you this way. And Danika pretends to be your friend, but she goes right behind you and sleep with the king during YOUR courting week."

Kamara said nothing to that. Instead, she resumes walking. Vetta followed closely behind her.

"So, what are you going to do about this?" Vetta urged her.

"I do not know. What am I going to do about that?" She kept walking.

"There are so many things you can do about that. The king disrespected you in such a bald way, you can go to him, stand your ground and demand from him. He will do your wish because he did wrong."

"And, what do I demand from him?"

"To make Danika a Mine Slave, instead of the King's Slave. You can also have her whipped for such insolence."

Kamara turned to her, "And why would I want to do that?"

"What?"

"The king is the only one with the right to summon his slaves and his command cannot be disobeyed. He summoned her and she she responded. I do not see how this is her fault." She stated matter-of-factly.

"How can you think that!?" Vetta couldn't believe this, she was almost breathing fire in sheer frustration.

Kamara crossed her arms. "Tell me, Mistress. Have you ever been in love?"

Vetta opened her mouth to shout to her that she loves the king! And that is why she's trying to have him to herself!

But, telling the King's future Queen that you loves the King is NOT a good idea. She kept her mouth shut.

"My guess is that you have never been in love." Kamara continued, "You do not know what it's like to be in love, Mistress. Maybe, that is why you are so bitter."

Vetta was taken aback. "Why are you insulting ME!? How is this MY fault!?"

Kamara cocked her head to the side in thought, her well-brushed hair falling in front of her. "Why do you hate the King's Slave so much? Shouldn't you be happy that the king has only one slave? Only one mistress? Other kings has more than twenty."

Yes, but I bet they cannot have the king feeling so attracted to them. It's almost like Danika has a powerful man like King Lucien in her control! And she is even King Cone's daughter!

Vetta swallowed those words. Instead, she replied, "I don't hate her."

"Liar." Kamara whispered.

Vetta resumed walking. "Anyway, I saw something I know isn't fair to you, that was why I came to call you. Obviously, I have done something so wrong for trying to bring such disrespectful act to your notice."

Kamara said nothing and resumed walking too.

Vetta felt a small amount of victory. No matter how much the princess looks indifferent and what her reasons are for her not to want to take immediate actions, Vetta would swear that the Princess does feel disrespected.

That in itself is a victory on it's own. The woman is a vixen. If she places Danika on her bad side, that will be a very bad thing for the bitch. Vetta smiled.

Atleast she wouldn't be only one Princess Kamara hates.

This woman really hates her for reasons she don't even know. And the worst part of it, is that the king is planning to get married to her.

What in old bones will happen to her when this woman becomes the Queen? She might even find a reason to order her death one day.

Maybe, she should try making friends with her. If she's going to be the queen—IF—maybe she can try to be friends with the bitchy princess.

It will also work in her favor if the princess is on her side.

Danika will suffer more. And together, they will push Danika away. Then, she will push the princess away and the king will be hers ALONE. Again.

That thought intact in her head, she slowed her steps, so that the princess will catch up with her.

“So, how is it back home?” She asked in an effort to make a conversation.

“I do not understand.” Princess Kamara replied without sparing her a glance.

“I mean, how is it like back in your kingdom. I've never really known a lot of places, you see. The only place I know is Salem, and then, Mombana, when we were taken into slavery. We really suffered, you know.” She confided.

Just as Vetta predicted, the princess lost some hard lines on her face. Pity always gets more to people than conversations.

Vetta smiled inwardly, and continued as they rounded another hallway that led back to Kamara's Chambers, “It wasn't easy being under the reign of Cone. He was—”

“King Cone.”

“What?”

Kamara spared her a glance. “He is King Cone. Just because he was wicked and brutal...and dead, didn't make him any less of a king. He was a king. He was Royalty. Address him as one.”

Vetta gritted her teeth. This princess is almost more annoying than Danika. Almost.

“It wasn't easy being under the reign of...King Cone. He was a brutal and heartless man. He treated us like dirt because we were slaves.”

They reached Kamara's Chambers as she continued. “I remember that time it became a routine for me to get whipped, and beaten and raped and brutalized all in one day. It was so horrible—”

“And yet, you treat slaves that way now.”

“What?”

Kamara stopped and turned to her. “You treat slaves like there are not worth the leather shoes on your legs when you’ve been through being a slave. Shouldn’t you be kinder to them? I see the way you beat the maids and slap slaves. I saw the day you mistreated the former princess Danika too, just because her status reduced.”

“Shouldn’t you be better? Kinder?” Princess Kamara paused, shaking her head, “When you treat people like that, you become a monster. Tell me...are you any different from King Cone?”

With that, Princess Kamara walked right past her to her bedroom and closed the door.

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## Chapter 158

Danika’s bladder woke her several times in the night. She had to untangle from the king and use the bathroom each and every thing, and when she gets back, he takes her right back into his arms—even with his eyes closed.

They overslept. When they woke the next morning, the bightness of the day was harsh inside the King’s Chambers. As she stirred, his eyes opened too.

They looked at each other in the light of the day. It is probably one of those times in life when time stands still. Danika’s mind was filled with uncertainties.

What will happen now in the light of the day? Will he go back to being so cold to her? Try to forget the events of the night before?

“Good morning, My King.” She whispered.

“Good morning, Danika.” His voice was anything but cold. Just the voice of a man who woke up after a good night’s sleep.

Then, he leaned closer and took her lips into a searing k\*\*s that was sweet, ravishing and breathtaking at the same time.

Her worries disappeared like the wind, replaced with her heart filled with so much love for this man.

She'd almost lost him last time. To the past. To the demons that hovered in his sleep and haunted his waking moment. Her hand tightened on his shoulder, she kissed him back as thoroughly as he kissed her.

A long time passed before he pulled back. King Lucien wanted nothing more than to spread her out in the ground again, bury himself to the hilt and sate his hunger to a maximum satisfaction in a way he knows only her body can give him.

But, in the light of the day, he saw the faint bruises, red skin and grab marks he'd inflicted on her the night before, he let her go because he knows that she will be very sore from it all.

"I have so much to do today. A case to settle in court, according to my Royal Advertiser, Lord Dumbleton, and a shooting with the new recruitments of the department of security." He said as he got up from the floor.

Danika nodded, pleased that he was confiding in her about his activities of the day. She bit her lips, "Then, you must get ready, my lord. I'm so sorry, I think I made you oversleep."

"And I feel most grateful to you for it." He walked to his wardrobe and took out a rope he tied around his waist.

Danika watched him with lazy eyes, appreciatively. He was large and powerful. Not fat—never fat. His presence commands so much respect, even from a stranger that has never met him before.

She watched as he wrapped the rope efficiently, and without hurry. He never does anything in a hurry. His steps steady and regal, he walked into the inner bedroom.

Alone, she got up from the floor, wincing as her body protested massively. Every part of her—especially her inner body—feels the intensity of his passion the night before.

She stood up and began putting on her robes. She didn't bother to ask permission if she can use his bathroom, because she knows he has greater needs for it as he has to get ready for the day.

As she finished putting on her robes, she was surprised to see him leaning against the door of the library and just watching her.

A blush spread all over her face. He slept inside her the night before. The blush only intensified.

The King would have laughed at her struggle if he was a laughing man. But, he is not. So, he simply kept watching her like a man would watch his favorite meal.



She turned towards him and bowed to him. "I have to go now, My King."

A pause. He pulled away from the door and walked closer to her. "Do not forget anything we talked about last night. Do not forget the promises you made me."

Her heart fluttered. "How can I ever forget?"

"Never forget. I will mostly restrain myself because of the Courting Week, but once it is over, I will keep you close. I will not let go." Blue eyes slid over her face as he repeated what he said to her the night before.

She wished that before that time comes, she'll be able to tell him that she is in a family way. "I am yours, My King."

His hand palmed her cheek and tilted her chin, making her eyes to meet his chiseled face. What will it feel like to see this man smile?

The thought, so unexpected, made her heart constrict. What will it take for him to smile? A heart-felt full-blown smile?

"Meet Baski the instant you go away from here. Let her take a look at you and use her medicinal herbals on you. I..." he paused, "I apologize for being so rough with you."

Knowing that apology is not easy from a man like him, it melted her up inside. She searched his face, but it was hard to read. Is he feeling guilty for the way he handled her?

"Do not feel guilty, Your Highness. I will meet Madam Baski, but I feel perfectly fine." She reassured him. And it was no lie.

She has never felt any better in such a long time.

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## Chapter 159

Later in the day, cleaned up and after another round of sleep, she went in search of Baski. She found her on the woods with Remeta, picking a basket-full of herbs.

They all walked together to the palace and back into Baski's bedroom. The older woman was livid and worried, but Danika went right ahead to explain what happened in the King's Chamber.

She gave her the general reason, skipping the intimate memories she made with the king. Those are private and hers alone to cherish.

She told Baski about the way he was so deep buried into the past, he almost lost his sanity with her. How she came close to telling him that she was pregnant and his response to that.

"Oh dear..." The older woman palmed her own wrinkled forehead, "I'm glad you withdrew when you did, I can't begin to imagine what would have happened to you if you told him and he took the news badly. He really believes he can't father a child and no one can blame him."

"You're right. I just couldn't go on with it. I didn't have the courage." Danika said sadly.

"I'm watching closely for his schedule to loosen up, then I would find the time to go to him and explain Remeta's gift to him. His schedule is parked to the teeth. He is a very busy man."

"He is."

"Oh, thank you so much, Danika, for pulling him out of that abyss. I know you could do it, I never lost hope that if any woman would be Abel to reach him when he's losing the fight with himself, it will be you." Baski teared up as she put on herbs on her body.

Danika looked around and noticed that Remeta has disappeared again. She hasn't said a word to her all morning, just a lot of smiles and happiness.

In the time that passed, Baski rubbed herbs and liquid concoctions she has never seen before on her, but knows better than to question the older woman's extensive knowledge with herbs.

Already, her body started feeling better. Soothed. The pains lessened.

Finally, Baski's face took up a concerned note. "Do you feel any discomfort in your stomach? Have you had any b\*\*\*d droppings from your body even if it's just a little, since last night?"

"No, I feel perfectly fine. Not even a drop." She answered truthfully.

Baski let out a breath she didn't know she was holding, her face a light of relief. "Thank heavens. If you feel any sharp pain or see any b\*\*\*d no matter how little, you have to inform me, do you hear me?"

Danika nodded her head.



SEVEN WEEKS LATER.

Danika was watching Remeta play around in the palace garden. Remeta giggled as she ran around, her new friend—a fox—following her everywhere.

She still can't believe that this is the same girl who, five months ago, was so afraid of her shadow and almost mad with the horrors of a past a girl her age should never have.

She's just like a different person. Actually, Remeta is like three different people.

The sad haunted girl she promised that there will be 'no more bed' for her.

The child that runs around the woods chasing crickets, carrying a fox around and being happy.

And, the seer that keeps warning her of a big danger coming.

"Beware of the three 'W'." That has become a new mantra for the Seer Remeta whenever she talks to her.

Danika has tried so much to find out what is the three 'W', even Baski has tried but there is no way for them to know that. Remeta won't say anything.

Once the Seer-Remeta decides to keep quiet, she does not say a word at all. And that is the problem they have been having for more than a month.

"See the sky, My Queen!" Remeta shouted, pointing at the sky.

Pulled out of her thought, Danika glanced up at the yellow sun that rose in the sky, giving the evening and the garden a beautiful serene glow.

"It is so beautiful." She whispered truthfully, drawn away from her problems to the beautiful sky.

"Yes. It looks almost as beautiful as you, My Queen." The girl turned and grinned at her, "Almost. You are the most beautiful sun. The most glowing moon. And the most alluring star on earth and in the sky."

Danika's heart swelled with love for the fifteen-year-old girl that has stolen her heart a long time ago. A smile touched her lips. "Thank you so much, Remeta. You're just as beautiful."

The girl only grinned wider before she began plucking beautiful flowers and inhaling them excitedly.

“Remeta?” She called, just to try her luck again for the countless time.

“Yes, My Queen?”

“What is the three ‘W’?” She asked softly.

As always Remeta frowned a bit. Then, she would look at her, smile so hard and continue doing what she’s doing. This time, she continued plucking the rose flower before her.

Danika signed in defeat. So much to worry about. So much to think about.

Her biggest problem is that she’s more than three months pregnant, and the king doesn’t know she’s carrying his child. She’s thirteen weeks gone.

Baski was finally able to get a moment with the king and she explained Remeta’s gift and ancestry to him.

She’d told the king the truth about her great grandfather who was a big fearsome shaman here in Salem. There are healers and shamans in her ancestry.

The king believed perfectly. He has heard stories of the great Gunther, and he knows through his own father that the great Gunther is Baski’s great grandfather.

So, the king didn’t find it hard to believe that Remeta has the gift of foresight.

Danika can still remember that day. They were so happy. So very happy that the king believed them. All that remained was for Remeta to go to the king and tell him about her condition.

That is where all the problem lies. Till today.

No matter how they begged Remeta, and told the girl about how dire their situation is, Remeta wouldn’t say a word about going to the king.

At one time, Baski had told her to wait for the time when Remeta will ‘see’ another future, so, they would plead with her then.

They’d waited long until the day Remeta came to her bedroom, tugged on her clothes and warned her of the three ‘W’ for the first time.

She’d begged the girl then to go to the king and give him the news herself so that the king will believe, but Remeta only shook her head.

“It is not yet time.” She’d said in a robotic monotone.

Danika had tried to find out what she means by that, but the girl only blinked hard and came back to her normal self. She’d grinned at her and skidded out of her bedroom.

Now, she’s in a crossroad. She’s so worried, she isn’t sleeping properly anymore.

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## Chapter 160

Her hand touched her stomach caressingly. Her belly is no longer as flat as it used to be, there’s a slight bump to it.

And while she can easily pass it up for something she ate, how does it she explain the hard surface of her belly?

Karama’s stay in Salem has protected her for long. She has spent time with the king outdoors. Taking walks, riding with him, strolling the lanes with him.

She smiled at the memory. After that night in the King’s Chambers, he has become freer with her. Closer to her.

She has come to crave and enjoy every single minute they spend together.

He hasn’t taken sèxual intimacies from her again since that night, in respect for the Courting Week. They k\*\*s a lot and she has even taken him into her mouth and sucked him occasionally, but they haven’t had sèx since then.

He must be sating himself with his future Queen. Her chest constricted at the thought like it does always. She tried not to think about it.

It becomes easier to deal with, if she isn’t thinking about it. Kamara is going to be his Queen. One day, Kamara will be married to him and become his legally.

Every princess is raised with the concrete thought of how important it is to be joined with a Prince or a King in holy matrimony. His wife will always come first before his mistresses. And then, his slaves.

Kamara will always come first to him. And then, Vetta.

She blinked hard, pushing the pain away. There are so many other problems to think about right now.

Like the fact that the Courting Week will be ending tomorrow and Princess Kamara is going back to her kingdom.

And the king has already told her told her something in the morning when she served him the tea madam Baski gave her to take to him.

He'd drawn her closer, his eyes sliding all over her hungrily. He'd placed his head on her swollen bosom and g\*\*\*\*d, "You will spend tomorrow night with me, Danika. Here, in my bed. All night."

A shiver of anticipation and dread went down her body at the reminder.

She got up from the grass and walked towards Remeta. She pulled the girl's arm, causing her to stop plucking the flowers and look at her.

"Remeta...?"

"My beloved Queen." She replied with a pure smile.

Danika knelt down to become eye level with her. She began in a gentle, coaxing tone. "Please, Remeta, you have to save me. Save my child... 'The prince' like you call him. The Courting Week has ended and I need the king to know that I'm carrying his child before he finds out by himself and think I've betrayed him by keeping it from him. Not to mention when he gets the idea to his head that he isn't the father of our child, I shudder to think of what will happen to me then."

She shook Remeta's arms slightly, to see the intensity of her pleas. "Please, Remeta, you have to go to him and tell him please. I'm tired of carrying this secret, it's too heavy. It's weighting me down, stressing me badly. I don't know what else to do. Please Remeta...?"

Silence met her pleas.

Her knees on the grass began hurting as time passed, it seems like forever.

Then, Remeta placed her hand on her cheek. "My beautiful Queen..."

"Yes, Remeta?" She answered readily and hopefully.

"Beware of the Three 'W'." Was all she whispered before she turned and ran away.

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Danika walked hand in hand with Remeta after their time in the garden. She hasn't been able to get a meaningful response or anything at all from Remeta.

It worries her and made her feel on the verge of tears. Her time has ran out. The near future isn't looking good for her.

They were almost at the front of the palace when she saw Kamara and her personal maid, Henna. They were coming out of the Royal Quarters.

Kamara saw her and her steps faltered. Danika watched the princess warily. Kamara has been really scarce in the past few weeks, she's exactly the typical princess like she was.

Always holed up in her room. Reading, reading, eating, more reading. Is that what it is or is there another reason?

Danika took another look at Kamara's oval face and noticed the few almost invisible details she missed the first time.

Kamara's eyes are dull and she looked tired. Not physically. Emotionally tired and sad.

"Give me a minute, Henna." Kamara said with a look over her shoulders.

"Yes, My Princess." Henna agreed with a bow of her head. She turned and walked back through the hallway they came out from.

Danika turned to tell Remeta to excuse them too, but Remeta already ran towards the other side of the palace, probably in search of her mother.

Kamara started walking close, and Danika met her at the center. Danika inclined her head slightly. "Princess Kamara."

"I already told you to call me by my name, Danika." She continued walking, leaving Danika to walk with her.

Danika matched her steps with hers. Silence descended between them as they walked. The silence was supposed to be comfortable, but for some reason, Danika felt tensed.

"Are you angry at me for something?" She blurted out suddenly, as soon as the thought popped into her head. That, would explain a lot of things.

Like the reason why Kamara hasn't seek her out for the past few weeks. And, when they run into each other in the hallway, she only inclines her head and keep going without stopping.

Her chest constricted at the appalling thought. "You ARE angry at me." It wasn't a question this time.

Kamara said nothing, just kept on walking.

Danika worried on the inside, but she remained cool on the outside. Her elegance and sophisticated demure mirrored Kamara's with each step, they looked like sisters.

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## Chapter 161

"I saw you and the king that night. In his chambers. On the floor. In each other's arms, asleep." Came the calm reply at last.

Danika didn't have to think hard for the mental image to come. When it did, her b\*\*\*d ran cold. She saw her intimate night with the king.

"Oh..." Danika muttered guiltily.

She doesn't know what to say about that. Once a princess herself, she can understand the disrespect Kamara feels. Not to mention the anger and even hurt.

Kamara let out a deep breath. "I'm not angry at you. I'm not even hurt, or I would have done something about it these past few weeks."

"You aren't?" Danika asked, uncertain and bewildered.

"No, I'm not. Sadly, what I saw made it easier for me to understand a lot of things. I made peace with it."

"I don't understand."

Kamara turned towards Danika. Her lips curved a bit, her eyes watching her. All too knowingly.

Her seeing gaze unsettled Danika, but she didn't let it show. The only person who can see her weak and unsettled, is the king.



Kamara turned forward and continued walking. "I will tell you a story. In Navia, there is this man that suddenly appeared in our kingdom. I took one look at him and knew immediately that he isn't from Navia."

Danika listened attentively, they rounded another corner.

"Women in the village told stories of how the man washed up our shores, almost drowned and drained and injured severely. I was making rounds in the village to take note of the crop growth and market activities when I saw him first. His blue eyes were the first features of him I noticed."

"Blue eyes?" Danika's asked curiously.

Kamara nodded, her eyes dazed in memory. "Very blue. Deep blue, like the sea. A lot of people has blue eyes but only few has one so deep it can easily captivate."

"Like the King's."

"Huh?"

Danika shrugged, "The king's eyes are that same deep blue."

"Yeah. I noticed immediately I stood in his presence. But unlike the king, that man stole my heart."

"What...?" Danika started. That was completely unexpected.

Kamara's lips curved sadly, "I fell in love with him, Danika. He isn't a man of status, he lives in a small hut on a secluded part of town, and he was mostly so sick. Henna and I took care of him most of the times, we nursed him back to health."

"Your father allowed it?" She asked, surprised. Her own father will punish her severely for something like that.

Kamara shook her blond hair. "No, he didn't. I visited him in secret."

It all started making sense to Danika. "Let me guess, your father found out and matched you with the King."

Kamara nodded, "Yes."

"I'm so sorry..." No wonder she kept herself holed up in her bedroom, Danika thought sadly. She understands Kamara's plight on a very personal level.

"So, that was it. I understand what it's like to be in love. You're in love with the king."

Danika's mouth opened and closed. Her jaw dropped. She never thought Kamara would find her out, she bit her lips worriedly. This is not a good idea.

"Do not worry, I have no intention of being a 'bitch' about it. That was why I told you my story." she paused, "Falling in love with a peasant is as dangerous as falling for the king. My father found me out and I'm paying for it. You keep hoping that the mistress never finds out about it. She might use it as the perfect opportunity to have your head in a spike."

"I know, thank you, Kamara. I avoid the mistress like a plague. She doesn't like me very much." Danika confided softly.

"No, she doesn't. Loving the king is dangerous, a lot of things can go wrong." she shook her head. "Besides, you already have so much problems on your hand, without me adding to it."

Danika's steps faltered. She turned her head and glanced at Kamara.

Concern marred her face. "The second most dangerous thing a slave can do is to fall for her Master. The first and foremost is getting pregnant for her Master."

Danika felt a huge wave of dizziness swam her. Kamara's hand was around her immediately, steadying her.

"Oh, Heavens..." She felt cold on the inside. She has always known that, but hearing Kamara say it out loud reminded her of how dangerous a land she is threading.

Kamara let her go gently when she found her footing. She turned to face her completely. "Maybe that is why I feel a little bad about going home. That mistress will eat you raw and spit you out if she finds out about your condition. That is, if she hasn't found out yet. If you escape being murdered by the king, that mistress will definitely do the job. You thread a dangerous ground, sister."

"Y-You know...?" Danika couldn't believe this. Kamara knows she's pregnant... She knows.

Kamara nodded her head solemnly. "I will be a fool not to realize. I watched you from a far, the symptoms are written all over you. The fatigue. The sleepings. The day you had to vomit your lungs out on the backyard?" she paused, "I know, Danika."

Danika was speechless, she doesn't know what to say about that. It shocked and scared.

"You're not...mad? About it?" She forced herself to ask at last.

Kamara shook her head. "No. I love Callan so much, I would like to carry his child anytime." She informed her proudly, "You love the king. It is only fitting that you do not have the heart to rid yourself of his child, even when your life is practically hanging on a thread because of it."

"I feel so happy that I will see my Callan again after so many months, you do not know how happy I feel." Kamara continued, "But I worry for you, Danika. That mistress would do anything in her power to make your life hell if she finds out. Beware of her."

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## Chapter 162

"Danika is carrying the King's child. She is pregnant." Vetta announced in a voice that was deceptively calm.

Karandy watched the woman who seated at the wooden chair at the other side of the room looking at him with a cool expression that revealed nothing.

It's been two months since he saw the King's Mistress, it particularly surprised him to hear her impatient knock on his door this morning. Another surprise is the words pouring from her mouth.

"It is not possible for her to be with child for him. Why would she risk herself so dangerously? The former princess is smart." He contributed.

"Oh, she is very smart. And that is why she got pregnant for the king. It is a dangerous game. Either the king kills her for it, or he accepts her. If the latter happens, her status might change for the better and she will be a very important person in his life. She is smart..." Vetta conceded, before she added, "...but very foolish."

"How did you know she's pregnant?"

"I have my maid keep an eye on her, she reports everything to me. She is with child." She repeated with certainty.

Karandy watched the King's Mistress. He was surprised she isn't raging and mad as hell. Calmness is an oddity to the woman he has come to know both physically and intimately.

"You are calm about it. Does that mean you are okay with it?" Karandy asked carefully.

Vetta laughed then. It sent a chill down Karandy's arms. The sound was hollow and empty.

"I wouldn't be here if I was okay with it, would I?" She g\*\*\*\*\*d at last.

No, she wouldn't. Karandy watched the beautiful woman with deceptive calmness in her demure. No, she wouldn't be here if she was truly okay with it.

After that day she drew sexual pleasures from her body, she disappeared. That was two months ago. He missed her, he missed her body.

Eating from the same plate the king eats from, is a definite turn on. The feeling only intensifies because the mistress doesn't like him at all, and she despises his status to the teeth, and yet, she spread her legs for him.

His dick jerked in his pants, he adjusted himself and walked to the other side of his small hut in an effort to mask his reaction to her. He has no plans whatsoever to do something about it. Not today.

Not when the Mistress is behaving so out-of-sort with her calmness over a finding that was supposed to make her blow with rage and shout to the moon.

They become deadly when they keep quiet, his father always said to him.

Vetta got up then. "I have to go. I have an appointment with a healer."

Why would she have an appointment with a healer? Is she sick? Why did she come at all when she wasn't going to give him a plan now?

He watched her warily and realized that there is something different about her. She looks...colder, meaner.

"The Courting Week is ending tomorrow morning. I plan to be on the King's bed tomorrow night." She informed him.

"Wouldn't he want to spend that time with Danika?" She'd told him once before how the king favors Danika's bed to hers.

He wouldn't blame the king. Princess Danika is the most beautiful woman he has ever seen in his life, and not to mention that air of Royalty around her wherever she goes.

It's been almost a year in slavery for her, but that has never changed. Her elegance and royal sophistication remains as blatant as if she still has the expensive big clothes on.

"Wouldn't the king want to spend tomorrow night with Danika?" He repeated to her.

“I wouldn’t be giving him a choice.” She replied simply as she began rolling her hair in order to be able to get the black mass into the hood she hid herself in when she showed up.

Her hand found the hood behind her back and she covered herself up with it. He watched her as she walked out of the door.

They become deadlier when they keep quiet.

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Danica is carrying the King’s child. She is pregnant for him.

As Vetta took steps leading to the healer’s house, these words wouldn’t stop ringing to her ears. Her hands fisted to her side, her eyes blazed in anger and banked-up rage.

How can something like this happen?

She has been trying for months now to carry the King’s Child, she has been trying. She hasn’t been able to achieve that.

Instead, she carried Karandy’s seed inside her.

It is a thought she doesn’t like remembering. This past few weeks hasn’t been good for her, only for Danika to come and ruin it completely.

As being a slave—being treated like anything less than an animal—she swore to herself that she would never go back there again. And she would have no connection to such stinky life again.

When she found out by the new healer uptown, that she is carrying a child, a few thoughts had come to her head. Like pinning the child to the king and getting everything she wants in life.

But, it made her very uncomfortable. Not being found out, but carrying something so dirty inside her.

Any child that isn’t from the king is one she does not want to carry. Over her dead body will the dirty child of that dirty b@stard remain in her.

So, she’d gone to another healer named Monah, that heals best in the twelve kingdoms and collected a herb to rid herself of the baby.

Her plan was simple. Once the child is gone, she will go back to the healer and take new sets of fertility pills.

This time around, she has confidence that it will work. A lot of women from the village testifies to this healer's herbs, according to Talia; her maid.

The healer had given her the herbs, and assured her that it will work. She was supposed to bleed for just one day, according to Monah.

Only for her to bleed more than five days non-stop. That was two weeks ago.

On the sixth day, she'd been ready to come back to the healer but the bleeding stopped. So, she'd pushed it all away.

Today, she needs to collect fertility herbs from Monah. She needs them for the night of the morrow, to be intimate with the king.

Already, Danika has gotten pregnant before her and if she gives birth, that child will be recognized as the Firstborn of the king.

Not that she would ever give birth to that child.

Vetta smiled at the thought as she rounded the corner that leads to the healer's house. Danika was foolish this time around.

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## Chapter 163

Kamara reached her door, Danika standing beside her. She turns and faced Danika.

"I will be going back to my father's kingdom on the morning of the morrow. I will miss seeing you, Danika."

"I will miss seeing you too, Kamara." Danika shifted on her feet, already tired from standing for too long. "I wish you the best with your Callan."

"I wish myself luck too. I still have a few weeks with him before the next step to my marriage, when King Lucien will come to ask for my hand." Kamara's lips curved sadly, "I wish a miracle will happen and I'll be with Callan instead of King Lucien. But then again, wishes has never been horses."

“Yes, it has never been.” Danika echoed, remembering her current situation. She shook her head. “I remember when I was a princess too...”

“You should never forget something like that, Danika. You are Royalty. Never forget that you are Royalty. The mistress is going to do everything within her power to get rid of you and your baby. She hates you that much and you will not blame her because she wants the King too.” Kamara took a step forward and placed her hand on Danika’s cheek.

Looking her in the eyes, she continued intensely, “But, you should not forget that once upon a time you were authority. Once upon a time you commanded an army of princesses. You were brave! Very very bold and courageous! Do not forget that woman, Danika. That princess NOBODY could ever step on.”

Danika remembered that woman vividly. It hurts, just thinking about the Princess she once was. But, she is a slave now. She began shaking her head miserably.

But, Kamara only nodded. “I know you are a slave now and you have limited choices. I know you have to survive, my sister. You have survived for this long and I am so so proud of you. I respect you for it. Any princess will be very proud of you and respect you for it, because not all of us will be able to survive one week in slavery.”

“But, I don’t want you to forget Princess Danika. Do not forget that brave, elegant, and sophisticated princess that always raised her voice when she needs to be heard!” Kamara held her shoulders and shook her firmly, “A princess that commanded other princesses! This time around, it’s no longer about you alone try to survive in every possible way you can, but you have to protect your child too. In every possible way you can.”

“I keep praying that my marriage with the king will never work out. I don’t know what I would do if it works out, Danika. Because according to law, you and your child will either be killed or banished away from the palace...because the Queen’s child will always be the heir to the throne. There should be no elder child. It is the law in all twelve kingdoms. A law I hate, but will have to come to pass if I become queen.”

Danica knows that too, she wishes a time will never come when such law will force Kamara to be against her. She only wants to be by the King’s side. That is all she wants. The throne and it’s heir has never been a thought to her.

Kamara let her go, turning towards her door. “I don’t even want to be queen, Danika. All my life I’ve had that responsibility. It is not something I want anymore.”

Kamara shook her head sadly. “I just want to live a normal life with Callan. A simpler life without big responsibilities. Without the weight of the world resting on my shoulders. I just want to be with him. I do not want the burden of the crown.”

Danika understands her words perfectly in a more personal level. Being a princess can be very tiring at times. "I wish everything works out for you in the end, Kamara. If anybody deserves to be happy, it is you."

She inclined her head in a respectful bow. "You are a good woman and I'm glad I got to know you on a more personal level, Princess Kamara."

Kamara smiled then. A beautiful, sincere, heart-felt smile as she pulled Danika closer to her for a hug. "Do not forget to fight for your child, and fight for yourself too, anyway you can."

"I will not forget." Kamara gave her strength to brave the future. Whatever that future may be.

"It was nice knowing you on a more personal level, Princess Danika." Kamara whispered as she pulled back.

"I am no longer a prin—"

"Clothes change. Status change. But what you are, will never change... Princess Danika." That said, Kamara turned and entered into her bedroom.



Vetta knocked on the Monah's door. She waited impatiently for the healer to open the door. The cold outside wasn't favorable for her.

It took a long time before the door opened and the older woman came out of her door. She took one look at her visitor and bowed her head in greeting. "Is everything alright, Mistress?"

"I have reasons to be here or I wouldn't be here." Vetta hissed angrily and stormed into the small old house. She turned and glared at the woman.

Monah wouldn't be more than fifty-years-old. She looks small and frail but rumors gas it that her status is deceiving.

Monah followed her inside, "That's my mistake for asking such stupid question, Mistress, forgive me."

Vetta nodded, taking a seat at the other side of the room.

"How was the herbs I gave you three weeks ago?"

"You said I was going to bleed for one day, Monah." She crossed her arms and leveled the woman with a stare, "I bled for five days. Five extremely painful days."



“Oh, that is strange.” The woman’s brows knitted thoughts. “Are you sure?”

“What sort of question is this? Do you think I will be lying about something so important!?” Vetta fumed through gritted teeth.

Monah nodded, “Kindly get on the table. I need to examine you.”

“I don’t need to be examined. I need you to give me the best fertility pills you possess. That is the reason I came here today.”

“I don’t think that is a good idea, Mistress. You just came out of a very bad condition you should not think about getting pregnant again so soon. Your body has been stressed a lot—‘

“My body...” Vetta cut her off with deceptive calmness, “...is mine. Now, you will do exactly what I tell you to do.”

Monah hesitated. But, she is a smart woman who knows that the King’s Mistress will punish her if she keeps disobeying her...even when it’s for her own good.

“I will get the very best of them pills, Mistress.” Monah said at last, turning towards her inner bedroom where she stores herbs.

“Do not keep me waiting.” Vetta ordered. She has a lot to do. So many things to do.

When Monah disappeared to her inner bedroom, she waited impatiently, tapping her foot to the ground. Danika is pregnant for the King. Danika carries the King’s child.

The words will not stop ringing to her ears. She laughed hollowly.

Over her dead body will she have that child. She never wanted to go to Karandy’s place again, but after finding out something this huge, she knew that eventually she had to go to his place. She needs his help.

Well now she has a plan. A very very good plan that will kill three birds with one stone.

Monah came out later and gave her the pills. “Here it is. It is called Door-ga. They are very strong and very effective. Twenty women has used it. Twenty women has had children because of it.”

“Good. That is what I want.” Vetta took the pills from her and paid her.

“But, can I atleast examine you? I need to know your body’s status and capacity, Mistress, because you take a pill as strong as Door-ga.”

“My body is strong and capable, Monah. It’s been two weeks since the miscarriage. Now, I’m healthy and capable of trying again...from the right source this time.” Vetta turned towards the door, “I have to go.”

Monah watched her leave. She felt concerned.

Door-ga is a very powerful pill and the mistress just had a bad miscarriage that might have caused complications. Bleeding for five days might be normal, or it might not a good sign at all.

Then, Monah shrugged and closed her door. Her patient will be fine, since it’s her first miscarriage.

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## Chapter 164

In the evening, Danika was in her bedroom brushing her hair when Baski walked in.

“The king requests that you should be the one to bring his dinner to him in his Chambers.” She informed her with a concerned smile.

Danika’s heart skipped three beats. “Baski?”

The older woman walked closer and took the comb from her. She watched her through the mirror as she ran the comb through her long blonde hair. “My dear?”

“I’ve run out of time.” She whispered, her hand caressing her slight bump.

“I know.” Baski let out a shuddering breath, “I know, Danika. But, the Heavens are with you. They will guide you.”

“Courting week ends tomorrow. He wants to spend the night with me.”

“I know that too. I was thinking, maybe we should go together to tell him about your condition. If I go with you, I might be able to reach him before disaster happens.”

Danika swiveled her head and looked up at the older woman.

“Maybe.” Baski amended.

Danika took a deep breath and turned towards the mirror again. "I don't know what to do anymore. Remeta was our best shot."

"Seers cannot be told what to do. They hardly do what is expected of them. My mother told me so much about my great grandfather, Gunther, to know that much."

Danika looked down at her hands. Her fingers picked at each other nervously at her midriff.

"We will find a time together and we will go to him, alright?" Baski assured her in a low voice.

Danika wished Sally was here. She misses Sally so much.

"Okay." She answered softly. "I have to go to him."

Baski packed her hair and clipped it behind her back.



Karandy was preparing to go out in the evening when he got a knock at the door.

He put on his coat, his socks and his shoes. Then, he headed for the door and threw it open. The mistress stood behind the door as usual looking impatient and angry.

"Mistress." He inclined his head in greeting.

"It took you ages to get the door. I was freezing outside." She walked inside towards the small fireplace.

"I am sorry I kept you waiting, Mistress." He was observing her carefully, watching the features of her face.

She strode towards the old chair and lowered herself in it. She crossed her arms, her gaze sliding over him slowly. "Are you going somewhere?"

"I am. I want to go to the brothel downtown." He didn't try to mask his meaning.

She snorted in disgust. "Going to pick a prostitute for the night?"

"That's the idea."

"Well, this isn't the time to tumble the sheets with dirty whòres. I have a plan. You can be in on it or not." She announced rather reluctantly.

Karandy's brows knitted in thought. This plan of hers she's giving him a choice to either want in or not, will most definitely favor him.

"Let me guess, our main plan? The first plan?" He tried to tap down the anticipation already coursing through him.

She nodded once. "With a little change."

A change? "What do you have in mind?"

"I will get Danika out to the back of the palace and you'll grab her. There's a small hut back there, take her inside and do everything you want with her. A maid will happen to come across you two lying in an intimate position. She will go and report to the king."

Karandy found the nearest chair and sat down on it. He doesn't want to miss this for the world.

Vetta smiled inwardly at the sight of his eagerness. "It is something you have wanted for such a long time. Starting from when you were still a Slave Trainer in the mines."

"You have no idea. I wanted her for a long time. The bitch only got me demoted and caused me pain." His eyes narrowed to slits, "She will finally pay."

"She will. On the day after tomorrow, you will be getting Danika. Drugged and at your mercy. You can do everything you want, no need to control yourself. I don't care what you do, but don't kill her and don't bruise her where it'll be visible. A lover's bite is okay."

Karand glanced at her suspiciously, "You have it all planned out."

"I do." She stated calmly. "So, you taking the opportunity, or should I find someone else?"

"Of course, I'm taking it. It's the main reason I tangled with you, Mistress, from the beginning. You promised me you can give me Danika."

Her lips split into a smile. "I'm about to fulfill that promise."

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Danika went to the Royal Kitchen. The cook already has the King's food on his tray, and everything set for her on the table.

"Here it is." The cook pointed at it.

"Thank you." Danika carried the tray of food out of the kitchen, towards the King's Chambers.

She rounded the Servant's Quarters, only to see Remeta sitting down at the pavement of the stairs, staring into space.

"Remeta? Are you alright?" Danika asked, slowing her steps and watching the girl with concern.

She has her fox in her hand, stroking its auburn body. The fox was watching Danika with eyes that crept her out. Danika wouldn't be surprised if that fox isn't an original animal. It creeps her out that much.

"Remeta is worried, My Queen." Her eyes found Danika's, "Remeta is scared."

"Why?" Danika forgot about the food she carried, her concern on the girl sitting beside her. "Did anything happen?"

Remeta hesitated. Then, she shook her head.

"Alright, go to your mother's bedroom. I need to give the king his meal. I will be back."

Remeta gave her a small smile and nodded her head in affirmation.

Danika returned her smile and walked past her.

"My Queen?"

Danika turned, "Mmh?"

"I am sorry, My Queen, but it is written. But, the gods favor you. The Heavens favor you. Darkness all around you, but a bright light so blinding is ahead of you. Just a little out of reach. Hang in there, My Queen."

She smiled at her sadly. Then, she turned and walked away.

Danika stood there for a full minute, trying to comprehend what the girl just said.

In the end, she gave up and continued her journey towards the Royal Quarters.

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## **Chapter 165**

Danika reached the King's Quarters and knocked on the door. She waited patiently.

"Come in." Came the deep voice of the king.

She hasn't heard his voice since the day before, it coursed a shiver down her spine. It made her heart to flutter too. She has it bad for him.

It isn't something she doesn't already know, but the knowledgeable never ceases to hurt her. Love is not supposed to soothe and hurt at the same time, but hers does.

She opened the door quietly and let herself into his Chambers. He was rolling a well-written scroll up, and dropping his inked pen on the desk. He raised his head and looked at her.

"I brought your food, My King." She inclined her head.

He gestured his head towards the table without saying a word.

She nodded and walked to the small eating table situated at the other side of his Chambers. She cleared the scrolls and parchments on it and began arranging his food methodically.

It has been this way in this past few days. He always requests that she should be the one to bring in his food. Or help him with his clothes. Or to help him write and translate.

She felt more intimate with him, even though he hasn't been taking sexual pleasures from her body.

"Your food is ready, Your Highness." She announced softly, turning towards him when she was done.

His eyes was on her. It unsettled her, a flush spread through her cheeks.

King Lucien could not stop staring at her. This past few weeks has not been easy; having her so close, but he was forced to curb his hunger for her.

When his control slips, he calls her and have her take him deep into her sexy little mouth. It was mostly enough for him and satisfies him, because his innocent Danika is very good with her mouth.

The best part of being with her is her selflessly wholehearted eagerness to please. He does not regret letting her in. He does not regret trusting her.

Maybe, just maybe, he will be able to believe in another person again. Maybe, he will be able to heal again.

“Your H-Highness...?” Her soft voice stuttered out, she shifted nervously on her feet.

The weird urge came again. Just like it has, for the past few weeks. The weird urge to let his cheeks stretch into a smile.

His brows knitted in confusion. “I am coming.” He responded to her, shutting his mind to the thought.

He got up and walked around his desk. He started for the table.

Danika inclined her head again, and turned towards the door.

“Do not go.” The words were firm but gentle at the same time.

She turned and looked at him seated at the classy chair made for a king, his eyes on the food in front of him.

“Your Highness?”

He did not raise his head as he stated, “Come and seat with me. I do not want to eat alone. I do not want you to go.”



Karandy was still thinking about that plan.

“The maid that will report us to the king, wouldn’t she call my name? That will get me killed.” He reasoned.

“She doesn’t know you. All she knows is that she caught the King’s Slave fooling around with a man at the store room of the palace.”

“Wouldn’t Danika tell on me during interrogation?”

Vetta couldn’t help herself, she chuckled at his naivety. “If you think the king will give her a chance to be interrogated after such crime, then, you don’t know the king at all. My best bet is that he will order her execution immediately. Betrayal is a crime worst than murder to the king.”

Karandy wasn’t surprised. King Lucien is not to be messed with.

Vetta continued. “Why do you think she hasn’t told him about her pregnancy? She is very scared about how he’ll take it. If I was still a slave, I’d rather die than getting pregnant for a master like the king.” She stated vehemently, “As a slave, Danika threads the most dangerous ground.”

“So, why don’t you just go to the king and tell him that his slave is pregnant? That will be a win for you too, and a loose for her.”

She leaned back to her chair. “It wouldn’t kill three birds with one stone.”

“I don’t understand.” His confusion was apparent.

She waved him away. “You won’t. There’s no greater win than the one which will come from the King’s conceptual believe that Danika had a lover all along. It is the worst kind of betrayal. He’ll find out about her pregnancy then, and it will be disastrous for her. I look forward to seeing the King kill his own child by his own hands.”

Karandy winced. That plan was perfect and very harsh. It reminded him of how wicked the mistress is.

Dread filled him for the first time since he forced her to sleep with him. Is he safe?

“Is there more to the plan?” He asked her, trying to tap down his doubts.

She shook her head with a purse of her lips. “No. That is all. Do not worry, it is a perfect plan. You and I will get what we want.

His excitement was apparent on his face, she had to resist the urge to laugh out loud. The useless bastard.

He has no idea.

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## **Read Chapter 166**

### **Chapter 166**

“Come and seat with me. I do not want to eat alone. I do not want you to go.”

Danika turned towards him at the deep baritone of his voice, her heart doing a summersault.

He doesn’t want her to go. He wants her to stay with him.

“As you wish, Your Highness.” She replied hoarsely.



She walked back to the dining table and sat down beside him. He dug into the broth in front of him, scooping it up and into his mouth.

She watched him eat, keeping quiet because she knows how much he loves his silence. There was no food in front of her, she wasn't really hungry.

Just having this moment to watch him eat was enough to feel whatever hunger in her. She loves him that much.

Folding her hands on her laps, she resisted the urge to caress her baby. It's a bad habit she has developed over the past few weeks; touching and caressing her belly in private whenever she's thinking of the King.

A bad habit, considering her situation. But, one she couldn't stop.

The king raised his head, catching her watching him. Her cheeks heated at being caught and she quickly lowered her eyes.

"Guards." He spoke in that calm voice of his.

A few seconds passed. The door opened and Zariel entered, "You summoned me, My Lord?"

"Go to the kitchen and get an extra plate of food. Do not forget to get a basin of water and linen towels too." He ordered, chewing softly on the meat in his mouth.

"Your wish is my command, Your Highness." Zariel answered immediately, and hurried out of the room.

"I am not hungry, My King." Danika protested softly. These days, her appetites has taken a vacation away from her. Not that Baski cares.

The older woman always forces her to eat everything, saying it's good for her child. She does try her best to eat them, but she has very little appetite.

The king glanced at her. "You look a little skinnier. You will eat."

She swallowed a gasp at his innate observation. It was almost creepy, how he would notice the very slight difference in her weight.

She was suddenly thankful that she's been wearing big double corsets lately to hide her condition. He would have noticed otherwise.

You will spend the night naked in his arms tomorrow, Danika. He will definitely find out.

She shut her mind against the frightening thought and focused on watching the king eat in silence. She watched the way he scooped up some little potatoes and directed to his mouth.

The door opened and Zariel entered with an identical tray to the one the king is eating with.

If the king noticed that he brought food for her in a plate meant for a Queen to eat from, he said nothing. Instead, he picked up the wine and drank from it.

Zariel walked around the table towards her, and dropped the tray of food in front of her. In the minute that followed, he set the food as it should be in front of her before he bowed to the king and walked out of his chambers.

She thanked him for the food and dug into her plates. They eat in a comfortable silence.



Vetta was coming back from Karandy's house. She was having a very beautiful day as she rounded the corner that leads to the gate of the palace.

A small body bumped into her, dragging her out of her thoughts. She looked down to see a small boy who wouldn't be passed the age of seven staring up at her.

"How dare you throw such dirty body at me!? Do you want me to have you whipped!?" She hissed angrily, shoving the boy hard.

The child fell and began crying. A heavily pregnant woman ran towards them and her eyes widened when she saw who her child ran into.

"I-I'm so sorry, Mistress. Please, forgive my son! I'm sorry!" The woman cried, fear gripping her because she knows the rumors about the King's Mistress being short-tempered and intolerable.

"He should have looked where he was going, the hellion!" Vetta hissed.

The woman's eyes widened at the anger in the mistress's voice. The woman knelt down and began crying and begging. She fears her son will be taken into the palace and whipped.

Vetta dusted her dress clean, hating the dirtiness she was feeling. She turned to the boy and narrowed her eyes at him, "Make sure you look where you're going, next time!"

The boy only cried harder, running to his mother to hug her tight.

Vetta noticed she was beginning to draw the attention of other people, so, she turned and stormed away. "Ugly dirty lowlifes!" She fumed as she walked.

She arrived at the palace, her thoughts going back to Karandy. A smile touched her cheeks, wiping out the ugly event from outside the palace a few moments ago.

The useless bastard really has no idea.

There is so much more to her plan than he knows. She will be killing three birds with one stone. That includes; Danika, her child and the idiot, Karandy.

For the first time in a few weeks she has something to smile about. Something really cool. She headed for the King's Quarters.

She reached the door but Zariel stopped her. "The king is having dinner. He does not like to be disturbed."

Of course, she knows he doesn't like to be disturbed when he's eating. She has no plans to invoke his anger by doing so.

"I will come back later." She turned to leave and stopped when her eyes caught at the closed window.

Two shadows sitting down and eating. The king and Danika.

She pushed down the anger she felt. It doesn't matter, they have limited time to spend together in the future, anyway.

Let Danika have this moment.

She turned and walked away. Reaching into petticoat, she withdraw the Fertility Pills she got from Monah. He will be hers tomorrow night, she will make sure of that.

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## **Chapter 167**

Danika noticed that the king was troubled. It shows on his face as their meal progressed.

"What troubles you, my King?" Danika asked, her eyebrows creased with worry.

King Lucien isn't used to sharing his problems. He said nothing.

She noticed his defensive hesitation and didn't press. He has let her in long enough for her to know him for who he is. A man who's more used to keeping to himself than talking to people.

But, she already has his trust. He has already let her in. He will tell her when he's ready, and not before.

After the meal, she got up and began clearing the plates. She got to his side and packed up his plates. She was about to carry it up when his arm suddenly wrapped around her midriff.

"Don't. Don't turn around." He ordered, stopping her impulsive movement.

Danica froze. Her heart was in her throat because the King's arm was crossed over her belly. Can he feel their child?

His head came down on her lower back. "Let us be like this just for a moment. Just for a moment."

He doesn't notice. She let out a shuddering breath of relief.

They stayed that way for long. She dropped the plates she has in her hand back to the table. Then, she began patting his hands rhythmically.

His deep breaths fanned her butt. She imagined his eyes slid close. Finally, he unwrapped his arms from her and raised his head.

She took it as her cue to turn towards him. His hand rubbed his forehead as if trying to soothe a headache. She allowed herself to seat back on the chair behind her.

Finally, he g\*\*\*\*\*d in a low voice. "Downtown, the crops are dying there. Their lower market hasn't been selling well lately. It has been this way since the beginning of this year, but I thought things will change. It hasn't."

Danika has heard about this before from the maids. They talk about a small part of town downtown, having trouble feeding because crops are no longer growing.

"Crops are dying. There has been no rain in this kingdom for two years. It is unsettling, but it happens in other kingdoms too. But, Salem is vulnerable because of what we've been through in the hands of King Cone. We are still trying to stand back on our feet, that's why it's harder for my kingdom. The farmer are trying, but there is only so much they can do."

She listened quietly as he poured out his mind to her. She can tell that this has weighted heavily on him from the way he talks about it. No wonder he looks so worn out.

“It gets worse as time goes by.” King Lucien continued, “This past few weeks they’ve been getting food from the Palace, from the Servant’s Kitchen. I have the cooks send food downtown, but it can’t go on like this for long.”

Danika felt compelled to assure him. “The people of Salem are very strong, My King. They have survived on their own for a long time. The people downtown might be low-borns but they are survivors. Do not worry so much.”

“I cannot help but worry.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d.

She bit her lips. “Can I make a suggestion, Your Highness?”

He rubbed his hand over his face, “You can.”

“There are lots of water from the ground here in the palace. Why don’t we connect a pipe from the palace, downtown? It will supply water there, at least enough for them to keep the crops growing and be able to feed and sell. It can sustain the people until rain comes.” She presented softly.

King Lucien hasn’t thought of that before. He raised his head and looked at the woman before him. He felt like a huge load has lifted from his shoulders.

“This is a very good idea, Danika.” He said, truthfully.

Danika nodded, inwardly feeling pleased with herself. She was glad that she was able to help.

“I will tell Zariel to do that first thing tomorrow morning.” he paused, “I want you to go over there when you can to oversee the project.”

Danika’s eyes widened. That is usually the works of a Queen or a person from a privileged position. Definitely not for a slave.

“But—” she began.

He got up and walked towards his wardrobe and began undressing his Royal wears. “You can ensure that every house will be able to fetch the water they need.”

She snapped her mouth shut. But, her heart filled with happiness that he would put her in charge of such big important project when he has a future Queen and a Mistress. It made her eyes water.

“I will make sure not to disappoint you, My King.” She breathed.

Silence descended. Left in his underthings, he walked to the bed and laid down on it. His eyes closed, he continued rubbing small circles on his forehead.

“I feel so tired.” he paused, “Come and hold me, Danika.”

The request made her heart jump. She hesitated.

“Do not worry about the Courting Week, I will not try to take your body. That will be on the night of the morrow. Now, I need to sleep. That works best in your arms.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d without opening his eyes.

She realized that he didn’t just openly confess something so important to her, but he also gave her a weakness of his. He sleeps best in her arms.

He trusts her enough to tell her that much. Her legs carried her to him, she got into bed beside him.

The king needs her. For the first time in a long time, she felt genuinely happy.

He might not love her, but he does feel something for her. Something beautiful. He must, for him to be able to let her in...and keep letting her in.

Her eyes found the door of the library behind him. The place his sister, Princess Melia, was killed by her father.

She can still remember that day he warned her never to go into that library. He was so angry he’d told her that he will kill her the day he find her in that library. And since then, she has never been inside there. It’s also a part of him he has kept away from her.

Will the day come when he will let her inside that library?

With the way he is with her lately, she has hope. With time, he will trust her enough to let her in completely.

Automatically, he pulled her so much closer and wrapped his arms around her. “This is better.”

“Yes.” She closed her eyes and burrowed into him, a sign of pleasure left her lips. She loves being in his arms. Have craved it in the past few weeks.

“I know something much better,” He pulled back and began untying the ropes of her corset.

Finally, the ropes came free. He pulled it down and freed a plump creamy breast. A g\*\*\*n of satisfaction left his lips before he took the perk nîpple into his eager mouth.

Danika couldn't hold back the m\*\*n that escaped her lips. That part of her has always been sensitive. More so, now that she's pregnant.

Each tug of his lips she felt in that secret place of her womanhood. She pushed down the feeling, and closed her eyes again. She began patting his short black curls.

Time passed.

That seem to be all he needed. It didn't take long before his breath evened out and he fell asleep.

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## Chapter 168

The next day Danika and Baski didn't get the opportunity to see the King because it was filled with activities.

Just as the king said, the next morning, he told Zariel about the plan for the irrigation and water distribution to the people. He also told Zariel that she is in charge.

So, she left the palace and went into town with them where she supervised and directed the sharing of water. Coming outside town reminded her of Sally.

Her former maid that was always beside her for years. She misses Sally so much even though she writes to her from time to time. It paid off that she thought Sally how to write.

Sally might not be perfect and might get most of the words wrongly, but what matters to Danika was that she's able to return her messages and she was also able to comprehend Sally's messages after a few careful reads. She hopes that one of these days, she will have the time and permission to leave the palace and visit her best friend.

Down the town, she was dedicated to her duty, making sure that the sharing of water works well and properly.

The people were so happy about the water, it was on their face and their attitudes, on the smile they gave her each time they passed with their big buckets. They thanked her and the king as they fetched their rounds. She made sure every family got their share.

She was still making her rounds when a little boy fell into her. She grabbed the child to steady him so that the boy will not fall. He does not look older than six years to her.

“Are you all right?” She asked concerned, staring at the boy’s clothes and not-so-clean hair.

The boy has fear written all over his face. “I’m sorry! I’m so sorry! Please, don’t hurt me!”

“I have no plans to hurt you, dear. Please, don’t cry. What is your name?” She asked softly.

He took two steps away from her, still crying. The boy hesitated.

Danika patted his hair in reassurance, giving him a beautiful smile. “It’s okay. It’s okay.”

“I’m Corna.” He mumbled at last.

“Stop crying, Corna, okay? I won’t hurt you.”

A heavily pregnant woman came running out immediately with her own bucket on her hand, her eyes widened at the sight in front of her. She dropped her bucket immediately as if it bit her.

She rushed to Danika and knelt in front of her. “Oh, please! Please, have mercy on him please! Corna is very clumsy and reckless, he’s always running without watching his way. Please, have mercy, please!” The young woman cried bitterly.

Danika was already shaking her head. She helped the pregnant woman stand up. “Stop panicking. He only runs into people, he isn’t hurting anybody. Don’t let it bother you so much.”

“Corna has no control at all. Yesterday, he ran into the mistress and he almost got whipped for it. Please have mercy, please! I’ll try to hold him as often as I can.”

“You can only try your best, but it’s okay. He’s just a boy and he’s already scared out of his mind.” She spared the little boy a glance and saw how he shivered in fear.

The sight broke her heart. Not minding the boy’s dirty state, she lifted the boy into her arms. He was quite heavy but she held him.



Danika consoled him with soothing words while the poor mother stood beside them gawking at her. The woman never expected such treatment from a woman who was once of privileged status. A woman who was fathered by a monster.

Time passed and the boy stopped carrying, but he refused to get down from Danika's arms. Instead, he burrowed his head to her shoulder and stuck his hand into his mouth and sucked on it.

No matter how his mother tried to get him to come away from Danika and allow her to work, the boy turned deaf ears. In the end, Danika just smiled and walked away, carrying the boy.

She held the boy as she continued doing her job. She made sure the older people in the village got enough water too, while Zariel and the guards stayed several miles away from her, getting the pumps working well.



It was evening by the time King Lucien finished in court. He was feeling so tired, he always is after a long day in court.

Today he had to deal with a married couple who wishes to separate and the little kids in the orphanage of Salem. Those children who lost their parents to the hands of King Cone during slavery. The reminder made his head hurt.

He was almost at his Chambers when a maid ran to him. She was breathing heavily and seemed to have come in a hurry. He turned towards her and waited for her to talk.

The maid fell to the ground and bowed her head. "My name is Kaya. I'm the personal maid of the Mistress. She is so sick, Your Highness! So, so, sick, she requests for you."

That, had the King's brows creased in worry. "How is she? What is the matter? Is she doing alright? "

"No, My King. She is not doing so fine. She scares me."

"Take me to her."

The maid nodded vigorously and got up from the floor. She led the king to the mistress quarters.

When the king entered, he saw Vetta lying down on the bed. It has been so long since he saw his mistress he felt guilt. He and Vetta has been through so much together, it is unfair that he has been so unconcerned about her for the past few weeks.

The king turned to Kaya, "Leave us."

“As you wish, Your Majesty.” The maid responded with a bow of her head, before she turned and hurried out of the room.

Vetta’s eyes opened a little, “My King...” She whispered in a hoarse voice.

He walked towards the edge of her bed and sat down. “How do you feel?”

Vetta tried to read him, but it’s as impossible as trying to force rain to fall. His face was as hard as it was carved out of granite but his eyes wasn’t so cold.

“I feel very bad.” She has him exactly where she wants him. Buying the body-weakening and swollen-face pills from the black market was definitely worth it. It gave her inner joy.

Outside, her eyes watered as she watched him. The seller did tell her that the illegal pill does make a person an emotional mess. She was glad about that part too. She needs all the game she can get.

“What is wrong with you?” He asked in a calming voice.

“I started having lots of pain in my belly and so many weakness. I couldn’t control the pain, it was too much.” It wasn’t exactly a lie.

“I should have Baski take a look at you. She can be able to help.”

“No. Not Baski,” she shook her head, “Wouldn’t want to be a burden to her. Kaya already called Angie; the medicine man, and he has examined me. He made me some drugs to take too.”

Her eyes went to the table beside her, leaving the king’s eyes to follow. Indeed, there were indeed drugs on the table but they were her fertility pills and body-energizing portions.

The king nodded. “You will be fine, Vetta.”

“Thank you, My King. I’m just so s-scared...” she swallowed, looking frightened, “... I hate being sick. It reminds me so much about that horrible place. I don’t ever want to live with the thoughts of that hideous past in my head.”

He raised his hand. Hesitated. Then, he placed it on her arm, a muscle at his jaw ticked in that telltale indication that he doesn’t like touches.

He didn’t pull his hand though. “Try not to think about it. We are free, Vetta. The drugs might make you delirious but try not to get buried in that awful memories.” His eyes clouded, “I know what it feels like to drown in them. It is not a good feeling.”

She knows that he knows how awful and tormenting their past has been for him, and that was exactly she's using it. Tears filled her eyes and overflowed. Being delirious is her best strategy.

"I feel so alone." She cried.

"You are not alone."

"Lucien...?" She whispered, knowing he wouldn't punish her for it.

He stiffened. She'd called him that a few things in slavery...after a massive torture session. "Mmh?"

More tears. "Can you please stay this night with me...? I'm so scared, I don't want to be alone. I'm so scared to be alone...."

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## Chapter 169

Danika was tired and worn out by the time the project finished.

She took Corna back to his mother's house and dropped him at the front porch. Lowering herself to become eye level with the boy, she ruffled his hair again. "You'll be fine, Corna. Be a good boy, okay?"

Corna nodded obediently. "You are a good Qween... Very beautiful Qween."

Danika smiled at him, even as she wondered what's with the little boy addressing her the same way Remeta addressed her? "I'm not a Queen. I was a princess, Corna. But now, I'm not anymore..."

The boy reluctantly released his finger from his mouth with a pop. He moved closer and placed his little hand on her belly. He touched every corner of it like a doctor would do during examination.

He looked up to her confused face and smiled. "Pwince of Rwain. Eveverything will be fine."

Danica returned his smile even though she doesn't understand most of his halting words. The door opened and his mother came out with a warm smile. She thanked Danika about everything.

"Because of you and the king, we will have so much to eat again. We have water again. Thank you so much. You are so different from your father. I am so sorry that you have been hated because of him. You are a good woman, Princess Danika." The woman smiled at her before she took Corna into the small house.

Danika's heart was filled with happiness as she walked away from the premises. It was a good day today.

Her happy mood only lasted until she entered her bedroom and Baski informed her that the King will be spending the night with his mistress, in her bedroom.

She should feel relief—it will buy them more time to tell the king about her pregnancy, which she and Baski has already decided they would do on the morning of the morrow. If the king doesn't spend the night with her, he wouldn't have to find out by himself and accuse her of betrayal.

She should be giddy with relief. But all, she felt was sadness. Her chest tightened and her eyes watered.

She turned away from Baski, so she wouldn't see her tears. "It's a good thing for me anyway. I can just use this opportunity to get some much needed sleep. I've been so stressed, I need the rest and—"

Baski came to her front and hugged her close. "It's okay to feel bad, Danika. No one ever gets used to the bitter fact that a man who was supposed to be hers, is in the company of another woman."

Danika swiped the tears away. "The king is not mine."

"You're right, he isn't. You are not the only woman the king has. Several mistresses and slaves belong to the king, but a King belongs to his Queen."

The answer only made her hurt the more. It reminded her of the things she can never have. Of her former status she lost.

"Our king already has his future Queen but guess who he has feelings for?" Baski added.

Danika stiffened, pulling back to see the older woman's face clearly.

Baski nodded, "I don't know what those feelings are, and I can bet that he has no idea too. But, he has feelings for you, Danika. Feelings that is not hate. Feelings that he does not have for any other woman that belongs to him."

Baski smiled as she began walking to the door, "Why don't you keep that in mind as you try to get that much-needed sleep? And you're going to need that sleep very well. It's a big day tomorrow. And we don't know what it will bring."

After, she left, Danika walked to the bed and sat down on it. Her heart light and filled with hope.

Does the King really have feelings for her?

Well, Baski was right about one thing. It is a big day tomorrow. They will go together and break the news of her pregnancy to the king. No more going back.

What will tomorrow bring?

Will it change her life for the better?

Will it change her life for the worse?

Will tomorrow end her life?

She took her bath and came back to her bedroom. Lying on the bed in a simple nightcloth, she couldn't shake the bad feeling that settled in her guts

Why does it feel like tomorrow will change her life forever?

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Vetta spent half of the night reminiscing their days in captivity. It made the King on edge and as hours passed, he was tensed like a coiled snake waiting to snap.

It was exactly what Vetta wanted. Why would he want to forget what they'd been through!? Why would he try to forget what shaped him to the man he is now!?

She took her fertility pills around midnight, the bone-weakening pills already wearing off like the woman told her. An hour after taking her pills, she was horny as hell and ready to have the King to herself.

He was lying behind her, tensed and ready to sleep. But he's always been a man who sleep does not favor, so she knows he's awake even when he's as quiet as the blazes.

She turned towards him and reached boldly for him. She does not think it's possible for him to get more tense but that happened when she placed a hand on his chest.

"Not tonight, Vetta." His deep g\*\*\*n made his throat vibrate.

"I need you, My King. I need you so much." She whispered, untying his rope.

His hand stopped hers. Blue eyes like bottomless pits of hell met her face. "You are sick. You do not need this."

"Yes, I do. Please... It's been so long. Danika came along and you no longer want me. You treat me like I'm dirty, like you no longer want me. It pains me." Her voice sad, she articulated.

"Vetta—"

She rose from the bed and pulled off her clothes.

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## Chapter 170

Vetta rose from the bed and pulled off her clothes. She'd prepared for this night, so she wasn't really wearing much. Sitting up naked beside him, she shook her head miserably.

"I am your Mistress, My King. I feel like I'm no longer good enough for you. Maybe because I wasn't born with a Royal B\*\*\*d inside me... Maybe because you have forgotten everything we've been through. Maybe you glance at me and remember dirt..." Tears filled her eyes and she sniffled, "The same dirt King Cone created when he raped my mind and my body, right in front of you..."

King Lucien slid his eyes closed, the memory made his heart—which was warm earlier in the day—go cold.

"He dropped a burger. Wanted me to crawl on my hands and knees, and eat it out straight from the ground with my mouth. Like a dog." He remembered one of the events.

“Something so utterly degrading and demeaning for you.” She added on a whisper.

His head moved in a nod, “I would not do it, and so, he starved me for three days. Came back afterwards to force such humiliation again in front of twelve slaves. He raped you brutally right in front of me, because I would not do it.”

She closed her eyes at the shameful remembrance. She didn’t have to fake the tears, they came all on their own.

“I can still remember that like yesterday. Your screams. The b\*\*\*d... I never forgot Vetta. There are some thing that can never be forgotten.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d.

“These memories stayed with me.” she admitted, her hand on his chest again. “When you keep me so far away like you have done these past few weeks, I cannot help but feel dirty. You do not want me anymore.”

He rose and palmed her cheek, “That is untrue. I do want you. And about your past, they do not define you, Vetta. What defines you is your present and your future.”

She lowered her head then and kissed his lips. His hand on her waist tightened; a small reaction, but with the King, it does not get any bigger.

She pulled back and sniffled, “See... I repulse you. You can’t even bear to k\*\*s me but you do so with Danika all the time. She was the Princess... The Untouched... The Unraped... The Pure... The innocent... And I am just dirt.”

“I do not k\*\*s Danika for those reasons, Vetta.” He indicated at her miserable cry, “And, you are not dirt. I do not like such assessment. If being battered makes dirt, then I would be mud.”

“Then, k\*\*s me. Take me to bed...just like old times. I crave it; the pain, the pleasure, the pressure, everything. I crave you.” At that whisper, she kissed him again.

He remained unresponsive for a few seconds.

Then, he took over. Kissing her, he undressed himself. Naked like she is, she wet her hand with the lube on the table before touching his phallus. She took hold of his length and stroked him to arousal.

They laid on their sides, with her back to him. Raising her leg, she m\*\*\*\*d when he pushed into her to the hilt. His thrusts were restrained and controlled.

Like his body was with her and his mind isn’t.





“You are going to the training ground, and you would be training new guards today, right?” She asked, lying naked and sated on the bed, she has no desire to put on her clothes.

He reached for his gold-colored robe and pulled it over his head. “You have that right.”

“There has been some silent rumors between the maids...” She trailed off.

He spared her a glance as he tied his Royal belt which he wore when he’d come to her yesterday. “What is that?”

She bit her lips, “They said that Danika is seeing another man. According to the rumors, she has another lover.”

Eyes so cold they would freeze the toughest of men, snapped up and held hers. He spoke no words but he didn’t need to.

She’d pushed him too hard.

Vetta backpaddled immediately. “W-Well, I wasn’t the one that s-said it. It was a rumor I overheard—”

“I do not ever want to hear such a thing from you again.” He cut in.

“My King, I didn’t mean—”

He turned away from her. “Danika is not that kind of woman, she was trained better than that. She has more morals and principles than most princess. She would not do it...not when she finds it degrading and beneath her status.”

She sputtered in indignation, taken aback. “She is a slave.”

“She was a Princess. For twenty-two years.”

Why would he defend her like that!? It annoyed her greatly but she tapped it down. It makes it all the more entertaining and interesting when her plan proves him wrong.

In fact, it only solidifies her belief that the King will execute Danika when he finds her in the arms of another man.

Poor Danika. Vetta smiled greatly. It is a promising day.

“I have to be in court.” He strode to the door.

“I enjoyed last night, My King.” she produced in a surd tone, “I am yours to summon whenever you want. Even when you are forced in indulge your broken self and have...special needs. I am yours.”

King Lucien reached for the doorknob and stopped. He turned and walked back to her until he stood in front of her. There was a slight ting of pity in his eyes as he watched her.

“I am trying to heal, Vetta. Maybe it is time you try to do the same.” With that, he turned and walked out of her bedroom.

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## Chapter 171

Danika woke up feeling unwell. It is not unusual for her ever since she got pregnant, but today was worse than the others.

She vomited her lungs in the toilet, lowering herself to the floor beside the seat, she laid her head on it and tried to get some sleep. She was feeling that sleepy.

A knock came on the door, followed by the creek of the door. “Danika?” Baski’s voice came through.

“In here...” She tried to shout but it came out like a croon.

A few seconds later, Baski appeared at her door and looked at her with concern, “Your food is down the drains.”

“I couldn’t keep it in. I feel very queasy this morning. More than the other days.”

Baski walked closer and helped her get up from the floor. She led her out of the bathroom, “That’s what being pregnant is like. Some days are better—or worse—than the others.”

She led her to the chair and sat her down on it. She began rubbing Danika’s back in an attempt to calm her queasiness.

“You have to come back during early afternoon to put something on your stomach again. If you eat again now, you won’t be able to keep it down.”

“Okay. Zariel said we have to go and distribute water to another part of town that was having the same water and crop issues. There’s aren’t as severe as those downtown, but they still have problem with cultivation because of water.” She explained softly.

“That is good. I still can’t believe the king entrusted you with something so huge—I never expected it. He is so unpredictable.”

“I never expected it too. I plan to go and see Sally when I’m in town too. I’ve missed her so much.”

“I know she misses you too. That’s how it is when you recently get married, you miss your family and friends but you can’t do anything about it for a while: You have new responsibilities and that is taking care of your new husband, trying to make a family and trying to adjust to your new life.” Baski enunciated to her in an educative way.

“I understand. Thank you so much, Baski. For everything.” She raised her head and smiled at him in gratitude, “You’re the mother I lost when I was young. Thank you for being here for me.”

Baski shook her head, still rubbing her back, “You are a good woman, Danika. I knew almost immediately when I came to see you in the dungeon, two days after the king collared you.”

The older woman smiled at the reminder, “You were looking so elegant. So very beautiful and proud like the princess you are. But behind those bravado, I saw a vulnerable woman in terror of the new strange world she found herself. I didn’t let myself feel for you, because of your father.”

“What changed?” Danika asked, curious.

“Your strength. Your braveness. Your heart. The goodness in you. The light in you shines too bright, it cannot be ignored.” She answered without missing a beat.

Danika’s eyes watered and she averted her eyes, “You give me so much credit.”

Baski only smiled and gave her back a last pat before she pulled away from her and stood up, “The king is in court this morning. He has a lot to do. We will go to him when you come back this evening.”

Danika nodded, “Alright. I will go to the backyard to pick up my clothes I hanged out there to dry.”



Danika rounded the corner that led to the backyard, when all of a sudden, a strong hand grabbed her from behind.

She opened her lips to scream but the hand slapped over her mouth while still holding her tight against his hard body.

A knife poked at her side from behind, "Make a single noise and cut you apart like a cloth."

The deep dreaded voice of the former Slave Trainer reverberated Danika's ears. She froze automatically in fear as he dragged her to the store room and slammed the door shut.

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Sally woke up that morning with a sick feeling in her gut. A very sick feeling of impending doom.

Staring at the wall clock, she wasn't surprised that she woke up late considering how late she fell asleep last night. A small smile split her lips, followed with a red that spread across her cheeks.

Chad had been very demanding, more demanding than he'd always been with her. It was beautiful. And speaking of her husband...

She looked around the empty bedroom for him but he wasn't in the room. Then, she heard the faint sound of an axe hitting a wood repeatedly.

She got up and entered the small bathhouse, her face glowing as she felt the aches in her body that were a perfect reminder of everything he did to her the night before.

She loves being married to the love of her life. She never thought her life would ever turn out like this.

A few moments later, she was dressed in a plain yellow petticoat and a beautiful small-rounded hat on her head. She strode to the kitchen to try and fix something to eat for them.

That bad feeling came again in her gut. This time around, stronger...deadlier. Her Princess, Danika.

She paused in the middle of cutting vegetables and savored the feeling of longing for her Princess. She has missed seeing her princess so much. So so much, it was almost a physical ache.

Sally has always planned for a while now to go and see her Princess, but she has never found the time to do that because she and her husband are still trying to settle in.

They are working around the house and renovating in their spare times. Standing on her toes, she looked out of the kitchen window, watching Chad as he broke the woods. He'd told her that he wanted to build a storeroom for them.

Oh, Princess Danika, I miss you so much, Sally thought sadly. She made a resolve to herself to make out time today—no matter how little—to go and see her Princess in the Palace.

“Why do you look so worried? Are you alright, my darling?”

She sighed when she heard the voice of her husband closely behind her. His hand wrapped around her waist. She must have been too wrapped up in her thoughts she didn't hear him walk in.

“I'm worried about My Princess. I woke up having a very bad feeling in my gut...” She explained softly, “I miss her badly.”

“I think about the King too, from time to time. We should make out time to make a visit to the Palace.” Chad played with her soft hair, washing her cook.

Sally nodded. His words should have alleviated her worry and calmed her heart. But, it didn't.

The sickening feeling in her gut only worsened.

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## **Chapter 172**

Callan was working at the back of his house. Peace and serenity was the only companion he has with him, exactly the way he likes it.

The chirpings of birds in the morning. The sound of giving flowing down the hill a few miles away. The soft sweeping of wind every moments. He was deep in thoughts as he caught the linens he wants to use as new cottons for his house.

He was quickly jerked out of his thoughts when he heard a soft but firm knock on his front door. He dropped the scissors and the linen-cloth, and got up from the wooden chair.

He walked back to his house through the backyard and entered the sitting room, going straight to the door where he pulled it open.

It's a visitor he never expected after months of absence. After he heard of her impending marriage to a King.

"Good day, My Lady." He extended with a bow of his head, opening the door wider for her to enter.

"Hi" Princess Kamara greeted. She was almost nervous, and he has never known her to be anything but sparkling.

Kamara removed the hood she used to cover herself while making this forbidden journey. Her father will be very mad at her if he finds out about this, but she just couldn't stay away any longer.

She needed to see him. Not seeing him this past few months hasn't been easy, coupled with her one month in Salem, he was all she thought about since she got back yesterday.

Her eyes took him in, the same way he watched her. He was one of the most handsome she has ever met, with those devastating blue eyes that was very expressive. Unlike King Lucien's.

Kamara admitted that she was a nervous mess. Her insides tingling just at the sight of him. Her heart raced and her cheeks was faint red.

Callan is the only man that always reduced her to this state, she would have been ashamed of herself if she hadn't found out about her deep feelings for him.

"I'm so sorry for dropping in so unannounced, I—" she paused, not knowing the way to say it, "I just needed to see you."

"It's no problem or hardship, My Lady. I-I was not expecting to see you at all..." He stuttered out, obviously fluttered by her presence.

"Oh, should I go...?" She must have caught him at a bad time. She shouldn't have—

"No, no, that's not it, My Lady." He was quick to clear her doubts. He looked behind her in search of something.

He must be looking for Henna, Kamara deducted. She has never visited him before without her personal maid. In fact, she rarely goes anywhere without her.

She pushed behind, the strands of her hair getting to her face and an almost-shy smile appeared on her face. "It's just me today. I came alone."

"Oh..." He balanced his weight on the other foot. His eyes was everywhere but at her, he pointed behind him, "I am working out back..."

"Can I stay with you while you work? I wouldn't disturb or yell or distract you. I will—"

"Yes, please." He replied, cutting her off.

Her eyes brightened and she looked at his face more accessingly, it calmed most of her nerves to see that he was as flustered as she was.

Maybe, just maybe, he felt her absence when she stopped coming around.

"I can stay?" She asked in clarification.

He held the door wider for her and his eyes finally met hers, "Yes. You can stay for as long as you want.... I don't mind."

The last of Kamara's worries of invading his privacy disappeared like the wind and her lips stretched into a wild smile as she walked into the house.



Karandy slammed the door shut before he released Damika from his arms. A wicked victorious smile stretched his lips as he looked at the former princess.

"At last." He g\*\*\*\*\*d to himself in satisfaction, "At—fûcking—last."

Danika glanced at the man that sudden grabbed her away and locked her in the store room with him. Terror filled her because he has a knife with him.

"Let me go!" She demanded, meaning to keep most of the intoxicating fear from her voice.

"You are in no circumstances to give commands, Princess." He mocked, chuckling at her.

Danika took deep breaths and tried again, walking right past him to the door. "Please, let me go. Why would you bring me here!?"

He dragged her by the hair and yanked her right back to him, pressing the knife to her lower back again. "Don't ever do that."

Danika froze. "The king will murder you for this. You better let me go or I will report this to the king!"

That devilish laughter came again. Then, Danika felt his hand wrapped around one of her breast and he squeezed so hard.

A scream erupted her throat at the excruciating pain, his hand shot to her mouth smothering the pained sound. He didn't stop squeezing until Danika thought he'd crush her breast and her nipple will fall off.

"Stop! Please!" Her pleas were muffled through his hand, she writhed against him, trashing so hard in an effort to pull free.

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## Chapter 173

"Let me make something clear, Princess. You do not get to threaten me. Not today. You can only ask the gods to keep me in a better mood on this day so I won't strangle you after I take what I want from you, over and over again." Finally, his hand released her abused plumpness and he stepped back.

Her eyes watered and she looked around fanatically for an escape. This can't be happening! This can't be!!

She has a sickening feeling in her gut about what 'he wants from her', bile rose on her throat. Over her dead body will she allow that!

"Money! I will give you money, just let me go!" She screamed at him. Her fear and will to escape this hellish fate overrode her sense of reasoning and she made a run for the door again.

Before Karandy could reach for her, a huge wave of dizziness found her first.

She cried out as the room tilted. She lost her balance but his repulsive hand caught her and lifted her off her feet.

"Let me go! Let me go now! HELP!!!!" She screamed again.



Karandy forced her down on the hay he made in the storeroom and came down on top of her aggressively. He wrapped his hand around her collared neck and squeezed tightly, cutting off her scream...and her breath.

She made choking sounds, trying to drag in breaths to her system. Karandy was already raving mad about her stubbornness.

He was truly tempted to beat her brutally and strangle her to death, not minding the Mistress instructions. But, he tried to get himself under control by taking deep breaths to calm his anger.

Taking sexual pleasures from her body as much as he wants and anyhow he wants when she is too drugged, he could do. But sleeping with her dead body is not something he wants.

“Will you keep your mouth shut and do everything I want, or do you want me to strangle you to death!?” He snarled angrily, his hands tightening on her throat.

Danika’s lungs burned from lack of air, she couldn’t breathe at all. Helpless tears wouldn’t stop flowing from her eyes down her ears, to the white piece of cloth he spread beneath her.

She nodded her head vigorously, thrashing under him in her effort to throw his hand off and take in oxygen into her lungs.

Finally, he loosened his hand and pulled back from her. She gasped in air in large quantity, all the fight knocked out of her.

Suddenly, she was feeling so tired of everything. Her throat hurts. Her inside burns. Her breast is aching badly.

“Useless cunt. You think yourself all high and mighty?” He leaned closer, grabbing her jaw and forcing her to look at him, “The only thing I have ever wanted from you was your body. If you had allowed me to take you whenever I wanted then—if you had agreed to my offer then in the mines, none of this will be happening!”

“Please, let me go... I’m feeling so unwell and you’re hurting me.” she cried miserably, wanting to be everywhere but where she is at the moment. “I’m p-pregnant... You’re hurting me....”

“I know you’re carrying the King’s child, good luck on that one. You have a death wish, keeping an abomination like that thing in your belly.” He reached for her clothes.

She crawled back until her back hit the wall, scurrying out of his reach. “No! Please, don’t hurt my b-baby. Don’t hurt me... I’m s-sorry for everything I did, but please, don’t do this!”

He has wasted enough time. This woman has featured in every of his erotic fantasies and now he has a chance to live them.

Having her well away from people, behind closed doors and at his mercy has given him a hard, painful boner. Blazes, he can't wait to explore her.

He wants to take her body while she screams and fights him—it turns him on so much—but he knows that he can't risk it. The plan is to drug her senseless. And, they are so close to the palace.

He reached for the table behind his head and withdrew the pill that will make her very high for his cōck, he will be able to fûck her as long as he wants before the maid whom the Mistress will send, comes.

“Take this.” He extended it to her so casually.

Danika watched the small brown pill with terror. What is that pill...? Will it kill her...? Hurt her severely...?

Whatever it is must not be a good thing.

She shook her head vigorously, pressing herself to the wall.

Karandy hissed impatiently, and glared at her. “Listen to me, it's either you take this all by yourself or I force it down your throat after I've beaten you within an inch of your life and strangled the breath out of you, you will have no choice than to take the pills.”

Her cheeks was wet from crying. Her eyes was feeling very dizzy and she was too tired.

“P-Please stop... I feel f-faint...” She cried truthfully.

“This pills will help you. Keep you energized and happy. I will make you very happy and you will only want so much more.” He enunciated smugly.

Her eyes skiddered to his pants which was distended by his engorged dick.

Just the thought of his hands on her body repulsed her greatly not to mention that part of him. She will never be able to survive it if he rapes her body. She will fall apart. She will break beyond repair.

“No!” She began screaming on top of her lungs. “Somebody help me! Some—“

He grabbed hold of her hair and yanked her towards him, cutting off her breath. He covered her mouth with his and kissed her brutally, shutting her up.

Danika fought him and nausea with everything she could. She struggled against him, but her strength was no match for him.

He pulled back.

She opened her mouth to scream again.

He forced the pills down her throat, and grabbed hold of her neck in that instance so she wouldn't throw it up.

It's either she swallows or it chokes her to death.

Danika closed her eyes in defeat and helplessness, and swallowed.

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## Chapter 174

LAST EPISODE 1.

Vetta wouldn't stop smiling. She was having a very beautiful day and it showed on her face.

She might be carrying the King's child. She might be pregnant for him already. The thought couldn't stop making her smile.

Not to mention that her plan is already in motion. She'd been watching when Danika walked to the backyard to get her clothes and didn't return. Vetta doesn't need to be a seer to know that Karandy must have grabbed his quarry.

Poor pregnant woman. And poor Karandy too.

Men will always be men, Vetta thought as she turned and began walking outside in search of the king. The useless asshole might have noticed that there's a loophole in her plan, but l\*\*t blindsided him.

His obsession of Danika's body has blocked him from seeing every other thing. Including his own doom.

"Did you see the King?" She asked the first maid she saw when she got outside the palace building.

"I saw him at the training field. He just finished teaching sword fights to the trainees. I think he is about to leave." The maid answered with a bow.

She nodded curtly and continued her journey. Once she entered the vicinity of the big training field, she saw him at first glance. She stood for moment, admiring him.

She has always loved having this man as hers. A man so powerful, and so different from other men who belonged to her, listened to her and needed her so much before.

And then, Danika had to come along and take him from her. Danika ruined everything she'd spend more than six years working so hard for and she doesn't even deserve him.

She's the daughter of the monster who created the monster the King is today—who created the monster she, Vetta, is today. Danika is the very spawn of the devil himself.

And today, she will pay in unspeakable ways Even if it means that the king will kill his own child by his hands....if Karandy hasn't done the job.

"My King!" She called from the entrance of the field.

King Lucien turned and acknowledged her with an inclination of his head before he faced away from her and began walking out of the field through the other end.

She hurried her steps to get to him. When she reached him, she fell into step with him. "I saw the trainees, My King. You must have done a pretty good job leading the training today."

"Most of them are still far away when it comes to swordsmanship, but they will get there." He replied as calmly as possible.

"I believe so too. You have always been the best swordsman. A warrior to the core. It was one of the things King Cone feared so much, the reason he locked you away all the time."

King Lucien continued walking, his arms together behind his back. The palace workers bowed and greeted him at every turn, and he inclined his head slightly in acknowledgment of their greetings.

"What are you doing out here, Vetta? Shouldn't you be at the market, picking a new dress to give your seamstress?" He asked after a little silence.

Vetta smiled beside him, feeling all fluttered up. He remembered the ball she told him about last night, that she'd been invited to by Lady Mirabeth.

Wiping the smile from her face, she took on a sad look, "I lost a sample of the new dress I had in mind for the ball, My King."

He spared her a glance. "How did that happen?"

"I have no idea, My Lord. I think I must have misplaced it and it hurts me a lot."

"I apologize for that. Maybe you should tell the maids to help you search?"

Vetta nodded, "I will keep that in mind for later, My King. For now, I just want to accompany you on a walk."

They got out from the vicinity of the field, and the king stopped suddenly. Vetta raised her head to see why and saw Baski ahead of them.

The older woman seems to be searching for something, but when she saw the King, she strode towards them and bowed her head. "Good day, My King."

"You look worried. Are you alright, Baski?" His voice was neutral, but there is a thread of underlying concern in it.

Baski's face mirrored her own worry and concern. She was out of breath like she'd been running. "I've been looking for Remeta all morning. She woke up this morning crying, and then, she took off in a run out of the Palace. I've not seen her until now."

"You should not let it bother you, Baski. Remeta will be back. You know how she loves roaming the wild." The king speculated.

Baski calmed a bit but she was still agitated. "I know, My King. But, she ran out of the palace. She looked scared and in pains. I don't know what to do for her..."

The king continued walking slowly, and Baski fell into steps with them. "Maybe you should just give her a little space. It might be all she needs, since she ran out of the Palace."

"I thought so too. I thought, maybe, she'd gone to town to stay with Danika during water supply." Baski injected.

"I do not think Zariel's group has left the palace yet. Zariel is still getting the supplies they will need ready."

Baski's steps faltered. "You mean, that they are still in the Palace, Your Highness?"

The king nodded. "That is the message I got this morning."

Baski's brows creased in worry. If Zariel's crew hasn't left then, where is Danika?

When she went to her bedroom in search of Remeta, and didn't see any sign of her, she'd thought that Zariel's crew has already left. That's strange.

“I do think that they might have already left for town, My King.” Baski repeated, staring up at the king.

He shook his head to indicate that she’s wrong. Then, he turned to his three guards that followed a few feet behind them. “Has Zariel left?”

“No, Your Majesty. They are still making preparations.” One of them answered, after they all shook their heads. Another guard was carrying the King’s sword and its patch.

The king swiveled his head and continued walking. Baski felt worried. Where is Danika?

Vetta does not like how the King carried on a conversation with old Baski without her. So, she looked to the sky and inserted her voice, “Isn’t it a beautiful morning?”

“I guess it is.” Was all the king said.

As Baski walked with them, she tried to calm herself with lots of possibilities—many reasons why Danika has disappeared in the past. She must have fallen asleep in one corner.

That might just be it because poor Danika tends to fall asleep every time and everywhere. Or maybe, she has gone to see Sally like she indicated she would in the morning.

They got to a curve. Two routes: one leads to the woods, while the other leads to the backyard of the palace.

“Can we go through this route?” She asked, pointing at the one that leads to the backyard, “I want to stop by the storeroom. There are some clothes I gave my maid to take out yesterday and keep in the store until it’s time to take them to the village and distribute to woman of poor backgrounds. I think I most have mistakenly packed in those samples I was talking about.”

“Alright.” The king responded.

Satisfaction sizzled through her like a bird in the wind. They started down the part that leads to the storeroom, she couldn’t help her smile again.

Karandy better had used his small time to good use by taking as much pleasure as he needed from Danika’s supple. Because, the real show is about to hit the road.

A show that includes his death, Danika’s death and her child’s death too.

All of a sudden, Remeta’s words came back to her. Her steps faltered.

“You get away this time around but what about next time? Don’t. When the plan comes to your head, ignore it. Do not do it. You will hurt queen. You will hurt Prince. You will 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.”

Goosebumps worked it’s way down her spine at the vivid reminder of those creepy words from a very creepy young-adult.

Remeta has always been crazy, Vetta. It solidified her resolve and she pushed the words away from her mind.

Remeta was just crazy.

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## Chapter 175

He has wasted so much time because of the fight she put up. So much time.

Karandy counted on kidnapping her, drugging her and fûcking her mindless. He never counted on her putting up so much fight, due to her present condition.

Watching Danika victoriously after she swallowed the pills, he let go of her neck and watched her with the joy of a cat that caught a mouse on it’s trap.

Danika began sobbing. She pulled herself from his grasps to get away from him, and he let her. He knows that she will come crawling back.

“What did y-you give me?” She croaked, her voice hoarse from being choked twice.

“You will find out soon enough.” Was his smug response.

Danika does not want to be here at all. She wants out of here. She wants away from here!

She staggered to her feet and started towards the door...

Her head tilted. The bedroom spun around her. The pills in her system battled her body, causing her stomach to hurt.

She cried out and grabbed hold of her belly, trying to steady herself as she took another step towards the door.

Karandy frowned slightly. She is supposed to feel the effects of the drugs now, she isn't supposed to feeling sleepy still. It should be energizing her.

The seller had said that it will make a woman want sêx and keep her energized for it. The seller didn't know that the woman in question is pregnant.

Karandy's arms folded, he arched his brow and observed her stagger unsteadily at her feet. Will her pregnancy alter the effect of the drug?

It did.

He watched her eyes slid close and she fell.

His arms shot out and he grabbed hold of her, lifting her off her feet in his arms. She was sound asleep.

Karandy wanted her energized not asleep. His eyes caressed over her incredibly beautiful face, the soft rise and fall of her chest. The wetness of her cheeks.

He has never see a more beautiful woman in sleep. He has to have her. He wanted her too much.

Turning, he walked back to the hay he prepared for this and laid her down on it. Swiping his fingers across her cheeks, he dried her tears and kissed her lips.

"At last. I have you to myself." He g\*\*\*\*\*d triumphantly. Her asleep does not alter their plan.

The maid don't have to see them having sêx, she will just have to catch them asleep in each other's arms...like lovers.

Quickly, he got up and undressed himself completely, leaving only his white-undershirt on. Then, he began undressing Danika.

He took off all her clothes from her corset and petticoat, down to her drawers and inner drawers. He pulled back and looked at her.

She was left in her flimsy white cotton gown which was the last of her inner wear. He raised the gown up, revealing her white cotton panties. His mouth watered at the flawless sight of her inner thighs.

Even the mistress's hidden parts, do not look as good as Danika's.



Anticipation and impatience beating down on him, he reached for her panties and pulled it down her legs, leaving her womanhood bare.

Her creamy breasts tempted him from the cotton of her underthings. With unsteady hands, he unbuttoned her and freed one breast which he fumbled eagerly, closing his eyes to savor the moment.

He lowered his head and sucked her into his mouth, the same time he massaged his own cōck. He g\*\*\*\*\*d and m\*\*\*\*\*d, his other hand caressing her face and flawless white skin.

He couldn't wait any longer.

He rolled, taking her with him so that he laid on the hay and her weight falls on top of him. He worked a finger into her and g\*\*\*\*\*d as her muscles squeezed him.

Hades! She will feel heavenly on his cōck. And the pills did do something right. They made her very wet for him.

He quickly extracted his finger, and grabbed her waist with both hands. He raised her, positioning his cōck to her opening and—

Sounds of footsteps made him pause. He heard the voice of an older woman.

Is she the maid that will catch them? Shit!

He thought fast. He can just lay her on him, close his eyes and pretend to be asleep with her, they are already in a compromised position. Before the maid will be able to reach the king, he will be able to have Danika and disappear.

Holding that thought, Karandy laid her on his pelvis without penetrating her, pushed Danika's head from his left shoulder to his right so that her head and hair in disarray will hide his face.

A second after he achieved his aim, the door opened.

But, it was nothing that Karandy expected.

Baski was the first to enter the storeroom, followed by Vetta and the King.

The image in front of them spoke volumes...words that looked self-explanatory. Danika laid on top of her lover in an intimate position, they were obviously sleeping after having a hot interlude together.

Baski gasped, "Oh, Heavens!" She covered her mouth with trembling hands, her mouth wide in shock. She threw a glance at the King.

King Lucien stared at the scene in front of him blankly, for a few seconds. As if his head hasn't been able to process what he was seeing.

When it did, his face closed up like a book.

"By the Gods! What is going on here!?" Vetta gasped, looking as shocked as ever. She turned too and watched the King.

King Lucien said nothing. Absolutely nothing as he kept watching the scene in front of him so intensely...like he expects the illusion to disappear if he watches it too much.

Baski felt her heart break to pieces for the King. He was healing. He does not need this. He does not need this at all.

At the voice of the Mistress, and the pregnant silence that followed, Karandy realized that something is wrong.

Something has gone extremely wrong.

He opened his eyes and peered at his environment through Danika's hair. The king...?

THE KING!!!

He pushed Danika away from him and sprang up from the bed. This is NOT what he expected! This should NOT be happening!!!

This is NOT the plan!!!!

"My K-King....!" He stuttered as he tried to get up from the bed.

The way he shoved Danika so hard woke her up from her slumber. She stirred, feeling so disoriented.

Karandy's legs tangled on Danika's clothes on the bed, making him to fumble and struggle clumsily to get up from the bed.

"Dargak." The King spoke for the first time. That deadly monotone sent a chill down a confused Baski's spine.

"Y-Your Highness!" The guard with the sword answered at the door and hurried forward.

Then, Karandy was able to untangle his legs from the clothes and he hurried out of bed. His legs touched the floor as he opened his mouth, "Your H-Highness, I can explain—"

The king moved so fast, it took only a few seconds.

He reached for his sword, pulled it out from its sling and waved it once towards Karandy's neck.

Baski screamed as Karandy's head separated from his body and rolled to the floor. His body followed suit. B\*\*\*d filled everywhere.

The scream jolted Danika more awake. She opened her eyes, feeling very disoriented.

Getting up from the bed, she rubbed her knuckles to her eyes, trying to clear her blurry eyes and understand where she is and what is happening around her.

The king turned towards her, a savage expression on his old hard face.

Baski began crying her eyes out, still unable to believe that is happening. Under that cold blue eyes, she watched the king shatter before her very eyes.

The king took two steady steps towards Danika, before Baski could comprehend what his next actions will be, the king raised his hand.....

Baski didn't think. She had no time to think.

"No, please...! Not the collar! She is pregnant! Not her neck, she is pregnant!" Baski screamed instinctively.

But it was too late.

It was too late the minute they opened the door of this storeroom and stepped into this place.

It was too late, for he did it before she was able to get the words out.

WATCH OUT FOR THE SEASON FINALE.

THE FINAL PART OF THE BOOK.

Name: MY WOMAN. MY POSSESSION.

Subtitle: THE RISE OF QUEEN DANIKA.

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## Chapter 176

Name: MY WOMAN. MY POSSESSION.

Subtitle: The Rise Of Queen Danika.

### EXCERPT FROM THE STORY

The whole court stood up when King Lucien entered...except the other Kings who attended.

King Philip. King Valendy. King Moreh. King George.

The four Kings sat watching observingly from their seats. They must be as surprise as Danika is, standing right there in the middle of the court.

She does not know why she is in court today. It filled her with dread to think about it.

She doesn't want to be here. This Royal Court, is a place she doesn't want to stand upon again. Because this place means one thing for her: Her humiliation.

King Lucien took his stand at the front of the courtroom. "I call upon Slave Danika."

Danika's heart skipped three beats. Doing her best to stay calm, she clouded her expression and walked out.

She stood in the middle of the court. She hated the eyes of people on her.

She would not raise her head to know how calculating, assessing and lustful their gazes are.

"We have gathered here today for an important event." The king announced.

"It has to be important for us to be summoned all the way from our various kingdoms for it." King Moreh injected reasonably.

The other Kings nodded.

Danika folded her hands nervously to her front and tears brimmed her eyes. Not knowing why she is standing here threatens to overwhelm her with fear.

Then, King Lucien walked away from his position. The guards lifted the huge spears that separated the throne and the people, giving him passage to walk through.

He walked through the aisle and stood in front of her. His eyes finally looked at her.

Then, he raised his hand to her neck and removed her collar. As he did so, he raised his voice;

“With the power vested in me as the King of Salem and Mombana, as the Master of this Slave standing before us all, I remove your collar. And from today onward you are no longer a....”

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. .  
. .  
. .

#### EPISODE 1. IN THE WAKE OF DESTRUCTION.

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But it was too late.

It was too late the minute they opened the door of this storeroom and stepped into this place.

It was too late, for he did it before she was able to get the words out.

The King put his finger on the red button of the collar on Danika's neck...and pressed it. Twice. At the same time.

The electrical shock that went from the collar through Danika's body was unspeakable. The pain was so excruciating, she couldn't scream.

Her legs turned to water and she fell, convulsing repeatedly. Soft pitiful whimpers left her mouth.

The king snapped his head towards Baski, eyes so chilly, they looked like they were made of blue frost pinned hers. “What did you just say to me?”

Baski closed her eyes helplessly. The king wasn't supposed to find out this way. Heavens, this is so much of a disaster...!

"Baski." His voice soundly low and deadly, they sent a chill down her spine, "I will not ask this again."

"She is p-pregnant." She pushed out, forcing herself to open her eyes and peer at him, "Danika is c-carrying your child, My King."

He flinched like she had just slapped him.

A tensed silence followed.

Then, he lowered his head, closed his eyes and hunched his shoulders.

The sight broke Baski's heart. He looked absolutely defeated. Like the world has come to an end. Like a man who just lost all hope.

He does not believe.

Only the sound of Danika's pained whimpers was in the air.

Baski searched frantically for a way to make him understand, she reached for him, "I-I know w-what the doctors s-said, and I know what we just s-saw here, but you have to believe me, Danika is carrying your child!"

More silence. More dread filled her system.

Vetta wanted to snort and indicate that Danika is a whore—obviously—and there is no way her pregnancy would belong to the king. But, she kept her mouth shut.

She was afraid to push him. Not in this condition.

She has never seen the king in this condition before. Even in slavery, under the reign of King Cone and under thorns of torture, he never so defeated. So hurt.

For the first time, guilt sizzled inside her. She caused this.

Stop, Vetta! Are you mad!? She cautioned herself for feeling bad. She closed her mind against the guilt.

She was fighting for a man that belongs to her the only way she knows how. There is no need to feel guilty because she is winning.

Baski bravely took his arm into her hands, she squeezed slightly. "I know it's hard to believe, about her pregnancy but it happened—"

He raised his head at last, cutting her off with the gesture. Calmly, he pulled his hand from hers.

“Guards.” He never raised his voice.

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## Chapter 177

“Guards.” He never raised his voice. Never looked at Danika for once.

“Your Majesty!” Three guards behind him answered at the same time, stepping forward.

Dread filled Baski. Whatever it is he has to say made her so scared. New tears filled her eyes. “Please, Lucien... Please...”

He didn’t spare her a glance. “Take the slave to the dungeon. I, King Lucien, sentence Slave Danika to death. She will be hanged on the morning of the fourth day from today, at the square.”

Baski began crying earnestly.

He didn’t miss a beat as he continued, “Until that day, she will remain in the dungeon with no food and water.” That said, he turned and walked out of the storeroom.

“Oh, Heavens!!” Baski cried out in misery, raising both trembling hands to cover her mouth.

Vetta felt victorious down to her shoes. This feeling is much better than an intense o\*\*\*\*m. But, she gritted her teeth.

She’d expected him to use his sword on her immediately, like he used on Karandy. Why postpone it, dammit!?

So, she has to wait for four days to see Danika dead?

Shît. Well, she can wait. Her eyes found Danika still jerking at the floor from being collar-shocked. A smile flickered her lips.

With no food and water? Poor woman wouldn’t last two days.

She knew her plan was a masterplan. Having been with the king for years, she knows how his temper is. She knows the reason why he has always kept his temper in a tight leash is because when it explosive.

She knew that he would kill Karandy instantly. She'd expected him to do the same to Danika too.

But then again, she never counted on him being...hurt. Anger, yes. Not hurt.

Her smile slipped. He didn't look only hurt, he looked shattered. He loves her.

The realization caused her chest to hurt badly. He fell deeply in love for her...even without knowing.

It doesn't matter. She only has to make him love her too.

Holding that thought, she turned and followed the king out. With Danika out of the way, she felt so much better.

She can have her Lucien all to herself again.

This day cannot get any better at all!

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The guards came closer to take Danika, but Baski rushed forward. "Please, wait! Wait!"

They hesitated, afraid of going against the King's words. Dargak turned towards her and opened his mouth.

She beat him to it. "Please, let me get to her first. She is in a bad condition, it will only take a few moment."

Dargak still hesitated. Then, he nodded and stepped back. The two other guards did the exact same thing their leader did.

Baski walked towards Danika and knelt down beside her. She began patting Danika's back as softly as possible. "It's okay. It's okay... It's okay, Danika..."

"Hurts...! Everywhere hurts...!" She whimpered, her eyes drawing to a close. Tears slipped from them, down her cheeks and down to the ground.

"I know, I know. You will be fine... Take deep breaths. It will pass... Just try..." Baski instructed, still patting her back. Her eyes automatically went to Danika's lower body and more tears slipped from her eyes.



She wasn't surprised that Danika was bleeding.

It didn't surprise her that she was losing her baby at all. The collar-shock does the best abortion. Including, killing the mother.

There is nothing she, Baski, can do about it. There is no way she can help. Not this time.

"I h-hurt every-where..." Danika cried miserably, clutching her lower abdomen tightly as her body jerked again.

"Just follow my instructions." Baski encouraged, sniffing to keep the tears at bay. She breathed deeply and Danika followed her obediently.

"That's it. That's it. You're doing well..." The older woman kept patting Danika's hair rhythmically. "That's my baby. That's my strong Princess..."

Slowly, the jerks subsided and Danika's body went lax on the ground after she shuddered the last time. Tears kept dripping from her eyes.

"I... I t-think I'm losing my c-child, Baski..." She cried, pain laced her shaking voice.

"I know, Danika. It's okay. Keep breathing through the pain..." Baski instructed, wiping her tears, "...you will be fine."

"I-I don't...oh, heavens...!" She cried out, clutching her belly tighter and rolling over, "I-I don't want to l-loose my child...."

"We have to take her now." Dargak interrupted gently.

Baski nodded, wiping the tears from her eyes. She moved aside, "Please, carry her, Dargak. Don't drag her away, please. Her body can't take it."

"Alright, Ma'am." Dargak leaned down and lifted an almost-naked crying Danika into his arms. He carried her away and the other guards followed him.

Alone, Baski sat down there beside Karandy's dead body and began crying her eyes out. Crushing her chest, she cried like the world is ending.

Maybe, the world is indeed ending.

How did this happen...? How is it possible that Danika will cheat on the King?

She loves him so much, and she hated Karandy more than anything in the world. Then, how is this possible? Some things do not add up at all.

Or it's just her trying to see the best in Danika. In this situation. Baski shook her head miserably, developing her a headache.

Is this why Remeta disappeared from the Palace? Is this why her daughter fell sick from the night before, cried herself to sleep and awake? Is that why she ran away at dawn?

Baski shook her head miserably, drawing her knees up and wrapping her arms around her knees. How can there be so much disaster in one morning?

Danika caught in the arms of a lover.

The king is shattered.

Danika is losing her pregnancy.

Remeta is missing.

Danika will be executed in three days.

The King just killed his own child by his own hands.

Baski did not know how long she sat there on the cold hard ground.

Later, she wiped her tears and got up.

No. There is no way she is letting all this go. She will investigate! She will do her best to find out the truth of everything that happened today!

First of all, she needs to hear from Danika. Then, she will look for Remeta.

For, her daughter might be the only person that knows the whole truth about this tragedy that befall this kingdom today.

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## **Chapter 178**

Kamara stayed with Callan until evening.

Occasionally, she worried that her father might already be back from court and noticed that she's not in her room. But, she didn't let it bother her much.

How can she? When she got the opportunity to spend very good time with Callan. They'd made little conversations about how he's been these past few months.

She told him about her Courting Week. How good Salem is. All her experiences. She excluded the few moments she had with the King, not wanting to spoil their moment together.

In turn, he told her that he hasn't regained his memories, but he did tell her that his wounds are healing properly.

Kamara knows that Callan is unhappy about his lost memory, it makes him agitated, not knowing a lot of things; his past, where he's from, his family.

Being unhappy about it, also made Kamara very unhappy about his loss of memory...mainly because he's unhappy. Deep down in her heart, she admits that she's a little relieved about it.

What if his past takes him far away from her? The thought is quite dreadful.

What if he already has a family somewhere far away who misses him? A wife...? A child...?

"Why are you sad, My Lady? Did I do something wrong?" His brows were knitted in worry as he asked.

Kamara was drawn back to reality. She shook her head, "No, no, of course not. I was just thinking... It's nothing."

He hesitated. It worried him that he might have done something to make her sad.

She'd spent hours in this small house of his, and deep within himself he realized how much he enjoyed her presence. It gave life to his home...to him.

"Truly, I'm fine." She smiled in reassurance, looking out of the window, "Although, I'll have to get going soon. It's almost sundown, my father will soon be finishing with court."

Callan got up when she did. "Alright, My Lady. Although, I doubt if he will search for you immediately he gets out of court. It tends to drain them and leave them tired."

Kamara was on her way to the door, she stopped immediately and turned to him with surprise on her face. "That's true. But, how do you know how the court is like?"

It dawned on Callan what he said. He stopped too, his brows knitted in a frown. How did he know that?

"I-I have no idea." He responded truthfully. He cracked his brain, trying to think of anything else but his head remained blank.

Peasants weren't supposed to know that. Kamara cocked her head to the side, thinking about it.

"I might have been a bodyguard before I lost mt memory." Callan guessed with a nervous smile on his face, trying to ease the tension in the air.

It was supposed to be a funny statement, but Kamara really pondered on that. "Now that I actually think about it, I don't think it's such a bad idea."

Callan began shaking his head, but she persisted, her eyes looking him over. "You know about the court, you can use the sword too. It will also explain how you know how to write. Not to mention..."

"Mention what?" He asked curiously after she trailed off.

Kamara's cheeks heated up. She cleared her throat and added, "Not to mention h-how good your physique is looking. Even the wounds and scars you washed up our shores carrying on your body, it might be battle scars. And you have the wide chest of a warrior."

Pleasure sizzled inside Callan's body that she would notice all these about him. She has a good memory of him, and she has taken quite good notice of his body.

Wouldn't that mean that she likes him?

No. It wouldn't mean that at all, he cautioned himself.

He led her to the door and they faced each other. Silence descended.

"Can I k\*\*s you?" Callan blurted out.

\*\*\*\*\*†\*\*\*\*\*

The King does not walk so regally anymore. In fact, he looked like he was doing his best to keep from staggering on his feet as his walked.

Vetta watched him closely, ignoring the painful pinches she was feeling on her abdomen.

She has been feeling that tiny needle-like pinches since she took her Fertility Pills.

She followed right behind him. "Your Highness, I'm so sorry that you had to go through that. Danika did something so abominable...! I'm so sorry that you had to witness that."

He did not turn around. Neither did his steps falter.

He kept walking to his bedroom, saying absolutely nothing.

“I don’t know how to make you feel better, Your Majesty.” She continued, hurriedly following him closely, “Danika betrayed you in the worst possible way. Having a lover all along behind your back, sleeping with him at the storeroom for heavens knows how long? Getting pregnant for him and trying to pin it on you?”

He flinched again like he’d been slapped. But, he kept on walking.

She shook her head sympathetically. “She is indeed, her father’s daughter. So heartless and—“

“Get lost.” A calm monotone penetrated her, sending a chill down her body.

What? She did not think she heard him correctly.

“My King?” They have gotten to his Chambers and he’d walked into it, while she was at the door.

He threw a glance at her behind his shoulder. “Get. Lost.”

Okay. She never expected him to push her away so blatantly. He has never done that before.

Swallowing tightly, she wondered what Danika would do in this situation.

The former Princess might be very afraid of the king like every other human being, but she would have taken a bold step anyway to go close to him. To try to calm him. Help him.

Maybe, that was how she got a powerful man like him to fall for her.

Vetta squared her shoulders. Well, she can do that too.

“I know you’re hurt, Lucien...” She began in a voice she hopes was a soothing voice, “I know you feel so betrayed because of what she did. I want to help you...”

“Get out, Vetta.” He walked into his wardrobe and began taking off his clothes.

Vetta tried to know what was going on through his mind, but there was no way to know that.

His inscrutable cold face made her scared, and his strangely calm demeanor is downright terrifying.

“Can I come in?” She pushed, “I can stay with you in case you need someone to—”

He raised his eyes and looked at her, effectively cutting her off without saying a word.

“Get lost from my presence, Vetta, I want to be alone. I don’t need you. I don’t need anybody.” He stated baldly, his cold eyes holding hers, “If I have to say it again, I will banish you from Salem just to get rid of your presence. Get lost from my side. I do not want to see your face.”

That said, he turned and walked back to his inner Chambers. He closed the door.

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## Chapter 179

Baski walked into the small entrance of the dungeon. She stopped when she saw Danika lying down on the cold ground several feet away for her.

She turned to Dargak who’s stood behind her, “Open this cell for me, please.”

“You know the King did not instruct it. It will get me into a huge trouble.” The warrior answered gently.

Baski knows all that, but she was desperate. The King hasn’t gotten out of his bedroom since he walked into it in the morning. The sun is down now, it’s late evening.

“I won’t put you in trouble, Dargak. I will take full responsibility being caught inside her cell. But you have to let me in, please. It’s cold in there and she is barely dressed.” She pleaded.

The warrior took in the dress she has in her hand. Baski did well to hide the bread she’d gotten from the kitchen inside the big petticoat, where it wouldn’t be seen.

Dargak still hesitated after the eye inspection.

He was wary to incur the King’s wrath. Everyone is, including Baski. No one wants the King focused on them with mood he’s in now.

“Please, Dargak. That woman is pregnant, and she has already lost her baby. The least we can do is to cloth her up so she doesn’t catch a cold. Your young wife is six months along... I’m sure you will understand this. Please.” She begged.

He signed in resignation and walked ahead of her. The sound of lock opening filled the air. He turned back to her, "I will only give you a short moment with her."

"That's all I ask for. Thank you so much, Dargak." She hurried past him and entered into the cell.

It reminded her vividly of being held captive in those cold hard cells in Mombana, her steps faltered as the age-old fear filled her.

She forced herself to fight the fear that spread through her mind. You are free now. You are no longer in captivity. You and Remeta are free again.

She repeated several times in her mind until she could breath freely again. Relieved, she walked farther into the cell, observing that Danika hasn't moved an inch since she came here.

"Danika?" Baski called softly, laying the petticoat aside. She lowered herself behind Danika and touched her back tentatively.

She didn't respond. But Baski knows that she's not asleep.

Baski's eyes widened when she saw Danika's lower body. The b\*\*\*d that made it out of her body has dried around her thighs, and she was still dropping new ones.

But she wasn't bleeding as heavily as she was supposed to. Does it mean that the child is still in her...?

"Oh, Danika. I think you might still pregnant even after the collar-shock...!" Tears prickled Baski's eyes, "Your baby might still be hanging in there all day...!"

"It d-does not matter..." Danika's voice came out hoarsely, "We are still going to die on the fourth day anyway..."

"By the Gods! Your child...!" Baski got up and hurried out of the dungeon. She rushed to her bedroom and lifted her herbs-bag to her shoulders.

She picked out fresh towels, a bowl of fresh water, the new herb-roots she collected the day before. Then, she turned and ran back to the dungeon.

Danika hasn't moved an inch from the ground she laid. Baski walked closer to her, "Your child is a strong fighter, Danika. I gave up...knowing how bad the collar-shock is, but this baby might still be in there. It's been hours, you should have lost so much b\*\*\*d but look at you..." Her voice filled with awe.

"It doesn't matter, Baski..."

“It does! Oh, have a little faith, Danika.” Baski sat down and pushed Danika until she rolled around facing her.

Danika’s eyes was red and swollen, her face like a person who’s been crying for long. “It has nothing to do...with f-faith, Baski. You saw the King, right?”

“I saw him. How couldn’t I? He shattered before my very eyes.”

Danika’s eyes slid tightly shut, as if the knowledge hurts like hell. Maybe it does.

Silence descended as Baski mixed a little herb inside the water. She raised Danika’s underclothes up, baring her body to her. Then, she began cleaning her up.

“Do you know the only thought that kept going through my head today?” Baski began as she rubbed the towel down Danika’s inner thighs.

Danika remained silent, her eyes still tightly closed together.

“That very day I asked about your pregnancy. That very day you cleared my doubts about this baby...even before I was able to understand my own daughter’s words. I remember accusing you of having another lover.”

“I remember that too.” Danika’s voice was laced with bitterness.

“You looked me in the eyes and told me how degrading it is for you to take on another lover when you belong to the King. I saw the passion in your eyes. The insult you felt because I would ask something like that. The intensity. I saw the Royal b\*\*\*d in y-you.” Baski’s voice cracked in the end.

Tears slipped from behind Danika’s closed eyes down to the ground.

“What happened, Danika? What went wrong?” Baski asked at last, her eyes filled with sadness as fresh b\*\*\*d dropped out from Danika’s body.

“I don’t have any idea what to say to you, Baski.” Danika whispered miserably, “The truth is so unbelievable. So far-fetched...”

“Try me. Try and talk to me, Danika. I want to understand... I want to understand.”

Danika’s heart was so heavy, the weight of it battled the pains from other parts of her body. She will be executed in four days. She has nothing to lose.

“I went to the backyard to take my clothes, Karandy dragged me from behind with a knife pressing at my side. He manhandled me to the storeroom and tried to r-rape me. I fought him and he drugged me.” she sniffled jerkily, “I don’t remember anything else



from there. All I know is that I woke to see you and the King standing over me, with Karandy's head separated from his body."

Baski took a huge breath of relieve. Her heart lightening at her words. "I knew it! I just knew it, that you could have never cheated on the King like that. You could have never treated him like that!"

Her eyes opened, she leaned up and looked at Baski with shock in her eyes, "You believe me...?"

"Of course, I do. I never really doubted you. I just needed an explanation, and now I got one. I feel very relieved!"

Tears of gratitude and relief slipped from Danika's eyes. She lowered her head again and closed her eyes. "Thank you for believing in me."

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## Chapter 180

Tears of gratitude and relief slipped from Danika's eyes. She lowered her head again and closed her eyes. "Thank you for believing in me."

She closed her hand around the young woman's thigh in a reassuring squeeze. "We will get through this, Danika. Together. I will do everything I can to—"

"I don't think there is anything that can be done." She paused and swallowed, "I c-can't stop seeing the King's face in the store room. That coldness. He trusted me... He thinks I betrayed him...in so many ways."

More tears left her eyes as she continued hoarsely. "He has never used the collar on me, not in a long time. In fact, he stopped s-seeing the collar. He stopped seeing me as a Slave. His slave. And then, today..."

Baski knew she had to tell her. There is no need hiding the truth anybody.

"You know that King Cone r-roasted the King's manly parts right?" she continued before Danika nodded, "It killed off most of his nerve endings and made him unable to be gentle during c-copulation. Being rough is the only way he can feel anything at all. It..."

"It also made him sterile." She finished in a soft voice.

A full minute passed before Danika opened her eyes and stared at Baski with eyes filled with confusion.

“That cannot be true. I am carrying his c-child.... I was.” she added, pain in her eyes.

“Yes. But, the King thinks he is unable to make a woman carry his seed. We all thought that. Me... And the five doctors all over the twelve Kingdoms that diagnosed him.”

So many things were starting to make sense to Danika all at once. “Oh, heavens... That was why you stopped giving me herbs that prevents a baby...”

Baski nodded, “I never intentionally tried to endanger your life by making you get pregnant for your Master. I know of his condition and thought it would be a waste of herbs, it might harm you to take needless herbs. I never knew....”

“That was why you accused me of having another lover on that day.” She deducted.

Baski put the water away and began grinding new herbs. “Yes. It was so hard to believe.”

Danika’s eyes closed in defeat and more pain. She lowered her head back to the ground. “No wonder you were most hesitant to go to the King about my condition. His condition... He thinks he can’t father a child. Even without what h-he saw today, he would have thought that I had another lover... He would have executed me anyway.”

“We don’t know for sure and we will never be able to find out anymore. He already knows you’re pregnant.”

“And he doesn’t believe. And he has sentenced me to d-death for my betrayal.” She said, pained.

“He doesn’t know better. We will make him—“

“No. We won’t make him anything, Baski.” She interrupted softly, “The truth is... I don’t think I want to be exonerated. I—“

“What are you saying!? Don’t you ever say something like that again!” Baski scolded her.

“Karandy, he...” she swallowed tightly, “I passed out. I’m scared that he really did r-rape me. That he succeeded in putting his hand on me. Just the thought of it fills me up with dread. I feel so disgusted...so repulsed with myself, Baski. I don’t think I can live with this.”

“Oh, Danika...”

She began crying, unable to hold it in again any longer. "I don't think I can survive with this knowledge, Baski. I don't think I want to survive... My own skin feels like dirt..." She shook her head miserably.

Baski pulled down her underthings, and moved to sit beside her head. She lifted her head and Danika went willingly. Baski hugged her head to her chest, patting her soothingly.

"You can never be dirt, Danika. Don't ever say something like that again. Tell me... Do you feel like y-your body was...used?"

Danika shook her head slowly, "I don't feel...invaded, and that's the most scary part of it. I don't feel his release on my thighs, only my own wetness and the b\*\*\*d. I don't feel pain in my inner body. I don't know or feel the things he did to my body."

"The unknown is threatening to shatter my mind. I will go insane if I have to live with the knowledge of wondering the things he did to me in that state. I... I don't think I can ever live with that. I don't want to live with that." She cried.

"Don't ever say something like that again. You are not a woman that gives up easily. Do NOT ever give up on yourself!" Baski shook her, "Don't ever! Your child is fighting to stay with you, you should not be the one that wants to give up! Do you hear me!?"

"I just mixed the herbs that might help stop your bleeding. It can't protect your child, but it might hold your bleeding. It will clean your body and wash out bad bloods, the wetness caused by the pills. If Karandy's release is inside you, it will push them all out. We will know if he really succeeded in taking advantage of you."

"I'm scared to know..." She sniffled.

"But it will give you the closure you need."

"I'm so tired, Baski...." She admitted tearfully.

"Don't be. Stay with me. Stay with us. I will do everything within my power to exonerate you, Danika. You just need to fight for yourself. Your child. Fight for the King too. Just fight."

Tears streamed Danika's eyes, her body drained of strength, her lower body hurting. "How exactly do you plan to do that, Baski? There is nothing to be done. Karandy is already dead and the king thinks I have been cheating on him for months. He thinks I carry another man's child inside of me."

"I don't know what to do, Danika. But I'm not giving up on you. Do not give up on yourself too. You have gone through so much but you are a strong woman. Keep being

strong for everyone you love.” Baski smiled down at her through her own tears, wiping Danika’s own with her fingers.

Danika clung to her, crying softly.

“I brought you food, you have not eaten anything since morning. You will eat. Then, I’ll keep looking for Remeta.” her missing daughter made her heart very heavy, “I really hope she is alright wherever she is. She is my best shot in reaching the King. In helping this situation.”

“Baski...?” She whispered tearfully.

“Yes, my dear?”

“Do you think the King will ever heal with this...? Do you think my baby will ever heal from this...? Do you think I will survive this...?”

Baski paused, and answered her truthfully. “I have no idea, Danika.” then, she added, “But, we have to give you life first. Because once there is life, there is hope.”

Danika closed her eyes to keep the world at bay. She isn’t sure of life. She isn’t sure of hope too.

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## Chapter 181

“Can I k\*\*s you?”

Kamara’s eyes widened slightly at the unexpected request from Callan. Her cheeks went a deep shade of red, and she lowered her eyes to the ground.

Callan was beating up his head six ways to Sunday for blurting out a request like that. She’s a Lady, and peasants don’t ask Ladies for k\*\*\*\*s. What was he thinking?

But that was just the problem. He wasn’t. All evening he’d been drawn to that bow-shaped pink lips repeatedly. The princess is a very beautiful woman.

He shifted uneasily from one foot to another. "I'm so sorry for asking this of you. It was never my intention to insult you and put you in an uncomfortable situ—"

"Shh..." She took a step towards him and placed a finger to his mouth, shaking her head, "I did not see it like an insult."

"Oh..." He raised his hand to the short black curls of his head and scratched them nervously.

'And yes, I would like for you to k\*\*s me." She whispered shyly.

His eyes widened in surprise at her acceptance, but only for a second. Then, he lowered his head and placed his lips on hers.

Her eyes slid shut. It didn't take long for his to do so too. Right there behind the door, he kissed her softly and gently...like a man would savor a favorite meal.

His hands fisted to his side so he wouldn't give in to the great urge to touch her. Her mouth opened for him on a soft sigh, and he dove in.

That instant he lost all sense of time and place, and began kissing her earnestly. His tongue sucked on her lower lips and she m\*\*\*\*d, her breath shaky.

A g\*\*\*\*d slipped from his lips when he felt feminine arms on his shoulders, she hung on to him as he kissed her over and over again until they were both lightheaded.

Along the way, he had her backed up against the wall and his hand on her petticoat-covered breast as he ravished her. Finally, he pulled back, breathing like he'd just raced a horse and stared up at her.

Her eyes were glassy, dazed with desire. He wanted her. He wanted to do so much more...

But, he took a step back, not wanting to disrespect her in that way. "You're most beautiful, My Lady."

Kamara could barely catch her breath, her legs felt like rubber but she forced herself to keep standing at her feet. She'd been kissed by a few lovers before, but none felt as heart-melting as Callan's k\*\*s.

"I s-should get going. My f-father..." She began, flustered.

"Yes. Yes, of course." he rushed out. Then, he inclined his head in acknowledgment, "Thank you so much, My Lady, for your visit. It was the most pleasant part of my day."

She glowed under the compliment but did her best to hide it like a lady would to avoid embarrassing herself. Instead, she inclined his head too. "I enjoyed your company too. I will v-visit some other time."

"I await your visit again, My Lady."

She nodded and turned towards the door. He reached for it before her and opened it. She murmured her thanks and walked right back it.

Covering her hood above her head, she walked well away from his house and into the woods before she allowed herself a full-blown smile on her face.

She touched her lips tentatively...caressingly.



Haydara held the plate of food tight so it wouldn't fall as she made her way around her small house to her son's bedroom.

Her back was aching, she knows she needs to get off her foot before her husband comes back from the market and scolds her for working herself to exhaustion in her condition.

But, she couldn't help it. Especially not with the visitor she has in her house since morning...and it's late at night now.

She entered the room which had only a small tattered bed and two bags of clothes wrapped in a cloth.

The woods it was build with might have grown tattered and the ground bumpy and uneven, but every part of the house is clean. She makes sure of that.

"Hey..." She entered the bedroom, "I brought in food."

Her son smiled at her in gratitude, "Thank you, Mama."

But, the girl shook the head she buried on the pillow. "No. I'm not hungry."

Haydara dropped the food on the small wooden table anyway. "You have to eat something. You've been crying all day and I bet you haven't eating anything."

When she didn't raise her head, Haydara got up, leaving the food there as she walked away from the bedroom and closed the door for them.

Silence descended. It was only interrupted by her sniffles.

“You have to eat something. You are hungry.” It wasn’t a question either.

Remeta finally raised her head and looked at the boy before her. Her heart was hurting badly. Guilt and pain has overwhelmed her.

“I am hungry, but I’m not sure I can eat.” She admitted.

“Twy. Twy and eat.” Came to tiny voice of Corna, “It is not your fault.”

“I feel like it’s my fault. I wanted to help my Queen, the King and the Prince so bad, but I didn’t know what to do! I ran away like a coward!” She cried, her heart heavy.

Corna’s small head cocked to the side, “We are not allowed to help. Fate is already written. You interfere and you change them—“

“I know that, Corna, I know. Fate is already written in the stars. I interfere and I change them, rarely for the better and mostly for the worst. A little interference can change the future, rarely for the better and mostly for the worst.” Remeta rushed out the already memorized words out of her mouth.

“You know the words of the spiwits.” Corna’s eyes widened.

Remeta snorted through her tear, “Of course, I know the words of the spirits. They ring on my head countless times a day. My Queen’s future is so bright, the thought of ruining it makes Remeta dreadful.”

“Here.” Little Corna pushed the food at her, “Twy and eat. Your Mama is worried sick.”

Remeta took the plate of portage. The foods at the palace looks better, but she was very thankful for the food. Using the wooden spoon, she scooped the stew to her mouth.

Surprisingly, it tasted so good. Daain, her fox, beside her wanted some, so, she scooped it into her mouth too.

“Your Mama cooks great like my mama.” Remeta complimented.

Corna beamed at her. “My mama is a good cook. She does better when she isn’t cawwing my wittle sister inside her, but my sister is a trouble baby. She won’t let mama do much.” His small face glowed his pride.

Remeta nodded as she ate. “Small children in the belly are like that, Remeta knows. The Prince troubles my Queen just to be with his father, but now he feels so hurt and betrayed that his father would hurt him, he wants to leave but his mother’s cries keeps him tethering with indecision. He feels so hurt.”

“His father do not mean to hurt him. The King is hurt beyond words.” Corna explained sagely.

Remeta hung her head. “I know that, but the Prince doesn’t. I cannot imagine what the King is going through. It hurts Remeta!”

“Why did you come to me?” Corna asked, curiously.

Remeta sniffled, wiping her tears. “I don’t know. My legs carried me here.”

“I know. Because I’m wike you.”

She shrugged, “Maybe.”

She ate in silence after that, until she finished her food. “Thank you so much, Corna. Thank your Mama too.”

“Do you feel better?” He asked, concerned.

Remeta checked herself to know if she was feeling better. Her eyes blurred again as fresh tears came to her eyes.

“Guess, Remeta is not feeling better!” She lowered herself to the pillow and began crying again.

Corna sighed heavily, staring at his visitor. “Stop cwying. It’s not your fault, you warned her wepeatedwy.”

“Beware of the Three W! Beware of the Three W! Remeta kept warning and warning, but it is not Queen’s fault. She did not understand either. Remeta didn’t too!” She mourned miserably.

Corna began patting her back reassuringly. “Happens to me too. Sometimes, I do not know what it means either, but it will not stop pwaying in my head. Maybe the spiwits hides words so that we would not be fowced to interfere.”

“Then, why have this gift!? It’s useless to Remeta! It hurts Remeta!” She lashed out.

“But you know it’s not usewess. You know...”

“It only comes to you when it’s too late. The missing words... The meaning...” she added.

“Yes.” Corna seconded.



She raised her head, wiping her tears. "It only came to Remeta this morning. Beware of the Three W. Beware of the Three Witnesses..."

"...Your Mother, the King and his mistress." Corna finished it.

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## Chapter 182

Inside the inner bedroom of the King's Chambers, a huge figure was seated at the floor of the Library, his head supported by the shelf behind him.

The King did not know how long he sat there...might have been since he dismissed Vetta in the morning. His back aches. His butt aches too.

They are nothing compared to the ache in his heart. If he doesn't know better, he would say that he has developed a chest problem. He knows better, but the knowledge does not help.

The headache pounding the back of his head was too severe, he drank from the bottle of whiskey in his hand and lowered his head. The bottle empty, he dropped it beside the seven empty other bottles and picked up a new bottle.

He was tipsy, but he isn't drunk. He never gets drunk and he hasn't drunk in years.

Not since his sixteen birthday when he got drunk and wasn't able to protect Melia. She skinned her knee while playing, and cried her heart out.

The sound of her pained cries stayed with him for months, since then, he never tasted whiskey again.

Uncorking the bottle, he raised it high and drank half of it. He thought the drink will lessen the pain. Will make him forget.

He has never been more wrong in his life.

No, he has been. His judgement of Danika was wronger.

He should have known. She was too good to be true, he should have known it was all pretence.

She carries another man's child inside her. That child nestled secretly inside her all the while she shared his bed.

The headache beat at his head, he dropped the bottle aside and got up. He walked out of the inner room to his wardrobe and pulled off his clothes, his head swimming.

Through his slightly blurred vision, he was able to make out his nightclothes which he extracted and threw it on.

Then, he turned and strode out of his bedroom. The silence of the night was soothing but not helpful. He arrived at his destination and knocked once on the door.

Vetta's eyes sprang open at the sound of the knock on her day.

It was her victory day today but also a bad day for her. The way the King scolded her out of his bedroom, and the insistent pain on her belly.

When she'd used the bathroom this evening, b\*\*\*d was mixed with her urine. She'd made a mental note to go back to Monah whenever she is able to.

Doesn't matter though. Her plan worked! It's her best day!

She giggled when she remembered Danika's face after the King collar-shocked her. Sooooo sweet to see.

The knock. She rushed out of bed and pulled the door open. Her eyes widened in surprise when she saw the King standing behind the door.

"My King!" She gasped, opening the door wider.

He entered, the smell of whiskey strong. Whiskey?

She frowned in confusion. The king never drinks. Ever. But, then, it's obvious he's been drinking. He doesn't look drunk though.

"Take off your clothes and get to the table." The command was hard, his eyes so cold she has never seen him look like that before.

Vetta's hands shook slightly even as a sizzle of excitement raced through her. This is the man she has always wanted. The man she had before. The man Danika almost chased away to be replaced by a stranger who loves her.

She is glad her Lucien is back.

Locking the door, she pulled off her clothes and gave him her back. He took the lube on the table and prepped her with few jerky movements.

A surprised strangled scream tore from her throat when he shoved into her from behind, burying himself to the hilt.

Then, he began fucking into her. He took her body ruthlessly, shoving in and out of her so roughly, she couldn't control the pained cries that emerged from her lips.

"Ouch!" She cried when he bumped her cervix repeatedly, bottoming out inside her. Her eyes closed tight, she gripped the table for support as he thrust over and over again.

His thrusts were measured for pain and not for pleasure. It was punishing. Brutal.

He grabbed hold of her hair and yanked her back to meet the thrust of his h\*\*s repeatedly, her scalp began burning with each yank. His hand slapped her ass repeatedly and at the same time, he reached for her breast pinching her so hard, she saw red.

"Oh...!" She gritted her teeth at the excruciating sensations he bombarded her with. It was much more pain than pleasure.

He was using her body as a hole for him to get off. For some reason, it sprang tears to her eyes.

It's always like this before...but never like this either. She wanted this...but never like this.

"You're h-hurting me... Lucien...!" Her hands shot out behind her to his waist to try and steady him, but he flinched under her touch. He practically recoiled from it.

His hand left her breast and captured her both hands, he held them together at her lower back as he continued pounding her to the table. Her pelvis banged against the table with each thrust, hurting her immensely.

His g\*\*\*\*s emitted repeatedly from behind her, it vibrated from his chest as he savaged her brutally. Jerkily, he pulled out from her.

Using his free hand, he spread her ass-cheeks with his fingers and shoved into her ass without prepping her.

Vetta lowered her head on the table and screamed, her body shook under the brutality.

Several minutes later, she laid curled up on the floor, her eyes following his movement as he tugged himself in and turned towards the door.

She watched him leave without a backward glance, her body feeling like one big wound. The pain in her belly worsened.

This is not the man that pulled his people out of slavery. This is not the man that made her his mistress....no, that one cared about her in his own way.

This is not her King Lucien. It's worse.

This question prickled the back of her mind. Who is this man that smelled of whiskey and used her body so ruthlessly?

Who is this man?

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## Chapter 183

Sally heard about the ordeals in the Palace and Danika's pending execution from Uyah who ran to her house on the morning of the next day to inform her.

She was devastated hearing it, she'd cried all the way to the Palace, but there was no way to see the King because he refused to see any visitor. Not even Chad.

So, she'd gone to her Princess's dungeon. At the sight of her, Danika had teared up instantly, not to mention Sally. They'd cried together, clinging to each other through the bars that separated the cell from the outside.

Danika told her everything that happened, Sally couldn't stop crying when she saw how complicated the situation is. How does her princess get saved from this?

She'd stayed with Danika all day, reading to her and telling her stories of her married life just to take her mind away from her situation. And when she went home in the evening to her husband, she kept begging him to find a way to speak with the King.

Chad tried and tried for the couple of days, but the King wouldn't allow visitors. Only his mistress was in and out of his Chambers from time to time.

She always comes out looking like she fought a battle and limping.

The extent of his pain must be unimaginable, for him to hurt the people he once cared for...like Vetta, and cut off contact with every single person he cared for...even Baski.

He never summoned Baski for once, not even to make him herbs for headache or for sleep. And when she'd tried to visit, the King refused to let her in.

So, she'd buried her effort into doing her best to come up with a way to exonerate Danika. To make a strong case she'll take to the King.

The rumors of his horrible moods and his strange deeds circulated the Kingdom.

He'd fired a maid for forgetting to get him drinking water with his food, and when the girl tried to plead to him he'd thrown her out. A woman was caught and whipped for committing adultery.

In court, there was a case about a man who stole in the market. The King didn't give an opportunity for the man to defend himself or give reasons why he did what he did...like he would do before.

Instead, he ordered the guards to amputate the man's hand as an example to others never to steal again.

Baski sighed, shaking her head at the memories. It scars her that they are looking the King. That this incident would have succeeded in breaking him when King Cone was never able to succeed. When slavery punishments and tortures never succeeded in breaking him.

Even if Danika is miraculously exonerated from being executed....will he ever trust again?



The past couple of days was hectic. As Vetta brushed her hair on the third day, she fumed.

She didn't get the opportunity to leave the palace and go over to Monah, the healer's place, and her bleeding hasn't stopped. The aches in her belly hasn't stopped either.

With Danika in the dungeon, she was uncertain to leave without chaperones lest the King will find out about it and punish her more harshly for it.

He'd kept her on house-arrest for it before, this time around—with the mood he's in—he might treat her harsher.

The last two days, the King summoned her repeatedly and he'd take his sexual pleasures from her body. In fact, she is the only visitor he has had to his Chambers these past few days.

It should make her happy—it's what she always wanted—but it didn't. His summons these days fills her heart with dread.

Her hair well-brushed, she got up from the chair. She was almost limping, her muscles sore and achy. She hasn't been this bruised from sexual activities since slavery.

The King was being so hard on her, so rough. Not only that, he brought back the kinky sardonic sexual plays that King Cone subjected him to, for over ten years.

He never used any of them before, not after their slavery. It was animalistic. More pain than pleasure. King Cone's dark kinks.

King Lucien had dropped them immediately he had his freewill, his freedom. But for the past two days, this new man that took over the King engaged in those kinks.

"Be careful what you wish for." His words to her on that first night she lured him to her bed rang in her ears, causing shivers down her spine.

The flashes of memories came. He'd tie her up and spank her butt with a whip. Then, he would fuck her body so brutally without foreplay, she will be left screaming. He took her ass more often than he took her womanhood, and he was a big man.

No matter how much she prepped herself for it, it ends up being an excruciatingly painful experience.

Be careful what you wish for.

Last night, he tied her up, gagged her mouth and took her body for hours long. By the time he was done, her voice had gone hoarse from screaming into the gag, her eyes red from crying.

When he pulled away from her and began putting on his clothes, it was the first time he really looked at her in the past few days.

Sympathy and guilt clouded his visions, and for a moment, she'd seen the King Lucien she knew again in him.

He'd walked towards her and kissed her wet cheek lingeringly. "I apologize to you for all these, Vetta. You do not deserve this at all."

The apology only teared her up the more because she knows it's not easy for him.

He'd palmed his head, "I was thinking that it's high time I get a second mistress."

"What...?" It shocked Vetta so much, she wiped her eyes clean just to make sure it's not an illusion.

He got up and continued putting on his clothes. "It's a thought I'm considering. You're only but one woman, and I have...needs."

Over her dead body will she let another woman have him! She didn't battle tooth and nail to get rid of Danika, only to battle a new concubine.

He's still hurting about the incident with Danika. With time, he will change.

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## Chapter 184

He's still hurting about the incident with Danika. With time, he will change.

"I can take care of your needs, I'm already taking care of them. You don't need another mistress." She stuttered out, the idea throwing her off-guard. She never expected it.

"I think I'm damaging you, Vetta. It's the most reasonable thing to do."

"No! I'm fine. You know how much I enjoy being with you." She'd reassured him, hiding her pain very well.

"Vetta—"

"Can't you curb your needs? You are giving in to your mind's twisted demands about being a monster. Danika's father made that man. You are not that man." She breathes sadly.

He'd flinched slightly at the mention of her name. Then, he'd walked out of the bedroom.

Vetta sighed at the memory as she lay on her bed, waiting for the maids to run her a bath.

She'd gone to Baski for the past two days to get herbs and be treated after every bed session with the King. Baski always took pity on her whenever she saw her body, her herbs have helped reduce the aches on her body and healed her rectum.

She'd noticed her bleedings—which hasn't stopped—but Vetta made sure to convince her that they came from her moments with the King.

All in all, these past few days was not so good at all. It was nothing like the way she expects the days to be, after her victory.

She'd expected to be wearing an eternal smile on her face because she got her man back, but instead, she'd been crying.

She didn't get the King back, she got a different man.

“When the plan comes to your head, ignore it. Do not do it. You will hurt Queen. You will hurt Prince. You will hurt his father. And you will get hurt. You get away this time around, and you get hurt the next.”

Goosebumps worked it's way down her spine at the vivid reminder of those creepy words that wouldn't cease ringing in her head for the past few days.

These words have become so true.

Her only happiness is that Danika will be executed at the square tomorrow. That is her only consolation.



Danika is sick and gets sicker as days goes by.

Baski mixed her herbs and took to Danika's dungeon. With the help of Dargak, she'd been able to set up a small sleeping mat for Danika inside the dungeon after she'd spent two nights on the cold hard ground.

She'd woke up the second day unable to move her body because it was aching badly.

As a Princess, she'd always had the softest of beds, and when she was made a slave, she'd slept on the hard ground for one week before the King ordered a bedroom for her.

So, sleeping on cold hard grounds isn't something Danika is used to. Coupled with her condition and fragile health after what happened with Karandy, it was hard for her to cope.

So, with the help of Sally and Dargak, Baski got a mat for her and occasionally snuck in food for her to eat. If other guards saw, they pretended not to and haven't reported to the King.

The herbs she'd given Danika on her first day in dungeon helped with the bleedings. But, it didn't stop completely, she was still spotting occasionally.

It also helped them find out that Karandy didn't succeed in taking advantage of her. Danika had cried with relief, and Baski was just as happy.

At least, one out of their numerous problems have been solved.

She tried her best over the couple of days to make sure she makes herbs that will supply more b\*\*\*d to Danika's body—seeing that she has lost so much b\*\*\*d already—while tried herself to think of a way to exonerate Danika in the eyes of the King.



But, every single way she thinks of, leads to a dead-end because Karandy is dead. It worried her that she was running out of time too.

Then, on the third day, she was sharing duties to the maids when a thought had come to her head. That pill Karandy used to drug Danika...

If she can make a powerful herbs that will flush whatever remains of that pills from her body, she can take Danika's urine and extract those remains from it.

If she can be able to do this, she can bottle the remains and take it to the King to explain that Danika was drugged. She never cheated on him.

But how does she prove that the child in Danika's body belongs to him?

Baski sighed helplessly. She can't.

But, it wouldn't deter her. She has to start somewhere.

God, where is her daughter, Remeta? It keeps her awake at night, worried sick.

She'd woke up the second day unable to move her body because it was aching badly.

Remeta...please, come back to me.



"Remeta is going home." Remeta joined Corna at the backyard. "I can't keep staying here and crying all day. I have to go the Palace."

The small boy turned towards her, "We cannot interfere. It can be dangerous."

Remeta shook her head pitifully, "I can't... I can't not do a thing. You don't hear their cries every night like I do. You don't!"

Corna frowned slightly, "You hear their cwies?"

She nodded. "Ever single night. My Queen cries herself to sleep in that cold cell. Every night she waits for the King to pay her a visit, and then, she looses hope and cries until dawn. Her health is deteriorating fastly. And the King?"

Tears filled her already swollen eyes just at the thought of it, "You can never understand what he's going through...none of us can. The voice of the memories in his head has increased. His demons are back in full force. He never sleeps. He developed bad habits to keep himself from thinking...from going insane. He...misses her so much, but he is so hurt. His thoughts are....and Remeta quotes,"

“She carries another man’s child when she can’t never be able to carry his own child. He has no seed to give. He is not a man enough. Maybe, that is why Danika sort another man. And now, that man’s seed is growing where his will never grow. He trusted her so much and made himself vulnerable to her. She must have had a good laugh at his expense.”

Corna didn’t understand what most of those words means because he’s still a small child, but he understands the pain that reflect each word.

“Those are the thoughts in his head.” she finished, swiping the tears from her eyes and shaking her head. “I can’t NOT do nothing! If the spirits wanted Remeta to do nothing, then they should never fill Remeta’s head with the pains of the people she cares about!”

“So, what are you going to do?” Corna asked, remembering the way Remeta’s Queen carried him around that day at the water supply.

Remeta lifted her chin. “I’m going back to the Palace. I don’t know what I will do when I get there, but Heavens will guide Remeta.”

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## **Chapter 185**

Remeta reached the gates of the Palace and hesitated. Her heart in her throat. So much guilt in her heart.

Beware of the Three W.

If her Queen had known that it means, beware of the Three Witnesses that witnessed her compromising position with the former Slave Trainer, would it have changed a thing?

Remeta’s mother, the King and his mistress had witnessed that day in the storeroom. The day that changed everything. Would it have changed a thing?

Corna had told her in those tiny voice of his that it’s not her fault, and it wouldn’t have changed anything.

She gathered enough strength and walked into the gates of the Palace. She went straight to her mother’s bedroom.

Baski and Sally just got back from the forest, they just spent hours picking different kinds of leaves and seeds.

Sally was helping her grind the seeds, and Baski was stirring the mixed leaves when the door opened and Remeta stood behind it, looking so lost.

“Remeta!” Baski gasped, letting go of the stirring wood as if it burned her and hurried out of the chair.

She rushed to her and hugged her tight. “Oh, Remeta, how can you do this!? How can you run away for three days!? You left me all worried and sick!”

“I’m so sorry, Mama... Remeta is so so sorry.” She cried, holding on to her mother’s back and clinging to her embrace.

Sally walked closer and hugged her too from behind, “We’re glad to have you back, Remeta. My Princess have missed you so much.”

Guilt flashed in her eyes. “I missed her so much too.”

Baski pulled back, looking all sad. “A lot has happened in your absence, my child. Danika is about to be executed tomorrow morning.”

“I k-know. It hurts Remeta too.” She admitted in a whisper.

Sally grabbed hold of her hands. “Oh, Remeta, can you be able to do something about it? Please help us... Please, help my Princess...she has suffered so much!”

Tears filled Sally’s eyes just at the thought of what Danika is going through. “The King wouldn’t hear us out. He wouldn’t even give us a chance to see him and plead on her behalf...”

“Remeta does not know what to do too...” She shifted uncomfortably, “Remeta is not supposed to interfere but she wants to. Remeta cannot face the King, she feels so much fear, she will not be able to talk!”

Baski took her hand from Sally’s and grabbed hold of her other hand. She knelt down in front of her daughter, forcing all Remeta’s attentions to her.

“I know my daughter. I know the child I gave birth to...she is so brave. When King Cone made you The King’s Slave years ago at just a tender age, you cannot know how badly it crushed me. Watching you do all those works that were never meant for a child of your age... Hearing your s-screams all those nights...”

“He made Remeta lie on the bed and he would hurt her so badly.” Tears and terror filled Remeta’s eyes, “My Queen promised me that there will be no more bed for Remeta, and she has kept her promise for so long. W-Who will protect Remeta if her Queen dies...?”

“No one. I will never be able to do a good job at it, Remeta. I am your mother, but I wasn’t able to save you when you drifted away from me through madness.”

“You tried so hard. Stop feeling so sad, you tried your best to reach Remeta but you couldn’t. Remeta was feeling so lost...just like the King is feeling right now. The King saved me repeatedly from the hands of the Monster King and my Queen helped me too. Who will help them? Who will help the King?”

Baski wiped the tears from her eyes. “No one. He’s all alone. So, why don’t you go in there and sit with him?”

“If I talk about My Queen, he will get angry at Remeta.”

Tears filled Sally’s eyes just at the thought of what Danika is going through. “The King wouldn’t hear us out. He wouldn’t even give us a chance to see him and plead on her behalf...”

Sally and Baski looked at each other. They turned back to her, “Then, don’t talk about her. Just be there for him. Who knows, you might help calm him down long enough for me to get these herbs ready.”

“Which herbs are that?”

“A powerful one. I want to extract the remains of the pills used to drug Danika and show it to the King. It will make a strong case.’

She hesitated, then she nodded her head. “Okay, Mama.”

Baski nodded too before she rose to her feet. “Where is your fox?” She asked curiously.

“Daain?” She looked around, but indeed her companion was nowhere to be seen. “But, she was with me at the Palace gate...”

The door opened and there the Fox stooped, it’s beady eyes looking around. Beside the fox stood a little boy Baski has never seen before.

“Corna!” Remeta ran to the boy, “What are you doing here!? How did you get here?”

“It’s Daain. She brought me here.” He responded, staring uncertainly at the two women inside the bedroom.

Remeta lifted her fox and rubbed their cheeks together, “Oh, Daain, when did you run away to go get Corna? You did a good job!”

Then, she took the shy boy's hand and introduced him to her mother, Baski, and then Sally. She told them that Corna is her new friend and she's been staying with him for the past three days.

Baski thanked little Corna for thanking care of her daughter, and also told him to extend her greeting to his family.

Remeta told Corna how she's going to the King's Chambers, and how scared she is. Corna was scared too, but he agreed to follow her.

"Thank you so much, Corna, for helping Remeta." Remeta squeezed the boy's hand in gratitude.

Corna smiled, his small cheeks dimpled. "May the heavens and the spiwits guide us."

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## Chapter 186

King Lucien was seating at the inner room, reading Melia's favorite book. He has lost count how many times he'd read that book over the years. He'd memorized almost all the wordings.

A knock came at the door. Soft. Hesitant.

"Go away." He flipped the page, his brows knitted in concentration.

Long minutes passed, he forgot about the knock, reading more pages from the storybook.

The knock came again, the same as the first one.

"Go away. I will not say it again." He g\*\*\*\*d, flipping to a new page.

The sound of door opening forced the King's head up. He closed the book and rose from his chair.

His steps steady, he walked out of the inner bedroom just in time to see the wild auburn hair of Remeta as she peeped into the bedroom. Wide eyes met his and held.

Seeing who it is, he didn't say a word again. He wanted nothing more than to command her away, he wants no one near him. But, Remeta has always been steps away from him.

The girl feared men so much because of what Cone did to her, she'd kept herself at arms length from the male gender.

"You shouldn't be here, Remeta." He turned and walked back to the library.

She followed him, and that was when he saw a much smaller boy who came with her. The boy wouldn't be older than six years old, his clothes showed that he's a lowborn. He clung beside Remeta, the both of them.

"What are you both doing here?" He asked again.

They looked at each other. Stared back at him, and then, Remeta walked forward. "Remeta wants to see the K-King." Came the mumbled reply.

When the King didn't reply, Remeta took it as progress. At least, he isn't ordering them away again.

She let go of Corna and walked closer to him, she sat at the chair beside him.

He stiffened, but his eyes didn't stray from the book he has in his hands. Corna walked out of the inner bedroom and sat at the chair in his Chambers, leaving Remeta alone with the King.

"Remeta wants to sit by the King. I hope the King will not s-scold her." She murmured.

King Lucien glanced at the girl beside him. "I will not. But you shouldn't be here, Remeta." He repeated.

"But, it is where I want to be." She responded truthfully.

Silence. Then, he fixed her with unreadable eyes, "Will you speak about Danika?"

Remeta shook her head, "Not if the King does not want me to."

His tense shoulders relaxed, his eyes back on his book, "I do not want you to."

"Okay, My King."

Another silence settled, this time longer. The King read his book, while Remeta picked up another book from the shelf and read beside him. Just staying beside him hurts.

The pain that radiates from him is too much for her small body, it threatens to overwhelm her. But she held still. Time passed.

An hour later, Remeta was unable to bear it anymore. She leaned towards him and grabbed hold of his large hand.

It did not surprise the King that her touch did not repulse him. Since she was a baby, he'd always held her in his arms. This girl that has always been close to his heart. Even in slavery, he'd held her and Declan after difficult times, consoling them that everything will be alright.

"You are hurting and Remeta does not know how to help you." She whispered at last, tears filling her eyes.

"I am fine." He stated, dropping the book back on the shelf with his free hand.

"Your pain is overwhelming Remeta. She can practically feel it, sitting so close to you. Please, give my Queen a chance. She will explain everything to you..."

His eyes frosted over immediately, "She will explain how she laid with another man, you mean. There is nothing to explain, Remeta."

"Everything is not as it seems, My King."

"She is pregnant." Those three words held a great amount of pain.

"The child is yours. The Prince is yours." Remeta whispered, ever so gently.

The King lowered his head and closed his eyes shut. A long silence descended.

And then, "It is cruel of Baski to put you up to this."

"Mother did not—"

"Go, Remeta. I want to be alone."

Just then, the sound of door opening interrupted Remeta. The King rose and walked out to his bedroom, Remeta followed him stealthily.

"But, it is where I want to be." She responded truthfully.

Baski stood at the door looking uncertain, she held a small bottle on one hand. It did not escape the King that the small boy is still sitting at one corner of the bedroom.

"Go away, Baski. I do not want you here." He stated, crossing his arms.

“I came for Remeta.” She rushed out.

He turned back to his Library, “Then, take her and go. Take him too. I want to be alone.”

“You have to give her a chance, My King. Give My Queen a chance, so you will stop hurting! You cannot let her be executed tomorrow!” Remeta cried miserably.

Baski stepped forward, “I-I also wanted to show you this bottle. It contains the pills—“

“Leave me alone! All of you, GET OUT!” He roared.

The three of them jumped at the loud shout. Baski’s eyes wide. It is the first time he has ever raised his voice. He never did. And, he looked enraged.

Baski shook her head in defeat and grabbed hold of Remeta, who reached out almost immediately to hold a terrified Corna’s hand. Six wide eyes stared at him, sad and terrified.

Then, the King’s eyes watered.

Baski stood rooted in shock, watching him.

He blinked hard and it was gone. Baski wouldn’t have caught it if she wasn’t looking. Her heart broke for him all over again.

“Get out.” He repeated hoarsely, this time around, before he turned again towards the library.

In defeat, Baski took the two children and they headed out of the bedroom.

They were at the door when Remeta and Corna stopped walking at the same time.

Why did they stop walking?

“Let’s go.” She urged them. She will find a way to come back again. She will not give up!

They didn’t move.

And then, they turned around and faced the King again. Their eyes had glazed over, staring at space. The look was very familiar.

The same look Remeta always has when she wants to speak about the visions of the future.

That was when it dawned on Baski that the little boy is also a seer too.



And they are both seeing visions now. Oh, Heavens! Oh, Heavens!

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## Chapter 187

Danika laid there on the mat that covered the coldness of the ground, but it did not cover the hardness of the ground. Or the coldness in her heart.

It's been three days and she will be executed tomorrow morning.

She does not want to give up. Baski said never to give up because her child is also fighting for them. But, she can't help that her heart is no longer strong enough to bear all this.

Tears licked from her eyes and splashed at the white cloth beside her. In between her thighs, she can feel a new wetness slip down her body. It has been like this for the past few days.

Everywhere hurts from lying on the ground. Her belly aches, either from hunger or her baby... And her heart?

The pain is excruciating.

For the past three days, she asked herself how something like this can ever happen to her? How?

Being set up this way. The King ordering her execution. And staying away.

Does he even think of her? When he lays with his mistress, does he ever have thoughts of her...?

She sniffled, closing her eyes. Today, she feels exceptionally tired.

Maybe, she can just die right here. It will save her the humiliation of having to dying tomorrow as a whore who carries another man's child...in front of everybody.

She heard footsteps and know it's Sally. Her Sally has been right outside her cell for the past three days. Sally and Baski are the only people that believes in her innocence.

“You have not touched the porridge. You have to eat, My Princess, please. You have not eaten anything since morning.” Sally cried sadly.

Danika couldn't say a word. What is the good of eating when she will still die tomorrow?

That is... If she isn't dying now.

Because her body no longer feels like her own. She feel so sleepy... Oh, so sleepy...

She closed her eyes.

✿□

When Remeta and Corna spoke, they were not seeing the visions of the future. There were seeing the visions of the past.

Corna spoke. “She said I repulse her, but I will have her. I will have her over and over again. She refused me from the Mines, but I will have her. The former Princess recoils from my touch, thinking herself all high and mighty, and made for the King. but one-day I will be inside her. And I will enjoy that lush body like King does. Like no one else ever has. They formed a plan.” He stopped his voice in a monotone.

The King stood frozen at the door of the Library.

Then, Remeta's monotonous voice began. “He dragged her from the backyard to the storeroom with the threat of a knife in his hand. She fought him. He hurt her. He choked her and drugged her. She fell asleep and he pulled off her clothes.”

The King turned and stared at them, his brows knitted.

Corna continued, “I have her all to myself at last, he kept saying. He positioned her body to have her but the Three Witnesses entered. The plans they made changed. That was not the plan, for he expected a maid to find the Slave in his arms.”

“He never expected the King himself.” Remeta finished, her dazed eyes looking in the general direction of the King without seeing him.

“You mean to tell me that this is what transpired between my slave and the former Slave Trainer?” The King asked, his face unreadable.

“They are seers, My King! They do not lie! Oh, the heavens intervened for her!” Baski was already crying. “It is exactly what Danika told me!”

“Yes, King. Your Slave never laid with another man. It has never been in her thought. We would see, for we have been in her head.” Came the voice of Remeta.

“Then, you must be false prophets. And these must be made-up.” King Lucien stated firmly.

“My King!” Baski gasped, horrified.

Remeta stepped forward, her gaze never blinked or fluttered. “When the Beyond speaks, the whole world listens. For words cannot be repeated. And mistakes are made when they are not heeded.”

“I have made the biggest mistake of my life, and believe me, it is not ignoring your words.” He stated matter-of-factly.

“No. Your biggest will be killing an innocent woman and her unborn child. Your own child.”

Pain flashed in his eyes. He looked away.

Remeta uttered, “You, King Lucien find it hard to give trust. Find it hard to let people in, because of what happened. If you do not believe, then, it is unfortunate. The spirits speak. They do not convince.”

“Well, you have spoken and I am not convinced. So, you can all go, and leave me to my misery.” King Lucien turned back to his Library, “Lead them out, Baski.”

“But, My King—” Baski began.

Corna stepped forward then, “You do not want to believe because it will be too much. For it will mean that you made a bad judgment. That you collar-shocked your pregnant woman for something that was not her fault. That you almost executed an innocent woman that loves you dearly.”

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## **Chapter 189**

With each step Vetta took to the King’s Chambers, she tried her best to force shave off the pains from her body and focus on the goodnews.

Danika will be executed tomorrow morning.

She and that thing in her belly will be gone, and she will have the King again. This has given her a particular kind of joy all day, it helped her forget the aches in her body.

She will have the King to herself. She will be the one bearing his children.

A smile ghosted her face as she crossed the hallway that leads to the door of the King's Chambers. Then, she winced when her inner thighs ached.

Immediately after the execution, she will go and see Monah, the healer. Maybe she will help her with herbs to stop the bleedings and the aches in her body.

She pulled out of her thoughts long enough to stare at the door of the King's Chambers. Sally and her husband stood there.

Sally had dried tears on her cheeks, she seemed so nervous staring behind the closed door, while her husband holds her and tries to calm her down.

Vetta cocked her head to the side, she has never seen Chad look so... The man glows. He looks...happier, even in the midst of such tragedy.

Their love looks so resplendent, and it makes her envious of them. The feeling annoys her. Sally is way lower than her, the girl should be the one envying her.

"What are you two doing out here? Are you eavesdropping on the King?" She asked authoritatively as she drew nearer.

Sally shook her head, sniffing. "Baski and Remeta are in there to plead with the King on behalf of my Princess. We are waiting for the results."

Vetta almost rolled her eyes. Futile efforts, all of it.

The King will never forgive Danika, not how grave her offense appears to be. Poor thing.

To them, she said, "I really hope they will be able to convince him."

Sally frowned in bewilderment. "You do? I thought you will be happy. You've always hated my Princess."

"Yes. You have always hated Danika. Surely, you're rejoicing now, Vetta." Chad seconded.

"No, no, no. I admit I never really liked her but I don't want her dying in such a horrible way, with such a huge ruined reputation trailing behind her. I really pity her," she shook her head, feigning sadness, "Going from a sparkling Princess, to a slave... And now, a dirty whore."

“She is innocent!” Sally hissed passionately.

The intensity of her words surprised Vetta, and angered her at the same time. Such loyalty...

She cleared her throat and faced the door. “Well, you don’t have to take it out on me. I’m not the one who slept around and got pregnant for a dirty lowlife....it was your Princess.”

With that, she opened the door and entered the King’s Chambers. Pausing at the sight before her, she left the door open as she looked around.

Remeta and a dirty boy laid unconscious on the ground, she feared that the King killed them, considering his moods as of recent. Then, her eyes found the King.

He looked...thrown. Worn out.

His eyes were filled with new knowledge.

He looked devastated.

“What’s going on?” She raised her voice to get their attention. Dread sizzled down her spine. This atmosphere is not looking good at all.

Baski didn’t reply her. Instead, she turned back and stared at the King. He seemed to be in a daze. “Are you alright, My King...?”

King Lucien was overwhelmed. He tried to get a hold of himself as he forced his head to work.

Danika never betrayed him.

Karandy never took her to his bed. No man has ever done that, except him.

She is innocent and he almost executed her.

It was all a setup. A big complicated setup which he fell for.

She is carrying his child.

His child... His child... His child... His child...

“Gods, Baski, what have I done?” He looked at Baski with eyes so chrestfallen, they were a stab to her heart at the very sight of them.

“My King—” She hurried back to him, holding him in an effort to steady him when he staggered again.

“Can someone tell me what is going on?” Vetta asked again.

“What have I done...?” The King asked in a hoarse voice, shaking his head once...twice...

“It’s not your fault, you never knew.” Baski consoled.

But he kept shaking his head, so dejected. “Take me to her, Baski. Take me to Danika.”

“I will do that right away, My King.” Baski held him, noticing the slight limp to his leg. “I will tell the guards on the way to come and take this two children to my room.

He nodded, pulling away from her to walk on his own. He was never a man to show weakness, but in that moment, he did not care that he was slightly limping, for stressing his injured leg greatly these past few days.

She led the way out of his Chambers and he followed. Sally and Chad followed behind them too.

Vetta stared at the two children on the floor for a moment, before she turned and followed them. What is going on?

As they walked to the dungeon, she noticed the limp in his graceful steps. It was so slight, it was almost unnoticeable. She knows how painful it is for him when his leg starts hurting.

She walked closer to him. “You can lean on me, Your Highness.” Any opportunity to touch him is a welcomed opportunity.

“No. I’m fine.” He walked ahead of her, his thoughts troubled. His heart so heavy, it felt like a big wood in his chest.

They got to the dungeon, stopping at the door of it. He stated at Danika.

She laid on a dirty white spread garment on the floor, her blond hair which was always so neatly combed and styled, was dirty and unruly behind her back. She has her back to them.

Dargak rushed forward and unlocked the gate of the dungeon. The King walked in, everyone stood behind him, except Baski who rushed forward and placed her hand on Danika’s neck.

“She’s burning up! She’s very sick, has been for days...!” She gasped, looking fanatically at the King.

King Lucien couldn’t get his eyes away from the b\*\*\*d that stained her clothes from her lower body. The child leaves. That was the words of the seers.

Chad came up behind him, unable to stand the pain in his eyes any longer. “I will take her.”

“No. I will.” The King stated, stopping his movement. Chad turned, hiding his surprise well. He stepped aside.

“No, let Chad take her, Your Highness. You’re going to put more pressure on your leg!” Vetta cried, appalled at the sight in front of her.

Baski added hers with a heavy heart, “I’m afraid that she is right, Your Majesty...”

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## Chapter 188

“You will stop talking right now.” His deep g\*\*\*n was calm and deadly.

“Most of all, it will be easier to believe if there is no seed growing inside her.” Little Corna continued like he never spoke, “It is so hard to believe that she never betrayed you, because of the seed inside her. You think yourself unable to create a life.

“I do not think. I know.” He stated through gritted teeth, his hands tightened into fists.

“And, you are right.” The little boy said.

King Lucien stood there, the old pain reverberating inside him. It is like opening an old wound all over again, with a hot iron.

Corna kept walking closer, until he stood behind the King. The boy was so small, but his words are not.

“Do you remember the first day you and your Slave went out for a walk? It was the first time you allowed yourself to let another person into your cold, shattered heart. You kissed her for the first time on that day too. In your heart, you found a new happiness on that day.”

King Lucien whirled around to face them again, “How did you know that?”

The boy looked him in the eyes. “On that same day, you were forced to choose between Happiness and Duty, for it was that same day the King of Navia sent his message for his daughter’s hand. The Heavens tested you and you passed the test when you chose the happiness of your people over your own.”

King Lucien remembered all too clearly, and that was what baffled him greatly. How did this little boy—who he’s seeing for the first time—know all this?

How does this boy who is too young to know all this, know it?

He threw a baffled look at Baski who’s cheeks was all red and her eyes wet from crying. His eyes went back to the boy.

But, it was Remeta who continued. “That night, you held your Slave and informed her that you wanted to loose yourself in her and she let you. Do you remember what happened that night? Do you remember what happened in the end?”

The King was dumbfounded.

He remembered, all too clearly, that very night. Every night he spent in Danika’s arms was unforgettable, but that very night was his one of his best nights with her.

She let him loose all control with her. She let him loose himself in her warmth. His mind filled with images of what happened that night...at the very end of his copulation with her.

They came together. She wouldn’t stop jerking. And crying. Her body clamped and held his tight from the inside, and refused to let go as spasms after spasms shook her entire body.

He remembered thinking that something was wrong with her. He remembered her calling out to him in soft whimpers. He remembered soothing her while thinking if he should call Baski to come and treat her. He remembered how she fainted on him.

The images all over his head, he can practically see it. He remembered everything.

Remeta and Corna’s cheeks stretched into a small smile then. And they spoke at the same time.

“You remember. Her body fought to hold onto your seed, and that seed fought to be inside her. That was the night your woman conceived. That was four months ago.”

The King staggered at his foot.

Baski rushed and held onto him, the same time he found his footing. But, he let Baski hold on to his arm, as he watched the seers in front of him.



“My Child...?” His voice hoarse, he swallowed, “Mine...? My Child...?”

They nodded at the same time.

“Yes. That child is yours. You are also the only man that has ever been with that woman. Your child feels betrayed by his own beloved father, for causing him pain when you used the shock-collar. He leaves.” Remeta stated, her voice robotic.

“Do everything to hold on to that child, King. For you can birth another with the same woman, but it will take so many years...if that child leaves. He has his father’s temper.” Corna added with a curve of his cheek, his eyes still dazed.

His child... Danika carries his child... His child...

It was all too much for the King to take in at the same time. It was too much.

He focused his mind on something else important.

“Karandy was not alone in his plan. You have to tell me his accomplish. I have to know who conspired to tear me down like this. To create this kind of setup...to kill my child and Danika. I want to know.”

“And you will know.” Corna began, “But you will have to find out on your own, King, for our job here is done. You will find out soon enough, even before the Other’s nemesis arrives. Do not forget, your seed has never germinated elsewhere, only in one land.”

“And the Heavens are with you, King.” Remeta added.

“I do not understand. Make things a bit more clearer.” The King urged, almost desperate.

“You are a wise King. You will find out soon enough. See you when we see you again, King.” Corna spoke.

“Your woman brought light into your dark world, and that child will leave that light shining, if he lives...for he is a special child. But, he holds a grudge on his father. He needs to stay.” Remeta responded.

“And make haste. For you are already loosing her. You do not have time.” Corna finished.

Before the King could say something else, their eyes rolled back into their heads and they collapsed on the floor.

Baski let the King go and rushed to them. They were unconscious.

She turned and stared at the King.

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## Chapter 190

King Lucien paid them no heed. All his attention was on the willowy blond lying before him. He bend down and lifted Danika into his arms.

When her head rolled to one side, he cradled her close. Dried tears outlined her cheeks, her eyes closed. He didn't take his eyes away from her face as he began giving orders.

"Baski, get all the herbs you can possibly need and bring them to my Chambers. Dargak, send the guards out to call Angie, the medicine man. Tell him I request for him and all his disciples to my Chambers. Garon, go to my Chambers and pick Remeta and a boy. Take them to Baski's Chambers and have one of Angie's discipline look at them when they get here."

"On it, Your Highness!" The both of them replied at the same time and hurried out of sight.

The King walked out of the dungeon, shaking his head when Chad offered to take Danika again.

He held her, and he wouldn't stop looking at her as he walked. So, Chad walked beside him, making sure he strode the right path as they walked back to his Chambers.

This woman carries his child inside her. Danika is carrying his child inside her body. She never laid with another man. She has never consented or thought of laying with another man.

And now, she's sick and it's all his fault. His son is in danger and it's all his fault.

His hand tightened around her as her head laid right above his head. He trusted Chad to lead him well. He ignored the shards of pain coming from his left leg.

Sally walked behind them, crying with relief. Her Princess has been vindicated! She couldn't stop sobbing. Couldn't hold it in at all.

Oh, God! Thank Heavens!

Vetta was too dumbfounded as she followed closely behind them. Her mind was numb. She couldn't fanthom what was going on.

What is happening!?

As she watched the way the King held Danika, it was too much for her. Her eyes teared up as rage filled her.

What the hell is happening!?



Three hours later, the King sat on a chair beside Danika's bed, watching the rise and fall of her chest.

The medicine people have attended to her. Herbs, pills, drugs, seeds, portions, concoctions, all of them. He'd instructed them to use every single one of them, because he couldn't afford to lose her.

Everyone had gotten to work. Five of them including Baski had focused and worked on Danika while the words of the seers replayed on his mind over and over again.

Afterwards, Angie walked to him. "She has a bad fever and she is dehydrated. For a woman of her condition, that is very bad. Not to mention that she has lost too much b\*\*\*d...and still losing. But we have done everything we can. Let's hope that what we did was enough, Your Highness."

"It better be enough, Angie. It better be."

His low voice came out deadly, his face unreadable. But his eyes betrayed so much pain.

Angie shifted uncomfortably at his feet and continued, "She is with child, Your Highness." His confusion was clear.

"Yes, she is, Angie. She is carrying my child." His voice protective and filled with pride.

Angie gasped, shocked to the bone. "But, how is that possible...?"

The King's eyes found Danika on the bed. "She made it possible, Angie. That woman on the bed, made it possible."

"This is a miracle!"

"It is." His eyes went to Danika's belly, "How is my child, Angie? Choose your words carefully, for I do not know what I will do if your words are not the ones I want to hear."

Fear filled the older man. He has never seen the King this way. He is not a man to bluff.

He hesitated, choosing his words carefully. "We have done everything we could to stop the b-bleeding but it wouldn't stop. If it continues for much longer, the child will be g-gone and her body flushed."

Silence had descended.

He'd looked Angie in the eyes then, "For my sake, for your sake, for the sake of all of us...let's hope it does not continue like that."

Now, alone with her in his Chambers, his eyes trailed her breathing. Her eyes remained closed, her hair wild on the pillow around her head. Bandages covered her body.

Raising his hand, he took her soft willowy one into his own, pressing it to his lips. He kissed it tenderly. "What have I done?"

He closed his eyes and he can only remember his accusations of her. The things he thought of her. The collar-shock. Her pained cries as she convulsed there on the floor of the storeroom.

His child. She carries his child. A child that belongs to him... His seed.

His eyes went to her belly, covered up by her white flimsy long petticoat. Then, he let go of her hand and placed it tentatively at her belly. He felt her bump.

Remeta's robotic words filled his head.

"Yes. That child is yours. You are also the only man that has ever been with that woman. Your child feels betrayed by his own beloved father, for causing him pain when you used the shock-collar. He leaves."

He caressed her belly tentatively, like he was scared to rub too hard and cause her pain. And cause his child pain. He opened his mouth but no word came out. He closed his mouth and tried again.

"I..." Swallowing, his eyes on the movement of his hand, he g\*\*\*\*\*d. "I'm so sorry, little one."

The first words made it easier, and the rest followed. "I am so sorry. It was never my intention to hurt you. I am sorry for causing you pain. Your father is apologizing for everything."

He allowed the tears to cloud his eyes. On that moment, he does not care if anybody walks in on him. If Danika rises and sees him in such vulnerable state.

What mattered most to him is reaching his child.

He lowered his head and kissed her stomach, his eyes closed and the tears splashed on the globe. He finally let the pain of these past few days, which he kept so buried inside him to wash over him.

“I know you’re angry at me. I know you want to leave. Please, don’t go, son. Stay with me.” He g\*\*\*\*d, more tears splashed from his eyes, “Now, that I finally have you...please, don’t rip yourself away from me. Stay with me, with your mother. I will live with the guilt and the pain of what I did for the rest of my days.”

He couldn’t stop caressing her belly. Couldn’t stop talking. Couldn’t stop tearing up.

“Gods, I don’t know what I did to deserve this... A child...? A son..? I never expected this. I never did. How can I, they all said I can never do it. The doctors said. Cone made sure of it.”

His eyes found Danika’s face, her closed her. He took her hand back into his, holding on tight. “You gave me the biggest miracle. You carry the most precious part of me inside of you. Danika, I am so sorry. For not believing you... For not giving you a chance. I am so sorry for feeling so devastated over what I saw. So devastated.”

He placed her hand on her belly, his hand holding hers there. “You have to be fine. For me. For this life we created together. For this precious gift you gave an unworthy man. My child? I am most terrified, the thoughts have not left my head. Danika, you better be fine.”

Staring at her face again, his visions blurred again. “You have to be fine. For I do not know what will become of me, if you leave with this precious gift you gave me.”

“My son. My child.” He cannot stop saying those words, “Your father did something foolish, but do not leave me the same way they all left me. I have lost everyone I have ever cared for. My parents. Malia. Declan.”

“Please, do not leave me the same way they did. Do not let me have that burden of knowing I received a precious gift and he was ripped away from me...and it was my fault. I will go mad. I will not be able to bear it. Please, do not leave me.”

Then, he lowered his head on her belly and closed his eyes. He let his tears run. He let the knowledge wash over him. He let himself feel his own child. His own.

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## Chapter 191

Baski was using cold water on a towel to wipe the sweat from Remeta's face when her eyes opened. She got up and looked around, confused.

"Remeta! I'm so glad you're awake." Baski gasped, dropping the towel to hug her tight.

Remeta allowed herself to be encompassed into her mother's arms, "Mama? What happened?"

Baski pulled back, "You and Corna fainted. But, I'm glad you're okay now!"

"I remember going to the King... Trying to defend my Queen... I remember the King being so angry... He ordered us out!" she gasped, "Oh, mama...my Queen is definitely done for."

"You don't remember what happened after that?" Baski asked, awestruck. Remeta shook her head.

Just then, Corna breathed deeply, the little boy opened his eyes and looked around. He looked as lost as Remeta. "Where am I?"

Baski held him close, he looked at Remeta and it seemed to relieve him, seeing a familiar face. "Remeta..."

"So, let me get something straight, you don't remember what happened after the King sent us out?" Baski directed at her daughter.

Remeta nodded, Corna did so too. "We must have failed." The boy conceded with sadness.

"No." Baski's lips stretched into a huge smile, "It was quite the opposite. You both did so well. You saw visioned of the past and got the King to believe in Danika! I'm so thankful to the both of you!"

She pulled them into another hug. Remeta and Corna stared at each other in bewilderment. They can't remember. It's the first time they had visions without remembering.

It's also the first time, they saw the past, not the future. How did that happen?

But then, they closed their eyes and breathed a heavy sign of relief. What matters is that they didn't fail. They succeeded!

“Oh, mama, I’m so happy. We helped my Queen and the Prince...!?” Remeta enquired, her voiced filled with relief and excitement.

“Yes, Remeta. You and Corna did so much more than expected, we have only the heavens to think about that.”

“Where the Remeta’s Queen?” Little Corna asked as they pulled away from Baski.

“She received treatment. They are still in the King’s Chambers.” Baski replied, smiling as the got up and disposed of the water.

“It’s so wate, I should be gowin. My mama will be worwied about me.” Corna said.

Just then, a knock came at the door. Baski gave permission and the door opened.

Dargak entered, “This couples came to the Palace looking for their son, I figured they would be this boy’s par—“

“Mama! Papa!” Corna shouted from the bed, already he was sliding down to go to his parents.

Two young couples came out from behind Dargak. A very pregnant young woman, and a man young man with mocha skin. The woman rushed closer and lifted Corna into her arms.

“Oh, Corna, you had us worried when you ran off like that. I’m so glad you’re alright!” She gasped, hugging her son close.

“I’m so sorry, Mama. I wasn’t thinking.” He mumbled, snuggling up on her shoulders.



King Lucien has been called countless times to attend to a matter in court, but he declined all of them. It’s been hours since he cried and spoke to his son. It’s already late at night.

And yet, he didn’t leave. Instead, he sat behind his desk and scribbled down on scrolls while still waiting for Dabika to wake up.

He’d ordered the maids to bring food for her several hours ago, and it was still closed on the dinning table a few feet away from the bed. There was enough food, water and fruits there, because according to what Angie told him, it’s good for her.

A knock came at the door. “My King.”

Hearing Dargak’s voice, he paused in the middle of scribbling. “What is it, Dargak?”

“There’s another matter that requires your attention at the court—“

“Dismiss it. I do not want to be disturbed.”

“But, my King, they said it’s very urgent or they wouldn’t have come to seek for an audience at such a late hour.” Dargak rushed out, really hating being at the end of this situation.

Silence.

King Lucien sighed, and withdrew his inked feather. They have been calling him all day. He has never been a King to ignore duty, talk more of an urgent one. What if a family’s life depends on it?

On that thought, he rolled the scroll close, and set it aside gently. His eyes found the figure lying on the bed across the room. Danika has been sleeping all day.

“It better be urgent enough, Dargak.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d at last.

The guard let out a deep sign of relief. “Of course, Your Majesty.”

He waited patiently at the door for the King.

Several minutes later, fully and formally dressed, the King strode towards Danika’s bed. He watched the gentle rise and fall of her chest.

Even in this vulnerable and unfortunate state, she still managed to be so beautiful, it was blinding. He lost himself in watching her, until the loud clang of the alarm clock dragged him back to awareness. It’s late at night, already.

He bent and kissed her forehead lingeringly. Then, he turned and walked out of the door.

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## **Chapter 192**

Vetta sat in her bedroom feeling like the whole world was suddenly closing in on her.



After the King sent them all out, when he got Danika to his Chambers, she'd followed Baski to her bedroom and in hurried words, the older woman had told her what happened quite happily.

Seers. How is this possible? How could they have possibly vindicated Danika, the case against her was very strong!?

And not only did Danika escape being executed tomorrow, the King knows that the bitch is carrying his child!

"Danika, that bitch!" She reached for the flower-vast that decorated her table and lifted it high above her head before she threw it to the across the bedroom.

It shattered everywhere. Vetta stood breathing fast in rage. Angry tears filled her eyes. The King has accepted Danika. Everything has turned worse for her and much better for Danika.

The door opened and Talia entered with a tray of food. "I brought food for you, Mistr—"

"Get away from me, you fool! I don't want to see your face or any other person's! Get out! Get out!" She screamed, hot tears running down her eyes.

Talia's eyes widened and she quickly dropped the food on the table before she turned and disappeared from the room.

The way the King held Danika in his arm from the dungeon filled her head. She screamed out her frustration, feeling so out of her mind.

"How can something like this happen!? Remeta, that fool! That small crazy rat!" She screamed, as she began destroying her bedroom in an effort to let out her anger.

She was in the middle of a tirade when the familiar sharp pain pinched her belly, followed by excruciating pain.

"Ouch!!" She cried as she fell to the ground, clutching her stomach as waves after waves of pain seized her body.

Danika momentarily forgotten, Vetta cried out in pain repeatedly, feeling the telltale wetness that indicated bleeding in between her thighs.

It hurts! It hurts badly!

No, this is getting out of hand. Early tomorrow, she's going to see the healer.

\*\*\*\*\*

Danika's eyes opened, her environment blurred and unrecognizable. Weak, she closed her eyes for a few seconds before it slipped open again.

She's still alive? Isn't she supposed to be dead?

Danika doesn't know if she should be happy about being alive, or she should be very sad about it. She had the most pleasant dream...

The King acknowledging their child... Sitting beside her and crying in worry for her and their child... It was indeed a pleasant dream.

And, where is she...?

She slipped her eyes closed and opened it again. Her eyes cleared and she took in her environment. A gasp left her lips when it dawned on her that she's in the King's Chambers.

She's lying down on the King's bed! How did she get here...?

Her eyes searched the bedroom, she felt relieved when it came out empty. The King is not around. Thank, heavens.

Someone must be setting her up again by keeping her here, so that the King will kill her even before the morrow when she's supposed to be executed. No, she has to run away!

With a grunt, she forced herself to a sitting position, her eyes taking in the bandages on her body. And, she feels better than she's been in a long time.

A frown knitted her brows as she got up. Automatically, her eyes went to the old mirror at the opposite wall encased in a hanging wooden vase. She looks so different...so dirty.

Bath. She wants nothing more than a nice hot bath now.

Her head still foggy from all the drugs and barely thinking right, she took off her clothes, wrapped herself in a silk wrapper which the King ordered the maids to bring to his bedroom several months ago, for her.

Memories made her sad and hurting, so she shut her mind to it. She walked unsteadily to the door that led to the bathroom.

In the showered, she found out that she's no longer bleeding. The small stain and the dry stickiness of her thigh told her that it's been hours since she bled.

It brought tears to her eyes because she doesn't know if her child said goodbye already. Her execution flashed in her mind.

“It’s okay, baby. You and I will reunite again tomorrow. I’m so sorry that this world was uncomfortable for you...” She whispered so sadly, it dripped from her words.

Several minutes later, she came out feeling a little better. Her wet hair plastered on her forehead, neck and back, she walked towards the bed...towards her clothes that laid there. She’d get her clothes and disappear from this place.

But, her eyes found the food on the dinning table. Her belly growled loudly, the same time her throat went dry, reminding her how hungry she is.

She swallowed tightly, torn between running away and eating. The latter won.

Clothes forgotten, she walked to the dinning, settled down on the chair, opened the covered food and her mouth watered at the deliciousness. Everything else forgotten, she dug in, eating everything at the same time. She ate so ravenously.

“Easy. You’re going to get an indigestion.” Came the deep voice of the King.

Danika froze.

She turned towards him, her mouth filled up with spaghetti, it’s tomato sauce dripping from her mouth and saw him standing at the door.

Oh, Heavens. Fear and mortification had her hand trembling, her eyes widened.

Oh, Danika! What did you get yourself into now...?

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## **Chapter 193**

“Easy. You will get an indigestion.” Came the deep voice of the King.

Danika turned with her mouth full of spaghetti, and the tomato sauce dripping from her mouth and stared at the King in fear and mortification. She looked like a cat caught in a trap.

She eat go of the plate of food like it burned her, and sprang up from the chair. The quick movement blurred her eyes, a wave of dizziness slammed her.

She lost balance. Strong hands held her immediately, steadying her up.

“You are not fully recovered, Danika. Carefully.” He coaxed, holding her upright.

His hands on her reminded her of her glaring state of undress. She only has a silky wrapped loosely around herself. But, that is not the main thing, that has her shocked as she stared up at him.

Why is he being this way with her? Is this mercy before death?

He sat her down again at the chair and brought the food closer to her, “Here, eat.”

She stared up at him again with that dull sick eyes, clearly in indecision and helplessness. “I-I I’m okay.”

“No, you are not.” He leaned closer, his hand caressed her cheek and she flinched at the unexpected touch.

He took his hand back, and rose to his full height. “You need to eat more, Danika.”

“I didn’t walk here on my own, I swear it! I woke up and saw myself here!” She burst out desperately.

“I know. I brought you here. You need to eat, you are hungry and dehydrated, you need enough food and water.” He quoted Angie’s words.

“But—“

“Eat. Then, we talk. No one needs to be more healthy than you in this kingdom now. Not even me.” He stated matter-of-factly.

“Huh?” Danika became more confused, and scared.

The look in her eyes told him not to say more. She looks like a mouse caught in a trap, looking for a small chance to run as fast as it can for it’s life.

He sighed, not knowing where to start. He is not used to this.

“Please, eat, Danika. Do what I say, do not ask questions. Not for now. Just eat.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d.

The soft but firm command snapped her out in her shocked daze and she nodded her head. With a hand, she pushed the food more closer and began ravishing it as ravenously as she did before.

“Easy...” His deep g\*\*\*n followed. She nodded again, and slowed down. A bit.

He stood beside her, just watching her eat. Guilt weighted heavily on his heart. His Danika has never eaten less than a cultured, sophisticated princess will eat. But, here she is now practically attacking a food.

All because he made a rash decision that subjected her without food and water for three days.

Out of the corner of her eyes, Danika noticed the new look in his eyes. She has no idea what that look is...but it's not violence. No, it's not a bad look at all.

Her skin tingled, reminding her of her state of undress.

Occasionally, King Lucien's eyes would go to the wrapped silk that covered her body from his view. He has missed seeing that body...touching that body.

He has missed her terribly, the King admitted at the deepest part of his beating heart.

Most especially, he wanted nothing more than to pull the silk away and glance at his child for the first time, growing inside her.

Later. Much later, when she's done eating.



Several minutes later, with all the six course foods on the table demonished—except for one—she turned and stared up at him again.

“You don't want to eat the meatball?” He asked, baffled.

Danika doesn't know if he's aware that he's been caressing her shoulder all the while she sat here and he stood behind her like a state police. She shook her head, “I don't like meatballs.”

“You love meatballs.” He countered, his brows knitted in confusion.

“That was before I got preg—.” She blurted out. Her cheeks turned red when she snapped her mouth shut.

“Oh.” Bafflement disappeared from his eyes as understanding dawned.

Silence descended between them. Danika was so nervous, she wrung her fingers together.

Then, a thought came to her. This might be the perfect opportunity she can get to talk to him. He never gave her a chance before.

Maybe, this is a perfect opportunity from the heavens.

“He snatched me up at the backyard.” she blurted out again, her eyes a reflection of her pain, “K-Karandy snatched me up at the backyard when I went to get my clothes, he was never my lover. Never. He tortured me, and drugged me up...!”

His eyes went hue with pain, and he closed it shut.

“I know you don’t believe me because of what you saw, but please you have to trust me, Your Highness. I will never lay with K-Karandy or another man. Never!” She explained passionately.

His eyes remains closed, his head bowed.

Her shoulders sank. He doesn’t believe me, Danika thought miserably. How can he believe? What he saw was a different explanation to what she is giving.

“You don’t believe me.” Her vision blurred, her body weak from all the drugs.

Silence descended. And it only stretched.

Then, his hand nudged her to sit back down on the dinning chair. She followed the unspoken command, relieving her legs from carrying her weight.

His deep voice began. “After Cone exslaved me, he made me do a lot of things just to be demeaning and degrading. It battered me up, and killed me inside. Every single time he did that.”

A muscle ticked on his jaw, but his eyes held hers. “Taking pleasure from vanother man’s body. Being forced to lie on the ground and take up food with my teeth.” Memory edged his features, “Several times, he tied me up and forced female slaves to pleasure my organ until I near the point of release. Then, he will send the slaves away.”

“What...?” Her eyes widened in horror.

He looked away, “That is a different kind of torture... especially after he roasted my manly parts. It was hell, the pain incomparable. After a long time, I soften and the pain recedes, he will bring the slaves again and command them to start the torture again. Over and over again.”

“That is barbaric!” She gasped, tears in her eyes. She gripped her wrapping cloth tight.

“It was. He would make me kneel in front of him just to ridicule me and remind me how much of a weak King I am, for being enslaved with my people. For not being able to protect my people.”

She shook her head passionately, “You are not a weak King. Never!”

His eyes found her face again, “After slavery, I swore that I will never kneel or lower myself like that again in front of anybody again.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d.

“King Cone was a monster. You’re not wea—” she cut off suddenly at his next actions.

Looking her in the eyes, he knelt before her.

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## Chapter 194

Looking her in the eyes, he knelt before her.

“M-My King?” Her thoughts short-circuited at the sight in front of her. She was so dumbfounded, her head went blank and for several seconds she couldn’t process that the King is kneeling in front of her.

“This past few days has not been easy. When I saw what I saw at the storeroom, something died inside me. I was in rage seeing the way that animal held what is mine.” he swallowed, rage flashing in his eyes, “When the thoughts of you both being lovers comes to my head, I find myself battling insanity. My rage knew no bounds.”

Tears filled Danika’s eyes as she stood there watching him. “I have never laid with another man—“

“I know I should have thought of that. But then, Baski slipped about the pregnancy and I just...broke.” he paused and swallowed, “It was the biggest slap I’ve received for not being able to father a child.”

Tears slipped from her eyes, down to her cheeks.

He shook his head slowly, “Please, forgive me Danika. For everything.”

What changed? What happened? She has so much question in her mind.

The most powerful man she has ever met is kneeling in front of her. A position he swore never to be found again in his life after everything her father did to him.

She was tongue-tied. The sight humbled her. The sight hurt her eyes too much.

Raising trembling hands, she reached for his shoulders. "Please, get up from the ground, My King. Please, get up."

"No. I need you to forgive me, Danika." He g\*\*\*\*\*d sadly, his hand resting on her thigh.

"I forgive you." She whispered then, "Truthfully. Wholeheartedly."

He felt the weight of a huge burden lift from his shoulders. His eyes couldn't stop watching her, and he saw everything rage blinded him to seeing before.

How could he have thought that this woman here would give herself to that lowlife and carry his child in her?

"Oh, Danika, I did you a great deal of wrong." He placed his head on her thigh.

"No, you didn't. It's not entirely your fault, you believed what you saw. No one will blame you for that, King Lucien, because every other person will do the same thing." Her hand reached for his and encircled it.

The one touch that never makes him flinch. He wrapped his hand around her own.

"Please, get up." She urged again.

He did. "Thank you so much, Danika."

"What c-changed, My King? How... How did you know of my innocence?" She asked tearfully, her hands swiping her eyes.

"The seers. They paid me a visit." He stated, staring at his hands in thought, "They made me believe in a miracle."

"A m-miracle?"

"My child." he raised his eyes to her, pain outlined his features. "My child which you're carrying inside you. Let me see him, Danika. Let me."

There was real hunger in those words as he pulled her up and reached for her wrapping cloth, his eyes beseeched hers.

How can she deny him anything with such raw hunger in his eyes?

She swiped the tears of joy and relief from her eyes, at the same time, she nodded her head.

Gently, he unknotted the wrapping cloth from her body and pulled it away from her. She stood before him stark naked, with only her skin clothing her.



His eyes went to her slight belly bump which outlined her stomach, and held there.

She would have sworn that his eyes watered. But he blinked, and it disappeared like it was never there.

Silence stretched between them, while he stood and watched her for long moments.

Then, he reached out and placed it on her belly so tentatively. “Oh heavens. My son.”

The soft spoken words were her undoing. She began crying in relief, shock, pain and happiness at the same time.

In two words, he’d made her world better again. In two words, he’d given her a dream she’d always wanted to come through.

She couldn’t hold her cries, her eyes following the gentlest movement of his strong hands caressing her belly.

Then, he bent and lifted her up into his arms. She gasped at the unexpected movement, her arms clinging to his neck. “King Lucien...?”

“I have already done the one thing in my life I swore to die, instead of doing again. And now, I will do the one thing I have never done before, but have always wanted to do...to you.” He grunted as he walked to the bed and laid her gently on it.

Her eyes met his as he came up on top of her, wedging himself in between her legs. His eyes found hers.

A blush spread all over her cheeks, “Oh...”

But, he wasn’t about to take her body in intimacy.

What he planned to do, is what his innocent woman has never had before. He does not bow down to anyone, much less the daughter of King Cone.

But, the woman in his arms—the woman carrying his child—is not King Cone’s daughter. She is Danika. His woman.

He has never done this before, because he has never wanted to. Mostly because, he thinks it a degrading act. Like bowing to a woman. He’d always wanted to do the act to Danika, but he always restrained.

Tonight, he didn’t.

He spread her thighs for him. His eyes held her confused shy eyes, as lowered his head and kissed the very center of her womanhood.

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## Chapter 195

King Lucien has never done anything like this before, because he has never wanted to. Mostly because he thinks it a degrading act. Like bowing to a woman.

But, tonight he wanted to. With her, he wanted to.

He spread her thighs wide to seat himself fully in between her legs. His eyes held her confused and shy eyes as he lowered his head and kissed the very center of her womanhood.

Danika arched upright with a shocked gasp. She felt his lips on her most secret place again, and she froze over.

“Relax, Danika.” He g\*\*\*\*d, raising his head to look at her wide, terrified eyes. “Relax for me.”

The burn in her lungs made her realized that she has stopped breathing altogether. She dragged in air into her lungs, her cheeks flushed as she met his deep blue eyes.

“What a-are you doing...?” She was afraid to ask, but she managed to. A shiver worked it’s way down her body.

The fact that she wasn’t aware of what it is caused a satisfying feeling that is almost primal to course through his body. “What I would never do to another woman.”

He lowered his head again and nipped at her abdomen. “It is what I never want to do with any woman but you. I have taken your body intimately a lot of times. Tonight, I will taste you in the most intimate way.”

Danika didn’t understand, but her belly tightened with arousal at his words. What he has never done to another woman?

She watched as he trailed k\*\*\*\*s from her bellybutton down to her slight blond curls of her mound. His hands pressing her knees farther apart as he stared back at her.

Brilliant dark blue eyes gleamed with male l\*\*t as he licked his lips a second before his head lowered and he licked her. She gasped in more shock than pleasure at what he was doing to her.

He licked and sucked on the swollen nub of her womanhood, the intimacy of it had Danika's breath coming out in short gasp. Flickering pinpoints of pleasure began filling her body.

The more he sucked, the more the feeling increased until her m\*\*\*s filled the air. She lost the strength in her neck, her head fell back on the bed, her hair like a wildfire spread out around her head.

"Oh... oh..." Her hand gripped the sheets, tremors racking her body, her thighs trembled.

The King gripped them, raising them over his shoulders and successfully caging her as he licked her slit over and over again.

Agonizing pleasure rushed through her as his tongue became an erotic whip. It lashed over her violently sensitive flesh, teased, prodded, licked and tasted every swollen inch of her pūssy.

Her m\*\*\*s turned to soft erotic cries as her body absorbed every single thing he did to her, her eyes closed. She was in a land where nothing exists except windwhirls of sensations.

She felt his fingers caress her slit, playing and probing. His fingers were demons. Inside the gripping depths of her tight channel his fingers probed, the tips curling to reach a spot that had her h\*\*s arching from the bed and a strangled scream ripping from her throat.

Not that it did her any good. He continued to torment her, devouring her in a sensual feast that soon had her begging, crying for mercy.

"King L-Lucien...! I c-can't bear..." She became a stuttering mess, her brain short-circuited with the unbearable pleasure flooding her body.

"You can. You will." he crooned, "I love the taste of you."

She whimpered as his finger pressed firmly into the spot that seemed to have a direct link to her clit. It sent flares of sensation racing through the little bud as she gasped, fighting to breathe amid the pleasure tearing through her.

"You have this taste like honeysuckle," he g\*\*\*\*\*d. "And wild roses."

"Please, God. King Lucien, I can't . . ." She cried out as his fingers moved again, straightening, sliding nearly free then plunging inside her in one hard, fast stroke as his tongue returned to her clit.

Shuddering waves of near o\*\*\*\*m raced through her nervous system, stealing her breath and leaving her hanging on a precipice of such intense sensation that she wondered if she would ever survive.

“You’re so sweet and tight,” he whispered before licking around her clit once more. “You’re gripping my fingers like a fist. Feel how tight you are, Danika.” His voice gravelly and heavy with l\*\*t, his control almost slipping from his fingers.

Her body began a spring, shaking rhythmically to the cords of his finger and tongue, her head shaking from side to side. Her breath in loud pants.

His fingers retreated, then in one slow, delicious movement slid inside her again. Danika could feel the sensitive tissue parting for him, milking at him as the sensual impalement left her shaking in her impending release.

“Please...” She panted, her fingers clenching and unclenching on the sheets.

This time, when his fingers entered her, his lips covered her clit and began to suckle it erotically. Strong, heavy thrusts of his fingers inside her, a twist of his wrist, the rasp of calloused fingertips against nerve endings flaming for his touch. And, she erupted.

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## Chapter 196

“I can’t, Danika. What about the baby?” Placing his forehead to hers, he g\*\*\*\*\*d in a pained voice.

“No, you can, My King. Please, I want to feel you again.” Her tone was shy, but passionate too.

“I can’t be gentle. I don’t know how to be. I don’t want to hurt our child.” Rubbing his swollen e\*\*\*\*\*n at her sensitive clit repeatedly, his breathing harsh. He was trying to rein in control so badly.

She opened her eyes, so hazy with desire for him, he has never seen a more beautiful sight in his existence. “You can... I t-trust you, King Lucien.”

“Heavens.” The guttural growl tore from his lips as the last of his fragile control shot to dust at the innocently sincere trust in her voice.

He has to have her.

Has to be gentle too, so he wouldn't hurt his child. He does not know how to be that, but he will try his damnest.

He raised his head and looked down in between their bodies to the throbbing part of him seeking to find the entrance to her. His hands settled on her inner thighs and he spread her eagle-wide open to settle his larger body in between her small frame.

His eyes held her dazed ones as he began pushing himself inside her. She m\*\*\*\*d low and throaty, her hand going to his h\*\*s to steady him.

Groaning at the tightness that surrounded his hardness, King Lucien gritted his teeth to keep from shoving all the way inside her and possessing her body in the primal way the hunger was beating at him.

Instead, he kept pushing gently, feeling the incredible way her inner muscles reluctantly gave way for his invasion.

“My King...” Another m\*\*n slipped from her throat, her eyes closed.

He leaned closer and took her mouth into a searing k\*\*s as he pushed all the way inside her until he was buried to the hilt.

Danika cried out into his mouth, the burning sensation only mixing with the throbs of her release few moments ago. He kissed her long and hard, holding himself so still above her she could practically feel the effort it took him to hold still and allow her body to adjust to him.

“Move... Please,” she urged, wrapping her legs around his back to hold him more closer to her.

That seems to be all he wanted to hear because he began kissing her in earnestly as he pulled back almost all the way, and then pushed back into her.

In and out and in and out, he went for long minutes. Then, he pulled back and stared in between their bodies to the way her body enveloped his díck repeatedly.

She was so wet, she was dripping. The feeling was exquisite as her inner body milked him, he felt like he was drowning. Wanting nothing more than to let go completely and pound her body so hard until he fills her body up with his release.

Then, his eyes settled on the slight rounded bump of her four-months pregnancy, and it shaved off most of the animalistic urges. He slowed down his strokes until he glided in and out of her wet sheath.

Careful. He has to be careful with her.

“Oooh...,” She let out a throaty m\*\*n that drew his attention back to her face. Her eyes were closed in pure ecstasy, her lips pursed, her breathing hitching and her face drawn up.

She made a picture of perfect enjoyment, it was so beautiful that King Lucien forgot all about his own pleasure and focused on giving her more. He kept working himself in steady long strokes inside her, listening to the beautiful music she played for him.

She arched up to him at each thrust, a pinched expression on her face, her arms wrapped tightly around her. Danika has never known pleasure that was never accompanied with pain in his arms, but in the darkness of this night, he gave her an undiluted pleasure with no hint of pain, she was lost in it.

With each steady thrust of his h\*\*s, pleasure sizzled her body and the familiar compelling feeling began inside her. She was so close.

He lowered his mouth to hers and pressed warm and sweet against hers. Her heart fluttered and turned over like someone had set a jar full of butterflies free in her chest. He was exquisitely tender. So reverent that it brought tears to her eyes.

He has never been this way with her. She never knew he could be this way with her. It was so obvious that he wasn't feeling the lovemaking, but he never increased his thrusts. He kept pleasuring her in such gentle rhythmical movements.

“Yes, yes. You will so good...” She m\*\*\*\*d, mindless to anything else that what he was giving her, her arms clinging to his neck.

He kissed her lips and then started at one corner of her mouth and kissed his way to the other side. His tongue slid sensuously over her top and then bottom l\*p and then gently slipped between to open her to his advances.

With a sigh, she acquiesced, and their tongues met, tasting each other, exploring. Advancing and then retreating. They performed a delicate dance, their tongues dueling, slowly at first and then faster.

Their breath came faster and was swallowed up, given and then taken back. They shared each puff of air, savored it before demanding more.

Suddenly, she tore her mouth away from his and cried out harshly as she flew over the edge. Her body convulsed under his, her hands holding him closer as she wailed in sheer ecstasy, tears streaming down her eyes.

Her o\*\*\*\*m triggers his, and the King followed her off to the land where nothing but volcanic sensations sizzled and combusted into windwhirl, multiple colorful pinpoints of unbearably sweet feelings.

He collapsed on top of her, his breathing ragged and erratic. Then, he rolled taking her with him.

His lips pressing gently to her neck, her sweaty shoulder, it wasn't the weakness he felt. For the first time he felt complete.

She watched through drowsy eyes, tear falling from her eyes, her eyes stark with her emotions, and he realized she was just as vulnerable against him as he was feeling. She had opened herself to him from the start, and he never realized the depths of her feelings before until this dark night.

He leaned closer and kissed her tears. She began crying earnestly then at the gentlest unexpected movement from him.

Heavens interceded for her. Tears of huge relief wouldn't stop falling, and he kissed them away. How did the seer manage to vindicate her?

How did Remeta manage it to the extend that he didn't only believe her innocence, he also believed in the life they created together.

He kissed her cheeks. The corner of her eyes. Her forehead. He kissed every part of her face.

"Stop crying, Danika. It is not a sight I like. It is not good for the life you nurture inside you." It came out a command, but she heard the gentlest softness she has never heard in his tone before.

She clung to him, nodding her head vigorously. Her body reacted heavily to the feel of his big body as she turned towards him and pushed closer to the shelters of his body until she pressed so close to him in a very tight embrace, she molded to him.

Her head on his chest, she breathed him in, basking in the very feel of him. Warmth encased her. She has been so cold for so long...this feels her coming home. And it is.

When she'd fallen sick in the dungeons, she'd thought it was the coldness of the cell. The unpleasantness of her situation. The hunger and thirst for food and water.

But now, she found out that it's all of those and more. It's her hunger and need for this man. Her crave for him. She'd missed him so badly.

This man who is so damaged. So broken.

Who has never smiled. Or laughed.

This man who has never had a reason to be happy.

Will the day come when I will ever see him laugh? Danika thought wishfully. Will the day ever come when I will ever see him so carefree and happy?

His hand reached between them to caress her belly. She signed into him, her body still humming from the satisfaction he gave her. Enjoying this moment and wishing it will last forever.

“Lucien.” He g\*\*\*\*d, his chest vibrating against her cheeks.

“Uhm?” She mumbled.

“In this place. In this room...with me, I want you to call me by my name. My name is Lucien.”

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## Chapter 197

Danika woke to a tug on her breast, a hand caressing her body, and a body moving against hers. As her eyes slowly fluttered open, she stared at the King who's mouth was on her breast, his hand caressing her sides.

“Good morning, My King.” She whispered, her eyes reaching automatically for the hourglass on the table at the far end of the room. It's almost dawn.

“Mmh.” He g\*\*\*\*d, his eyes closed in what can almost be interpreted as bliss. His hand trailed from her ribs back to her other breast and he began twerking her nipples.

She m\*\*\*\*d, her body going hot under his ardor. She felt wetness in between her legs as he caressed and sucked from her. His body shifted, and she felt his body ready and erect to take hers.

He let go of the puckered nub—red from his attention—long enough to raise her leg around his waist and settled himself against her womanhood. Lying side by side, his hand holding her thigh, he buried himself deep inside her welcoming body in one swift movement.



Danika cried out, her eyes slipped closed at the incredible feel of him inside her. He adjusted himself so that he'll take back the puckered nipple into his mouth as he began some steady strokes inside her.

She felt every tug of his lips where his phallus was taking possession of her, the pleasure sizzling through her body like electricity. She hissed and sighed at each hard suction.

He lifted his head, "Am I hurting you...?"

She shook her head. His mouth on her swollen sensitive breasts produced a lot of feelings, but none of them is pain.

He lowered his head again, pulling out and thrusting into her over and over again.

Clinging to him, she runs her hands all over him from his short soft curls down to his neck, his broad shoulders, and down his back.

She touched him everywhere her hands could reach, before she settled them back to his neck holding his head to her breast.

He set a pattern; thrusting and drawing on her nipples with his mouth and fingers, pulling back and tugging on them. Thrust, suck, pull, tug. Thrust, suck, pull, tug.

It didn't take long before she hissed out harshly as she fell over the edge, her breathing erratic and her body trembling softly against his own.

Just like the night before, her o\*\*\*\*m triggered his as her body gripped his dick tightly, squeezing and causing him to g\*\*\*n out loud as he soared above the mountains with her.

"Danika..." He breathed as they clung to each other. Her body milked his dry. Pleasure became a common language between them.

She bulked and whimpered when her body became oversensitive, and she couldn't take anymore. With a deep breath, her body went lax on the bed.

Gently, he pulled out of her body and laid back on the bed. Danika laid there, her heart soaring and her body singing.

What a beautiful way to wake up from sleep.

She smiled dreamily as she watched him get up from the bed and walk gracefully to his wardrobe. Her breasts ached from his long attention to them, but it only made her smile more.

She has never seen him as relaxed as he looked while he sorted through his clothes. His eyes found hers on the bed, “Angie will come later in the day to take a look at you.”

“Okay.” She whispered in response.

“I have to be in court today, but I will not stay for long hours. I want us to go for a walk, it has been so long...” The way his eyes glazed over, as if he was remembering the memories of their walks together.

“I will like that so much, My K—Lucien.”

He nodded once before he turned and entered the bathroom.

Danika knows it's time to wake up and go back to her bedroom, but for the life of her she can't bring herself to move her body from where she is.

Yesterday, she woke up in a cell with her life hanging on a thread...and today, she woke up in the King's bedroom. Several days ago, she wakes up with a heavy heart worrying herself to death on how to make the King understand that she's carrying his child without risking her life, and today, here she is....with all her secrets out.

A smile was on her face as she fell back to sleep.



Callan was pondering on his dream the night before as he broke the huge wood before him to pieces. The sound of wood cracking was heard as the wood broke to several parts.

Dropping the wood, he picked up the pieces and joined them with the other firewoods he'd broken before. As he repeated this process all over again, his mind kept whirling.

What was the secret? Who was that woman that left him for death? Who was he?

No matter how he squeezed his eyes shut, his head remained blank. If only he can remember even a small but—

A knock jolted him out of his thoughts. He let go of the axe, it fell to the ground. Reaching for his jacket, he picked it up from the tree he hanged it and fixed his arms into them.

Then, he turned and walked into his house, straight towards the door. He pulled it open, and a lightness spread over his insides at the feminine figure that stood behind the door in a hood.

“Hi...” Princess Kamara whispered as she pulled the hood from her head, revealing blond hair so wavy and long they danced down her back.

“My Lady.” He stepped aside for her and she entered into his house. He closed the wooden door closed and turned towards her.

She looked flustered, her cheeks red from cold. She dropped a bundled-wrapped cloth on the table before she turned to him. The way she rubbed her hands together confirmed his suspicion that she was feeling cold.

“I hope I’m not invading—” she began.

“Just one moment, My Lady.” He walked past her towards the fireplace. In quick swift movements that were almost too eager and probably embarrassing, he set some woods and lit the fire.

“Please, come closer and keep warm, My Lady.” He gestured to the fireplace.

A blush spread through her cheeks, her heart fluttering in sheer bliss at his kindness and thoughtfulness for her.

“Thank you...” She walked closer until only a few feet separated her and the crackling fire. Her body brushed against his.

Declan noticed the slightest movement, and longed for more. After he’d kissed her several days ago, he’d been unable to get her out of his mind.

When he wasn’t trying to recall his identity, he was thinking of her.

“Does your father know...? That you were coming to see me, I mean?” He added in a rush when her eyes found him.

She shook her head like he expected.

“Oh...” He scratched the back of his head, licking his lips nervously. Her presence always turns him to a nervous mess.

“I-I can leave if you’re uncomfortable with it, I didn’t know what I was thinking when I came over here. I wanted to spend more time with you and I—”

“No, no, no, please don’t go.” His voice cut off her tirades, “I don’t want you to leave, I was just...glad that you would evade your father just to come and see me.”

“Oh...” It was her turn to scratch her hair, before she dug her head shyly.

Her nervousness made him brave to ask the next question in his mind “And you want to spend the day with me...?”

Kamara cleared her throat, and nodded twice. Her brown eyes fluttered up to meet his blue ones, “Yes. I want to spend the day with you.”

Happiness. Callan recognized the alien feeling that followed her response to be happiness.

He was never felt his way since he woke up in a trash site without a single knowledge of who he is.

This woman is wrong for him in every way. She is Privileged, and he is a Low-born. She’s a Lady, and he is a blacksmith and a woodcutter.

She is wrong for him in every way, and yet, he couldn’t stop himself as he reached out and pulled her to him in one swift movement.

Her hands went to his shoulders to steady herself as his lips found hers searchingly.

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## **Read Chapter 198**

### **Chapter 198**

Callan kissed Kamara’s lips tenderly at first, his arms going around her waist as he drew her more closer to him. She sighed into his mouth, her eyes closed.

She gave herself over to the pleasant feeling feeling he was beginning to arouse inside her.

His mouth became harder on hers, searching, seeking. Demanding.

She clung to him, seeking more contact from him, her breath going erratic. One moment, they were standing before the fireplace, the next, Kamara felt the coolness of the wall behind her back.

When he had her backed against the corner, Callan finally held onto the last strand of the control he has. pulling back, his forehead caressed hers.

“I’m so sorry, My Lady, I was not thinking. I—“

“No, do not apologize for this, Callan, I...” she took a deep breath, “I want you. I’ve wanted you for a long time.”

At her whispered confession, he drew back and really looked at her in shocked delight, “You do...?” he was scared to hope.

She nodded her head, pressing closer to him. “Why did you think I took the risk to be here?” she continued before he could answer.

“It’s because I really want to be with you. I’ve always wanted to for such a long time. I...”

At her hesitation, his breath lodged on his throat. He wanted to hear what she has to say more than he wanted his very next breath.

“Please, tell me...” he urged her, placing a lingering kiss on her pointed white nose.

‘I love you’ lingered on her throat for so long, she practically tasted it. But, she swallowed down the words.

“...I really care about you.” She admitted at last, unable to meet his gaze.

The ones he was able to say made Callan feel like he was riding the moon. “I care about you too.” He let out in a long breath.

Then, his lips descended on her again. The world fell away around them. They were the only ones that existed in their own world as they kissed and clung to each other.

Callan leaned down a bit and lifted her into his arms. He headed for his bedroom. And, all the while, he didn’t stop kissing her.

\*\*\*\*\*

King Lucien stepped out from his bathroom to his bedroom, he was greeted with the sight of Danika sleeping peacefully, curled into herself.

He stopped, his eyes taking in the way her long eyelash protected her eyes, the white flawlessness of her skin and her bandaged arm. The steady rise and fall of her upper body.

Automatically, his eyes went to the swell of her belly.

A feeling that was strange to him a few days ago—but not so strange since the day before—spread all over his chest. Is this what joy feels like?

His eyes lingered for long moments.

Then, he walked towards the other end of the bed and withdrew the discarded bedsheet on the floor, he threw it over her body to cover her up.

Afterwards, he dressed up in steady sure movements. Picking up his gold belt, he began tying it around waist, "Dargak."

A few moments passed before the door opened and Dargak entered. "Yes, Your Highness."

"Tell Baski to bring Remeta and the little boy to me." He stated, reaching for his sandals.

Dargak rushed forward and brought it for him. He knelt down and helped the King fix his legs inside them. "Inside here?"

"No. In the Consultation Room."

"As your wish, Your Highness."

"Call Angie too."

"Yes, Your Highness." Dargak tied the laces before he turned and rushed out of his Chambers.

The king finished dressing up and walked into the library. He was sorting through the finance book for the upper market when the knock on the door came.

He gave his permission and Angie entered. The King came out of the library and gave him the instructions to do a proper check up on Danika.

Angie got into work immediately, mixing herbs to help Danika sleep well. He began inspecting her injuries, taking out the bandages to replace them with new ones.

The King hovered over him all the while. He informed the King that it'll be advisable if he wakes her up to answer some questions.

King Lucien shook his head firmly, "Do not wake her, Angie, she needs her rest. I'm sure you can manage on your own."

"Yes, I am, o-of course, Your Highness." He rushed out and proceeded to check up on her, his hands going to her sides to press softly.

Angie wasn't dumb, he knows that the King was intimate with her the next before. He cleared his throat, "When did she stop bleeding?"

The King cocked his head to the side, "A few hours after you left the day before."

“Mmh,” he nodded his head, strands of his gray hair sticking out to his forehead. “That’s promising.”

Then, he hesitated, staring meaningfully at the King.

When the King waited for him to proceed but he didn’t, he arched his brow at the old man. “Angie?”

“Uhm...if you will p-please excuse me, Your Majesty. The procedure do not need disturbances, or supervision.”

The King cocked his head to the side, “You do not want me here.” It was not a question.

Angie shifted uncomfortably. “It will not take much time, Your Highness.”

He did not move an inch. “Danika is naked under that bedsheet, Angie.”

Will it be wise to let the King know that he examined her yesterday, so he’d seen her nudity just like he’d seen several other women’s, in over twenty five years?

No, it will not be wise. He cleared his throat. “I will m-make sure not to look, Your Highness. I will not take long.”

One full minute past in tensed silence, Angie found himself holding his breath.

It is new to the see the King this way. He does not know what to make of it.

“Alright. I am going to the Consultation Room.” Finally, he g\*\*\*\*\*d, turning towards the library.

Angie watched his steady, elegant movements as he strode towards the door with his hands behind his back. The old man was still holding his breath.

The King stopped.

“Angie?”

“Yes, Your Highness?” He answered immediately.

He swiveled his head behind, “I am entrusting them to you. I do not want to hear what I do not want to hear.”

With that, he turned and walked out of the door.

Angie let out the breath he was holding at last.

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## Chapter 199

The King was seated on his chair at the Consultation room when the door opened and Baski led two nervous kids through the door.

A teen girl and a small boy, their fingers clutching at each other as they pushed forward to stand before the King.

“My king, you sent for us...” Remeta forced herself to say. She was worried.

What if they said something they weren't supposed to say, Yesterday?

“Do you have any idea what happened, yesterday?” The King g\*\*\*\*\*d at last, “Do you have any recollection?”

They shook their head at the same time. Corna moved closer to Remeta, nervous and scared.

“I thought so too.” King Lucien was not surprised that they did not remember.

Yesterday, they were able to look him in the eyes, stand boldly and say everything they needed to say to him. Today, they are just two children scared to stand in front of their King.

“I want to thank you both, for yesterday. You might have no knowledge of what you did but I will never forget it.” He said so gently.

Remeta let out a breath she didn't know she was holding. They must have said really good things, “Thank you, Your Highness. We—“

The door opened and Dargak stuck his head inside the room. “I'm really sorry to disturb, Your Majesty, but there's a couple at the door seeking—“

The door opened wider and two young couples rushed in. A tall dark-skinned man with long dark hair, and a small wide-eyed heavily pregnant woman. She rushed forward and knelt before the King.

“I'm so sorry for barging in on you, Your Highness, it was not my intention to cause any disrespect!” She cried out, “Please, forgive my son for his wrongdoings. I heard he stormed into your Chambers and invaded your privacy. Please, forgive my boy, please!”



“Your son did nothing wrong, you have nothing to apologize for.” The King declared, much to the woman’s surprise. “Actually, I was thanking your son for what he did. He did a lot.”

Haydara’s worries dissolved at his calm words. She bowed her head, “Oh...thank you so much, My King.”

“Get up from the floor.” He ordered the pregnant woman.

That seemed to be all her husband has been eagerly waiting for because he looked relieved to hear the command. He walked to his wife and helped Haydara stand up.

King Lucien watched the couple. A few days ago, the sight of a pregnant woman was a painful one for him, he prefers not to gaze upon them at all if he can help it because the sight always reminds him of what he cannot have. What he thought he cannot have.

But now, he watched the woman intensely. “What is the name of your son?”

“Corna, My King.” She answered.

“Since when has he been a seer?”

The woman glanced at her husband, and back to the King. “S-Since he began speaking, Your Highness.”

It did not get past him the status of the family in the society, from their cheap, plain but neat garments. It also did not get past him the love and care the couple feels for each other.

“What do you do?” He directed the question to the boy’s father.

Gunther shifted uncomfortably, meeting his wife’s worried gaze. “A trash collector, Your Highness. I work downtown, from the market to the Dega hills.”

The King turned to Dargak and nodded. The guard rushed out of the room, only to return with a small wrapped bag of coins.

King Lucien took it from him and threw it towards the family. “This is my reward to your family. I am grateful to you all.”

They began thanking him so wholeheartedly. Haydara hugged her son to herself and cried joyfully as she thanked the King over and over again. Her husband was as happy as she is. They couldn’t thank the King enough.

He was not done. “Can you grow crops?”

“Yes, Your Highness! I do not have a land that is why I am not a farmer.”

“Now, you have one. Dargak will take you to a farmland at the back of the palace. I am giving it to you and your family. It is small but it is a fertile land. I give it to you.” He stated.

Gunther teared up then, his face flushed with so much gratitude, it was refreshing to the King. As the family thanked him over and over again, the King felt a little better.

Helping this family is the best way he can reward them for what their son did for him. They have no idea the gravity of their son’s help in his life.

A few minutes later, the couple and their son happily followed Dargak out of the room, leaving Remeta and Baski alone with the King.

King Lucien watched the couple. A few days ago, the sight of a pregnant woman was a painful one for him, he prefers not to gaze upon them at all if he can help it because the sight always reminds him of what he cannot have. What he thought he cannot have.

Finally, he got up from his chair and walked to Remeta whose face was filled with so much joy on behalf of Corna. He lowered himself from the waist to become the same height as the young girl whose wide happy eyes zeroed in on him.

“I watched you grow from a newborn to a toddler...” His hand caressed her auburn mass, “...then, to a lass. I watched you become the young girl you are today, and I have to say that I am so proud of you, Remeta. You are like the sister I used to have...the sister I lost.”

Remeta’s eyes watered as she listened attentively to him.

“You saved my life when you were born, sixteen years ago. Your birth made it possible for your mother’s outrageous doings sixteen years ago, to keep me alive work. I am proud of you today, Remeta.” He finished.

She flung herself to him, wrapping her arms around his neck. He must have seen the move coming because he caught her the instant she threw herself on him. He held the girl as she cried soft...as she clung to him.

“Thank you so much, Your Highness.” She was the happiest girl on earth, hearing the King say that...feeling his sincerely.

Remeta felt like she was soaring the sky. It was the greatest gift of all.

Her eyes found her mother who was standing beside the door. Baski had tears in her eyes...and a smile on her lips.

“If you ever need anything at all, do not hesitate to come to me. Do you hear me?” He asked when she finally untangled herself from him.

Remeta nodded her head vigorously. “Yes, Your Highness.”

“You can go now...” He said so gently.

She nodded again and skidded out of the room. Her happiness was so blatant and contagious, the King would have smiled if he was a smiling man.

Baski stepped forward then, and bowed to him. “Thank you so much for this, My King. I do not think you have any idea what you did for my daughter right now...” she wiped her tears, still smiling, “Thank you so much.”

She turned to follow behind her daughter, but the King called her back.

“Wait, Baski.”

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## Chapter 200

Callan and Kamara kept kissing until they reached his bedroom, and he gently put her down. His mouth moved to hers, his hands lifted to her head and angled it slightly, and then sealed his lips over hers again.

He held her face, pushed his tongue between her lips, and began kissing her with devastating force. His tongue swirled around hers, came out, licked over her bottom l\*p, his teeth grazing her softly.

Kamara gave herself up to him, she wanted everything he wanted everything he can give her. It began a duel dance of lips, the wind of the early morning wisp around them.

The glow of the bedroom due to the closed cotton by the window added to the intimacy she wished would never end.

They came up for air. He g\*\*\*\*\*d deep in his diaphragm and went back for more.

She sagged in his embrace, leaning against him, her brain separated from her body as he kissed her over and over again.

She didn't know where she stopped and he began as she moved her hands over him, sliding under the tails of his shirt, running her hands up and over his naked back.

They kissed for a long, long time, his five o'clock shadow abrading her skin. She felt it, knew it should hurt, but it didn't. She ran her hands around to his chest and up to his pectoral muscles until her hands covered his small, male nipples.

He ripped his mouth from hers and pulled her

hands away from his chest and held them tightly while he dragged oxygen into his lungs.

"Can't do that, dearling. You keep that up, I think I will embrace myself."

The soft endearment filled her heart with butterflies. Shocked, she sucked in a breath and went back for his mouth.

He allowed her access and lowered his lips

back to hers. It began again. Their tongues dueled, their arms entwined.

She m\*\*\*\*d as her back touched the wall beside the bed, his body crowding her, invading her personal space in a way that left her more hungry for him.

"More... Callan, please." She cried softly into his mouth, and he gripped her butt tighter, lifting her into him. She pressed against him and started undulating against him.

He ran his hand up the curve of her waist and

landed on a tight little nipple. He rubbed it over her dress and when he did, she gasped into his mouth and their k\*\*s became wilder, wetter.

His hands were shaky with desire as he shoved he undid the ropes of her corset and shoved it down to release her twin globes. He took in her small, pale, naked breast into his hand.

He squeezed her nipple between his fingers, pulling at her, twisting her flesh until she was panting and pushing against him almost violently.

She broke her mouth free for oxygen and he spoke. "Release for me, dearling. Give it to me."

Her head arched back, she cried out. He pushed his mouth back on hers and drank deeply from her while his fist clenched her butt rhythmically and his fingers caressed her creamy breast.

Kamara's mind was numb and sheer pleasure took over her body. She pushed against him, needing it, needing him. She tethered the edge but was unable to fall over.

"Help me...!" She whimpered, her eyes pleading with him, glazed with desire so profound.

Callan's hand left her butt and came around and pushed her petticoat up up up, until he was able to snake his hand under the big dress.

Sinking one long finger into her underthings, he landed on her glistening clit and began rubbing, swirling his finger over it.

She m\*\*\*\*d as her back touched the wall beside the bed, his body crowding her, invading her personal space in a way that left her more hungry for him.

In seconds, she was mewling in his mouth, her h\*\*s pushing against his hand. Then, she stiffened and came hard in his arms in panting gasps.

He held her tight, as pleasure beyond any

pleasure she had ever known hit her body full force. She splintered completely as the release ran through her.

Her mouth fell from his and her head fell to his neck where she took huge, gasping breaths of air while she slowly came down.

His hands slowly fell from her sweet spots

and his arms enclosed her completely. He held her tightly as his large body shook, trying to regain control.

He lifted her up and laid her on the bed. Her head fell on the bed, she was completely depleted of energy. When her breathing finally slowed, she watched him undress himself completely

Her eyes trailed his body appreciatively, he is such a beautiful man. Not too muscled to be scary—like the King of Salem, she conceded—but not lean either. He was powerfully built.

When he came down on top of her, she spread her legs and wrapped her arms around his neck.

Suddenly, he stilled. His eyes lost the look of l\*\*t, blanketed with fear and terror.

"W-What is it?" Kamara pulled up, her eyes gazed upon him, filled with concern for him.

Sweat pooled on his forehead, falling in rainy waves across his face. "I...I don't know, but..."

"Tell me..., You know you can tell me." Her hand patted his back.

He flinched like her touch burned his skin.

\*\*\*\*\*

Vetta came out of the palace gate.

The fresh air that caressed her body was supposed to be refreshing. And yet, it did nothing to lighten her black mood....

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