

## The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 3 - Chapter 3

### C3 Chapter 3

His cold eyes finally met hers. "You, Danika, might not be enough, but you'll be. Now, remove your underthings."

Danika's ears still rang from everything he said to her. Her eyes still stung with tears. Why did her father have to do all these? Why did he have to be addicted to gaining power?

Her hands trembled as she removed her underthings, leaving her completely naked in front of him.

She cried out in agonizing pain, gritting her teeth so much, her jaw went numb.

He stilled completely and she let out a tear-filled whimper she couldn't begin to control. It hurt more than she expected it would. So so much.

He didn't hold back. He pulled back and plunged into her again fiercely.

She swiveled her head, buried her face to the bed and screamed, twisting her trembling body away from his brutal possession.

But his strong hands caged her, holding her body immobile. He covered her with his body and plunged into her over and over and over again, the force of his thrusts pressing her unrelentingly deeper to the bed.

Only her pained cries were heard in the golden room, none of his. Not even a grunt.

Although he took her fiercely like an animal, Danika would have sworn that he's restraining himself. It made her wonder if he'll break her in two if he wasn't.

The fierce thrusts went on and on and on. Then, suddenly, he pulled away. Rose from the bed and zipped up.

Danika stilled, lying on the bed, unable to move her body, she cried softly to the bed.

"Get out of my room." He commanded, walking away without a backward glance at her. She heard the door open and close behind him with a bang.

She knew he didn't finish and she wondered why. The man hated her, he had no remorse for her. So, why didn't he keep plundering her body until he gained his satisfaction?

She didn't know the answer to that and it was the least of her problems. Alone, she started sobbing aloud.

For the first time since her kingdom was ambushed, her father killed and she taken into slavery, she felt pain. Real raw pain.

Heart-wrenching sobs wrenched her throat. She had always dreamed of flowers. Her husband making love to her under the moonlight. She losing her virginity to him while he loves her body so tenderly.

This is nowhere near what she imagined. Reality hurts like a knife to the heart. Father, why did you have to do this to me?

She didn't know the pain that was greater. The one coming from her body, or the one from her heart.

The one from her body was physical. What he did to her hurt. But the one to her heart hurt too....because she knows that this is her life now.

She got up, glad that he was not around. She didn't know what she'll do if he had to watch her trying to stagger her way out, and crying openly.

Blood smeared her thighs, still dripping out from her womanhood. She made it to her cold cells, and the guard opened it.

She entered the empty confinement, walked towards the old bunk without mattress and laid on it and stayed huddled there.

She sniffled repeatedly, trying to control her tears. She didn't want to cry anymore. She didn't want to look broken...because she isn't.

Survival. She will survive this place.

She might be his slave on the outside. But inside, she's still Princess Danika to herself. He will not break her! She won't allow it. Herself is the only thing she has.

Just then, the cell opened and Baski entered. The older woman gave her a polite smile. "The King said to extract you."

What? Again? "W-What?"

"He said to get you out of here and---"

She lost it. "What does he want with me again!?" Danika raged, shooting up from the bed.

"He wants---" Baski started.

"He can go to hell for all I care! Stay away from me! Go!" The princess in her screamed, beyond reasoning.

Baski pursed her lips in displeasure but didn't go anywhere. Instead, pity flashed in her eyes.

"You really have to let go of that attitude if you ever make it as a slave. That was what we all did when we were trying to survive your father. That was how we survived."

"Your king is a monster." Danika cried.

Baski shook her head adamantly. "King Lucien is nowhere near that analysis. You have no idea what he's been through. You have no idea!"

Baski's eyes found hers. "He's actually holding back with you."

Danika scoffed. "How can you say that! You have no idea what that monster did to---"

"He's holding back, because if he truly wants to give you back all your father did to him, he'll start by roasting your feminine parts." She started curtly.

"W-What?" Danika wasn't sure she heard the woman well.

"Never mind." She turned away, "If you're done raging, you hear me out. The king said to escort you to your quarters."

Danika blinked twice, wondering what's wrong with her ears. "What?"

"Follow me." Baski began walking away.

What's going on?

Danika got up with a wince and followed her out. The older woman escorted her to another side of the big palace and into a room. The room was small but good looking and tidy.

"What am I doing here?" She asked the older woman.

"It's your new room."

"M-Mine?" She stared around, wondering what these people were up to.

"Clean up and go to bed. The King will request for you in the morrow." Then, Baski turned and walked away.

Danika, too tired and emotionally stressed to start thinking about all these, just laid down on the bed and allowed herself to pass out. Escaping reality is always a good choice.

But, what did she mean by he's holding back? And whatever the hell does she mean by him, roasting out her feminine parts?