

The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 4 - CHAPTER4

C4 CHAPTER4

A knock came to the door and King Lucien gave approval for entry. Baski entered, "I have gotten her to her room and I have also---"

"I don't need the details, Baski. I don't care." He stated curtly, scribbling down on the scroll.

"Yes, your Highness." Baski said immediately.

"How's Remeta?"

Baski's eyes softened at the mention of her daughter. "She's doing fine, your Majesty. Her ears still do no good but she's doing better."

He raised his head, "How old is she now?"

"Fifteen, Your Highness."

King Lucien lowered his head.

Tears burned the back of Baski's eyes. She knew what the king was thinking, because those were her thoughts every day.

Her daughter is too young to go through what she went through in the hands of the Mombana kingdom. Remeta will never recover from that experience at all.

"I'm glad. Send me Vetta." He started curtly.

Baski stiffened at the mention of her name. "Should I tell her to come prepared?"

"Yes."

"Alright, your Majesty." She turned and left.

Lucien paused his writing and stared down at his very-erect cock. He hadn't been able to come with Danika and he wasn't surprised.

It's not because he didn't want to. But because he couldn't.

Only Vetta can make him come. She's the only mistress he'd kept for the past five years, which was the period they'd been out of slavery.

Vetta was also a slave too before. She, and almost all the women in his kingdom. His relationship with Vetta started right there from hell.

Danika had him wired, and he needed the relief that comes from sex. He's no longer a normal man. Cone made sure of that. He could no longer achieve satisfaction like a normal man.

He stared down at his scarred painful erection. Long scars outlined it, wounds from a long time ago that fried veins of his phallus.

Wounds that were fried to the extent that most of the veins and nerves there were no longer working right.

He had to put it a lot more effort to achieve satisfaction during sex, and he has to achieve that satisfaction once he's erect because the more he swelled, the more his scars stretched to painful degrees.

He has to really work for it before he can feel pleasure while coupling...has to be extra rough, has to do other things...

Only Vetta can take him while he's in this way.

While he hated Danika with every bone in his body, he wasn't ready to unleash himself on her on her first night because he would damage her beyond repair, even though he was really tempted to do that.

No, he doesn't want to kill her. Death has no part in the plans he has for her....at least not yet.

He closed his eyes, so he wouldn't remember the agony and pain of that particular torture that led to his scarred manhood.

That, was the most painful he ever endured in the hands of Cone. The one he can never forget.

He growled in rage. How can he even forget, when he's bearing the scars?

Danika. More hatred washed over him just at the very thought of her.

A knock came on the door, and Vetta entered with a supreme smile on her face.

Her blonde hair that used to be so dirty, was now clean and long and shiny, not to mention wavy. Face that's always dirty before, was pedicured and wore very light beautiful makeup.

Instead of slave cloth, she was in a beautiful red ball gown as she matched in.

Lucien has heard from other women that Vetta can be a first-class bitch, and she even behaves like a queen....like she owns him.

All the rumors are unfounded, because Vetta has never behaved out of sort with him. She only oversees his pleasure. His dark needs.

"Not the bed." Lucien commanded as she started walking towards it.

Vetta stared at the huge unsmiling man with a mean scar running across his face. She smiled, "Yes, my King."

She walked towards the table, and leaned on it, waiting for him. He got up and walked towards her in silence. Vetta smiled to herself when she saw his erect organ.

She'd heard of the new slave. The former Princess Danika. Apparently, even the new slave couldn't give his body satisfaction.

Vetta smiled to herself, she'd been worried for nothing. She alone owns King Lucien. It's a heady feeling....owning a powerful man like him.

He reached close and pulled her around to face the table and give him her back. He's always been a 'no preamble' person, and that was why he'd always sent for her to come prepared.

He raised her gown up high above her waist, exposing her naked flesh underneath. He bunched the gown on her waist and shoved fingers into her.

She was wet and slick. He grunted his approval. In one swift movement, he shoved into her from behind so forcefully, grunting inaudible.

Vetta bit her lips and winced a bit as he plummeted her body. He grabbed her hair, yanked on it as he began thrusting his big dick into her.

Vetta moaned, pleasure and pain mixed together and became one. The table rattled with the force of his animalistic thrusts. He unleashed himself on her, taking her in powerful rough thrusts that both hurt and gave great pleasure.

He snaked his hands forwards and grabbed her breasts, pinching her nipples hard. He drew on them with the force of his thrusts. Her moans filled the air. He slapped on the beast, hard.

"Yes, yes...!" She cried out.

Her moans, his grunts, the slap of skin hitting skin and the fierce rattle of the table were the only sounds heard in the room.

Then, he pulled out of her, spread her ass cheeks and worked himself deep inside her with a groan.

Vetta erupted with a scream as he pounded her ass, clawing on the table while her body spawned rhythmically, her hair falling all over the place.

She felt his weight on her from behind as he leaned closer, changed the angle of his thrusts and started a short hard and fast plunge.

He went on and on, Vetta relaxed against him, taking both the pleasure and the pain. When he snaked his hand in front of her and slapped on her clit, she gave out a long moan, dangerously close to another orgasm.

He yanked on her hair so hard, he rippled a few strands off, gripping it in his fierce hold as he plummeted her ass. The action pushed her over the edge, the pain something her body always craved after being all her body knew for years and years.

As she jerked and jerked beneath him, he finally followed by his hoarse groan as he came.

A full minute later, he tugged himself back into his pants and faced the bathroom. "Get out."

"B-But my King---"

Her hoarse voice stopped him. Vetta always knew how to play her card, especially after wild couplings. "What is it?"

She arranged her clothes, mentally preparing the request. "The new slave...."

His eyes darkened. "What about her?"

"Can I get a training s-session with her?" She did her best to hide how much she wanted him to grant this request.

She couldn't wait to get a session with the daughter of Prince Cone. After being a slave for three years before their escape, she craved revenge too. Fuck, the craving was enough to give her body another orgasm.

"Why do you want to?" He arched his brow.

"Well, she's your new slave and I'm your mistress. I wanna get acquainted with her. No heavy stuff, I promise." She lied.

He nodded curtly in reluctant agreement and headed for the bathroom. "Get out of my room."

Vetta watched him disappear through the doors. She had never spent a night in this room in all the five years she's his mistress, she thought with a pout.

She arranged her clothes and headed out of the room. Well, one step at a time. All in due time.