

The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 5 - CHAPTER5

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The next morning, Danika got her slave uniform. A short gown that stopped just after the knees.

She put it on and made her hair. She was taken away early to the slave mines. The mines are mostly where slaves work day and night, helping to extract valuable minerals from the ground.

Danika saw none of her people as she walked, only the low-borns of Salem. What did the King do with the people of Mombana? She asked herself again.

When she started down the route to the mines, all eyes were on her. Even in a slave uniform, she looked royalty.

That regalia and pride surrounded her. She walked like a lady she was trained to be, her stance screaming royalty.

She doesn't do this intentionally at all. Royalty is her blood...just like the king's even when he was still a slave.

If not for the slave uniform, slaves would have bowed to her as she passed, mistaking her for a lady from a privileged family. But once, they see the slave uniform, they hate her because they feel intimidated.

They hate her even without knowing that she was once Princess Danika.

But as she got to the mines, the slaves knew who she was and they treated her very badly...especially the Slave trainer called Karandy.

"Let her dig the new tunnel alone!" Karandy addressed the slaves. He gave her a smirk filled with loathing, "Surely, you can clear a new tunnel for mining, can't you preeeeincess!?"

Everyone laughed at her. Some of the men called her a whore.

She fisted her hands and reminded herself that she has to survive this place. She has to survive.

"Yes. I can." She had escaped her bedroom a time or two to watch slaves work.

Her father had also forced her to witness torture sessions before, because it's his way of making her strong enough to be able to rule one day.

She had seen a lot of torture sessions, including...

She closed her eyes to banish the memory. Suddenly, a hot slap landed on her cheek, snapping her eyes open.

Her cheeks cracked and pain spread through her body as Karandy stood in front of her. He yanked her hair so much, and she cried out.

"You answer me properly next time or you'll not like the consequences. Am I making myself clear!?" He barked, his grip on her hair strong.

"Yes....sir." Tears burned her eyes, but she blinked them back. No way was she giving them the satisfaction of watching her crumble.

His eyes was at the rise and fall of her breasts. He stared hungrily, and his eyes on her made her skin crawl.

"Good..." He forced himself to stare at her face, "Now, get on to work, you whore!"

Two hours later, her arm was hurting badly from digging the ground alone. Karandy instructed others not to help her.

They should work on all the old mines and leave her to the new one alone. A work of twenty slaves, she was doing it alone . It was too much for her.

As she hit the hammer on the rock-hard ground, tears were fast building in her eyes again. She missed her personal maid, Sally.

Her Sally. The slave girl that's been her maid since she's a child. She'd come upon her torture session when Sally was just ten years old, and she, Danika, was twelve.

She'd pleaded with her father that she wanted Sally as her personal maid, but her father refused. Her father never listened to her. Ever. And he never listened to her mother when she was alive.

It took months before her father finally granted her request when he saw that she truly needed a personal maid. Sally was the only person so close to her. As close as a maid can be with a princess.

"How is it going in here?" Karandy entered again into the tunnel, groaning behind her.

"I'm working...sir." She replied hoarsely.

"It's two hours, you've only done this!" He barked, staring around. "You incompetent fool."

He stared at all her hardwork and insulted her? Danika said nothing like an obedient slave and continued digging even as her muscles protested the movements.

She felt heat behind her back before Karandy's body pressed against hers from behind. His breath fanned her ear, he raised his hand to pack all her hair to the other side of her shoulder, leaving that side of her neck bare.

"Are you tired of working slave, princess?" He groaned lustfully, caressing her collar.

Danika's body already stiffened. "Leave me alone...please."

His hands went to her breasts and he squeezed her through her flimsy clothing. "You don't tell me what to do, Princess."

Danika couldn't scream or react wrong because she would only make herself suffer the more. He held her nipples and pinched on them so hard, her body jerked.

He chuckled and she whimpered, her nipples hurting badly.

"I can make your time here in the mines very easier...." he rubbed his erection on her bottom, "...all you have to do is to give me your cunt whenever I want it."

"I am the King's Slave. You and I know, I can only....s-serve who the king wants and permits." She did her best to hide her revulsion.

He kept running against her, emitting guttural groans. "The king doesn't need to know."

His hold on her breasts where becoming too painful for her to bear, tears spilled from her eyes. She bit her lips hard.

"Where's the King's Slave!?" Baski's voice came from outside.

Danika let out a sign of relief as Karandy stopped touching her as if her skin burned him. He severed contacts with her body.

"Think carefully on what I said, Princess. Your stay here wouldn't be easy, I'll personally make sure of that. Besides, it's better you consent, because either way....I'll still be fucking you." He turned and walked out.

Danika wiped her tears. The monster wasn't giving her a choice, even as he pretended that he was.

"Where is the King's slave?" The woman's voice came again.

"You mean the former princess?" Karandy drawled.

"Yes."

Danika dropped the hammer, relieved that she would be taking a break even if it was just for a second.

"I'm here!" She called from inside the tunnel.

"The King awaits your presence in his chambers. Do NOT keep him waiting!" Came the curt order.

The relief she felt quickly vanished. She wondered if she was leaving hot water for hotter and flaming oil?

Danika entered the chambers of the King to see him fully prepared and she knew that he was going to court.

"You called me.....master." She groaned.

He stared at her with complete displeasure as he took in her dirty clothes and dirtier hands. His gaze lingered on her cheek and Danika knew he's probably seeing the red mark from the slap Karandy gave her.

He turned away from her. "Leave us." he ordered the servants, including Chad.

They all bowed and walked away.

He resumed dressing. "Get out and freshen up, Danika. We're going to court. Do not take more than five minutes." He ordered her.

"to court....?" Dread pulled at the pit of Danika's belly. Slaves only go to court for the wrong reasons. And the King's Slave only goes to court for....

"Today's your Introduction as the King's Slave." he confirmed her fears with those curt words.

Her belly dropped from under her feet and her face crumbled. The day just went from bad to worst.

She wanted to plead with him desperately that she didn't want to be 'Introduced'. That she wanted to be spared 'The Introduction'.

But she knew that she would only be wasting her time....and asking for punishment.

Danika hurried away to her room while tears fell from her eyes. She wondered how many privileged families all over the country would be coming?

How many Kings would be coming to 'Introduce' her?

How many Kings would be having sex with her today?