

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 231

Kamara's eyes widened in horror. He hasn't house arrested her in ages because he knows how much she hates it. "Please, father, I'm sorry!" She cried.

"This madness of yours MUST stop!" He barked as the door opened, three guards entered and bowed to their king.

"Take the princess to her bedroom. She is not to step foot outside of it until I command otherwise."

"Yes, Your Majesty."

King Valendy stormed out of the room in angry footsteps.

Mistress Donna watched the scene that played out in front of her with a smile on her face. This is a very interesting scene, seeing the proud and mighty Kamara, crying and pleading on her knees.

Seeing the very doting father and powerful King that hangs on every word his daughter says disbelieving and angry at his daughter. And now, she got a house arrest.

Her cheeks stretched into a smile. That means, she'll be out of her way for the next few days. She'll be able to convince the King to make her Head Concubine.

Kamara has always been the obstacle in her way. Not anymore. She's—

A hot slap sounded on her cheek, drawing her abruptly from her victorious thoughts.

"You evil bitch!" Kamara whispered in sheer hatred.

Donna's hand palmed her cheek, she gasps in shock when it dawned on her that Kamara just slapped her.

"How DARE you! HOW DARE YOU SLAP ME!?" She boiled in rage.

And before she can come to terms with the first slap, Kamara gave her a second. This one, hotter and louder than the first.

She made a sound of rage and attacked Kamara.

In the sixty seconds it took before the guards forcefully separated them and held them both, Donna was only able to yank on Kamara's long hair, tearing a few of the strands from the root.

But, Kamara didn't only tear of the strands of her hair too, she attacked her squarely and gave her three fierce angry beatings before the guards intervened.

"How dare you put your hands on me! You little shít!" Donna spat, struggling to be free from the guard's hold but it was futile. Her face and upper body hurts badly, like she has been attacked by a tiger.

"You just pray that my father do not torture Callan, Mistress." She spat the last word, "You just hope he doesn't, because I will make sure you regret it. I will make this place a living hell for you. Mark. My. Words." She enunciated each word with deceptive calmness.

Fear came over Donna. It was the first time she's seeing Kamara in this way. The princess physically attacked her, and if not for the guards.... Donna shuddered.

"I will tell your father about this! You are already in trouble with him, and you have the guts to slap me!? To attack me physically!? I will deal with you, Kamara!"

"My father is the only strength you have, you are nothing but a weakling. My father's whóre." She hissed, pulling free with the guard's hold. She took a step closer to Donna, "No matter what you do, he will remain my father and you will remain his whóre, Donna. He will always love me much more than he cares to put his manly part inside you."

The Mistress blanched. Shame and rage became one. She has never been so insulted in her whole life. Kamara has never been so insulting.

Donna whipped her head to the guards. "You heard it all, didn't you all!? You heard the insults and beatings the princess gave to me!? You will be my witness! I will not let this go!"

Kamara's fierce eyes found the guards. "Did you hear anything!?" Glancing at all of them one after another, hands on her h**s she yelled, "Did you hear anything!?"

"No, My Princess!" They didn't hesitate to shout back the reply. "We heard nothing!"

She smiled smugly at the Mistress, saying nothing. The guards were trained not to 'hear' or 'see' anything they aren't supposed to hear or see. Also, they have no liking for the Head Mistress.

Then, the smile disappeared. Angry replaced it, "You just pray my father do not torture him, Donna. For hell with hath more fury on your head!"

With that, Kamara allowed the guards to lead her out of the King's Chambers. Her head held high, her footsteps stormed like fury on the floor as she marched out.

Donna stood there with her mouth gaping wide open.

Vetta screamed repeatedly. She closed her eyes and she can see Coza.

He was leering at her body again. He's going to hurt her...! He's going to hurt her...!

She screamed again, palming her head to stern the voices in her head. They were too much...! Too much....!

An hour later, she was back in control a little. Her belly growled repeatedly in hunger. Vetta m****d miserably, clutching her stomach.

Her eyes stared hungrily at the wrapped pies at the other end of the room.

She wouldn't eat it. No, she wouldn't.

But, she was so weak... Hunger was gnating at her insides like several worms eating at her.

Maybe, she should eat just a little bite...

What if she poisoned it!? You hate her so much and she hates you just as much! You can't eat something she brought, she is Cone's daughter! Her mind yelled at her.

"No! Never!! I'm not touching it!" She hissed, hot breath puffing out of her nose.

Slowly, time bled by. Her hunger only worsened. Baski hasn't come...

She found herself crawling towards the pie. Just a little bite...

Don't touch that pie! Remember who brought it! Her mind yelled at her.

Just a little...

Vetta reached the pie, picked it up and unwrapped it...

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Chapter 232

Baski beat herself up for being so busy all day as she walked towards the Consultation Room. There was a recruit of new palace workers, so, she had a lot to do.

It's late at night now. Only an hour ago did she get enough time to go to the kitchen and sneak out a huge meal for Vetta. She'd taken it to her in the dungeon before she went back to the kitchen and cooked chicken broth herself for Danika.

As usual, the pregnant woman put up a huge fuss because she has no interest in eating broth but in the end, she'd ate it again while cussing her and creating so much fuss.

Afterwards, she'd made her bed for her and they'd said goodnight. She just returned to her bedroom when the guards told her that she's been summoned by the King in the Consultation Room.

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Why the Consultation Room? Baski asked herself. It's late at night, shouldn't he be in his bed Chambers?

Why is he summoning her by this time of the night? What could be so important?... So pressing?

Standing in front of the Consultation Room, she knocked on the door. "I'm here, My King." Her voice accompanied the sound.

A pause.

"Come in." His voice came through.

She walked through the door and closed it. "You sent for me, Your Highness."

"I want to free Danika." The King announced from the fur-chair he was seated on.

For a full minute, Baski couldn't process the words. Just like those moments when a sentence you've always wanted to hear but knows it's impossible to hear is hauled at you.

"W-What...?" No. She must have misplaced his words. She couldn't have heard him correctly.

He got up. Hands behind him he walked towards the window of the room and overlooked the dark night. "I have been thinking about it alot I decided that it's time I let her go. I am freeing her from Slavery."

"Oh my heavens....!" Shaky hands covered her mouth and tears filled her eyes. Indeed, she heard him correctly. "You're freeing Danika!?"

"Yes. I made the decision a week ago. I am merely implementing it now. I already sent out the meessage. On the morrow, the Kings will be here. I will uncollar her."

Baski rushed towards him and hugged him from behind. He flinched.

She didn't mind. She didn't let go.

"Thank you so so so much, Lucien. Thank you so much. Thank you for letting go of your ultimate hate for Cone. Thank you for seeing Danika's heart and sincerity. Thank you so much, for taking the greatest step in recovery...which is letting go. I'm so happy for all of us." She gasped, clutching him tight.

His eyes didn't stray from the night's clouds. His heart was too heavy for words. "I will always hate and boil for Cone, Baski. I do not think I can ever unhate that man. If that is what healing means, then I'm afraid I'm still so far away."

"No." Her head shook against his back vigorously, "No, you have every right to hate that monster. I hate him too, Chad does....not to mention Vetta. But, I'm so happy that you SEE Danika. You really do SEE her for who she really is. She is NOTHING like her father."

"I do see. What I see has my heart and mind in tangles, Baski. I do not know if what I see, is what I should really see. Or I see what circumstances and an instinctive sense of survival made her to be. Or I see what I want to see."

Baski was lost. "What do you mean?"

He pulled away from her. Just a slight move indicating this request for space and Baski let him go immediately, taking two steps back.

"I..." He has never been a master when it comes to explaining himself. His mouth snapped shut.

"It doesn't matter, My King. I'm sure everything will be fine. What matters is that you're releasing her from Slavery! She will stay here as a free person and give birth to the baby as a free—"

"She will not be staying." Calmly, he phrased.

She paused, and snorted. “Of course, she’ll be staying and she will be so so happy! She—“

“I am giving her back her rightful place, Baski. Being a free person does not cut it for a Royalty.” He stated matter-of-factly, “I will make her a Queen.”

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Chapter 233

“I am giving her back her rightful place, Baski. Being a free person does not cut it for a Royalty.” He stated matter-of-factly, “I will make her a Queen.”

A Queen...?

Baski’s mouth was ready to shriek in sheer happiness, but her heart became heavy. “No, My King... She can’t ascend the Mombana’s throne! Not now!”

“She can. It is required of her.”

“Have you forgotten her condition, My King? She can’t. Not in this condition when she is most vulnerable!”

Silence.

Then, “In my life I have known several strong women. But Danika and Vetta will remain the strongest women I have ever met.”

“That is without doubt, Your Majesty.” She conceded with a calming smile.

“She will be fine, Baski. She will be more than fine. She has all qualities of a great leader. That much I know it’s true.”

That last statement... There’s something about it...

Then, it all suddenly dawned on her. All of it.

“I see what you’re doing...” She whispered, her eyes widening.

Her words were met with silence.

“You’re pushing her away. Letting her go... You’re having second thoughts that she might not be who she truly seems... You think all she needs from you is her freedom, and that is why she ‘pretends’ to love you so unconditionally.” Her mind whirled through every aspect, “You think it’s why she’s so loving... So kind... So DIFFERENT from her father. You think it’s because she’s still a slave.”

More silence was her response, but his tensed shoulders and rigid back confirmed her claims more than anything.

“No! No, Lucien!” She called his name so desperately, “That is who she is! Danika loves you so much! She loves you more you can ever imagine!”

He clinged. “Have you seen me, Baski?” He g*****d at last.

“I-I do not understand.”

“Have you seen me? All of me?” He turned then, glancing at her with an unreadable face, but eyes pinched with indescribable pain. “I am a horror to little children. There are more scars on my body than flesh. My mind is a complete dark place and I tether the very edge of insanity.”

His eyes closed. “She is all keeping me sane. Standing between me and a huge cliff of nothingness. I think about her more than anything else. More than my duties. More than my people. She has come to mean so much to me... So much, it’s frightening.”

“Then, don’t let her go! Please, My King!”

“I have no control when it comes to her. I act against my better judgement. For a man like me, it is not an easy feat. She is a slave, and yet, she managed to have an unsurmountable power over me even without trying.” A broad shoulder lifted and fell, “You will not understand, Baski.”

“Oh, Lucien.” A step forward, she took his hand into hers, “You are the most cultured and controlled man I have ever known, but there is nothing wrong with caring for a woman in a way that is uncontrollably.”

“For a man like me, there is.” He walked away from the window, striding to the other side of the room where the huge table occupied, “Do you remember what happened that day? The day I saw her lying on that hay with the Slave Trainer.”

Of course, Baski remembered. How can she ever forget that day? She also began to have an idea what he’s driving at.

“I lost it completely. Having to live the next few days with the thoughts that all she showed me was a lie...that she has been sharing her body with other men, you have no idea what that did to me.”

No, she does have an idea. She can still remember clearly.

“I made a few bad decisions. I had no care in the world...not of anybody. Not of my people.” In steady strides, he walked back to the window, “I took out the rough part on Vetta. Poor woman, she took everything I had to give. I was almost insane, Baski...all because of Danika.”

Poor man. Being so in love with a woman, and having no idea what to do about it. He thinks he can stop it. There’s no stopping a feeling as intense as the love he has for her.

Baski kept her mouth shut, knowing he wouldn’t appreciate her analysis now. Instead, she tried another way.

“You are only human, My King. Any man would have went crazy too knowing that his woman shares her body with other men.”

“But Vetta is my woman too, Baski.” his voice was so low, Baski had to strain to make out his words. “And yet, I don’t see myself being half as mad.”

Because she’s not the woman you love. She placed her hand on his arm. “There is nothing wrong with lov–caring about a woman in that way. It is most beautiful, I assure you.”

“But she isn’t just any woman, Baski. She’s King Cone’s daughter. And she is in slavery.”

“I thought we established that Danika is very different from her father.” She stated firmly.

“We do. I know that much more than you do but she’s a slave and a slave will do anything to get out of slavery.... You know this as much as I do. We were there before.”

“We were.” She conceded.

He nodded once. “A slave will do everything to get out of slavery, including pretending to love your master.” He turned away again and faced the window because he does not want he to see who’s pain, “Pretending that his mind isn’t too dark for you. That his scars isn’t too scary for you. That...”

A pause. “That... That his s****I urges isn’t too much for you.”

“But, Lucien...!”

“I want her with an intensity that is frightening, Baski. A year and two months as my slave...my property... has not dampened that want at all, but instead it only grew. I wanted her even when I hated her, but now? Now, I crave her...badly. Her present condition has not been a dampener at all.”

“Then, keep her close! She is yours!” Baski intervened vehemently.

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Chapter 234

He lowered his head and stared at the empty lane. Two guards patrolled by. “It is not my decision to make anymore. I am giving her a choice.”

“No, you aren’t. To uncollar her is to give her a choice, but to make her a Queen is to take the choice of her ever staying away from her. Please, don’t do it... Please. You deserve to be happy! She deserves to be happy too!”

He will not budge. “She has a duty to her people. Once I uncollar her, being a free person isn’t an option, Baski. She was a princess. Her father’s throne is empty. She has a duty to fill it.”

Baski cut in. “And hold a Royal Banquet, and take a husband who will rule with her. And produce heirs to the throne.” She paused, “She will be forced to take a husband by DUTY! She is very beautiful and she has power! Another man will have her! Are you truly okay with it?”

But even as she asked, she knows that he is not okay with it at all. His fists were clenched tightly to his sides.

“A man who will be deserving of her. Who isn’t battling insanity with so much scars on him and a hunger for her that always has her breathing through the nose to keep the pain of the intercourse at bay.” He spared her a glance, “You know I am not a normal man. Come made sure of that.”

“She knows too, My King. She knows and yet, she loves you wholeheartedly.”

Silence met her words.

She shook her head miserably. “But, that is what all this is about? You do not believe. You think she will grab the freedom and power you offer, take her Kingdom in a flash, drop all her pretence of loving you, get married to a man of her dreams and live happily ever after.”

He raised his hands and stared at them. They were watery and swimming, not because he has weird hands but because his eyes are blurry with tears.

He blinked hard to keep them away. This isn’t what he bargained for.

When he set out to take his revenge on Cone and enslave his daughter, this wasn't what he bargained for at all.

His chest fills like there's a mountain is growing in there. It hurts. It hurts badly.

All this is on the inside. On the outside, he looked almost as composed as ever. Almost.

"Get her ready on the morrow. At the middle of the morning, tell her I summon her in court." His voice was hoarse.

Baski shook her head, pained. But, she knows the King so much. This subject is closed.

"As you wish, Your Highness." She whispered and bowed her head in obedience.

She was at the door when she heard his voice again.

"Baski."

She turned and stared at him.

"Where is she?"

He has never sounded more alone than he did at this moment. "I gave her dinner and prepared her bed. But, we both know she wouldn't be there. She'll be in the Golden Chambers."

In his Chambers. He does not think he can bear seeing her tonight. It will be too much for him, for he is barely hanging on a thread. "Can you go there and take her?"

Baski shook her head. "I'm afraid that this is the one thing I can't help you with. If you want her out, you have to go and face her yourself."

"Baski..." He g*****d.

"Tomorrow, she will be the Queen of Mombana, with so much power and strength resting on her pregnant shoulders." She whispered, "but that is tomorrow. Tonight, she is still yours. She is still yours."

With that, she turned and walked right out of the door of the Consultation Room.

The King stood there with a heart as heavy as a lion's that swallowed a wolf. It hurts badly.

His scent was everywhere. Danika kept her nose deeply buried in the mattress as she worried herself to no ends.

It's late at night and he isn't in his bed Chambers. She was too worried to sleep. Her baby must be as worried as she is, or already asleep because he was being too quiet.

This last two weeks hasn't been all perfect. Not since the King stopped being so...susceptible to her. Not since he began withdrawing from her.

You're being too paranoid again, Danika. Nothing is wrong. Everything is perfect. The King isn't here because he must be busy in court or the Consultation Room.

She managed to convince and calm herself. And yet, sleep wouldn't come. She was too...wired up, and at the same time, too tired.

Then, the sound of soft, steady footsteps came to her ears. Suddenly, she was beginning to feel better. He's here.

King Lucien entered his Chambers, his steps faltered. Danika was lying down on his bed facing him, her eyes trailed him lazily. His chest became heavier than it was before.

His eyes lowered to the swollen contours of her belly...to his child that nestled inside her. He averted his eyes. The sight of her was hurting him badly. A different kind of pain.

"Are you alright, My King?" She whispered worriedly at the look on his face, pulling herself up to a sitting position. Something is wrong. Something is seriously wrong.

"What are you doing here?" His voice came out hard. He wasn't lying when he told Baski that he's barely hanging on a thread.

"I couldn't sleep. And I was worried about you. I haven't seen you all day."

"There's nothing to be worried about. I'm fine." He grated out, walking to his wardrobe. He undressed methodically.

She watched the tensed muscles of his broad shoulder blades as he slipped his nightclothes on. The loose shirt first, followed by his loose pants. He had his back to her all along.

The familiar tingling started in her bladder. Pee. She needs to use the bathroom. So, she got up and walked to the bathroom.

Several minutes later, she was out again. The King was standing at the window with his arms crossed together beneath his chest. He was staring out of it.

“Go to your room tonight.” He g****d without turning around.

“Why?” She whispered, “What is going on?”

“Nothing. I just want to be alone.”

“I wouldn’t disturb—“

“No. I really do want to be alone.” He stated crisply.

But, instead of leaving, she gathered her courage—the love she has for him—and walked closer to him. Coming up to him from behind, she placed a hand on his back.

He recoiled visibly.

She swallowed tightly. “Y-You’re scaring me. Is it something I did wrong? Please t-tell me, I will try to make amends.”

The shakiness of her voice rubbed him so wrongly, but he forced himself not to react to it.

Tomorrow, she will have so much power in her arms, she will be Queen and command a great army. She will be able to make the choices she wants in her life, not to live the choices that was imposed to her.

Tomorrow, he will loose her.

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Chapter 235

“Please, L-Lucien. Let me in... Instead of pushing me away, why not let me in. Is it because of the Mistress’s condition? Do you want to free her? Is it something I did wrong?” She pleaded.

He pulled away from her. “Leave me alone.” He ordered coldly.

A sentence has never hurt before, than these three cold words the King said to her. Danika let her hand drop helplessly.

“Okay. I will leave you alone.” She capitulated in a soft, but sorrowful voice. What is wrong with him?

She turned to leave...

He whirled around and faced her.

She stopped suddenly, seeing the intense look in his eyes. Lethal, cold, hard and sorrowful all at once. Like a wounded feral wolf.

She took a step back. It was terrifying. She took another step back.

His eyes narrowed at her retreating movements. Her breathing picked up.

Then, he lunged for her.

Donna wore her sexiest nightcloth, the red chemise she knows King Valendy loves so much. Lying on the bed like a seductress, she waited for him to join her.

Her eyes trailed him as the maids changed him to his nightclothes before he ordered them out. They bowed and disappeared from the bedroom.

Should she tell the King first, about Kamara's animalistic treatment to hers? Or about making her a Head Concubine?

The bed dipped, taking her attention. The King laid beside her. He needn't say any word, instead, his eyes made the commands for him.

She rose above him and undressed. As she pleased him in her exquisite expertise, he seemed to enjoy himself as always...but tonight, the King seems oddly detached.

Long minutes later, they were breathing hard, her chest heaving from the aftermaths of her satisfaction as she lowered herself beside him again.

"I have pleased you, my lord?" She twined her fingers in his fair hair, her own body languid from the pleasure he had given her.

"Of course, Donna," he said, annoyed that she disturbed the silence he waited.

There was a flash of anger in her doe-brown eyes. She knew full well she had pleased him but a short time before, and it galled her now to see him again remote and withdrawn.

But from her long experience with him, she knows that reproaches would gain her nothing. She let her face soften into an inviting expression and lowered herself onto his chest, pressing her breasts against him.

She slid her arms around his neck and gently tugged until he turned his face to hers. “I know Kamara disappointed you so greatly that you regret having a daughter like her.”

He remained silent, gazing right past her.

“What she did hurt me too, for it’s something I never expected from her. You know I will always look out for you. I will keep looking out for you in the future, My Lord.” She drawled pliantly.

“This is so unlike my daughter. The Kamara I know so well has always used her head. I do not understand how she can fall for this peasant.”

Oh, she knows the best way to get back to Kamara for insulting her and beating her up. “What if he’s using a charm on her? Or maybe it’s an act of rebel from herself? I think you should kill the peasant, My King.”

“To kill him?” He considered that thoughtfully, “It is not a decision I make lightly. I can torture him, but killing him... That is extreme.” He shook his head once, “I do not want to loose my daughter to this madness, Donna.”

“What about marrying her off? Shouldn’t the King already come calling by now?”

“That is what I do not understand.” His brows furrowed, “I have always known Conald’s son to be a man of his word.”

“Do you think he has rejected the marriage?”

He reared back at the abominable idea. “After my daughter spent months of Courting Week with him? Spending time with him unchaperoned and sharing his bed? Her innocence ruined, her virtue in shreds? Her reputation will be in ruins and it will cause a great scandal. That will mean war.”

Anger blanketed his face and he shook his head adamantly. “King Lucien might have only been King for five years but he is known across the lands to be a wise King. He will not want to go to war with me. He better not!”

He was getting too worked up and that wasn’t the way Donna wanted him to be when she requests to be made Head Concubine. So, she began rubbing his chest and stomach in what she hoped was a soothing gesture, even as she gritted her teeth impatiently.

Several minutes passed before she cleared her throat. “My Lord?”

“What is it?”

“I have proven myself to you over and over again. What do you t-think about making me the Head Concubine...? You will not regret it—”

“I need rest and I will have a busy day tomorrow for I plan to pay that peasant boy a visit...amidst other things. As you can see, I am NOT in the mood for this. So, stop daydreaming and get out, Donna.” His voice was curt.

“But, My King...!” She protested loudly.

He glared at her. “To. Your. Room.”

Donna hissed inaudibly, got up from the bed and stormed out of the room.

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Chapter 236

Danika let out a startled cry when she suddenly found herself pressed against the wardrobe and caged by the King.

One moment, she was on her way to the door, the next, she was caged to the wall. He crowded her personal space, standing so close that all she sees...all she smells...is him.

Then, he was kissing her.

His lips landed on hers and his hand slid from her chin to graze through her hair. His fingers clenched, fisting her hair as electricity arced between them.

“Danika...!” Her lips were forced apart with the motion and as his tongue shot inside. She was mildly scared at his intensity, but at the same time, she felt a great wave of relief as if she’d finally come home.

His torso pressing against hers, his arm came off the wardrobe from behind her and wrapped around her waist in a merciless hold.

His tongue swirled around hers, and with lights dancing in her head, she vaguely realized that this k**s wasn’t anything like the k**s he’d given her in the last few months.

It was...more. This k**s held possession, a dominant force, unquestionable ownership. Pure, séxual intent.

She has no idea what has him twisted in such a tight inflexible knot, but she projected all her concern and feelings through the primal k**s he began. Heady delight pulsing through her veins, she lifted her chin a notch and kissed him back with everything she had.

At the sound of his low growl, she wrapped her arms around his neck and stood on her tiptoes, dying to feel every inch of him against her. His lips devoured hers, his hand in her hair tightened craning her neck backwards to give him better access to her mouth.

He took, and took and took. And yet, he demanded for more.

She gave, and gave and gave until they were sharing one breath and she feared that she was tasting his soul through their k**s. And yet, he still demanded for more.

“Lu—Lucien!” She tore her lips away, panting heavily as she dragged in breaths to her deprived lungs.

He let her take a few breaths, before he lunged for her again and captured back her lips with his. The k**s was dominant. Feverish. Unending.

Her tongue whirled and danced with his. Hunger, immediate and sharp, slid down her spine and coalesced into a fever pitch of burning need between her thighs. Her breasts ached where they pressed against him, her nipples becoming sharp little points of arousal.

Then, he tore his mouth away from her and stepped back. His chest vibrated with a snarl as he released her and with quick, impatient movements.

“Go, Danika.” At this rate, he’ll shred her to pieces if he doesn’t let go. Now.

She whimpered and reached for him blindly, the fires he started in her burning hotly. The k**s ended as quickly as it started, leaving her so bereft and now he’s snapping at her like he isn’t the man that plundered her mouth and caged her so consumingly seconds ago.

He was blowing cold and hot with her, it has her thrown off-balance.

“No. Go out.” He gritted out, stepping back.

“But—”

“Now!” He shouted.

She gasped, shocked and heartbroken. Tears filled her eyes.

He closed his eyes. “Please.”

One word that held everything. One word he rarely let's go of, and now he's saying it to her. Because he wants her away from him that bad.

Her tears overflowed. She had so many words to say but she bit them all back. Instead, she turned and hurried out of his bedroom.

Hours passed. It was well past midnight.

The King tossed and turned in bed. He was agitated. Restless. Anxious. Everything.

Danika filled his thoughts. The urge to go to her was so strong, it was frighteningly intense. But, he can't go to her, he told himself sternly.

He'd chased her off. Tomorrow, she will no longer be his. He has to make peace with that notion.

Baski words drifted through his mind over and over again.

"Tomorrow, she will be the Queen of Mombana, with so much power and strength resting on her pregnant shoulders." She whispered, "but that is tomorrow. Tonight, she is still yours. She is still yours."

Yet, he fought it. Throwing the covers, he got up and walked to his desk.

If he can't sleep, he can work.

Danika was positively miserably.

She'd cried until she wasn't able to anymore, then, she closed her eyes repeatedly to sleep. But it was so impossible. Her mind wasn't at rest, it was hurting and completely confused.

Why is he being so strange tonight? Blowing cold and hot and in-between?

He'd kissed her like she was the very breath he needed and the next, he was pushing her away so coldly. Saying such painful words to her.

She caressed her belly, "I don't know what is wrong with your father.... He has a lot going on at that head of his, it's difficult to make out what is wrong..."

There was no movement or response, but she really wasn't expecting any. Smiling sadly, she closed her eyes again.

But, sleep remained elusive. The bed was so cold. So empty.

Then, she felt his presence behind her.

She knew the exact moment when she isn't alone anymore, even though she didn't hear him open the door and enter. His scent filled her bedroom.

Her eyes opened. Slowly, she pulled up and looked at him.

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Chapter 237

The King was leaning against the wall, his arms crossed. He closed his eyes, looking angry and pained at the same time.

“What have you done to me, Danika...?”

She has no idea what he was talking about, but all her hurt, confusion and mild anger at his treatment of her earlier, melted away like the wind.

Silence descended on them. They stared at each other for several long seconds.

Then, she raised her hand. Outstretched...reaching out to him.

His eyes remained closed. Time stretched...

Deep blue eyes opened at last and found hers. “I fear that if I touch you this night, I will take all you have to give and it will not be enough. And I will demand for more...so much more...”

His throat worked in a tight swallow, “I fear that if I take you the way I crave to do all day... I will not be able to let you go.”

“Then, Don't...” She pleaded, her hand still outstretched towards him. “Don't let me go.”

“I...” His throat worked, his lips snapped together.

He has something to say so badly. But why wouldn't he? She wondered, worriedly.

“Come to me...” The bed is so empty without him. Tomorrow, she must find out what’s going on with him, but for tonight? She needs him close so badly, she was shaking with it.

He didn’t budge. “Do not think you can tell me what to do.” The voice was laced with anger but the anger seemed to be directed at himself.

“I’m not.” She shook her head, “But, the bed is so empty without you.”

A muscle ticked in his jaw. His eyes said he wants to be on that bed so badly, but something is holding him back. She isn’t about to lose him. Not tonight.

Danika got up from the bed, looked him in the eyes and began undressing. She took off her flimsy gown and her chemise.

His nose flared. Desire swift and unmistakable flashed through his eyes.

She stood before him naked. Dull red inflamed her cheeks, but she met his gaze head-on.

She looks so small, so vulnerable, standing right there in front of him. All his resistance bled out at the beauty in front of him. The beauty that carries his child.

His woman. His possession. She belongs to him for tonight. Tomorrow does not exist. Not in this bedroom.

Finally, he uncoiled from the wall, walked towards her and took her into his arms. He held her in a hug that enclosed her completely in his arms, her belly pressing against his lower body. She melted against him.

Then, with no warning, his lips landed on hers. His fingers clenching around her butt, squeezing her flesh and sending butterflies through her system. Danika closed herself and gave herself to him

His tongue thrust into her mouth, and she felt the vibration of his g***n from deep within his chest. Damp heat flooded her, and all thoughts fled her mind as she concentrated on being in the arms of this man who has become the center of her world.

He turned her head and adjusted the angle to the fit he wanted, and she fell into his k**s with no thought for the future and with no further worry of what has him in a knot all night.

She allowed herself what she desperately wanted; she let herself feel.

A pulsing knot of fevered attraction settled low in her stomach as a hot ache grew in her limbs. Her arms wrapped around his neck, and she threw herself into a k**s that was making her thighs clench in an agony of need.

His k**s contained a ferocious, hungry passion and she felt a lurch of pure, physical excitement. The first touch of his lips was slow, drugging, but it quickly escalated to a firm and urgent possession. Danika felt the swipe of his tongue and then the bite of his teeth against her lips.

With one hand sliding between them and settling around her breast in a grasp so strong it made her shudder, he spoke against her lips, not taking the time to lift away from her. "Mine."

"Yours." Her hand tightened on his neck.

He squeezed her nipple and bit her bottom l*p, and a sharp, lancing arrow of séxual need slammed her with its intensity. She lowered her hand and cupped the heavy weight of his arousal.

A guttural g***n into her mouth, his k**s turned completely fierce. Just like hours ago when he had her pressed against his wardrobe. Dominant in its aggressiveness.

She became lost under his control. It was a heady feeling, a perfect feeling as she let him take the lead and was allowed only to feel. Her arms clung tightly around his neck, as the repeated drag of his thumb across her nipple sent arrows of fire shooting down her spine to land in a pool of heated energy between her thighs.

She blossomed and felt herself become wet, and she had no control when she began undulating against him. The hot lick of passion was explosive between them. Just like every other night...and yet different.

"Get on the bed." He ordered, tearing himself away from her.

She let out a small sound of fevered hunger, but he misinterpreted the noise. Strong hand shot out and wrapped around her small wrist like iron clad, halting the escape he thought she might try to make, a growl of warning coming from his throat.

"Don't try to get away from me," he bit out.

"I'd never. I was only getting on the bed." She reassured breathlessly, reading the possessive intensity he carried tonight. He'd read her completely wrong; there was no way she was trying to get away from him and his inflexibility only heightened her aróusal.

Letting go of her wrists, he wrapped both arms around her waists and squeezed a little. Then, he was speaking into her mouth, "Never get away from me, Danika."

“Never.” Where will she go?

Immediately, he lifted her from her feet with a vise-like grip at her h**s, walked two steps to the bed and in a gentle motion that contracted his rough intensity, he laid her on the bed. “Okay?”

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Chapter 238

“Yes. I’m fine.”

As he pulled back, his face came close to her stomach and he paused. His face lost most of its hard lines as he stared at the swollen bump of his child. Then, he lowered his head and kissed their baby.

Tears stung her eyes. He hasn’t made that display since yesterday, she didn’t realize how much it hurt and bothered her until he did it. Her hands squeezed the bedding to keep from cradling his head close to her.

“Our child belongs to us.” He g****d, his eyes on her stomach, “He will always belong to us.”

“Yes.”

“But, you belong to me. No other man.” Even if it’s for tonight.

“Yes. I belong to you.” Emotions tightened her throat. The thought of belonging to any other man who’s not him repulsed her.

Then, he rose and undressed in swift movements. In bare seconds, he stood at the foot of the bed in glorious nudity.

Her eyes drank him in greedily, trailing the scars that crisscrossed his chest down to his belly. The male hardness of him stood tall and proud, so aroused its eye was glistening with wet precúm. She sucked in a breath.

Even with all the scars, he looked so magnificent and so beautiful to her eyes that a hot, fiery stroke of need made her stomach flip as she looked up into his blue eyes of molten lava.

“You’re so handsome.” She let out, unabashed.

Pain crossed his features for a second. He blinked and it was gone. "You're the beautiful one. You will always be."

Then, he climbed the bed which dipped under his weight. He rose above her. His hands encircled each of her wrists and lifted them over her head, caging her to him. He dropped his head down and fastened his mouth around her nipple.

That fast, a wave of heat encompassed her and she cried out. The fingers at her wrists clenched and caressed; his touch on her nipple was a gentle lick and then another.

"Yes... Yes..." She urged him on.

Then, the soft touch disappearing, with a growl he sucked her nipple into his mouth and pulled on it, drawing it toward the roof of his mouth with a suction so strong she felt it course down and land between her thighs.

Desire exploded inside Danika's head. At her m**n, he transferred both her wrists together and held it with one hand. The other slid down waist slid up and enclosed her other breast. He began playing with it, holding its weight in the palm of his hand and then stroking her nipple with his fingers and thumb.

Desire exploded inside Danika's head. At her m**n, he transferred both her wrists together and held it with one hand. The other slid down waist slid up and enclosed her other breast. He began playing with it, holding its weight in the palm of his hand and then stroking her nipple with his fingers and thumb.

The twin caresses on both breasts caused her to lift her h**s off the bed in immediate reaction. She felt herself flood with wet heat as his lips tugged at her nipple, firmer, harder.

She m****d again and he let out a tight g***n in response and then trailed his hand away from her breast, down her torso to land between her legs.

He cupped her there on her bare mound, and then with a sudden motion, he pulled up, balanced on his knees as he stared down at her nude body and Danika felt inflamed with a rush of fire.

He ran his eyes over like he wants to memorize her body. His gaze so intense, she squirmed under the scrutiny. "Lucien..."

He slid a single finger from between her breasts, down past her stomach to land just at the spot where her legs met. Her stomach quivered as slowly, he moved his hand down and cupped her again, only this time she was wetter and the feeling was even more exquisite.

She whimpered and his eyes lifted to hers and locked on her with the same intensity as his fingers locked at the juncture of her thighs. They stared at each other while Danika tried to control the breaths coming in and out of her lungs.

He was breathing just as heavily. As he stayed focused on her, his fingers separated her folds and found the heart of her. She gave a responsive jerk and was lacerated by his territorial look.

The skin on his face tautened as he said, "Your body is mine." As he spoke, his finger circled her damp opening.

She nodded her head lazily, her eyes dazed. "Yours."

His eyes flared at her easy response. Then, he sank a finger into her wet sheath.

"Aaargh..!" She cried out. A hot, pulsing ache built in the pit of her stomach as her gaze clashed sharply with his once again.

His eyes were intent, compelling, heated, and her tummy flipped wildly as his attention remained one hundred percent absorbed on her face.

He pumped his finger in and out of her in long strokes, and her breath caught in her throat. He twirled his finger inside her tight channel and pushed against her clit with the palm of his hand, he saw her suck in a breath and then tighten her arms around his neck.

He felt her reaction like an arrow of need straight to his groin, his head lowered and their k**s exploded.

She began licking and sucking at his tongue in mindless desperation. He added another thick finger inside her, taking her in a fast, hard and deep rhythm. He was determined to make her enjoy every moment of this, and prepare her for meeting each and every demands he'll make on her tonight.

Soft, breathy m***s left her mouth and he caught it all with his mouth. Then, he ended the k**s and maneuvered himself down, underneath the covers, until his head came between her legs.

Her eyes widened at his intent as he seated himself in between her body. She can barely see the outline of his upper body above the swell of her belly.

"Uhhh... Lucien?" Her legs trembled.

Gripping her knees in his hands, he separated her legs and kissed along her inner thighs until he came to her moist femininity. A growl escaped him as he hooked her legs over his shoulders.

She stiffened, bared in the most vulnerable way a woman would ever be. He'd only done this once to her...that day he found out about her pregnancy.

"Just relax, dearling." he murmured.

The rare endearment did it for her. Her muscles went liquid, her head laid back on the bed. She squeezed her eyes closed and swallowed.

He slid his fingers into her delicate folds and separated her, looking at the very heart of her. So pink and wet, it glistened with her arousal for him.

"So beautiful." By God's bones, he adores every single part of her. She is perfect, and she's his. For tonight.

Pushing the ugly realistic thought away, he swiped her with his tongue, from bottom to top and then repeated the action. Her taste hit him in an addictive rush.

She mewled and shuddered.

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Chapter 239

Gripping her h**s in his hands, he looked up and found her eyes hot on him. "You like that?"

"Y-Yes," Danika panted.

He did it again. He swiped his tongue up and down, and barely aware that he was probably bruising her h**s where he held her, he ran his hands down and then up to hold the essence of her open to him.

Her taste, her scent were a lure he couldn't deny, and he knew now, his craving for her would never go away. Damnation.

Wanting more, the King trailed his fingers up to the silk of a nipple and tugged at it, running it between his fingers and thumb until it turned into such a turgid little peak that it almost drove him crazy.

She made the mewling noise in the back of her throat again and lifted her h**s, begging him for more. He complied, trailing his hand back down, and with his teeth tugging at her feminine núb, he slid his middle finger up and inside of her until it couldn't go any deeper.

“Oooh...heavens!” She gasped for breath, wounding up so tight she drew like a bow from the insides.

Concentrating on the soft noises she was making, he licked her feminine núb, tugged at it with his teeth, licked it again. Over and over, while he manipulated his finger inside, against her tricky spot.

She was close, he could tell, and as a new wave of l**t hit him full force, she let out a soft wail and began to come. Her fingers clenched in his hair and tightened, her body stiffening under his hands.

She cried out and he knew she was falling over the edge.

Sharp, fierce satisfaction blended with the ravenous need running down his spine, his muscles corded while he let her ride out her release even as the sudden awareness came to him that he needs to be inside her or he will do something really shameful like releasing without physical stimulation.

Yet, he slowly parted her out of her mindless bliss. After a moment, she quieted, and with little to no control left, he released her, rose up on his knees and came over her, spreading her legs farther apart as he pushed between them.

On second thoughts, he grabbed the two pillows on the bed and supported her back before coming down on top of her again. This position was much better, she smiled at him in gratitude.

On second thoughts, he grabbed the two pillows on the bed and supported her back before coming down on top of her again. This position was much better, she smiled at him in gratitude.

“Good?” His voice hoarse with unfulfilled desire.

“Great.” She laid pliantly, gazing up at him with eyes that hid nothing.

Anticipation gripped him by the throat and his abs laced into steel bands as his e*****n jutted between them. Needing something he’d never felt before, he lifted her arms over her head, encircling them with one hand, and held them pinned to the mattress.

Fire grabbed his guts, smoldering down his spine, and a primal need utterly beyond the King’s control demanded that he claim her this very instant. He did.

In one swift motion, he buried himself inside her. Danika m****d, her body still humming from the aftermaths of her release. He rose above her, holding most of his weight away from her, he lifted and thrust back.

He fell into a pattern, taking her hard and fast. Her breath snagged, her heart skipped a beat as she opened her eyes and found him staring into her face, only inches away. His nostrils flared and a tic beat wildly in a face slashed with red.

Their eyes held and lost in an invisible connection that held no tomorrow. Just him and her. Together.

He plunged and withdrew, plunged and withdrew, all the while, lost in the ocean that is her gray eyes.

Her liquid heat surrounded him, drawing him in like a sorcerer's spell until he felt the familiar tingling begin from his balls.

Then, she closed her eyes and whispered, "I love you."

He came undone. There was no other word for it. His g***n split the air and his thrusts lost patterns. His grip on her arm tightened, she felt the hot jets of his release deep inside her.

In the last minute, he rolled over to the side, taking her with him. Sleep was finally beating at her, it caused a smile to graze her face.

"I've been having such a hard time sleeping tonight. I should have known that it'll take being in your arms for me to be able to sleep tonight." She whispered sleepily.

"The words you say..." He g*****d.

"They are the truth." As she fell asleep, her mouth let out again, "I love you so much."

Two more times in the night, she woke to his demands, and she met them. Readily, she gave herself to him each and every time.

The last time was at dawn, he was spooning her from behind, she rose to the feel of his hand lifting her thigh. She m*****d when he entered her and together they rode for their satisfaction.

Hands tangled together, mouths fused together, they rode the crest until they went over the edge together. Their cries mingled together and their breaths became one.

"I love you." Danika whispered again at the dawn of the day. Saying it once made it easier for her to say over and over again.

As she fell back to sleep, she realized that she loves saying those words. It doesn't matter if he never says them back, when she can *feel* how much he cares from his touch.

They still have tomorrow. There is always tomorrow, she thought as she fell asleep.

Long, long after she slept, a deep g***n was heard.

Spoken so low in the dawn it was almost unheard.

“I love you too.”

The words were accompanied by the ruffle of clothes. Then, the almost soundless thuds of footsteps walking out of the room.

It was mid morning when Danika woke up finally, to an empty room....

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Chapter 240

Danika woke up by mid morning at the persistent pull in her bladder. She rose reluctantly and walked to the bathroom.

When she came back to her bedroom, she laid back on the bed. She looked around the empty room, her eyes glassed over with memories of the night before.

At the emptiness of the room, she'd almost—for a second—thought she imagined it. But the pleasant ache of her body dismissed the thought as quickly as it began.

A smile touched her lips. A blush made it's way to her cheeks. Last night was most beautiful!

A knock came at the door. Baski's head stuck in, she was wearing a beautiful smile on her face. “You're awake, thank Goodness. I have checked on you countless times!”

“Nooo...” Danika buried her face on the bed and g*****d out, “You can't be the first person I see this morning. I don't want to eat chicken broth! Not as a first meal in the morning!”

Baski chuckled, entering into the room and closing the door. “I wasn't coming to suggest broth, you grumpy swollen-belly.”

“Leave me alone. I want to sleep the day away, I’m so tired.”

“Not happening missy.” Baski’s smile widened, “It’s a big big big day today, you need to get up and face the day!”

“A big day?” She raised her head, “What’s happening today?”

“Now, you wouldn’t know if you keep lying on the bed, will you?”

She glared at the older woman, followed by a shake of her head. “I just want to sleep.”

“Not today. Come on,” Baski strode closer and patted her arm, urging her out.

Danika sulked for a few minutes, but Baski wouldn’t be deterred. In the end, she rose reluctantly from the bed, muttering and murmuring her displeasure.

The older woman only smiled harder. “Wrap the bedsheet tighter around yourself. You’re about to have company.”

Not company. She isn’t ready for any company. “I’m not ready for any com—”

“Come in now!” Baski yelled.

“Come in now!” Baski yelled.

Her door opened. Six maids strolled in one after another. They reached closer to her and greeted her at the same time.

She responded begrudgingly. Then, she turned to her pain-in-the-neck. “What are they doing here? Whatever it is, they have to go and come back later. I need to take my bathe and get ready for the day like you told me a million times in the last five minutes.”

“That is exactly why they’re here, My Danika.” Baski responded with a consoling smile.

Danika doesn’t understand.

The older woman turned to the maids and began issuing instructions. “Alah and Maye, the both of you are in charge of putting this room back in order again; air the windows and change the sheets too. Uyah, you and Nala should run a nice bath. Use lavender leaves and sweet ointments in the water.”

“Yes, Madam Baski.” The four responded at once and scattered around the room to start doing their jobs.

“I don’t need help—”

“You don’t have to worry, dear. Everything will be alright, everything.” Baski was already ushering her to the bathroom as she spoke.

Danika took three steps and winced, which caused Baski to grin at her mischievously. “Poor woman. Didn’t get a lot of sleep last night, did you.”

A blush crept up her cheeks. Baski nodded understandably and patted her at the back. “It’s okay, dear. I’ll make herbs that’ll make ease those pleasant aches, and don’t worry, it isn’t harmful to your condition. You needn’t limp and wince while you walk today, especially today.”

Danika stopped and observed the woman carefully. “You’re very happy today.”

“I am in the best of moods.”

“Can you tell me why?”

“It’s a surprise.” She grinned.

Danika was already excited. “Will I like this surprise too?”

A look crossed Baski’s face and her happiness dimmed. But only for a moment, “I’m sure you will, dearie. It’s the best gift of all, I’m sure you will crave it.” She turned on the tap, the rush of water into a bucket filled the air.

“I will?” Danika thought about it. She brightened, “I’m sure the best gift I’ll love now, is NOT to eat that herbal chicken broth ever again.”

“Not on your life, Swollen-belly. Your condition needs it. Trust me, when you give birth, you’ll love that I give you broth.”

“I doubt I’ll ever thank you for that.” She grumbled.

Baski only smiled. She turned off the tap. “You’ll see. Your bath is almost ready.”

A thought came to Danika. “Before I bathe, I want to do something. I’ll be right back.”

Vetta heard the door open. She was awake but she didn’t open her eyes, or move from her sleeping position.

She didn’t turn to see who it is. She has no need to...not when the King’s scent filled the air. And yet, she knows it isn’t the King.

The silence in the dungeon became as loud as a gunshot. Time dragged by...

Then, the door opened again and closed.

Slowly, Vetta uncoiled from her sleeping position, she turned and stared at the empty space. The smell of fresh rice and it's soup caused her belly to growl. Danika kept it the exact place she kept the pie the day before.

Why does the woman keep bringing her food? The food she ate on the night before wasn't poisoned, and she'd half-expected it to be. What can Danika be playing at? What is her plan?

Vetta was baffled. Whatever it is, she will think about it later. Now...

She said no words, instead, she got up and walked closer to the food. She followed herself to the ground beside it, picked up her spoon and began eating.

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