

# The Alpha King's Hated Slave

## Chapter 261

King Lucien's hand fisted tighter. He fixed the old man with his eyes, "Are we done here, Sonma. I need to be somewhere else."

"Oh, w-we're almost done, Your Highness."

The King glared at him.

Sonma swallowed tightly, "Gotta cast spells now, Your Highness. Need silence n' focus." He closed his eyes and tried his best to clear out his mind.

He got his silence as everywhere was suddenly as quiet as a tomb.

Long minutes passed.

Sonma opened his eyes, his brows knitted in a frown. Finally, he glanced at his visitor. He barely resisted the urge to cling.

The King looked...harder. His face was like it was carved out of stone, his eyes unreadable. His shoulders knotted with a strong emotion that can almost be interpreted as rage. So cold.

"Is anything the m-matter, Your Highness?" He asked.

"Tell me your findings, Sonma. Do not waste more of my time."

The calm words sounded like a threat and a warning to the poor old man's ears. He nodded quickly, "As you wish, Your Majesty. I have good news."

"What is it?"

"About the rainless state of Salem, it will not be for such longer, Your Highness. A force much greater than me will be drawing down heavy rain into Salem very soon. Such bright strong force.... I have not felt it before." He sounded reverent.

King Lucien pondered on that. "How long is soon, Sonma?"

"I do not know, Your Highness. But time is near."

It only angered King Lucien more. He got up, dropped the box of coin on the table and walked out of the hut.

Indeed, the old man is a fake that knows nothing at all. He did not give any reliable information, just wasting his time.

Which great force? When is soon?

His guards walked behind him as he strode towards his carriage and entered inside.

“Back to Salem, Your Majesty?” Dargak asked.

The King faced his carriage rider and g\*\*\*\*\*d. “Take me to the Palace of Mombana.”

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Queen Danika was utterly exhausted from the events of the day. It was a huge event too, she was surprised at the number of noblemen that arrived. She'd been expecting less.

The evening have slowly drifted to night, and in the time that passed, the nobleman went through the procedures required in fishing out a great King. They answered the questions that were asked each and everyone of them.

Now, after everything, eligible men that remained was four in number. They are all good looking men, and they do have potentials of being great Kings, she admitted to herself.

So, why isn't she choosing any one of them? Why is it so hard for her to look at anyone of them? Why isn't she considering them at all?

“The Royal Banquet will soon be coming to an end, Your Majesty. Have you made a choice?” The Minister for Military Affairs cornered her as she entered the Royal Court again after going to the bathroom.

“I'm afraid not, Minister Regah. I have not seen the one I want.” She replied tersely.

His brows knitted in confusion. “But they are all capable men. Very rich and powerful. Not to mention intelligent and rational men. It is surprising that none of them is yet to catch your fancy, Your Majesty.”

“Yeah. Surprising.”

“No matter, no matter. It does not always happen at sight, I believe. When you spend time with each of them, I believe there will be changes.”

“Mmh. I hope there will be, too.” She isn't telling the old man what she already knows. There will never be such changes because her heart already belongs to another man.

“Oh, that’s Lord Riverdale over there!” The Minister mused happily, “He is from one of the most influenced family here in Mombana. he’s coming over here, I believe to request for a dance! I’ll quickly make myself scarce.”

“Farewell, Minister Regah.” But the man is already across the Court room before the words made it fully from her lips. Her lips turned down disapprovingly.

“Lord Scott Riverdale at your service, Your Majesty.” The gentleman bowed his head as he reached her.

“The pleasure is all mine, Lord Riverdale.” She presented the back of her hand.

The blond man in front of her took her hand into his and kissed it respectfully. “You are even more beautiful up-close, My Queen.”

She smiled courteously. “You flatter me, Lord Riverdale.”

“It is not flattery as it is reality, Your Majesty. Your beauty exceeds all else.” The accent rolled off his tongue like a Scottish wine, “May I have this dance?”

Queen Danika wanted nothing more than to retire for the night and she knows the only way to be able to achieve that is for this banquet to go smoothly.

So, she placed her hand into his outstretched one, “If you please, Lord Riverdale.”

His grin was a boyish one that made him look more handsome than usual, the Queen have to admit that the man is not bad for a candidate to-be King. Too bad he does nothing for her.

He led her to the dancefloor. The music changed, and together, they moved through the steps of the Royal dance.

Her condition, coupled with how tired she is, made her dance steps more clumsy. She stepped on his feet at every few steps, but like all the other eligible noblemen she danced with, Lord Riverdale endured her clumsiness with a smile on his face and a few grunts.

As the music was coming to an end, it began raining outside the palace.

It relieved the Queen greatly because the Royal Banquet will be cut shorter as all the noblemen and attenders have to be on their way back to their homes.

Meanwhile, Lord Riverdale cannot believe his luck as he heard the sound of the rain outside the walls of the Royal Court. “It’s raining, Your Majesty.”

“Indeed, it is.” She agreed.

“This is quite unfortunate for me. I did not foresee this at all.” He looked so sad as their steps slowed.

“Is anything the matter, Lord Riverdale?”

He nodded, “Am afraid so, Your Highness. I am allergic to cold weathers, I am here unprepared for it. If I have known that it will rain, I would have taken my medical herbs and wear the proper clothes for it.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d in worry.

The lord has been thinking of a reason that will get him the Queen’s acceptance for him to spend the night in the palace. He knows that the time will be enough for him to seduce the Queen, thereby becoming the King of Mombana.

Now, he does not need to think much because a good reason has presented itself.

“Oh, that is so bad.” Queen Danika sympathized with him, unable to imagine how hard it must have been for him to admit such weakness to her.

Lord Riverdale nodded, “it is indeed bad. Now, I do not know what to do...”

That she has no liking for the man does not mean that she cannot comprehend his pitiful situation. Poor man.

“You need not worry, Lord Riverdale. There are so many guest rooms here in the palace. I can have the guards set up one for you to spend the night. You can go back to your abode in the morning. What do you think?”

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## Read Chapter 262

### Chapter 262

He smiled widely. "That will be very compassionate of you, Your Majesty, and I will appreciate it if you can do that for me."

The Queen's legs are killing her, she can no longer dance anymore. So, she stopped. "It is alright."

The nobleman took her fingers again and kissed it tenderly. "The dance was perfect and I had a wonderful evening, all thanks to you, Your Highness."

She forced a smile while all she wanted is to flung herself to the nearest chair. "The pleasure is all mine, Lord Riverdale."

Pulling her finger away, she called the nearest guard and gave the command for a room to be prepared for the Lord of Riverdale.

As Scott Riverdale walked away from the Queen, he was smiling like a man that won the toughest gambling game ever placed in Serna's tavern downtown. Maybe, he did win this tough game.

Then, he chided himself. No, he has not won completely. He will become the winner after he has successfully seduced the heavily pregnant but very beautiful Queen.

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Late at night, the Queen stood at the window of her bedroom, gazing out of it.

She is waiting for the herbal tea Baski told her she'll send in to help her sleep. As she waited, she couldn't help the sadness in her system.

The Royal Banquet ended a few hours ago, the silence of the palace soothing to her. Baski had helped her with soothing balms and massages that relieved most of the aches in her body. She'd slept, but her sleep was one of restlessness.

She'd heard what wasn't really surprising. The Royal Banquet will be rescheduled again since she's unable to pick a King tonight. Another unsurprising thing is the rumor that circulated the palace and probably the whole of Mombana, about Lord Riverdale spending the night in the palace.

Some rumored that he might be the man that pleases her heart, which is why she allowed him the courtesy. Some rumored that she extended the courtesy because she

wanted him to warm her bed—as she is pregnant, her hormones uncontrolled. Some even rumored that they might already have a torrid affair going on.

What will King Lucien think of these rumors? She couldn't help wondering.

King Lucien. The father of her child is never so far away from her mind.

The cold night's air caressed her body, goosebumps broke out. She wrapped her arms around herself and rubbed rhythmically to ward off the chills, her eyes counting the stars. He is getting married to Kamara.

The pain that never went away only rose higher, threatening to consume her.

Sounds came behind the door and movements. She turned and glanced at the door. A knock followed. She knows it isn't from any of the guards.

Before she could give orders to her sentry guards, the door opened. It was surprising to see the man who stood there to be Lord Riverdale.

"I brought hot herbal tea, Your Majesty." He g\*\*\*\*\*d with a smile, raising the wooden cup, "I saw the maid bringing it here, she explained to me that it has soothing ingredients for you, I couldn't resist bringing it to you myself."

"Oh. T-That is very kind of you, Lord Riverdale." She managed for lack of a better thing to say.

"Can I come in?"

She nodded, waving the three guards behind him away. They bowed their head and closed the door.

He walked inside and dropped the tea on her table. "You can drink it while it's hot, Your Majesty. I'm sure it will work better."

She took the drink from him and downed the content. "Thank you for bringing the tea to me, Lord Riverdale."

"The pleasure is all mine, Your Majesty." He glanced outside through her open window, "it is a beautiful night, Aye?"

"Indeed it is. The moon is at its fullest. It is most beautiful. The stars are also breathtaking."

"Aye, it is beautiful but not as beautiful as the Queen of Mombana." He drawled, staring at her meaningfully.

“You flatter me too much, Lord Riverdale.” She admitted that speaking with him is not so bad because his company keeps her away from thinking about hurting things... like King Lucien’s upcoming marriage.

“It is not flattery.” He insisted with a smile.

The Queen only shrugged, walked back to her window, and continued gazing out into the night. She expected him to leave, but instead, she heard his footsteps behind her.

“You shouldn’t be here, Lord Riverdale. It is not proper.” She addressed bluntly at last.

“I mean no disrespect, Your Highness.” His deep voice was much more closer to her from behind, “I will confess that I am extremely overjoyed to be privileged to get this moment with you. I will also confess that I am very interested in you.”

It shouldn’t have surprised her, but it did.

He continued, “I know you will think that it is all about the crown, but that is not it, My Lady. I am also interested in you as a woman too.” his voice dropped an octave, “You’re very beautiful, a wise queen too and very strong. I know it is shallow of me, but I will really love it if you will give me a chance.

Queen Danika turned towards him, she opted for the truth. Her voice was gentle, “I will say that I am flattered at your compliments and pleasantries, Lord Riverdale, but then you already know that. But what you do not know is that my heart belongs to another man.”

“Another man?” He did not expect that. “Who is he?”

She glanced down to her protruding belly so lovingly, “The father of my child.”

The Lord was not surprised this time but shocked also. “But he is the King of Salem...the man that imprisoned yo—”

She smiled, “I know who he is, Lord Riverdale, I do not need your elaborated description.” Her shoulder lifted and fell helplessly, “You can give all the description in the world, it will not change the truth that my heart belongs to him. Please accept that.”

Lord Riverdale was sure that he can persuade her if she gives him a chance. He has great bedmastics too that impresses the ladies too.

“Please, give me a chance, Your Majesty.” Desperately, he covered the distance between them, then, his head lowered and he kissed her.

Shock kept her rooted on the spot for a full minute while Lord Riverdale kissed her. And then, the shock wore off, her first thought was to tear her lips from his and push him away. But, for a second, another thought invaded.

Will she feel anything from this man's k\*\*s?

When King Lucien k\*\*\*\*s her, she feels the world being swept off from under her feet, her heart races and her world tilts upside down. Is it always like that with everybody?

So, she let him k\*\*s her. His lips moved on hers for a few more minutes...but she did not feel a thing. And when he thrust his tongue into her mouth, she almost gagged with the revulsion from his invasion.

She tore her lips from his, her breathing shallow. Then, she stepped back. "I don't feel that way for you, Lord Riverdale, or for any other man, because my heart already belongs to another man."

"But if you can just let me pleasure you....!" He reached for her again.

"If your finger so much as touch her hand again, I will cut off your arms from the shoulder." Came the deep voice from the door.

The familiarity of the calm but volcanic voice hit Queen Danika full force in the chest. Sure her ears are deceiving her, her eyes raised and locked with the deepest blue eyes she has ever seen in her life.

King Lucien stood at the door of her bedroom.

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## **Chapter 263**

King Lucien stood at the door of her bedroom.

The Queen went into shock, her eyes glued at the dark silhouette of the man standing at her door.

"How dare you speak to me like—" Lord Riverdale whirled around angrily to face the voice that has the guts to threaten him, only for him to come face-to-face with a man he has only heard about but has never seen. He cut off suddenly.

He has never seen this man before, but the instant he set his eyes on him, Lord Riverdale knows it's him.



King Lucien, the powerful King of Salem.

He was bathed in darkness where he stood, no one can make out his features really well except for the blue eyes that shone in the dark.

So, how did he know it's the King he has never seen but have only heard about through reverent whispers from the people? How did he know that it's the scary King who's strength and power inspires fear, respect and reverence from the people?

But as he asked himself that question, his mind provided the answer immediately.

Apart from the exceptional blue eyes, It takes a great man to radiate primitive dominance and make the air sizzle with indescribable power just by leaning in shadows at the door of a bedroom.

Lord Riverdale swallowed tightly, "The K-King of Salem?"

"Step away from her." Words as calm as his first statements.

Shivers ran down Lord Riverdale's back, but he wouldn't let himself be bullied like a coward. He lifted his chin, "I'm afraid that you no longer have the right to make such demands, Your Highness. Our Queen is no longer your Slave, hence, she is no longer yours."

He didn't move. "Step away from my woman and child while I am still trying to be rational, Lord Waterdale."

The man flushed behind his ears. "It is Riverdale, Your Majesty. You insult my name."

"Do not keep me waiting, Lord Waterbird." His voice dropped an octave.

Lord Riverdale found himself taking four steps away from the Queen before his brain can interpret his actions.

"Alright, f-fine, Your Highness." he muttered, "But I still have a right to be here as I am courting the Queen. She is the only person with the right to tell me to leave and I will—"

"Leave." Queen Danika's whisper interrupted him. She didn't spare him a glance. And, she hasn't blinked her eyes since she stared at that door.

"But, My Queen...!"

Finally, King Lucien straightened, pushing away from the door. He stepped into the Queen's bedroom...and into the space illuminated with light that came from the moonlight through the open window.

His face... The barely controlled rage on that scarred handsome but scary face made Lord Riverdale take several steps backwards—away from him.

When he spoke, his words were curt and clipped. “Let me make something clear, Lord Scott Riverdale, I am not asking you to leave, I am ordering you to get out of this bedroom right now or you will leave in shattered pieces of b\*\*\*d and bones.”

“Y-Yes, Your Majesty.” He did not need to be told again, Lord Riverdale ran out of the door like his legs were on fire.

Maybe they were. Smart man.

Tense silence remained after him. King Lucien turned and closed the door behind him. The sound of locks bolting filled the air, shutting the world out.

Then, he turned and faced a Queen who’s face is still filled with blatant shock. Bathed in moonlight in the stary night, these two lovers locked eyes at each other after eight weeks of being apart.

“Blink your eyes, Queen Danika.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d at last, his voice hoarse.

Tears spilled from her open eyes, she shook her head. “I am scared to blink and you wouldn’t be here. I am scared to blink and find out that it’s all a dream. An illusion conjured up by her hungry heart.”

His features softened. A little. “I am not a dream. My clothes are soaked because I rode a carriage to the Mombana palace in a rainy night. Baski might have taken my fur coat, but the rest of my clothing are not so dry.”

“Oh, heavens.” Her eyes darted to his body. Indeed, his expensive surcoat looked wet and plastered to his body, she can see his inner silk tunic. “You’re here.”

“I am here.”

Her eyes fluttered close—tears slipped from the lids—and slowly, they opened again.

“You are real.” she whispered in awe.

“Your belly is bigger, Queen Danika. My son is growing healthily inside you.”

“Lucien..!” With a loud cry, she darted across the bedroom towards him. She wasn’t thinking, but instinctively, she trusted him to catch her.

He did and he was fast. His hand shot out, holding her to a stop for just a second, then, his arm went around her neck and the other went behind her knees. He was lifting her up and into his arms.

Her arms tightened around his neck, so tight, her fear to let go so blatant in the way she clutched him. Her eyes squeezed shut as her lips spewed, “You’re here, you’re here, you’re here, you’re here.”

Her reaction to his presence was everything he could never have imagined and more. His anger dissolved like a mist, all his defense crumbled like the fallen Great walls. “God, Danika...!”

He was kissing her passionately. She kissed him back, matching his passion. In the desperate tangle of the lips of these royal lovers, he walked deeper into her bedroom with her cushioned in his arms.

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## Chapter 264

At the front of the window, he gently lowered her to her feet, breaking the k\*\*s. She clung to him, hugging him so tightly, he was forced to push his body backwards to accommodate his child pressing against his lower belly.

“I missed you terribly! I missed you so much! Please, don’t let me go...! Hold me...!” Her heart has taken over her lips completely, she was crying with happiness as she laid herself bare to him.

“I’m here, Dani, I missed you just as much, heavens, I missed you so much.” His words were calmer, but his head has gone to rest like hers did.

They were kissing again. His lips plummeted hers, he poured all the words he is not able to say into that heart-consuming k\*\*s that grew and blazed like wildfire....and only burned brighter.

Eventually, Danika had to come up for air, she tore her lips from his. Their forehead pressed together as they breathed hard. Her belly moved against his—a poke to his lower body.

He caressed her belly, “I missed you too, son.”

“Where have you been!?” She cried blindly, “I’ve waited for you! I waited...! And waited...! I missed you so much, and I looked out of my window all the time...! I felt so empty...! My bed so cold..! My life so bereft..!”

“Danika...”

“My duties are so heavy, weighting down on me...! Pressuring me to marry...! And yet, I waited night and day...! But, you’re getting married now and I am to choose a ma—” she stopped suddenly as her head returned to her, her eyes snapped open, “you’re getting married... You’re getting married...” she took a step back from him.

King Lucien was looking at the naked pain in her eyes, he has never felt so helpless. He wanted nothing more than to explain the circumstances behind his marriage proposals, but he knows more than anybody that the walls have ears and the wind is the fastest messenger. His reasons for asking Kamara’s hand in marriage can never go out in the open.

So, he stood helplessly, his lips closed, his eyes holding all the feelings he has for this woman in front of him.

At her state, she can only hear his silence, as loud as a gunshot. Tears spilled from Danika’s eyes, she began sobbing unable to help herself. “It h-hurts. It hurts, b-b-badly.”

He reached for her, half-expecting her to pull away but she went willingly, melting into his arms. He kissed her forehead tenderly. “I am sorry for hurting you this way, dearling.”

The compassion from that endearment was like a soothing balm to her troubled soul. He has never used endearments on her. Now, that she thinks about it, he has never called her ‘Dani’ before either.

She held him, crying harder. Why does love have to hurt like this?

“Shh, it’s okay. Please, Danika?”

“I know it’s too m-much to ask, but can you not marry P-Princess Kamara?”

“You are getting married too.” His lips pursed.

“I don’t want to!”

“I don’t want to, too.”

“You d-don’t?” She looked up at him with all the hope in her eyes.

He shook his head. “I don’t.” he paused, “I heard the rumors too.”

“Which o-one?” She sniffled, like a child.

“Lord Waterbird.” He gritted out, his body tautened in remembrance.

She pulled back, still glancing at his chiseled face. “The rumors are not true. I did not offer him shelter because he is my lover. I am not interested in him either.”

His fingers rose and wiped the tears from her eyes, “I know they are not true, Danika. Why do you think that excuse for a man is still alive? I would have killed him if I thought them true.” He stated matter-of-factly.

She lowered her head and kissed his chest. “I’m glad you believe in me.”

“I do. I came here with all intentions of killing that Waterbird, I do not care what it will result to. He dared to make a move on what belongs to me. My woman. My child.”

This must be what it feels like to walk in the clouds, Queen Danika thought. “Am I really... yours?”

“Yes.” A muscle ticked in his jaw, his voice as calm as ever. “Make sure that Waterbird knows about this the next time he sniffs around you. It will be a shame for the Waterdale family to lose their first son in such horrible way.”

A watery smile split her lips, she wiped the tears from her eyes. “It’s Riverdale.”

He pursed his lips, his eyes blazed. “He kissed you. You let him.”

Guilt made twin flush appear on her pale cheeks. She lowered her eyes. “I was shocked...and curious.” She admitted.

“Curious?” His brows knitted.

Feeling like she was threading a dangerous ground, she opted for the truth—choosing her words carefully. “When you k\*\*s me, I feel like I can taste the world, my insides flutter up and sing. I w-wondered if it is always that way.”

His lips pursed, “Is it?”

She shook her head adamantly, pressing as close to his as her body would allow her. “It was repulsively, just like the touch of any other man. It only reminded me of that day...at the storeroom...with Karandy. Repulsive.”

The tension dissolved from him. Her head pressed to his neck, she couldn’t see him but she can feel him.

“You are the only man I want to be with, King Lucien. It will always be you.” She admitted with her whisper, her breath fanning his neck. “Hold me...please.”

He pulled back, with his hand he turned her away from him so that she faces the open window and her back in front of him. Then, he wrapped his arms around her waist from behind, burrowing his nose to her neck. He said nothing, but it doesn't matter.

How is it possible that she has come to know this complex man so much? Understand him so perfectly? How is it possible that she can hear him so loudly, even when his mouth is closed?

Her eyes closed, she burrowed her head to his, her hand holding his. They stayed that way for long seconds.

"I heard your words to him. Lord Rainydale. You told him your heart belongs to another man. Your heart belongs to the father of your child... repeatedly."

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## Chapter 265

"The throne is empty now, Master. Why don't we attack it?" Talia asked her master suggestively.

His cave seems cold tonight. Don't he get tired of hiding in here?

Coza turned and glanced at her. She isn't saying what he has not considered already. "That will be a bad idea. I sent one of my men to go and spy already. He reported that the throne is heavily guarded by his most trusted men even in his absence."

"But, we can fight them—"

"Dargak, Zariel and Chad. These three men are the most formidable warriors, we don't just wake up and go against them without much preparations. Lucien was able to conquer Mombana and kill King Cone because he has them in his army." he paused, "Lucien is an unbeatable, formidable warrior, but he wouldn't have been able to do it on his own."

"So, what are we going to do? Mombana is no longer a problem because the Mistress will take care of the Queen."

"Yes," he smirked at the thought of Vetta. "One of her best virtues is her impatience, hatred and short-temperedness. On the day after tomorrow, my this time, Danika will be dead. I can hardly wait."

“So, what about Salem?”

“I have a plan. A job for you.”

“What is it, Master?”

“I want you to poison the Lucien, Chad, Zariel and Dargak.” He ordered firmly, “Your main priority is Lucien and Zariel. Their death will handicap the Kingdom. Then, we go in.”

Just thinking about the deadly mission sent shivers down Talia’s spine. “That will be suicide.”

His gaze pinned hers, he arched his brows. “Your point?”

Of course, her life don’t matter. She swallowed.

He took pity at her, smiling. “Don’t worry much, Talia. If you do the job well, it will be a success. Unlike the Mistress, I have patience. You can take your time finding the perfect opportunity to get this done. But you MUST get it done, and do it at once. If they die one after another, it will rose suspicion.”

She bowed, “As you wish, Master.”

The smile disappeared from his face. “I want him dead, Talia.”

“I will do my best, Master.” She turned to leave.

“One more thing.”

She turned to face him.

His eyes met hers again. “Vetta must NEVER EVER find out about this. Never. Am I clear?”

“Yes, Master.”

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“I heard your words to him. Lord Rainydale. You told him your heart belongs to another man. Your heart belongs to the father of your child... repeatedly.”

“Yes.” She whispered.

“It calmed me down, more than anything else.” he paused, “I wanted nothing more than to deal with that man when I heard from a maid that he is in your bedroom. Baski was over the moon when she saw me. Like you, she thought I wasn’t real at first.”

She opened her eyes, staring at the shoot star in the sky. “I never imagined that you will come here to Mombana.”

“Sadly, I have to be back in Salem on the morrow. My throne is unprotected. Granted, Zariel and Dargak are on guard—and they are most trusted, but My throne is still empty, the Kingdom vulnerable.” He g\*\*\*\*\*d.

“So, why did you come?” She whispered.

Silence descended. It stretched.

“I couldn’t keep away any longer, no matter how hard I tried.”

She sighed. “Our time together is so short.” Sadness filled her but she pushed it away, “So, why don’t we make the most of it? Let us forget that the world exists outside this bedroom and make the most of this night?”

“Okay.” He did not hesitate. Instead, he kissed her neck again, his strong hand caressing the swell of her belly.

She swiveled her head and beamed at him. “Okay.”

“You have been on your feet for too long. Does it hurt?”

She hesitated, “Yes.” she let out admittedly, “My back does too. And my waist. I feel hot no matter how cold the night is.”

“You should have been asleep.”

“I had so much so my mind... in addition to the aches and heat, I couldn’t sleep. But you are here now...I can finally throw the worries away, bury the pains and give up authority, even if it is just for tonight.”

Then, he lifted her off her feet so effortlessly and into his arms for the second time tonight.

“I am here now, I will take over everything. Guards.” His voice rose a bit, without taking his eyes off her.

A knock came to the door, but he had locked it so the guard cannot enter. “Your Highness?” The guard responded from the door.



“Make sure Lord Waterbird is already on his way back to his home. He is no longer welcomed to spend the night here in the palace.” He stated firmly.

“Oh...” The guard hesitated because he has not heard from the Queen of Mombana.

King Lucien arched his brow wordlessly at the woman he carried in his arms.

“I order it too, Omna.” She called out breathlessly.

“As you wish, Your Majesties!”

“And Omna?” King Lucien.

“Yes, Your Highness?”

“Tell the guards to guard the Queen’s door from the entrance of the Royal Quarters tonight. Not from this door.” He ordered.

A fierce blush crept up the Queen’s cheeks and spread down to her neck. “I o-order it too, Omna.”

“As you wish, Your Majesties!!” Footsteps hurried away filled the air.

And then, blessed Silence.

“I will take good care of you tonight.” his eyes lowered to her swollen belly, “I will take good care of the two of you.”

As much as this night will hurt on the morrow, Queen Danika beamed at him again, her smile so wide, it made her beautiful face radiant. “Okay.”

Her smile is so contagious, the King wasn’t aware that his face is doing something it hasn’t done in the past fifteen years of his life.

His lips stretched—not as wide as hers—but enough for the onlooker to recognize it for the smile it is.

“Okay.” Then, he carried her towards the bathroom.

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## Chapter 266

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Her smile is so contagious, the King wasn’t aware that his face is doing something it hasn’t done in the past fifteen years of his life.

His lips stretched—not as wide as hers—but enough for the onlooker to recognize it for the smile it is.

“Okay.” Then, he carried her towards the bathroom.

Heavens, he smiled. It isn’t much of a smile but it is something beautiful, Danika thought, her heartwarming up like the hills under the sun.

He urged her to strip, he stripped out his wet clothes too. Together, they got under the waterfall of the bathroom made out of the best woods and oak. The water beat down their body as they washed.

Her eyes kept roaming all over him, her hands touching the hard contours of his body occasionally just to keep convincing herself that this night is real. That he is here with her.

At a point, he got out of the bathroom, leaving her in there. She heard the distinct sound of the door opening, the deep baritone of commands issued out, and the sound of hurried footsteps.

It took a while before he returned back to the bathroom.

“How does it feel being the Queen of Mombana?” He asked.

She feels the heat of his body behind her back and settled her head on his shoulder. “Stressful. I am happy that I got this opportunity to make amends to my people for what my father put them through too, but at the same time, I feel the stress of all the duties that come with the crown. It weighs down on me like a heavy burden.”

“I know that feeling.”

“Yes, I know you do.” She closed her eyes slightly while the water cascades down her body.

“I don’t want to be a sole ruler of this place where all the burdens and duties fall squarely on my shoulders. I want to rule beside a King.” Beside you. She caught the word before they could escape her lips.

“It is not possible for a Queen to rule a Kingdom alone, it is against all laws and traditions. That is why your people are making efforts to desperately marry you off.” The last part was an angry growl. He remembered Lord Riverbird.

Instinctively, she turned towards him and wrapped her arms behind his head.

“We agreed not to think about all these tonight. Please, let us not think about them at all.” Her heart hurts because this thought only reminds her about his impending marriage too.

Silence.

Then, he hugged her too. “You’re right.” He kissed her lips, her cheeks, her ear. Then, he whispered words to her ear. “I want to have you too much, Dany. Now. It has been too long, the hunger too high. I am almost sure that I will not be able to last long enough to satisfy you.”

“You don’t have to. I-I miss feeling you inside me,” she admitted, a faint flush stroking the cheek she buried at his neck, “Every night...so far away... It was like torture.”

Her hand lowered and caressed his hard arousal, “Take me, Lucien. Now...”

He needed no further urging, instead, he dipped his head lower and took her lips into a k\*\*s that dragged a satisfying m\*\*n from her throat as her fingers dug into his back.

The k\*\*s began so slowly and dragged on...but with each mating of their tongues together, their heated passion-fueled like molten lava until he was practically devouring her mouth with his.

She matched his passion, sucking his plump lower lips and thrusting in her tongue to meet his. Her breath, husky and shorter.

His hand found her between her legs and a g\*\*\*n rumbled from deep inside his throat at the wetness of her dripped so much, she coated his fingers. His desire spiked to unbearable degrees, his control teetered at the edge and urgency rode him hard.

Tearing their lips apart, he turned her so that she is facing the wall. Her hands held the attached rails in front of her and gripped tightly as she felt him come up close behind her.

King Lucien held her plump àss cheeks, he kneaded them steadily, groaning at the soft texture of her skin and the plumpness in his hands.

Then, he spread her cheeks apart, lining himself up poised at her entrance. He plunged into her.

“Yes,” She let out a strangled m\*\*n, her eyes squeezing tightly shut at the fullness of him weighed inside her.

It took everything in him to hold himself still, giving her a few moments to adjust to him, while he peppered k\*\*\*\*s down her throat, her neck, and upper back.

“Ready?” He g\*\*\*\*\*d, his breathing erratic.

Queen Danika nodded her head vigorously.

“Thank Heavens.” He pulled back almost to the tip and thrust back in measured strokes, over and over and over again.

With each stroke, his desire only spiked higher, he began taking her in long hard strokes. She cried out with each thrust of his h\*\*s, pushing back to meet every one of his thrusts passionately.

Water bathed their body as the lovers strained together in the passionate coupling, their cries mingling with the sound of the water and the movements of their bodies.

His hands were everywhere; her àss, her h\*\*s, her swollen belly, her breasts. He kneaded the plump bosom and squeezed when he increased his thrusts as he felt his release rushing up to him.

He came with a guttural g\*\*\*n, his h\*\*s moving relentlessly. But, he underestimated how badly she wanted him to because she cried out shortly after he did as she fell over the edge.

“Lucien...! Yes, dearling, yes...!” She cried, her back arched.

“Heavens, Danika, you feel so good.” His hands clutched her to him as warm jets of his release spurted repeatedly inside her. Her body gripped his phallus as he rode out his release inside her.

She sobbed, her body trembling underneath his. The pleasure she feels so overwhelming, it was highly ecstatic.

Then, they collapsed in each other’s arms. Their breathing heavy as they clung together.

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## Chapter 267

They came out of the bathroom feeling refreshed.

They dried each other off in comfortable silence with Danika smiling up at him occasionally. He'd return the smile with a twitch of his lips, his face an embodiment of contentment.

Afterward, he walked to the door, opened it, and took the folded clothes he knew will be there on the door.

"Baski said she'll bring me clothes." He answered at her curious glance. "Did the bath help? Do you still feel hot?"

She flushed, a smile touched her lips, "I feel just great, thank you."

He nodded once, "Get on the bed. I have something brought in for your legs and your hurting back."

"Oh," it's his words that reminded her of the forgotten pain in her back. Her eyes found the bedside table, she saw some things she didn't keep there before, like a balm and a herb cream.

Her heart filled with gratitude and love for this man. In her flimsy nightie, she walked to the bed which dipped slightly under her weight as she climbed in and sat down on it.

He followed after her, climbing in behind her. They sat side by side, he took some pillows and placed them behind her back to support her. "Better?"

"Yes." She sighed in sheer relaxation, adjusting her back better into the soft fluffs behind her.

Then, he took her foot into his hand. In the silence that followed, he examined the swell with a frown kneading his brows before he picked up the herb cream and began massaging her leg with it.

By the time he was done with both legs, the swell has gone down noticeably. "By morning, you have your legs back without the extras."

She'd closed her eyes, enjoying the feel of his hands as they massaged her feet but her eyes opened at the sound of his voice. She examined his handwork, her heart lightening with gratitude at the sight.

"Thank you so much, I feel really better." She whispered.

His eyes caressed her face greedily. Now that he thinks of it, it's a wonder that he was able to stay away from her for eight weeks. How will he keep staying away after tonight?

"Your back?" He asked, curbing THAT thought as best as he could.

She pulled away and presented him with her back.

In the silence that followed, he undid the ropes that held her nightie together until the gown parted to reveal a white creamy back.

He climbed the bed on his knees, took out the balm from the table, and mixed it with the herb-cream. With the focus and concentration he uses to perform all his duties, he began massaging her back.

It feels so good. Queen Danika couldn't help moaning her contentment. His strong hands work like magic, and he knows the exact place to apply pressure.

He didn't stop at her back, instead, he extended his healing hands down to her waists, her h\*\*s, and then, her belly.

"It feels so wonderful." She admitted with a m\*\*n.

"It will relieve the pain. I will give Baski instructions on how to apply this to you every night. Our baby growing inside you is enough heaviness without the extra pains."

It reminded her all over again that he would leave her in the morning. Tears burned the back of her eyes. She blinked hard to make sure they don't make it to her eyes.

This night is enough for her. It has to be.

She wanted to do more with him. To make all moments of this night count.

He redid her ropes when he finished. She turned towards him. "It's a beautiful night, let's go for a walk. Get some fresh air..."

He hesitated.

This is Mombana's palace. Every part of this palace holds a terrible memory for him. Even when he took over this Kingdom, he never came back to it after he stepped past its borders.

Walking this land means raw pain for him. The memories will be unbearable.

He didn't want to stroll the palace. His reason was there in his eyes. Danika's heart squeezed in her chest. She'd almost forgotten...

“It’s okay. We can stay here.” She rushed out, feeling his pain, “I’m so sorry for even suggesting—”

He took her hand into his, “It is okay. Fresh air seems nice, Dany.”

“Y-You will walk...?” Her eyes searched his pained blue eyes.

“I do not want to,” he admitted, “but if you desire it, then I will walk with you.”

The tears she’s been battling filled her eyes then. Danika took a vow then.

Before this night is over, she will do her best to replace his bad memories of his palace with news ones she will make with him.

Her new memories might not be enough to battle nightmares created for ten years, but she will give it her best shot.

“Alright, let’s go.” She whispered, squeezing her hand in his.

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## Chapter 268

The pale crescent moon shone like a silvery claw in the night sky, the blanket of stars stretched to infinity.

Danika kept true to her vow. As she led him around the palace of Mombana, she tried to hold a conversation with him. They talked about little little things while the night’s air caressed their body, stars moving with them in the sky.

Her eyes were tuned to him. Anywhere that holds a bad remembrance for him will show in the way his jaw will clench and his eyes goes darker. So, she told him stories of her younger days to distract him; her adventures in the palace with Sally.

With time, he became very interested in her exciting, adventurous stories, his mind less attuned to his environment. Even as they passed the Cellar where her father likes making slaves work until their backs begin to peel off, he didn’t pay much attention to it because he was engrossed in her stories.

It was beautiful. The walk is going great. The tightness in her chest disappeared, replaced with a radiant smile as she went deeper into her tales, telling him how she used to sneak away from her room the first day her father grounded her.

They walked away from the palace grounds, through the woods. The guards on night duty patrolling bowed their heads as they saw their pregnant Queen and the strong King of Salem out for a walk at midnight. Their eyes held a glimpse of curiosity because the both does not seem like there is so much hatred between them like they all believed. But it is not of their concern, so they bow and go about their way.

They were so carried away, they walked through the long route through the woods and arrived at the small River Sole. That was where he came to a stop all of a sudden for the first time.

“What is the matter?” But she already knows what the matter is, even before the words left her mouth completely. The complete change in his composure said it all.

A muscle ticked in his forehead, his eyes zeroed in on one spot before the stream. “River Sole. I know this place. Vetta’s body was forcefully taken sexual pleasures from here by Cone’s guards while he watched and laughed. And forced me to watch too...to listen to her screams...since she was taking my punishment for me.”

Danika’s heart went through her stomach. Her mouth became an entity for speechlessness.

His eyes left that spot to zero in at the tree behind her. “I was whipped there. Fifty strokes of a hot whip cooked on fire. Then, I was ordered to face-f\*\*k Chad while he watches.”

“What!?” She gaped in horror.

“Cone was a heartless, kinky hellhound.” His eyes darkened. Sometimes, he wondered why he just killed the man, he should have kept him alive and made him suffer. But, his rage towards that son-of-an-elf had been too great for him to think straight at that time.

“By the Gods...” Her hands covered her mouth, she turned and looked at the palm tree itself. It’s a familiar tree she played around when she younger.

Suddenly, that palm tree is no longer as beautiful as she always thought it was.

She pushed the realization firmly away. If the both of them see ugliness, who will teach him to see the beauty of River Sole again?

“I remember thinking this place was very beautiful the first day I saw it in the middle of hard labor.” His eyes clouded, “Ten years later, there is no beauty in this place.”

“The Mistress has so much hatred in her heart for me.” she lowered her head, “In the end, I only know glimpses of why she is the way she is.”



His eyes went back to that first spot. “Vetta changed completely. But in the end, that girl is still inside her. The one that was buried under the bricks of the hard life of ten-years in barbaric slavery. All you have to do is call her name—her real name—for that girl to come crying forward from her cage.”

She took a minute to assimilate his words. Somehow, she has a feeling that remembering these words will be important to her in the future.

“How did we get here, Danika?” He g\*\*\*\*\*d softly, looking around with eyes filled with the past. “Let’s go back.”

But, she can’t allow them go like that. He was already on his way out when her hand shot out and grabbed his. He swiveled his head to look at her without turning.

“We’re already here, My King. Why not enjoy the view? Look at the scenery above the water, isn’t it beautiful?” She whispered.

“I do not see the beauty in this place, Danika. I only see the horrors it holds.” He stated firmly, tension radiating from him.

A thought came to her. Slipping her hand down to his, she squeezed his hand in comfort. Then, she walked, tugging at his hand to follow.

He did. She walked them towards that palm tree until they came up in front of it’s tall trunk, it’s large leaves at top of the tall trunk were like green beautiful umbrellas above them darkening the place further.

It is an advantage because it gave them a little privacy and they’d see any patrolling guard first before he sees them.

A coldness she hasn’t seen since he arrived at her bedroom doorstep hours ago, shadowed his eyes now. “I do not want to be here—”

She dropped to her knees in front of him and began untying the ropes of his pants. They came undone. She palmed his warm flesh, pulling him out of his confinement.

“What are you doing?” Her actions threw him completely off-balance.

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## Chapter 269

“Making a new memory, my love.” Gray eyes looked up to him with a softness so blatant, “When you think of this place, think of this... When you see this place, see this...” Then, her head lowered and she took him deep into her mouth.

“Gods...” His díck sprang to life. It grew thicker and thicker as he watched her swirl her pink tongue around the head before slowly taking it into her mouth.

King Lucien sucked in a breath as the wet, warm mouth engulfed his phallus. He was hard. He was fully hard now. Suddenly, he was struggling to remember why he was trying to leave this place few minutes ago.

Just as he was about to pull her to her feet, she m\*\*\*\*d around his length, looking blissed out, as if sucking him makes her high like the finest liquor.

“Danika, wait...” He stared at her flushed face as her eyelashes fluttered and lifted. Their eyes locked, her hand tightened at his butt.

Then, her eyes slid shut. She hummed around the díck in her mouth and started bobbing her head, sucking him with obvious relish, her mouth and tongue hungry—and by the gods, his insides has lit up. This place is wrong—so so wrong, he couldn’t stop it. He gave in, unable to help himself.

Groaning, he shivered violently, and had to gather the remains of his self-control so he wouldn’t roll his h\*\*s.

He grabbed her bobbing head. Stop, he wanted to say, but she looked so completely relaxed, opening her mouth wider and looking at him expectantly. Waiting.

It dawned on him. She wants him to face-f\*\*k her.

“Heavens, woman... You have any idea what you’re asking for?” His fingers buried into her hair, he griped the massive blond curls like a lifeline, trying to hold on to sanity.

It is proving so hard because this is Danika—the woman he wanted most in the world—kneeling before him with her mouth open. Willingly.

A small smile feathered her lips, “I might not be able to take a whip, but I can take this.” Looking him in the eyes, she whispered, “I want this, Lucien.”

His h\*\*s jerked of their own volition, slamming back into the heat of her mouth. She gagged a bit, but then, she closed her mouth around his length and let out a long m\*\*n. She was bloody loving it.

Her tongue trailed his scar from the base to the tip, drawing a long g\*\*\*n from him as pleasure worked it’s way down his spine.

His h\*\*s jerked again. And again. He couldn't stop.

Soon, both his hands tightened on her hair and he was yanking her mouth onto his aching, throbbing dīck. He'd never been harder in his life; the feeling of her willingness, her hot mouth tight around him, the whisper of the night air around them and the sound of the surf of the river.

He thrust himself over and over, so deep inside her mouth, growls emitting from his mouth as he hit the back of her throat over and over again.

She gagged. Her jaw shook. Yet, she clamped him tight and swallowed. Twice.

He came with a roar—the first if it's kind. His hands tightened in her hair, his thighs trembled.

For the first time, a release was threatening to bring him to his knees. His vision went dark around the edges, he kept spurting deep into her throat. She closed her eyes, milked him, and swallowed all of him.

It did bring him to his knees when it was all over, that brought him eye-level with her. His chest heaving and a smile on her face. She wrapped her arms around his neck, adjusting her head on his shoulder.

"Isn't this place beautiful?" The hoarseness of her voice, a blatant reminder to what just happened here.

It disturbed him not, that she will see him at such a weak moment—he trusts her—but it does disturb him that she has this amazing skill.

"Where did you learn to do this?" His big body trembled, almost liquefied by what she did.

"You taught me. Whatever I know today is what I learned from you, my love."

He relaxed slightly, pushing the ugly feeling like jealousy away. She is his. This is his woman here. A feeling like pride sizzled through him.

"Thank you so much for making this place beautiful, Dany." His arm tightened around her.

"You're welcome." Her smile widened on her sensitive cheeks, "Well, you can remember that day you called me to your bedroom for a torture session where Chad had to teach me how to pleasure men with my mouth."

"I hated that he was teaching you, even though I ordered it. He had to prepare you for pleasuring the Kings in Court to avoid more deadly punishments. But even as he was

only following my orders—even as I hated you so much then—I still hated that he was teaching you.” He growled.

She felt the familiar kick against her ribs, her hand caressed her belly lovingly. “You gave me my first o\*\*\*\*m on that day.”

“I remember. I remember having the insane urge to possess you after that session. I had to make you come for me.”

“I can’t believe it has been a year. Sometimes it feels like ages ago, sometimes it feels like yesterday. We’ll have to get up soon: in as much as I like this position, my knees are starting to hurt and our child is starting to protest this position.” She revealed, chuckling softly.

He released her instantly, helped her get to her feet. They kept talking as he arranged his clothings again.

They didn’t go back to the Kingdom right away. Instead, they picked some large fallen leaves from the ground and made a hay underneath the palmtree. Lying on it, they held each other while talking and telling tales.

In the sky, a small star twinkled with light, mischievously squinting like sly pearls that adores the dark blue night sky. Underneath this star and a silvery white moon, these two lovers laid in a leave-made bed so comfortably, shutting the world out and lost in each other.

It is a beautiful sight in a beautiful place like the River Sole.

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## **Chapter 270**

Hours passed before they came back to the Queen’s bedroom again. Having exhausted the night, they laid to the bed and went to sleep in each other’s arms.

He held her from behind; his head on her shoulder and his hands caressing their child even long after she slept first, before he joined her.

But, they didn’t sleep the rest of the night away because in the wee hours of the morning, he woke her and began making slow sweet love to her.

He moved inside her from behind, they m\*\*\*\*d together. It was enchanting, so splendiferous that tears began falling from her eyes. Her teary cries can be heard from her m\*\*\*s that turned from sweet and pleasant, to shaky and heartbreaking.

“Dany... dearling, stop...” He g\*\*\*\*\*d, his hand which held her creamy thigh up as he moved slowly inside her tightened.

“Please, don’t leave me...! Don’t leave me again...!” She cried.

He pulled her close and covered her mouth with his. The k\*\*s was passionate, so hot it burns them. He tasted her tears, her pain.

“Danika...” It was a tortured g\*\*\*n.

“P-Please, I c-can’t... I c-can’t... I can’t t-take this anymore. It h-hurts... Don’t m-marry Kamara... Don’t leave me a-again.” She sobbed, her heart in choas. She has no pride left.

The sound so heart-wrenching, it broke his resolve completely. “Look at me, look at me, dearily.”

She opened her wet eyes, looking at him with eyes that hides nothing, filled with pain and love.

“I’m going to be married to Kamara for long. It will be brief, I promise. Her father holds her lover captive, and she wishes to save his life. She pleads with me to save him, knowing that if I marry her, her father will hand her lover over to me for punishment. Then, we will come up with a good plan that will end the marriage and stop any impending war with King Valendy.” He has no idea how he will come up with such plan but he is determined to try his best.

Hope flared in her eyes, “You p-promise?”

“I promise. I will be back for you, Danika.” He vowed, “I will come back for you. I don’t know how long it’ll take but I want you to wait for me. Don’t let them marry you off, dearily. Your marriage will be irreversible after the wedding because there will be a shift in power; from you to your King. Use every method you can to evade them.”

“I don’t know how—”

“You can do it, dearily.” He buried his face on her neck and moved sharply inside her, “I don’t want you to belong to another man. I will kill him, whoever he will be. Wait for me, Dany.”

Is it possible that a King and a Queen from different Kingdoms can be together? What will become of the Kingdoms?

They will cross that bridge when they get to it. For now... She burrowed closer to him, moaning softly as he tugged on her nipple. "Okay, I will wait. I p-promise."

His eyes lowered to her swollen form. "I want to be here when you birth our child. I don't want to be far away when he comes into this world."

Tears slipped from her eyes. "Then, you have to come for us as soon as possible."

"I will." He kissed her again. His hard mouth parted against hers, his lips easing down on hers with a slow, sensuous pressure.

Then he began to move, pulling his h\*\*s back and thrusting in, faster, longer, the pleasure beginning to build, annihilating.

She was shaking, her head turning to the side on the pillow. "Lucien..." Her voice sounded strained. "I don't know ... I don't know if I can...fall over." she was too emotional, her heart too heavy.

"You can." The words were guttural, torn from him. "You will."

She g\*\*\*\*\*d. Her eyes had closed, her lashes resting on her deeply flushed cheeks, her mouth open. "I can't..." It was a mere whisper. "I can't..."

He pulled out from her and urged her to her knees so she knelt, her cheek resting on the bed. He came up behind her and entered her again. She'd come with him every step of the way since and she'd be with him now.

He reached down with his hand, putting it on her stomach and then sliding it down between her thighs, finding her puckered nub and stroking, a slow back-and-forth that drew a hoarse scream from her.

And he kept moving, kept pushing in deep, lost in the heat of her inner silk around him, in the pleasure that was ripping him apart. Kept touching her until she bucked and arched beneath him, screaming her climax into the pillow.

Only then did he let himself go, driving himself into her steadily but faster. Before he fell over the edge with a hoarse grunt.

Minutes later, they are back to there usual position with him still inside her and holding her close.

Before she fell asleep, she whispered, "Please, be here when I w-wake up in the morning, Lucien. I love you."

After she slept, he still watched her.

Because he knows that he wouldn't be here when she wakes in the morning. It is for the best.

"I love you too." He kissed her cheek.

Tonight, she showed her the beauty of River Sole. Tonight, he made a promise he will do everything within his power to keep.

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