

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 201

The soft wind of the morning did nothing to make Vetta feel good. Nothing can lighten her

Yesterday was a disaster. She'd not only slept with a giant pain coming from her body, but she'd also slept with the knowledge that Danika will no longer be executed... that she is spending the night in the King's Chambers.

Why doesn't anything ever work out the way it should? Why does this keep happening to her?

At first, all will be going well. Then, all of a sudden, all will be lost!?

When she whipped Danika, she was enjoying herself and Danika's pain. Then the King came and ruined it for her.

And what about when the market women beat her up? It only made her closer to the King!

What kind of charm is that witch using!!?

Vetta was so enraged, she can't think straight. The King was always in her bed. He called her every time of the day and she satisfied him!

Now, it's all about Danika again! Danika this, Danika that!

Angry tears burned the back of her eyes but she blinked it back. No way will she cry for that wretched woman ever again.

Instead, she will find a way to get even again. She always does.

The sharp familiar pinch in her lower belly pulled her out of her thought. She's on her way to Monah's. It's time for the healer to examine her and give her whatever herbs will alleviate this pain in her belly.

She will also be able to tell her if her mission was successful.

The King slept with her countless times in the past few days, and she has been taking her fertility pills accordingly. Is she carrying his child inside her now?

She can't wait to see Monah.

Kamara patted Declan's back and he flinched away as her touch burned him.

She pulled herself to a sitting position, hovering behind him as he wrapped his arms around his knees, his head in between them. He rocked himself once.

"You're s-scaring me, Callan... Is it something I did?" She whispered, concerned.

He shook his head. Then, he raised and looked at her, "I'm really sorry about this..."

"No, please, don't apologize for being with me. It will hurt me a lot."

"That's not why I'm apologizing, dearling. I'm apologizing for stopping...for what happened now."

"You know you can always talk to me what it is..." A thought came to her then, "Did you remember anything?"

He swiveled his head to meet her eyes. His head moved in a nod, "Flashes of when I was being tortured. I...I was tortured really bad." he swallowed tightly, "I...I was raped in the worst possible way."

"Oh, Callan, I'm so sorry..." Kamara's eyes watered at the pain in his voice. The fear.

"I wanted you so badly, and I feel like the luckiest man in the world that you will choose me to be with you intimately, but look the way I handled things... I can't even go through with it because of these horrible flashes of the brutality that has been done to me." Every word from his mouth dripped agony.

She leaned up behind him, standing on her knees, and wrapped her arms around his neck, not minding the way he flinched again.

In different circumstances, she would have been embarrassed and shy about her state of undress, but that was the last thing in her mind as she hugged his head to her chest.

"I'm sorry for what you had to go through. I wish there was a way to make your memories come back so that you will understand everything. So, you will know why you were tortured and who tortured you." She whispered, rubbing his tense shoulders.

Slowly, the tension went out of him and he burrowed deeper into her. "I wish so too. It's excruciating not to know."

"And a low-born will not know this word 'excruciating'. Have you considered that you might be a Privileged?" She asked softly.

Callan thought about that for a minute. He swiveled his head to stare at her beautiful face as he pondered her words.

“You might be right, but I really don’t think I’m a Privileged. I think I’m a slave. Most of my flashes are in a slave’s cold cell, the others are when I was working as a Slave.”

“You might be a Privileged who was sold to be a slave by his family. Think about it, you know how to read. Read! How many slaves know how to read?”

Callan’s heart tightened at the thought that his family might have sold him to slavery before.

“That will also explain the reason why nobody has ever searched for me since I disappeared. Maybe...they couldn’t care less.” He conceded with heartfelt pain.

She pulled him tighter to her, and he took the comfort she offered selflessly, burrowing his head more comfortably on her plump bosom.

“I’m so sorry, Callan.”

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 202

Baski matched the King’s step as they walked out of the Consultation Room together. He has not said anything to her, and she waited patiently, knowing he does have something to say.

“Thank you so much, Baski.” He g*****d at last.

She lifted her head to look at him, “For what?”

“For everything. For not giving up on Danika. You were actually the only one that believed in her...believed that she could have never laid with another man and pin that man’s child on me.

Thank you for always standing for what you believe in, even when no one had the same belief you did. You have always seen the best in people.”

His words melted her heart, Baski smiled up at him. “Thank you so much, Your Highness.”

“Why did you go through so much pain to save me all those years ago, Baski?” He asked the one question that has perturbed him from time to time.

The suddenness of the unexpected question took her aback.

They passed a guard that bowed his head to the King who acknowledged the greeting by nodding his head slightly. She watched the guard continue walking down his path.

“I raised you and Melia right from the time you were both children. I watched you two grow up...the both of you were always in my heart. You were the kids I never had.” Baski began.

“Then my dear husband, Tedda, died when I was pregnant for Remeta after ten years of barrenness. Words cannot describe how broken I felt.” Remembered pain dripped from her words, her eyes glazed over from the painful past.

King Lucien remembered that period. He was nineteen at that time. He remembered the way Baski cried at every moment, at every day.

“His death was unexpected and very painful.” He conceded.

“A carriage accident.” Baski nodded with a sad smile, “You and Melia were right there for me. Countless times the both of you will console me when I break down in the middle of doing anything for you two. I was devastated when Melia died, and then we were taken to slavery.”

“When I heard Cone planned to starve you to death too, I couldn’t bear it. ‘Not my Lucien! Never my son!’ That was all that went through my head as I held my daughter and rocked her in my arms.”

He stopped, turned, and glanced at her at the mention of ‘my son’. Her wrinkled cheeks turned ruby.

“Not that I t-think you’re my son or anything. You’re the K-King of course,” the older woman fluttered in explanation, “but that was how protective I felt. As I nursed Remeta, the idea came to me.”

“The crazy idea that kept me alive.” The King began walking again, his voice the gentlest note.

“Well, I needed to do something, and sneaking in food was very impossible.”

Silence. “You tortured yourself in order for me to stay alive. I can still remember that moment clearly.”

A smile spread across her wrinkled cheeks as the memory flooded her. "Once it's sundown, I stop feeding Remeta and always request for milk from the guards. I start saving up for you. My breast will get full. It is always very uncomfortable...very heavy and painful."

"Yet, I'll tear out pieces of my clothing twice and tie my nipples with them so it'll stop leaking." she sighed at the memory, "It was excruciatingly painful."

"And yet, you did it. Continuously. For more than three months." He stopped when they reached in front of the court, turning to stare at her again.

She shrugged, "Why will I stop? When your life depended on it? It's not possible."

Silence descended between them.

Then, the King took her hand into his. It was actually the first time he reached for her, Baski watched her hand in his. He squeezed hers gently.

"Thank you for everything, Baski. For your loyalty. Your love. Thank you for always looking out for me. Thank you for saving my life. You, Chad, and Vetta was the best thing that ever happened to me after the disaster that befell Salem fifteen years ago." His eyes were warm and filled with passion.

Tears burned the back of the older woman's eyes even as a smile touched her lips, "We were, My King. Up until one year ago, we were. But now, you have two more blessings in your life. A woman that loves you more than anything in the world, and a child on the way"

She added with a sniffle, "You have Danika now, and I couldn't have asked for anything better for you. If anyone deserves the best, it is you."

He pulled her into his arms then and wrapped his arms around her neck.

He whispered, "Thank you for being the mother I lost. You are the mother I have now."

An emotional dam broke free inside Baski, she began crying earnestly. Arms around tightly around him, she basked in this close proximity with him that is as rare as a cold day in hell.

"Thank you for being alive, son. Thanks for surviving slavery. You are a great King and I'm sure your father is so proud of you from above." Her hand patted his back as her tears soaked his expensive kingly garment.

"Do not ever leave me, Baski. It will hurt me immensely." He admitted.

"I am going nowhere, my son."

"I still live Danika in your care. No one can protect them more than you. No one can take care of them more than you. Take good care of my unborn child the way you took care of me, Baski..." He requested then in a barely inaudible voice, she wouldn't have heard it if she wasn't pressing close to him.

"I will. You know I will always." She vowed.

He said nothing else. But, he held her for long.

This woman who is the mother he lost, but still has.

Vetta did not like the look on Monah's face at all. The healer has finished examining her, she walked to the inner room and came out carrying a glass of water.

She gave it to Vetta who looked at her so suspiciously. "Tell me what's going on, Monah? I do not like the look on your face at all."

"Drink the water first, it will alleviate the pain for now. I will get the herbs you need ready very soon." The older woman instructed.

Vetta opened her mouth to protest but she felt the familiar sharp pinch on her belly. She took the water from Monah and downed it in one shot

"Done. Tell me what's wrong? Am I pregnant?" She asked with barely concealed eagerness.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 203

"There is this man in my flashes....in my memory." Callan voiced out to Kamara, "He was in the cell with me, and he suffered as I did. But, he was always protecting me. Always."

"What does he look like?" She asked curiously.

He pulled back and turned to face her, "It's always flashes, so I don't know exactly what he looks like. But, he has blue eyes like mine.. ."he paused, "...I think he is my family."

“Oh, Callan, I’m so happy for you. At least you know that you have a family somewhere...you have a brother.”

Callan does not look happy. “But, what if you’re right? What if my family does not want me anymore, and that is why they never looked for me?”

Kamara shook her head, “No, you shouldn’t think like that. You said he always protected you. He must have loved you very much. Maybe, he does not know where to look from.”

He thought about that for a few moments and nodded his head. “You’re right.”

She grinned up at him. Her smile captivated him, his body came alive again for her.

Her eyes darted to that part of him and a blush marred her cheeks. “Oh...”

He leaned forwards and kissed her lips again, unable to stop himself. He pulled back slightly, groaning into her mouth. “I will like to try again. I...I really want to be with you, My Lady.”

Her answer to the desire-filled request is to wrap her arms around his neck and pull him closer to her body. He undressed her completely, including her underthings.

His head dipped, he took the creamy, rosy, puckered bud that was her nipple into his mouth and suckled feverishly. She cried out, her head rolling to one side.

He touched her everywhere as they kissed and clung to each other. She touched him too, unable to get enough of him. The world fell away around them until nothing else existed but the sheer intimacy between them.

When he rose above her again, flashes of his torture flooded him again. Bad memories of a man pinning him down and doing awful things to him while a deep voice shouted in protest at the background filled his head.

He didn’t know he has pulled away from her again until he felt a feminine hand patting his body...holding him close.

“It’s okay, Callan. It’s okay. We will take it slowly. We still have each other, and I am still here. We will be fine.” She whispered as she kissed all over his face.

He held her to him, closing his eyes to shut the terrible world away.

He has no idea how long passed before he was able to open his eyes again. He looked at her helplessly, not knowing what else to say.

But she smiled at him, "Why don't we get up and you show me how to cut wood? I will love to watch you do it."

Relief filled him, he returned her smile. "Alright."

Monah took the cup from Vetta, and looked her in the eyes, "A few weeks ago...was it your first miscarriage?"

She wondered what that has got to do with anything. "No, it wasn't."

"And, you didn't think to mention this when you came to take the Flushing Herbs, Mistress? I asked and you told me it wasn't important!" Monah cried, stricken.

Vetta arched her brows, sitting up on the table. "That was because it wasn't. You just wanted a reason to gossip with your friends. Now, tell me what's wrong with me, and give me herbs for it! Stop wasting my time." She responded through gritted teeth.

"There's been severe damage to your womb." Monah breathed out slowly.

The mistress blinked twice. No, she didn't hear that clearly.

"What did you just say?" Vetta demanded.

"The pains, the cramps, the pinches, the bleedings...all of it wasn't from Door-ga or because you're pregnant. You have severe damage to your womb, Mistress."

Her mind went blank. The words just kept whirling around in her head, it's as if there's a blockage that keeps them from penetrating.

For a full minute, she stared at Monah, her head blank. Her mouth opened and closed wordlessly. Repeatedly.

When the meaning of those words finally penetrated, Vetta was absolutely devastated. "No... No, Monah, there must be some kind of mistake." She whispered.

But, Monah shook her head. "You have been here for more than three hours of the clock, Mistress. I checked and rechecked." she shook her head sadly again, "There is no mistake, you have a damaged womb."

"No..." Vetta couldn't believe this. All her dreams, her world came crashing around her. Her womb is damaged.

"You said it's not your first miscarriage?" The woman inquired softly.

Vetta nodded slightly, her head filled with words she wished were never true. Her body trembled dreadfully.

“That’s your second?”

“The third.” She admitted reluctantly. “First was the first few months in slavery. The other was the last few months of slavery. Then, this recent one.”

“Oh... That will do it.” Monah dropped the cup and sat down beside her, “If I’d examined your body when you came for Door-ga, I would have found out about this on time and prevented it. I wouldn’t have given you a drug as powerful as Door-ga.”

Vetta remembered vividly the way she refused all examinations. She’d been in a hurry to get to Karandy and make the plans of how to ‘kill three birds with a stone.’

Her eyes closed in sheer misery. If only she’d let Monah examine her on that day!

“So, what’s going to happen now?” She asked, turning to stare at Monah. “How much will it cost me for you to repair my womb, Monah?”

“Mistress—” Monah began.

“You don’t understand, I have to get pregnant for him. I HAVE TO CARRY HIS CHILD!!!” She burst out.

“It’s not possible, Mistress! It’s severely damaged, nothing can be done about it. The only thing to do is to give you a herb that will flush your system completely...flush out the remains of your womb so that it won’t result in a more terminal problem for you!”

“There is no problem more terminal than what you’re telling me now! I need to have my womb! I need to give the King a child!!”

If she wanted a child so badly? Why did she flush out the previous one? Monah pursed her lips, unable to understand her patient.

Vetta lowered her head and began crying her heart out.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 204

Danika stayed with Sally all day. It was one of the best days of her life.

Sally's company has always been the best company ever. Danika was supposed to wash clothes today but Baski was adamant that she is to do nothing other than to rest and recuperate.

She'd heard from Baski that Angie examined her body while she's asleep, and she heard that he'd already told the King the results of his check-up on her. She wasn't particularly perturbed because she still feels pregnant.

Her child...her son...is still inside her. It gave her immeasurable joy, coupled with her relationship with the King...it kept her smiling all day.

She'd done nothing all day, only resting. And more resting. It was exhausting. But, Sally's wonderful company made everything so beautiful.

"And that's how they lived happily ever after, Sally concluded as she closed the book, and kept it aside.

"You really improved greatly in reading. Oh, Sally, I'm so proud of you." Danika gasped excitedly from the bed she laid.

Sally grinned, her cheeks glowing with a blush. "I made sure to dedicate most of my time every day to reading, My Princess. Just the way you thought me." She answered radiantly.

"Tell me how you've been? How's life with your husband?"

Her eyes glinted brightly. "So, beautiful, My Princess. I couldn't have wished for a better man than Chad. He treats me so right...like I'm more than I am."

"You're so much more than you are, Sally. I'm so happy, Chad is treating you right. You both have been married for two months now." She felt so happy for Sally, but she also felt a little bit of envy for her best friend.

Sally only smiled at that longing in her Princess's eyes. "You might never know, My Princess. Look how far you've come. From being a monster's daughter to a hated slave. And now?

Now, you're the woman the King wants and cares for. You just might never know what tomorrow will hold." She concluded with a smile.

Danika dipped her head, sadness crossing her eyes. "It's because I'm carrying his child. It's not really because of me."

"You and I know that you don't believe that either. He only found out about your pregnancy yesterday, but he has been changing towards you for ages. Am I wrong?" Sally asked curiously.

Danika didn't need to think about it, because she knows Sally is right. She nodded.

Sally took her hand into hers, "All will be fine. No, all is already fine. I'm so happy that you're exonerated from those awful charges."

That brought a smile to Danika's face, "I'm so happy that I was exonerated too."

Sally's eyes went to the hourglass by the window. She got up from the chair, "I'll run you a bath, so that you'll get ready for your evening walk with the King." she grinned mischievously, "I can see the way you're constantly looking at the wall clock, My Princess."

Caught, Danika flushed and averted her eyes. It's been in her mind all day...her evening walks with the King.

Sally began laughing, unable to help herself. Oh heavens, but she has missed this precious moment with her Princess. She headed for the bathroom.

"I can run my own baths, Sally." Danika called.

Sally didn't pause for a moment. "I know, My Princess. I just miss running your baths for you."

Callan and Kamara were having a great time. The day couldn't have been any better.

She stayed right there with him in the backyard while he cut woods for hours. She told him stories after stories, enlivening the place and making him wish that the day would never end.

Afterward, she'd insisted that she'll join him in delivering the woods to the house of his customers. He'd refused because he didn't want to stress her but she'd insisted.

So, he'd rushed to the nearby seamstress and bought plain wear that'll disguise her and make her look like a normal girl...not stand out like a princess.

Kamara had readily taken some dress from him and put it on. When she stepped out and showed him, Callan was tongue-tied at her beauty. Even in a dress so plain and cheap, she still looks glaringly like a princess.

She'd flushed in excitement when she saw the look of appreciation after she changed clothes and she'd taken his wordless compliment. Wearing a simple hat on her head, she'd hid her wavy blond hair too.

Then, they'd gone from one customer's house to another while he delivers their goods to them. Kamara found it most fun and a cherishing moment, spending such a great time with him.

She found out that his elderly customers like him so much, they are always smiling and complimenting him. Hours passed by quickly, much to the couple's pain but they made the most of it.

On their way back, they roamed through the woods, talking and laughing and telling stories. They held hands together while they discussed simple little things.

At some points, they'll stop and kissed for several moments before they'll continue their journey.

By the time they got back to Callan's place, it's time for Kamara to go back home.

She didn't want to go but she knew she had to. Henna must have made it possible for her to keep being here and she mustn't put her personal maid and Callan in danger all because she has a star so far away from the Palace...so out of reach.

A star she wants to reach by all means...whenever and however she can.

She dressed up and said goodbye to Callan with the promise that she'll sneak out again tomorrow.

Callan kept staring at the road in happiness and longing, even after she left.

Vetta sat at her bed, feeling like the world was crashing in on her.

The herbs Monah gave her to flush out her own womb laid in front of her, she couldn't stop staring at them. The pain in her lower abdomen was insistent, but she ignored it too.

Tears of anger, sadness, and rage-filled her eyes. How can something like this happen to her?

She wants to bear the King's child and hear she is...unable to bear a child at all. Why did she flush that dirty Karandy's child?

If she knew something like this would happen, she would have pinned that child at Lucien. Anything to have that man all to herself...! Anything at all!

Hot tears fell from her eyes. She has been crying all afternoon while the world crashed around her.

Why will nothing favor her? Absolutely nothing!

Getting up from the bed, she walked to the window and gazed out of it. Her visions remained blurry, tears wouldn't stop leaving her eyes.

And when they did, her eyes caught a sight.

King Lucien and Danika were walking together. They were taking the woods.

They are going for an evening walk, Vetta realized in sheer misery and anguish.

Her eyes zeroed in on their faces. Danika was practically wearing a radiant look on her face. And the King...?

She has never seen him look so...contented. So happy, even if he wasn't smiling. And her bump?

That baby bump on Danika filled her with a lot of raging emotions.

All of them was a painful sight for her, and it made her cry all the more.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 205

Two Months Later....

A kick against her ribs woke Danika up that morning feeling very grumpy and so tired. That is almost like her default setting in the last few months.

Another kick against her ribs made her wince as she dragged herself up from the bed.

"Any day you don't kick me awake, I'll be very worried. You, my baby, are a strong kicker" She g****d, a small spreading across her sleep-swollen face.

The door opened almost immediately, "How are you doing this morning?" Baski's voice followed as she walked into her bedroom in that usual hasty steps of hers.

"Grumpy. I feel like I've aged fifty years." She grumbled, staring warily at the steams coming off the teacup the older woman carried in her hands.

A smile ghosted Baski's face as she set the tea down on the table and turned to stare at the very pregnant-looking Danika. "It's the normal feeling honey. You still have a few little time to go and the young one will be in your arms."

Danika's beautiful face glowed at the thought of her son being in her arms. Her hand automatically caressed her belly so lovingly. "I can't wait for that day..."

The older woman snorted, "I can't, too. And I'm sure his father is just as anxious as we are."

If her face was glowing before, it was positively radiant at the mention of the King. These two months have been good to her, and it has improved her relationship with the King.

He was always asking of her, caring for her in the best way a man like him can...always attentive to every little detail about her and her baby. It was wonderful. It was glorious.

The week before, he didn't go to court because she woke up to a stomach ache, feeling very weak. He'd stayed with her all the while Angie came around and attended to her.

Their lovemaking was more frequent in the last two months than ever, even though he hasn't touched her that way since she came down with a stomach ache and got treated.

He was always gently, putting her first, even when he wasn't enjoying it like he would have if he'd gone at his own pace. And yet, it didn't stop him from having sêx with her so frequently.

She no longer has any doubt that he is happy. Even without the stretching of his lips and the twinkling of his eyes in smile and laughter, she knows without a doubt that King Lucien is positively so happy about their baby as she is.

"Here, this tea is for you. Come on, drink it while it's still hot." Baski urged as she brought the hot read towards her mouth.

Danika sighed in defeat and took the tea even though she doesn't want to. She has long come to the conclusion that it's useless to argue with Baski.

"I need a bath and to freshen up." She gulped, pushing the empty cup back to the old woman.

Baski smile as she walked to the table and dropped the cup. "I know that more than you do. I'm going to report to the King that you're not eating your chicken broth and soup very well."

Just the mention of the name of the food had her feeling very nauseous. "That's because you cook them with herbs!"

“Herbs that are good for you and your baby.”

“I don’t like the taste of it!” She emphasized with a loud cry.

“But, you will eat it.”

“No! I will not!” She crossed her arms stubbornly.

“You will.”

“Will not.”

“Will.”

“Not!” Danika shot back.

“Too bad for you, young lady, because you’ll keep eating it.” Hands to her h**s, Baski stated with a stubborn tilt of her chin.

Danika lost the fight in her and hunched her shoulders. Tears brimmed in her eyes as she glared at Baski.

The emotional display reminded Baski of what she never forgot...her pregnancy.

The old woman sighed as she walked to her and wrapped her arms around Danika’s neck, pulling her in for a hug. “It’s for your own good, Danny. You know this...”

Danika snuggled against her, tears cascading down her eyes in waves. “I don’t want to eat the herbal broth.” She mumbled miserably, pouting.

It reminded Baski of a kicked rabbit. She smiled, “Let’s forget all about broth for now, okay?”

“You won’t tell the King?” Danika mumbled like a child trying to keep her mother from finding out she did wrong.

Baski pulled away without answering. She walked back to the table and began grinding the herb leaves she picked up from the table.

“I’ll call Uyah and Derul to run you a nice bath. Oh, not to mention your new clothes from the seamstress will be arriving today and you will try them all out.”

Danika completely forgot that the older woman didn’t respond to her request, instead, she shrugged one shoulder. “Why try them out anyway? I’ll still look fat and pregnant in them.

Baski snorted again, “You’re only fat in your belly, I’ll give you that. Apart from that, you’re still the size as before. Here, drink this.”

Danika opened her mouth automatically and Baski poured down the bitter liquid squeezed out from the herbs. “There you go...” The old woman encouraged.

Danika grumbled her way to the bathroom where she relieved her bladder. She heard Baski leave.

It didn’t take long before Uyah and Derul entered and began helping her to run her bath. She was grateful and she didn’t protest.

Baski wouldn’t be the one frowning at her refusing the care and help but the King. Since he found out about her pregnancy, he’d specifically ordered all the maids and guards on her.

Refusing their help means putting them in trouble. And so, she kept mute while they arranged her bedroom and ran her bath for her. She never forgot to thank any of them afterward.

After her bath, the seamstress was waiting with her new clothes in her bedroom.

She helped her fit into each and every one of them. They fit perfectly, and as Danika looked at herself in the mirror. Her shoulders hunched.

She looks like she swallowed a giant snake.



An hour later, she was in the backyard watching Remeta and Corna play around. They were chasing after one insect or another, laughing and playing.

Little Corna seems happier, and he has been, since the arrival of his little sister, a month ago. Danika can still remember visiting the family after Haydara gave birth.

The happiness from the couple was contagious, and longing had speared her. Longing to have her own son in her arms.

As she watched the way Gunther crowded his wife from behind and smiling so joyously at the small baby...she couldn’t help imagining the King like that with their own baby.

Will he smile with so much happiness? Will he be there at all or will he be away for business? Will he be kept tied up in court?

She’d tried to imagine his face while he carried their son after birth, and her heart bloomed with love for him.

She felt another kick to her belly that soothed and calmed her.

Those kicks make nausea, vomiting, and the occasional pains in her back all worth it. Her little baby. The life, she and the King created.

A guard came up to her then and informed her that the King summons her.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 206

Henna was in Princess Kamara's bedroom arranging her bookshelf when Mistress Donna swing the door opened and entered the room as she owns it.

"M-Mistress! A very g-good morning to you, Mistress!" Henna gasps, very flustered as she pushed herself to her feet and bowed her head to the Head Mistress of the King.

Mistress Donna looked around the empty bedroom, her lips pursed. "Where is Princess Kamara?"

Henna swallowed tightly. This shouldn't be happening at all! What is this mistress doing here, now?

"She went h-hunting, Mistress." The girl pushed out.

"Mmh," Donna pushed her well-commended black hair away from her face, cocking her head to the side, "Don't you think she's roaming the wilds a lot these days, Henna?"

"W-Well, you know it's a hobby of hers, Mistress." Henna laughed nervously.

"Mmm. And where does she keep all the meats she gets after hunting? Yori hasn't been cooking any bush meat lately, I'll have you know because I asked her." The Mistress crossed her arms, her lips pursed in suspicion.

Henna shifted uncomfortably, "I think Manata is the one cooking them, Mistress." She referred another palace cook, one close to her Princess.

Mistress Donna nodded, "I'll make sure to ask Manata once she comes to work today. Princess Kamara has been very suspicious lately. She'd better not be seeing that wrēched boy that lives near the hills or they will be in a whole lot of trouble." With a cynical smile, she turned and walked out of the door.

Henna's legs wobbled and she sat hard on the floor in a heap. That wicked mistress will just put her Princess into more trouble.

For the past two months, her princess has been making use of every time her father turns his back to run to her lover's place. She's been spending a lot of time there, and Henna is very happy for her Princess.

Her Princess deserves to marry someone she loves, not the scarred and scary King she doesn't love.

But, this mistress will put her Princess in trouble. If the King finds out about this....

Henna shuddered, unable to bear the thought.



Danika entered the King's Chambers and stared around the empty room. A noise in the inner bedroom told her that he's inside there.

He's in the library, so she couldn't go to him. So, she has for him to come out right here.

Her eyes found the food on the table, her mouth watered automatically at the sight and smell of food. There were more than six closed plates on the table.

She walked towards it and opened all the plates, salivating at the foods before closing them right back. The last plate she opened wiped the smile from her face. Chicken broth and soup.

"Oh, no..." She m****d regretfully, "Baski, that traitorous woman!" She gasped loudly.

Footsteps began her had her whirling around to face the King. His hands behind his back, he stared at her flushed angry cheeks.

King Lucien allowed himself to look her all over. The new petticoat was so beautiful on her, it only enhanced her deeply-ingrained beauty and molded her swollen belly before flowing at her feet.

She was exquisite. Exquisite and very pregnant.

And very angry.

King Lucien wasn't surprised about her anger, or most of the strange moods and feelings she exhibits lately before him.

For the past two months, he has bought all the books scholars and bards wrote about pregnancy and childbirth. Most of his free time, he spends reading each and every one of them.

“We will have breakfast, Danika.” He announced as he walked closer to her. His fingers itched to touch her. He didn’t.

“I don’t want to eat broth, I don’t like what it tastes like!” She burst out, obviously worked up.

“You have to. It is good for your condition.”

She folded her hand stubbornly, her nose in the air in that usual regalia that never abated from her...not even after one year in slavery.

His eyes found the small silver-chained black collar that branded her his slave. That branded her his property. The collar that represented every pain he has ever been through in the hands of King Cone.

He averted his eyes away. Lately, he does not like seeing that collar on her.

“You have to eat the broth.” He g*****d.

“No!” She stomped her foot.

“Danika.”

“No!”

“Dani—”

“No!” Tears swamped her eyes. “That traitorous old woman!” she hissed under her breath.

The stubborn reply was almost funny... Would have been if the King was a smiling man. He did not take offense, instead, he sighed and stopped resisting the urge to touch her.

Knowing that command wouldn’t be solving his problem now, he placed his hand on her cheek. “Don’t you want to stay healthy?” He asked.

Her lower lips trembled, “I want to be.”

“Don’t you want our child to be born healthy?”

“Of course, I want him to. You know I want him to.” She replied in a calmer voice, sniffing.

“Then, you have to eat.” He coaxed gently.

Sad puppy-dog eyes met his blue ones pleadingly, “But, I don’t—”

“I will feed it to you.” He blurted out. Then, he frowned slightly. He does not know anything about feeding anybody, and he has no idea why he said something like that.

Danika looked torn. Wanting him so close to her and feeding her....or not eating broth?

“Okay but I might throw up on you, it makes me queasy.” She mumbled miserably as she allowed him to coax her to the nearest chair. She sat down on it and looked up at him, “I might vomit on you.”

He has never fed anybody, and no one has ever vomited on him before. Are all pregnant women this strange? He wondered thoughtfully.

And she was still staring at him hopefully, expecting him to call off broth because she might throw up on him.

“I do not mind if you throw up on me, Danika. But we will eat broth.”

Her face crumbled, she stared dreadfully at the plate of chicken broth. “As you wish, Your Highness.” She mumbled miserably.

He opened the plate, scooped up the soup, and began feeding her.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 207

The King began feeding Danika. He scooped up the soup and raising it towards her mouth.

Danika glared at the spoon for a few seconds before she opened her mouth begrudgingly and allowed the spoon to pass through.

Silence descended as they repeated the processes over and over again until the plate was almost empty.

Then, the King looked at her face, she had the most strangest look on her face. He arched his brow, “Is anything the matt—”

He didn't get to finish when all of a sudden, she leaned forward and wretched all over him.

She was vomiting on him. The sound of gagging continued as the food just kept rushing out of her and deposited on his body. That continued for several long seconds.

The King was too shocked to speak. He remained frozen and watched what was happening like he's seeing a show.

Finally, Danika raised her head tiredly and wiped her mouth with the back of her hand. That was when she realized what she did. She just vomited on the King!

"Oh, Heavens!" She gasped as she covered her mouth with her hands. "Oh, heavens!"

King Lucien only stared at her, unable to look down at his body and drenched garment.

Her face crumpled and she began crying.

That snapped him out of a daze he seemed to have entered. "Why are you crying, Danika?" He g*****d.

"I ruined y-your clothes...! Now, I'm going to get whipped, or k-killed...! Or thrown away...!" She cried, wet eyes meeting his frantically. "What's gonna happen to me now!?"

"You did commit a huge crime," he conceded, "But, no one is going to get you killed or whipped. Dargak." He called the name like a calm statement.

It didn't take long before the door opened and the guard rushed inside. "Your Highness?"

"Get this place cleaned up. Tell three maids, I summon them."

"Yes, Your Majesty." The guard turned and hurried out.

Danika was still crying, positively hysterical. "I t-told you I can't eat Chicken broth, I told you...! Now, look what happened...!"

Seeing her all pregnant and crying wasn't sitting well with him. "It's alright. Stop crying, there's no harm done."

She didn't stop, even as the maids entered his Chambers and began cleaning the place up.

He removed his outer garment, which remained his inner white garment. Then, he walked to her and began consoling it.

"It's okay. You did say you don't like broth. I'm going to make sure Baski understands this, and try to use another ingredient or a different herb to make it next time."

"So, I'm g-going to eat it again, next time?" She cried dreadfully, staring up at him.

"Yes, but it will be better next time." He reassured her.

She lowered her head back to his chest and began bawling louder.

King Lucien sighed at the cry that got louder. He decided that it's best he keeps his mouth shut.

The carriage was always uncomfortable for Vetta. She feels so crowded like she's in an enclosed space. And that is why she never takes the carriages anywhere.

She was coming back from the market, her carriage just entered the Palace.

The galloping and neighing of the horses filled the air, the sound of maids chatting and laughing as they went about their evening activities.

A familiar pang gripped her lower belly so badly, she gasped as she doubled over in the carriage. Her teeth gritted, she waited for the pain to pass.

The herbs Monah gave her...are they really working?

She hissed sharply as the pain faded, and she felt almost normal again. Monah did say she should take the herbs three times a day, but she only takes them once because of the way it makes her feel weak several minutes after every intake.

Isn't the pain supposed to have stopped now? It's been two months.

She opened the carriage window a little, looking around the palace. The flowers, the sites of maids laughing. Then, she saw her.

Danika.

Vetta watched the woman as she walked around the secluded part of the left wing of the palace. There were two maids behind her acting as a chaperone.

Swift anger and deep hatred for the woman coursed through her. The maids were saying something to her and she was smiling at what they said.

She is happy. Vetta's hand switched tightly at the beautiful wooden carriage as she watched the sight before her. How can that bitch be happy after everything she took from her?

Her eyes settled on her swollen belly. Deep waves of envy swarmed her. Danika, the daughter of Cone, took everything from her.

Everything is her fault. Everything. This is so unfair.

"Stop the carriage." She commanded. Her soft voice belied the raging feelings going on inside her.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 208

Kamara arrived back at the Palace with a huge smile on her face when Henna dragged her away immediately she sighted her.

"Thank God, you're back, My Princess!" Her personal maid gasped immediately they got to the privacy of her bedroom.

"What is the matter?" Kamara asked when she saw the apprehension and panic on Henna's face.

"It's the mistress Donna! She's suspicious of you! She came here today when you were done and she kept asking suspicious questions. She said there will be hell to pay of you're visiting your lover and she will make sure she tells the King about it!"

Kamara sat down hard on the bed. Her happiness disappeared as Henna's words watched over her. Donna, that wicked witch.

"Did you tell her that I was hunting?" She could barely get her mouth to move.

"I did, My Princess. But he said that there's no bush meat being cocked by Yori. I told her that Manata is the one cooking them."

"Good. Call Manata for me."

"Right away, My Princess." Henna rushed out of the bedroom.

Kamara was feeling very sad and angry already. Just like Mistress Donna to always ruin her happiness.

These past few months she's spent with Callan were the best of her life. They'd done a lot of things together and he has thought her a lot...has taken her to a log of places in the Kingdom she never knew before.

His memories are still lost. And his mind is still a mess whenever they want to make love, it was saddening to Kamara because of the way the flashes of Callan's past always leave him in pain.

So, she decided with him, that they wouldn't try out that much intimacy again. Instead, they k**s and make out, but never takes things any further. They dedicated that time to just spending time with each other.

Today, they'd gone fishing. He taught her how to tie a hook and how to set a trap in the river. They'd caught two fishes. It was fun and it was beautiful.

And here Donna is, being a wicked witch to her, Kamara thought with sadness.

It made her remember the Kingdom of Salem. She wondered how Danika is doing? And that wicked mistress, Vetta?

She'd always wanted to write to Danika but she is scared of anything that has to do with the Kingdom of Salem. Scared, that one day she will wake up and find King Lucien on her doorstep to perform her marital rites.

The thought was terrifying, and so dreadfully—

“My Princess, I've called Manata.” Henna's voice drew her out of her own thoughts.

“Stop the carriage,” Vetta repeated, raising her voice raised her voice a bit so that they will hear her clearly.

The guard that was seated on the back of the horse jerked on the reins. The horse neighed out loud and galloped to a stop.

She came down from the carriage and dismissed the guards. “I need to go on an evening walk. Dosei, take the horses to the stable, the others can leave me.”

“Yes, Mistress.” They bowed their heads to her.

She turned and headed towards Danika's part. With each step she took, she felt the pain in her lower body intensify. The pain is the painful reminder that she cannot have the King's Child.

That she cannot have any child again in her whole life.

Everything is Danika's fault. This is so unfair. So unfair.

She got closer to her and the two maids, "Leave us." Vetta commanded the maids.

Danika turned around to see the King's Mistress coming towards her, and her heart skipped several beats.

She'd been beating herself up all day for vomiting on the King, but seeing the mistress, thoughts of the King were momentarily forgotten.

She has always done her best to avoid the mistress in the last few months.

Although Sally told her that the Mistress worried about her when she was in the dungeon and about to be executed, it still didn't erase the fact that she knows how much the mistress dislikes her greatly.

Being alone with her makes her very uncomfortable.

The maids were hesitant. "My M-Mistress, the King told us not to—" One of them began.

"I want to walk with her, and I do not need you both to join us." Vetta interrupted in an authoritative way.

The young maids gave up and bowed their heads to her. Then, they turned and walked back into the palace.

When Vetta faced her, Danika bowed her head slightly in greeting. "Mistress."

The woman looked at her from her head to her toes, her lips pursed in distaste. Then, a pretentious smile blanketed her face, "Let's walk, shall we?"

She led the way before Danika could say any word, giving her no chance at all to refuse her.

Danika was torn on what to do. She can't blatantly disobey the King's Mistress. Even if the King favors her, this kind of disobedience will not be overlooked by him.

Because, even after everything...she is still a Slave, and the woman is the King's Mistress.

So, she began moving forward, her steps matching the Mistress's own.

They walked well away from the vicinity of the palace. Danika has no intention of going into the woods with the woman, so, she watched her carefully even as she followed her.

When they got very far from people but still within sight, Vetta suddenly whirled around and faced her.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 209

IN THE KINGDOM OF NAVIA

Manata bowed to her Princess. She listened attentively to all Kamara's instructions.

Kamara told her that whenever the Mistress Donna comes to her, that she should tell the mistress that she's the one that has been cooking all the bushmeats she brings back from her hunts.

Manata nodded, "I will make sure to tell her that, My Princess."

Kamara had no doubt that she will. Manata hates Donna just like she does...just like every worker in the Kingdom does.

She smiled gratefully at the girl and dismissed her. That side is done, she took off her clothes and walked into the bathroom. She wasn't surprised that Henna had already run her a bath.

In her tub, she reminisced about the memories she made with Callan in the past few months. The smile was back on her face by the time she was done taking her bath.

Henna was waiting for her in her bedroom to help her into her clothes, and do all her ropes and buttons. She just finished putting on her clothes when a knock came on her door.

"Come in." She answered reluctantly, staring at herself in the mirror.

The door opened and Sarga, her father's personal bodyguard entered. "My Princess." He bowed in greeting.

"What is it, Sarga?"

"The King summons you, My Princess."

Kamara's heart skipped several beats. "Where is he?"

“In his study, Princess. He requests for you immediately.”

“Alright, I’m coming.” She responded. The guard bowed his head again and left.

“That bîtch!” Kamara hissed angrily.

“Oh, my Princess! Mistress Donna must have told the King!” Henna’s eyes were wide with panic.

Fear and dread-filled Kamara’s body... especially for Callan. If her father was going to punish her, she wouldn’t feel a thing. As far as it’s not Callan he plans to punish.

She squared her shoulders. Since Donna didn’t catch her, she’s only making accusations. She will be damned before she admits to anything.

“I’m coming, Henna.” Nose in the air, her hands holding her clothes up a bit to allow her to walk a bit hastily without stumbling on the long garment, she walked out of her bedroom.

Several minutes later, she knocked on her father’s study.

“Come in.” Came the deep voice of her father.

Kamara opened the door and entered inside. The first person her eyes saw was the Mistress Donna who was hovering over her father while he was writing. The sight of the woman annoys her greatly.

“I’m here, Father.”

King Valendy dropped his inked feather by the desk and looked up at his daughter completely. “Where have you been for the past few days, Kamara?”

“I’ve been out hunting.” She responded with conviction.

Donna snorted. The King arched his brows, “Are you sure you want to go down the route of lying to me?”

“It is not a lie, Father. I don’t know what the mistress told you, but I was the one out, and I was the one hunting. So, yes, father, I have been out...hunting.” she stated firmly.

Silence.

“Mmh.” Her father nodded then, “I will believe you, Kamara.”

She hid her relief. “Thank you, father.”

“Can you reduce the way you...hunt in the future, so that you can be able to perform other duties of yours?”

“Of course, Father.”

“Good. See you on the morrow.” He said dismissively.

Kamara bowed her head to leave. But, Donna’s angry voice came through, “Are you just going to let her leave, Your Highness!? She is lying to you, I am sure she is seeing that peasant of hers.”

“Kamara knows better than to lie to me, Donna. If she says she’s hunting, then, she’s hunting.” He picked up his inked feather again and unrolled a new scroll.

Donna opened her mouth again. Just then, the door opened and the Queen entered. She snapped her mouth shut.

“Good evening, mother.” Kamara bowed her head in greeting.

“And you too, my daughter,” she replied noncommittally, her eyes searching out Donna and finding her instantly. She said nothing, waiting the mistress out.

Donna did the needful so begrudgingly, “My Queen.” she greeted, bowing her head.

“What is the Princess doing here?” The queen asked, looking at Donna and the King’s general direction.

“Father summoned me, mother.” Kamara was the one that answered.

“You, Donna, better not be making one of your plots and unnecessary innuendos about my daughter.” The Queen stated, glaring at the mistress.

“I have done no such thi—”

“Get out, and let the King work.” The Queen ordered.

Donna doesn’t want to. So, she stared at the King, waiting for him to counter the Queen’s orders.

He didn’t stop writing as he said, “If the Queen tells you to leave, then, by all means, you should be standing behind this door in the next minute.”

Donna’s face turned red from embarrassment and even anger. Kamara was doing her best to hide her smile. This is so like her father.

Everyone in the Kingdom knows he favors the Mistress more than the other five mistresses, and even more than the Queen when it comes to 'his bed'. But out of it?

He respects his Queen immensely and does not counter her orders unnecessarily.

Donna bowed her head, turned and marched out of the room. Her angry steps thudding the floor as she walked.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

Chapter 210

IN THE KINGDOM OF SALEM

Vetta whirled around and faced Danika.

"You must be very proud of yourself, are you not? You must be feeling like you've won everything you wanted?" She stated, venom dripping from her words.

"I don't understand what you mean," Danika answered truthfully.

"You don't even like him, do you? All this..." she waved her hand around them, "...is just pretense. Pretending to love him, to care about the scarred, lonely King, and warm your way into his cold heart to make him forgive you...forgive your father! To make him forget who you really are!" The mistress snarled.

Each accusation was like a whip to Danika's heart. She began shaking her head, "No, no way. I love the King, and I don't pretend—"

"You are just as monstrous as your father." Vetta threw the words at her, so angry her face was red with it. "You go about deceiving the world to see you as a good person when you're as venomous as the man who birthed you!"

"I know you must be feeling victory, patting yourself at the back for getting him. For making him fall for your fake charade! But, you will always be his Slave, Danika! You will always be lower than dirt, with this bastard you carry in your womb!"

The stab in Danika's chest was too much. The hate that emits from the Mistress was so much, her eyes watered at the unbearable sight.

"I am not my father. Why do you hate me so much?" Danika asked, "Why...? I never did anything bad to you. I've never trained slaves... I'm sorry for the things my father did to you and every other person, but I am not my father!"

"Sorry can never erase what your father did, Danika!" Vetta was almost screaming, "Being sorry can never erase the suffering! The pain! And yes, I hate you! I hate you so much, it's so suffocating for me!"

Danika reared back like she slapped her.

"You have any idea what he did to me? Your father!? The rapes...!? The beatings...!? The whippings...!? The workloads!? Do you have any idea what he did to me!?" Angry tears filled Vetta's eyes and overflowed as she shouted, "Your father caused me to have two miscarriages under heavy beatings and rapes! And now—"

"And now...! And now, I don't have a womb! I can't have another child again! That is one of the million things your father did to me, Danika! How dare you stand here and ask me why I hate you!?" Vetta screamed at her, her hands fisted tightly at her sides.

Danika stood frozen before her while her father's sins came back to her all over again.

Vetta swiped her eyes, wiping the angry tears away so swiftly. She glared at Danika, "Now, tell me how fair it is? Here you are, carrying the King's child and you must feel on top of the world to get all his care and attention. You must feel so good and proud of yourself."

"Your father treated us like dirt and tortured us for ten years, I was the one that was there with him! I took so many punishments meant for him because I love him! After everything, I can't even have him, and I bet you can guess why right!?"

She didn't pause for a minute, "It's all because of you! You! Cone's daughter is right here and she took him from me! So, tell me again, why won't I hate you so much!? Why!?"

Danika shook her head miserably. She stared at her hands which were trembling, and it's not because of her blurry visions at all. "I did n-nothing wrong. I was his slave, it's not my fault that he cares for me.... Just what do you want me to do?"

"I want you to disappear! I want you dead! I wish you were never in our lives! I wish for you to just disappear, Danika, that's exactly what I wish for. You don't deserve him, you never did. You think you have suffered!? I have suffered all my life! I suffered with him! I should be the one with him, not you! I should—" she screamed and doubled over.

Danika gasped as the Mistress stopped mid-words and screamed out in pain. Her hand suddenly grabbed her lower belly, she doubled over in pain.

“What is it...!? What is happening!?” Danika asked uncertainly, fear feeling her.

Vetta fell to the ground and screamed out again as a heavy pain ripped her apart from inside out.

B***d stained the lower part of her clothes. So much b***d.

Danika screamed at the sight. She doesn't know what to do. What is wrong with the Mistress!?

“Help me...! Help me...!” Vetta could hardly see or hear through the waves of pain that filled her body. She felt like she's dying.

For a second, Danika was torn between running away and staying. She turned to run away.

Vetta grabbed her foot, the only place her hand could reach. Danika turned to stare at her with eyes so wide...

“Please... don't leave me I-like this. Help me...” She cried, curling tighter into a ball, her hand gripping her stomach tight.

Danika was turn. She really does want to run.

But, she does not have the heart to do it. She was never that kind of person.

How can she run away from her when she's in such excruciating pain?

Danika hurried closer and held onto the Mistress's arm, “How do I h-help...? What do I do...!?”

Vetta can only scream as new waves of pain gripped her belly in a tight fist.

Then, she fainted into Danika's arm.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.