

## **The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 2 - Chapter 2**

### C2 Chapter 2

Danika was finally taken away from her cage immediately after the King's visit. She saw places again that weren't her cold barren cage and it made her feel better.

But her heart still beat faster whenever she remembered the reason she was taken out of her cell for the first time in one week.

She was put in a bath and the maids bathed her, just like the King instructed. Funny, that maids will bathe a slave.

But then again, it's not surprising if the slave's destination is the King's bed.

She was bathed. Three maids attended to her. One of them, the oldest named Baski, was the one in charge.

They loosened her hair and combed out the tangles, leaving the hair in a long, curly mess afterwards. The clothes they had her put on, made Danika cringe.

It was barely a clothing, she might as well be naked. Red leather skirt that barely left her hips and red leather top that only covered her nipples, stopping just above her belly.

Then, they wore her a long robe that covered the clothlessness. They sprayed fragrance at her too.

"All done." Baski announced.

Danika stared at herself in the mirror, and for a while she saw herself like she used to be. Princess Danika.

"You can go over to the King's chambers now. It's not advisable to keep him waiting." Baski stated curly.

Danika said nothing. She desperately wanted to ask these people how 'her people' were. She hadn't seen any of her people since she was brought her.

'Are they slaves too? Have they been sold out as sex slaves? Where were they shared amongst the privileged rich families of Salem?'

After all, that was exactly what her father did to the people of Salem. She was worried but she knew she had no right to be.

She had more pressing things to worry about. Like the fact that the King of Salem, who hated her with every fiber of his being, was about to sleep with her.

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She stood at the front of his chambers. She stared at the door hesitantly and knocked.

"Come in." Came the curt reply. His deep voice reverberated through her.

She opened the door and walked in. The light illuminated the room, the chambers were bathed in gold. It was the most beautiful sight, but the situation wasn't exactly favoring Danika's sense of exploration and appreciation.

She could only stare at the big man who occupied one side of the room. At thirty-year-old men, she had never seen a man who had larger than life than King Lucien.

Watching him as he stuck a feather into the ink on the table, withdrew his feather and continued scribbling down on the scroll before him, it's hard to believe that this man had ever been a slave.

But he had been. For ten whole years, he endured unspeakable tortures in the hands of her father. Now, he's paying it back.

He raised his head finally and stared at Danika. He kept the feather and did an open looking at her.

He stared all over her, his eyes crawling through her skin like hands, Danika shivered. His eyes, his face never changed after his inspection.

Pure contempt filled his features. Danika wondered if this man would ever know what it is to smile.

Slowly, he pushed his chair back, still staring at her. "Remove the robe." He commanded.

Danika hesitated.

His eyes flashed dangerously. He licked his lips calculatingly.

Danika forced her hands to move. She pulled the robe from her body, leaving her only in the clothlessness.

His eyes never left her face. "Let's get one thing straight, Slave. The next time I address you and you don't respond well, I will take out a whip and design your back with twenty strokes. Are we being clear?"

Danika's eyes turned tormented. She hid it immediately so he wouldn't see how affected she was.

"Yes....Master." She spoke defiantly. A word that's supposed to portray submission, portrayed pure rebellion.

If he noticed, he said nothing. He got up and slowly walked around the table. He leaned against it, and pinned her with a cold eyes.

"Strip." One word. One command.

Rebellion fled with that one word. "Please...." She whispered impulsively. But she knew she had already made a mistake.

Like a panther, he stalked closer to her, it took everything in her not to step back from him.

He yanked her hair so hard, her head snapped back, and she bit her lips to keep from crying out from the pain.

There was nothing like remorse in his eyes. Only hatred so raw, it chilled her. "You either strip or I call the guards to help you."

Her hands went to the neck of her robe and she started untying the ropes that held the clothing together.

Undressed completely, she allowed the robe to fall to the ground.

Her hands trembled but she curled them into fists. She won't give him the satisfaction of seeing her all meek and humble.

Tonight, she'll lose her virginity in the cruelest way, in the hands of the coldest man she had ever known.

But she'll bear it with dignity. She raised her chin and awaited his next command.

"Get onto bed. Face down. Legs spread." There was no expression in his eyes. Just hate.

She climbed the bed, pressed her face on the bed and spread her legs. She closed her eyes and waited for the inevitable, her arms trembled slightly.

Being optimistic, she tried to focus on the fact that this was the first soft bed she'd been lying in, for the first time in a long time. She allowed the pleasure of it to wash over her.

She heard the ruffle of clothes. The sound of a zip opening. It didn't take long before she felt him come up behind her.

He grabbed her hips, his fingers biting into her flesh and she felt his penis nudge at her opening. Her eyes snapped open at the huge feel of his penis.

Danika was no stranger to a man's anatomy, she had seen a lot of naked slaves before, but she had never thought one can be as big as what was pressing on her body, searching for something.

He must have found what he was looking for because he grunted his approval.

As he adjusted his knees on the bed, the small pleasure she was feeling disappeared as he pulled back out and began to push back in.

She sucked in a startled breath as his short thrusts quickly became painful and she held her breath and waited for it to happen.

Breathing hard, he held her by the hips and when he pulled back and then pushed forward with one long, hard thrust, bottoming out inside of her.