

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 51

Danika has heard less from the king in the past one week.

He'd summoned her three times only, and those times, he makes her seat down on the floor beside him and he gives her a brand-new scroll and a well-written parchment.

He orders her to rewrite everything in the parchment to the scroll as a way of duplicate.

At the very deep heart of her, Danika nursed the fluttering feeling and peace in her heart whenever she has to stay beside him in silence and write.

It has always been her past time activity, even when she was still a princess. And now, she has falling into the routine with the king.

No words. No noise. No slavery. No works. Just the both of them sitting and writing.

It also gives her a deep sense of satisfaction, because it's the one thing his mistress can never do with him. Because it's the one thing he can do with her alone.

He'd summoned her one day and announced that they were going to the Kingdom of Ijpt because of a court meeting between the kings.

They'd been driven in the Royal Carriage and that surprised Danika so much...still surprised her whenever she remembers it. The king had let her ride the carriage with him.

Slaves do not ride the Royal Carriage, it's the most impossible of happenings.

Slaves walk with legs while their master rode the carriage and the guards rode the horses, or a good master might allow the slave to ride in a horse.

Not the carriage...unless he wants to take pleasures from her body in there. Never the carriage.

But the king had let her stay in the carriage, and even though she sat on that space in the floor of the carriage, it doesn't matter at all. Beats walking, and riding in a horse hundred times.

Also, thankfully, the meeting in Ijpt went really well. The kings had taken one look at her and their lips thinned in displeasure.

“You survived.” King Moreh had snarled.

Fear had Danika inching behind the King’s back, even before she knew she took that step.

King Moreh and King Philip’s look of disapproval was blatant in their face, but other kings just stared at her thoughtfully.

The two King’s angers comes with the knowledge they all have about the law that has been there since the very beginning of time.

Any slave that escapes death in a certain tradition, would never again be subjected to it as a demand or an order. Unless, as a punishment from her master.

All the kings knows about that law, and they also knew that they can never subject the daughter of King Cone to another introduction just as an order or a demand.

She can only endure another introduction by these kings if it’s an order or a punishment coming from her master.

King Lucien and all the kings knows this, and that is why King Lucien had brought her along anyway. The kings has no right where she is anymore.

“I’ll have to say, I admire her strength.” King Pesih finally said dismissively and they all walked into the royal court and took their sits and positions.

Danika was glad that it’s all over. They won’t try to force her to go through another introduction. King Lucien had told her coldly during the journey that the kings doesn’t have the right to do so.

As the kings just shrugged and started into the royal court, dismissing her presence, she finally realized that he’s right. It made her happy.

She doesn’t have to hide her being in the land of the living from them for the rest of her life.

The meeting had happened peacefully. She’d sat on her usual position beside the king, trying to pretend that she doesn’t know that the meeting is about the petition for slaves which King Lucien was fighting for. She’s a slave and a slave is supposed to be an object. She isn’t supposed to know that.

But, in the past one week, she’d come to find out things about the king she never knew...things that disturbed her.

Fear had Danika inching behind the King’s back, even before she knew she took that step.

The king wants to create a better life for the lowborns. His petitions is to abolish some very bad laws on slaves, and enforce some new ones that'll help the lives of lowborns.

That knowledge had only strengthen the forbidden thought in her mind that the king is really a good man. He's hard on her because of what her father did to him, but that isn't his nature....especially with other slaves.

It was the first time Danika allowed herself to think of the fact that the king didn't enslave any of the people of Mombana except her. All of her people still has their lives infant and normal.

She'd sat down there and listened to everything that went down in court. The more she finds out all that about him, the more some bitterness in her heart for him seems to disappear a little more, much to her own chagrin.

She finds out that the hate feeling that always squeezes her chest the first time she came into captivity is no longer there, because as days goes by it keeps displaying around her that the king is not the monster she'd first thought him to be.

He's just a damaged man, broken. If he's ever a monster, he's the monster her father created...for her. He's never that way with other people.

The last one week has been relatively good for Danika. Sally was getting better. She hasn't seen much of the king's wicked mistress. And Karandy had been stripped of his post as the mine's slave trainer after he was flogged.

She'd only gone to the mine twice, and the new slave master called Korag, wasn't particularly mean to her. He just treats her like she's just every other slave.

Life is being good to her. At least for now.

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Chapter 52

King Lucien was trying to scribble down some new development in the lower market to take to the Royal Accountant on the morrow

The sun has gone down for a while, and everywhere was relatively quiet for the night. But sleep eluded the king Lucien as usual.

For the past one week, he hasn't been able to sleep so well like he did on that first night with Danika. What was it about her?

He'd asked himself countless times in the last one week.

Having tasted what a good sleep feels like, King Lucien finds himself wanting more and more of that peaceful dreamless state, but at the same time he's done his best to make sure he doesn't summon Danika for that.

How can the daughter of the man that took away his sleep, become the reason for his peaceful slumber after fifteen years?

The deities will never play such a cruel joke on him. The joke is too expensive. Too cruel.

He'd summoned Vetta and took s****l pleasures from her body, and even allowed her to spend the night in his bed. He never slept.

While Vetta slept with the satisfaction of a stallion who lives in a beautiful stable, he'd been awake like the birds of night, staring around.

Everything was different; the pleasurable feeling he got from his mistress's body. The feel of her besides him on the bed. The feel of any part of her body touching his in sleep. Everything felt different.

In the end, he'd left the bed and written his scrolls until morning.

Vetta has tried to get on that bed from that day onwards but he was adamant when he refuses. He'd summoned her two more times in the last week to take her on the table and sent her away.

Last night, Chad's sexmonia had taken over him again. He'd woken him up from a nightmare while pleasuring his body in the middle of the night.

As usual he'd woken, taken his personal guard to the bathroom and poured a bucketload of cold water on him. Chad had woken into clear eyes and the horror on his face was heartbreaking.

He'd panicked, but the king had calmed him down. They're still looking for a cure for him. The medicine man isn't having much luck on finding one. But, they will keep trying.

Lucien is never letting Chad go. No matter how bad his sexmonia gets, he will never let him go.

Chad has been through hell, and the king is determined to help him get better in anyway he can. He'd given more funds to the medicine man to keep searching far and wide for a cure.

Tonight, his head was pounding. After a long day in court, he was exhausted. Baski had made him portions as usual, but they only lessened the headache.

The restlessness and sleeplessness is there like a marrow in his damaged bones.

“Chad.” He called out at last, dropping the inked feather to his desk.

The door opened and Chad entered. He bowed his head, “My King.”

Silence was all that met his response. A silence that stretched, but one Chad is already used to.

He stood patiently while the king sorted through his own head. Chad watched him as he leaned back on his chair and closed his eyes.

“Tell Danika that I summon her.” He g*****d at last.

Danika knocked on the king’s door with her heart hanging around her throat. She’d been sleeping when Chad came to tell her that the king summoned her.

It’s almost midnight. The king isn’t sleeping for him to summon her, and she wondered if it’s by choice this time around, or he couldn’t help it.

“Come in.” The command came through.

She opened the door and entered into the familiar room. Her eyes found him immediately. She was seated behind his desk, leaning back on his chair, his eyes closed.

“You summoned me, Master.” She whispered with her head bowed.

“Strip and get on the table.” He ordered, his eyes still closed.

Lucien is never letting Chad go. No matter how bad his sexmonia gets, he will never let him go.

Danika swallowed softly. She didn’t know how much she wanted to be in his arms again, until this very command.

Her heart was panicked because of the pain she knew that’s on the way, but at the same time, her heart was elated because she’ll feel his arms around her again.

But the table?

The elation in her heart died. He wouldn’t be touching her on the table, he’ll only be drawing his pleasure from her body.

She sneaked a peak to his face, and saw the hard line of it. The angled set of his jaw.

This is one of the moment he wants remind them both who they are. She's the daughter of Cone and he's the monster her father created.

She started undressing, from her flimsy corset, down to her petticoat, underthings. Finally, she stood naked in front of him.

She walked to the hated table and leaned into it, giving him her back.

Seconds passed. Then, he got up from his chair. She heard footsteps behind her. The ruffle of clothings.

He closed in on her, his heat surrounding her but he never touched her. "What is it about you, Danika?"

The cold question sent a chill down her body. "Master?" She doesn't understand it.

She felt his hand on her, he was sticking his liquid inside her, preparing her with his fingers. While her heart was beating faster, her body was wired...sensitive.

Why would that be? She asked herself as his rough finger flexed on the bundle of nerves of her womanhood. A m**n escaped her throat, she cut it off so fast but it was able to escape.

His hand stilled and he withdrew it. She felt bereft. The feeling confused her. Why would she feel this way?

She was still pondering on it when his body caged in on her and she felt his organ pushing against her. She spread her legs a little wider to be able to take his big body.

Pulling back and resting the tip of his phallus at her entrance, he slammed into her with so much force she nearly lost her balance.

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Chapter 53

Pulling back and resting the tip of his phallus at her entrance, he slammed into her with so much force she nearly lost her balance.

“Aaargh!” She cried out at the pain that seared through her. She felt unbearably full. Danika squeezed her eyes shut and mentally prepared herself for the persistent rough thrusts to come.

He didn't move. She was leaning against the table, her body trembling, and he was wedged deep inside her, only his h**s meeting her body, his hand holding her waist.

Her erratic breathing was high in the air, and he seems to be fighting himself. His hand clenching and unclenching on her waist indicated that.

He pulled back and stepped back. “Get on the bed.”

Whiplash of relief ran down her body as she leaned up. Her shaky legs carried her to the high king-sized well arranged bed with a red bedsheet clinging to it.

She climbed onto it and gave him her back.

Tears prickled the back of her eyes and she doesn't know why. She blinked quickly to keep them away.

The bed dipped and he climbed in behind her. He was still clothed, she noticed as the ruffle of his clothing brushed her thigh.

Her eyes closed again, her body drew taut like a drawn bow as she waited for his rough invasion of her.

Surprise shot through her when he lined his phallus to her opening and slowly started working himself inside her. He pressed into her, inch after inch, going slowly until he buried himself to the hilt.

“Oh...” she breathed, feeling pleasure spread through her to dull the pain. She arched her back, feeling unbearably full.

He pulled back and pushed into her again, just as slowly. She bit her lips as he repeated the movement over and over again until her body was so hypersensitivity, her breath leaving her mouth in short gasps.

Then he picked up the pace, slamming into her so hard, her teeth rattled. The painful pleasure made her cry out repeatedly as he continued the movement, plunging deep and withdrawing and plunging again.

Danika clawed on the bedsheets, her eyes slid shut as he rocked her world...as he rocked her. His hand went around her and curled on her throat.

“What is it about you?” He g*****d again behind her, slamming into her again. His hand holding hers still to take his punishing hard strokes.

She sobbed, her body shivering. She couldn't process the question he's asking her because of the demands he was making on her body. He's going to split her in two.

His hand snaked around and squeezed her breast. He twerked her nipple, drawing a m**n from her tight throat. Her hand shot out and clenched on his clothed thigh, trying to slow down the force of his thrusts.

The tears was back again. She wasn't sure if it's from the hurting slams of his body...or the things her body was craving from his.

She wanted...needed his warmth.

Him, to take her as a man would take his lover, not as a slave would take her master. Not as Cone's daughter would take the monster her father created. She wanted him to take her naked, not clothed.

His hand on her neck tightened, his hand on her h**s pushing her back repeatedly to meet his hard thrust. He g*****d as he slammed into her repeatedly, hitting the very end of her.

She cried out as he angled his thrusts. The tears that prickled her eyes before, filled her eyes.

She knows that she had no right to feel the things she was feeling. She had no such right to want his warmth...if he had any to give.

She had no right...but she wanted. Her body craved. Badly.

And so, when he pulled back again, his organ gliding inside her tender flesh, her legs gave out and she fell face-foward on the bed. She twisted immediately so she laid on her back, turning to face him.

She closed her eyes, squeezing it shut tightly.

"Please..." She whispered, a drop of tears slipped from the corner of her eyes down her ears to splash on the bed.

"Danika." He grated in a hard commanding tone.

She shook her head from side to side miserably. At that moment her brain had short down, she wasn't thinking of how he'll punish her for doing this.

"Please..." She whispered again, her eyes still closed tight, knowing he doesn't want her to see him. She parted her thighs for him, her body lifting uncontrolled on the bed waiting for the embrace of his.

The silence was deafening.

In the back of her mind, she knows that he can forcefully pull her up and force her back to her previous position. He has the strength of so many men and he can easily flip her around.

She waited for him to do so, her eyes slid tightly shut. The night air whipping around, making her feel cold and empty.

Then, she felt his hand nudge her head and she raised it for him. When she felt the familiar feel of the blindfold coming down around her eyes, the deep feeling of relief and pleasure had more tears leaving her eyes.

The blindfold secured, he pulled back and she held the ruffle of clothes. The bed dipped again and she felt his weight come down on her.

“Yes...” She sighed and wrapped her arms around him. He stiffened at the contact, and took her hands into his, he pulled them high above her head as he thrusts repeatedly inside her.

This contact with his... This is what she wanted...what her body needed.

He pushed her legs far apart and slammed into her. She m****d as he quickened his pace, his hot breath coming out repeatedly to his ear.

With her sight gone, her other senses was heightened. She felt everything he did to her in a heightened sense. Every touch.

She raised her trembling legs and wrapped it around his waist, he growled in warning about her skin contact with his, but it didn't deter her. He didn't slow his thrust, instead he angled it, going so deep inside her he was hitting her cervix with each plunge.

She yelped under the onslaught of his fierce demands, but she squeezed her inner muscles around his organ..

“Oh....yeah...” His g****s of pleasure joined her sounds in the air, his breathing changing. His h**s came down faster on hers.

Using one hand to hold her hands, his free hand hand rested on her waist and clenched so tight, she knows she'll wear the mark in days to come.

“Aaaaah!” She tossed her head back and cried out long and hard, and he pumped into her faster and harder while clenching his hand on hers.

A deep pressure began inside her body with each plunge of his h**s, it was so uncomfortable she started thrashing under him, whimpering repeatedly. The hand on her h**s only drew her more closer to meet each downward thrust.

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Chapter 54

“Oh, please...!” Teeth gritted and beads of sweat lining her forehead. She twisted harder when he took one of her nipples between his thumb and forefinger and twisted the peak.

Unbelievable hard pain filled her chest and speared right down to her cl't, the pressure in her lower belly that bothered on pain and pleasure increased to alarming degrees.

Neck straining, eyes squeezed shut, and wetness coming from her on its own, Danika was crying as she came for this monster.

She came long and hard, but he was squeezing her throat now at the same time her o****m peaked. She could breathe, but barely, and crying out her pleasure was not possible.

Her sight and her voice gone, the feeling overwhelmed her. She thrashed wildly under him, her hands pushing to be free from his, but he wouldn't let up. Stars danced in front of her eyes and blackness started to cloud her vision from the intensity of it all.

He came down fully on her body, her breasts pressed to his hairy chest. His erratic breathing fanned her left ear. He growled some words to her ear.

“Yes.” She didn't know what she was agreeing to, but that lone word had tumbled from her mouth on its own. Her quivering legs unwrapped from his waist, falling to her sides like liquid. All strength has left her body.

Danika dangled on that thin line between consciousness and unconsciousness.

She was distinctly aware of him all but slamming his shaft into her, and then, he was releasing too.

He cried out hoarsely, his h**s coming faster, grinding in deep on her quivering thighs. The g****s of pleasure that tore from his throat was so very deep and masculine that she felt her entire body tingle from it.

Although it seemed impossible, Danika swore his c**k thickened even further inside of her, and she felt the hot, powerful jets of his release bathe her insides.

After several minutes of him surrendering to his pleasure, he collapsed on top of her, his weight pressing down on her lax body.

She suddenly wished there was strength in her arms and legs. She would have wrapped it around him, holding him tightly right there and not letting go.

It was only seconds after he had done that before he rolled away and lay on his back, breathing heavily.

He'd always worn her out. It gave her a satisfying pleasure to see that she did the same to him.

Just like that night a week ago, she curled her arm around him. And even though he stiffened, he didn't pull away her arm. She sighed blissfully, barely keeping her eyes open.

Air hit her eyes when he pulled the blindfold away. She blinked her sleepy eyes, trying to make this moment in his arms last. She wasn't close enough...she needed closer.

She whimpered, trying to wiggle closer to him.

"You're quite demanding this night." He g*****d with displeasure, his voice laced with exhaustion.

But, as he said those, his arms snaked out on its own and he pulled her closer into his arms. "Just for tonight." he grunted.

She nodded sleepily, burrowing closer to his already clothed body. She felt safe tucked away in his arms. It is weird, how she felt so safe in the arms of the only man he hates her more than anything. But the weirdness of it doesn't deplete the feeling.

As she drifted off, she heard him ask that same question he's been asking her right from the time he summoned her tonight.

"What is it about you?" His deep voice sounded so far away.

She answered the only thing she can as her mind went to slumber. "I don't know...." she whispered.

He watched her for several minutes after she felt asleep tucked away in his arms. He'd allowed so much skinship between them this night...more than he has ever allowed in years and it's because of something.

The feel of her wasn't making his skin crawl like every body contact did.

Instead, the feel of her does something so entirely different. It gives him peace.

The peace wrapped around him like a cloak, dulling every raging demon inside him. Both inside of him and outside of him...screamed innate silence. Peace was like a living entity.

And as he drifted off to sleep, he still wondered what it was about her that made him this way?

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Danika was the first to open her eyes the next morning. Her eyes hit on the window behind the king. It's dawn outside.

The silence of the early morning was eerie. Her eyes rested on the man who laid besides her. He's still sleeping, his long lashes drawled over his closed eyes.

She watched him blatantly, hungrily. It's just her awake and she'd always wanted to watch him upclose.

While he sleeps, none of the hard lines on his face were present. There was no frown line. His mouth wasn't pursed in displeasure.

He looks handsome, Danika thought at the back of her mind. Even with the scar that started from hair down to his cheek, his neck and disappeared into his clothes, he is still handsome.

She moved her body a little and without staring down, she felt where his arms met her waist, while her own hand was rested on his chest. She doesn't dare breath hard so she won't wake him.

She didn't know how long passed as she watched him, committing his image of his with all his guards down into memory.

Finally, she couldn't keep her eyes awake anymore. She fell back asleep.

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Chapter 55

Slowly, Lucien started coming to awareness. The darkness of the night has disappeared from the bedroom, replaced by the light of the day.

He'd slept through the night and he'd slept without nightmares. Again.

His eyes found Danika who slept beside him, his forehead ceased on a frown. It is her.

It's not a medicine Baski might have made, or Vetta's s****l techniques or writing scrolls until he's at the point of exhaustion. It is her. It is Danika.

Lucien doesn't know how that is possible, but he had slept again and that's all he could think of.

He got up from the bed and went to the bathroom. He has a day in court today and it's important if he attends on time.

Danika stirred again when she heard the sound of water rushing. She got up from the bed and g*****d when her sore muscles protested.

She managed down from the bed and picked up her clothes. Her mind went back to the night before and her cheeks heated up badly.

She'd disobeyed him blatantly several times. Would he punish her for it?

It doesn't matter if he does punish her, she concluded. It was worth it.

She put on her clothes, one after the other, and before the king was done taking his bath, she was dressed up completely.

He came out wearing his long flimsy garment that clung to his wet body. She bowed her head as he stepped into the bedroom.

"Good day, Master." She whispered, squeezing her hands nervously in front of her.

“Do you know how to hunt?”

The question was unexpected, she drew a blank for a few seconds. Then, she nodded and stuttered out, “Y-Yes, my king.”

“Get ready at noon and come to court. After court, you join me in the hunting ground.” He ordered.

“Yes, My King.” Danika was flustered. The court, she can understand. But why would he want to take her to the hunting game of kings?

Slaves do not attend that. Queens, yes. Princesses, yes. Mistresses, yes. The privileged, yes. But never slaves.

Why would he want to take her there?

“Do not be late for court.” He said sternly.

“Yes, my king.”

He turned fully and stared at her. “Danika, I’m your master not your king.”

Her eyes widened and she lowered her head the more. “I’m so sorry, Master.”

She hadn’t been aware that she was calling him that. Slaves do not make such punishable mistake, what’s wrong with her!?

He turned away again and dismissed her. She bowed her head and started out of the door.

Every muscle in her body protested each movement she made. She closed the door behind her and started walking through the king hallway of the King’s Quarters.

She was almost reaching a turn when a woman came through the turn. The King’s Mistress.

Vetta was having a nice morning, but the smile on her face disappeared when she saw Danika. She just come out of the King’s Chambers and Vetta knows it’s not because she was summoned this morning.

She walked closed to Danika and the slave bowed to her. The King’s scent clung to her so much, it prickled her nose and made her anger burn so much.

She’d slept on the King’s bed, Vetta was very sure of that. Her hand on her clothes squeezed so tight and she imagined it to be Danika’s head she was squeezing.

Danika bowed her to her, "Mistress." she greeted and walked past her.

Vetta's arm shot to her and she dragged her back. "You. You slept on his bed, didn't you!?"

Danika nodded, seeing no point in denying it. "It was his wish."

Vetta walked closer and grabbed hold of her hair, anger and jealousy burning through the mistress. She yanked so hard on Danika's hair, Danika cried out as pain shot through her body.

She can practically feel the pain of strands of her hair pulling from the root of her head. Vetta didn't let go.

"What the hell do you think you're doing, you slave!? Do you think you're more than a slave because you suddenly knows what the King's bed feels like!?" She snarled, practically vibrating with anger.

Danika gripped her gown and fisted it hard. She had the overwhelming urge to slap this mistress hard across the face and damn the consequences like she did before.

It's an urge she resisted. Instead, she held Vetta's hand on her hair to reduce the pressure before the mistress pulls all her hair out.

"You're a dirty slave!" Vetta growled, "And that's what you'll remain. Do not think otherwise, do you hear me!?"

"You're hurting me." Danika said so calmly, glaring hard at the mistress. She did her best to hide the pain so she wouldn't give the witch the satisfaction.

Vetta only tightened her hand on her hair. "That's supposed to be the least of your problem, you slave. I might throw caution to the wind and kill you one of these days just to be rid of you."

"Let her go, Vetta."

At the deep voice of the king, Vetta let go of her hair so fast as if it burned her fingers, and whirled around.

"My king!" She gasped and bowed her hair. "G-Good day, my king."

The King stared at her with that unreadable expression on his face, but his eyes was scrutinizing her. Vetta lowered her head I'm shame under such scrutiny.

Most times, the King's eyes and his blank expression communicates more than his mouth ever could.

Finally, he looked at Danika. "You can go, Danika."

"Thank you, Master." She bowed to him, squared her shoulders and walked right past Vetta with her nose up in the air.

Behind her, the King turned back to his bedroom and strode back to it. Vetta followed him like a subdued dog, but inside, she was seething.

She doesn't understand anything anymore.

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Chapter 56

Danika walked until she entered the servant's quarters. She was surprised to see Sally and Chad standing in front of her door.

Sally's eyes was bright but her cheeks was flushed. The King's personal guard stood in front of her in that usual calm way of his and he asked her things which Sally answered.

Danika couldn't make out what they were saying because she was far away. As she got closer, Sally sighted her and quickly said goodbye to Chad.

"My princess, my princess." She said as she walked towards her, her eyes swept over Danika's body.

"Sally, how are you doing this morning?"

"Oh, my princess, you can't imagine how scared I was when I woke up and couldn't find you on the bed. It was Sire Chad that told me that the king summoned you. I was so scared that the king has killed you."

The king killed her but it wasn't the way Sally was thinking. Danika kept the thought to herself.

Together, they walked into the room which looked beautiful and even luxurious because Sally decorated it.

"Chad? Where did you find him?" Danika asked curiously, remembering the answer she gave her.

A blush crept over her cheeks. "He woke me up earlier this morning, Mr Princess. I was screaming, he said."

"You were having a nightmare." Danika's heart squeezed in her chest, burning with guilt.

Sally saw the look at crossed her face and waved her off. "It's nothing really. I'll be fine, my princess. Sire Chad was there with me until I fell asleep.... I didn't know when he left." She revealed shyly.

"I'm glad you weren't on your own." She palmed her head, a headache forming.

"Are you alright, My Princess?"

"The mistress almost scalped me earlier." She mumbled, going to the bed to sit down on it.

"That wicked witch of the west." Sally whispered, concerned. "Did you do anything wrong, my princess?"

"I think it's because the king summoned me. I..." Danika took a deep breath, "...I spend the night with him."

Sally blinked twice. "In his bed? Is that even possible? I heard rumors that the king really hates skin contact with his."

"Yes, he does. I... I can't explain it. The mistress is so angry about it."

"Let her choke on her anger." Sally's eyes flashed. "She's not a good woman, my princess. She's bitter."

Then, Sally got up from the bed. "I'll run a bath for you. I wish we still have those portions that works as pain destroyers, but we don't and Madam Baski didn't come in today because of her daughter...."

"You're still recovering, Sally. Come and sit down, let me do—"

Sally shook her head, "No, my princess. The medicine man and Madam baski said it's okay for me to exercise my body. I'll be fine."

Danika was going to say something else but Sally already disappeared into the small bathroom.

Alone, Danika's mind went back to the night she spent with the king. His scent still clung to her body that she takes every breath and it's him on her mind.

She never wanted last night to end, she admitted deep down in the privacy of her mind. Will there ever be more night like that? Will there be more nights where he'll take her on the bed and let her sleep close to him?

A tightness to her chest reminded her that he told her clearly that it's just for tonight, last night.

"My Princess!?" Sally shouted from the bathroom.

"Yes, Sally?"

"I'm planning to go to Madam Baski's place for today's treatment since she won't come to the palace until late evening!"

"I think that's a good idea. I'll take you to her place, I..." she paused, "I've always wanted to see her daughter, Remeta."

"Oh, the ghosted one?"

"What's that?" Danika asked, confused.

Sally came out of the bathroom, wiping her wet hands on her clothes. She looked sad, "That's what the townpeople call her. The ghosted one. They say she behaves like a ghost and a mad girl because of what she went through."

Danika's heart reached out for Remeta and for Baski. The way people look at her so pitifully, pointing at her whenever she walks....and then, having to know that people say all this about her daughter behind her back must be heartbreaking.

"That's one of the reasons I strive everyday, My Princess." Sally's suddenly dull voice penetrated Danika's mind.

"Why?" She asked softly.

"I don't want to end up like Remeta. The things those kings did to me..." Sally trailed off and her eyes watered.

Danika got up and walked to her, ignoring the sharp pains that shot through her body at the movement.

She palmed Sally's cheeks, "You're the strongest woman I've ever seen, Sally. Thank you for being strong for me... Thank you for being strong for yourself...."

Sally beamed at her through the tears and sniffled. "Thank you so much for being good to me, my princess."

“We’ll go together to Baski’s place. That way she’ll give us both portions we need.” Danika concluded.

“Alright, my princess.” She went back to the bathroom.

Danika followed her. As she walked she mapped out in her head, how the day will be. There are so many questions in her head too.

Going to Baski’s place. And then, the court. And then, the hunting ground.

Although, there will be no more introductions, the thought of going to court always scares her shitless. Nothing good ever comes out of a slave going to court.

And, why would the king want to take her to the hunting game of the Kings?

Her head burned again and she palmed it, trying to soothe it. Why would the mistress want to scalp her bald for following the king’s orders?

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Chapter 57

Danika and Sally was oblivious of the eyes the townspeople gave them as they strode to Baski’s place.

As usual, they were in the world of their own. Danika supported Sally’s walk most of the time, because Sally is still recovering. She easily gets winded when she walks too much.

They rest with every few moments. At a point, Danika started urging Sally to enter her back, so she’ll piggyback her.

“Never.” Sally was adamant when she refused. She wouldn’t even hear of it.

“Sally. I don’t want you to get more hurt because—“

“I’ll be fine, my princess. I can’t get on your back, you’re my princess and I’m...” she was look so horrified, she shook her head, “...it’s never happening.”

Danika stared at the stubborn tilt of her chin and took a deep breath. “You’re my best friend now, Sally. You’re no a maid and I’m not a princess. We’re slaves and best of friends.”

“You can never be a slave to me, My Princess.” She stated firmly.

“Sally... Just let me piggyback you.”

“Never.” she paused and smiled mischievously, “I can piggyback you if you’re tired though.”

Danika pursed her lips in disapproval and talked to her some more but Sally refused. She gave up. They started walking again.

The people that passed them during that moment witnessed the argument and it surprised them. They watched Cone’s daughter and her former personal maid bicker like close friends and it stuns them.

Privileged people never has such relationship with lowborns...no matter what. So, as they watched the two women, they didn’t know what to make of it.

Sally and Danika finally arrived at the door of Baski’s house. They knocked.

The door opened and Baski stood behind the door, looking flustered. Her hair was a mess and a little b***d perched on her cheek, looking like a scratch wound.

“What are you both doing here?” She asked, her voice stiff. She seems not to be in a friendly mode.

Sally shifted uncomfortably on her feet. “Uhm... We wanted to come for herbs. You know...my wounds. And eeh...my princess, she also needs some too.”

“You both can come back later, I’m quite bus—“

A high-pitched scream rang out from inside the house that started Danika and Sally, but Baski didn’t react at all because she’s used to it.

Another scream came. And another. And another.

“What’s happening to her?” Sally asked, horrified. Even as she edged back to Danika, her heart was reaching out to Remeta.

Baski shrugged. “It’s food. She doesn’t want to eat, it’s normal. Don’t think much on it.”

Danika watched her. The woman did her best to sound so unaffected, but she would have sworn that the older woman is very much close to tears. Her shoulders was so stiff, her back ramrod straight in defense.

“Look, you both should go back to the palace. I’ll be there in the evening and I’ll make the herbs. Or you can go over to the medicine man’s hou—“

Another scream came again.

Danika stepped forward. "Please, Baski. Let us in.

"Why?" Baski glared at her with so much hate in her eyes, she almost took a step back. "The ones your father did, isn't it enough? Why do you want in? So you can inflict more damage?"

She flinched. Danika understands the woman's anger so she couldn't stay anything. She lowered her head in shame and guilt.

Sally stepped forward. "Please, Madam Baski. You can take all the time you need inside with Remeta while we wait for you at the sitting room, we wouldn't mind. Just let us in..."

Baski opened her mouth to say something else, but the sound of a glass breaking inside followed by another scream had her eyes widening with horror.

She whirled around and started hurrying into the house. "She'll cut herself again....!"

The door was opened, so Danika and Sally followed behind her. They followed her to the bedroom at the sound of another scream, but they remained at the door.

The bedroom looked like a warzone. Clothes were scattered, chairs fallen, mirror broken, glass cup shattered on the floor, bedsheets lying on the floor. Remeta was nowhere within sight.

"Meta? Please come out and eat." Baski said in a thin voice, looking around. Her eyes searching...

Silence met her request.

"Please?" She pleaded. The woman looked dangerously close to tears.

She kept saying the word 'please', it was tearing at Danika's heart as they stood by the door watching....waiting.

Finally, a dirty blond hair slowly stuck her head out from behind the wardrobe. She took a peak at her mother.

"I'm not hungry..." She whispered, her voice hoarse from screaming. No one can see Remeta's face because her hair covered it all up.

Baski shook her head miserably. "You've not eaten in three days, Meta. Please!?"

The girl let out an empty laughter. "I've gone five days without food several times. Don't tell me you've forgotten."

“I’ve not forgotten. How can I forget?” Baski blinked back tears.

Danika shifted uncomfortably at her feet. It’s so obvious that they referred to their time enslaved.

“But we’re no longer in slavery. You have to try and eat, you look like bones.” Baski urged on.

The girl shook her head vigorously. She started scratching her wild dirty blond hair. “I can’t, I can’t. No food, no bed. No food no bed, no food no bed, no food no bed, no food no bed.”

As she started reciting those words, Baski really did burst out crying. “Oh, Remeta...what am I going to do with you?”

The girl kept on reciting those words, obviously withdrawing into herself, trapped in another world.

Baski turn and walked past them out of the room. Danika blinked back tears as she followed her, but Sally was openingly weeping unable to control herself.

“What does she mean by ‘no food, no bed’?” Danika couldn’t help asking.

She turned and her eyes held Danika’s. “Cone feeds her very well before he takes pleasure from her body on the bed. It could be Cone, it could be any guard, it doesn’t matter. Most times they feed slaves before s*x because they laugh about the fact that they don’t want to s€x an animal only to release into it’s corpse.”

“Oh, Creator...!” Danika could no longer hold her tears. That is so inhuman.

Everyday, there is more reason for her to hate her father. How can he ever do things like this? How can he be so much of a monster?

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Chapter 58

Baski nodded, and started walking away from them. She was doing her best to detach herself from it all, “She doesn’t want to eat because she’s scared of what will follow. No matter how much I try to get her to understand that she’s finally safe, it doesn’t believe it. I’ve tried to get her to eat...it doesn’t matter, she won’t.”

She finished the last work with a loud bang of the door as she entered another room in the small house. It's Danika and Sally alone in the sitting room.

Sally started sobbing. "This is so terrible...! This is so horrible...! Oh, my princess, I can't imagine what Remeta is going through. She's trapped in her head! She's trapped!"

She raised her eyes and swiped at her eyes, but more tears kept falling as she continued, "I can't imagine what it'll feel like being so trapped in the past....! I do my best not remember that day at the courtroom, and that's because I have you to distract me...I have you to be there for me and that's why I don't think about it so much....! She has no one...! She's trapped! Trapped!"

Danika wrapped her eyes around Sally as she cried so hard, her body shook with the force of her sobs. Danika's tears run freely down her cheeks as she consoled Sally.

Finally, she pulled Sally away from her body. "Stop crying...you'll fall sick again." She chided softly.

Then, Danika left Sally standing there. She walked back to the Remetas's bedroom and entered inside it.

The girl wasn't within sight, but Danika knows that she's behind the wardrobe.

"Remeta?" She called softly, wiping the tears from her eyes.

Slowly, the girl pushed her head out from behind the wardrobe and peaked at her from behind her massive dirty blond hair.

"Who's there?" The girl's tiny voice trembled.

"My name is Danika."

The girl flinched. "Sounds like the name of a queen."

Danika let out a startled gasp, not knowing what to say about that.

"I'm not a queen. I'm your friend." She whispered at last.

"Remeta has no friends. She is mad in the head." The girl replied in that tiny voice that squeezes Danika's heart.

"You're not mad in the head." Danika tried to reassure her.

"That's what they all say..."

“People will always say bad things about good people all the time. It’s because they are jealous.”

The girl let out that empty laughter again. “Whoever is jealous of Remeta is mad in the head. Remeta has nothing to be jealous about.”

“Oh, I think that’s a lie. Remeta is a very beautiful young girl when she bathes and eats so well. I bet it’ll make people jealous.” Danika supplied, even though she has never seen the girl’s face before.

But then again, Remeta was once a King’s Slave. That must say something for the fifteen-year-old girl.

Remeta shook her hair vigorously, causing it to wave all around her. “No bath, no bed. No food, no bed.”

Danika teared up again. How can such little words have the power to tear through a person?

“No, Remeta. There will be no bed again, ever.” She tried to reassure her.

“Mama says that all the time. Mama lies. They still come and take me tomorrow.” She whispered.

The girl is really trapped in her own head. “Please, look at me, Remeta. You will see that I eat really well and I bathe so good, but there is no bed. I’m a....female like you. There is no bed.”

Silence. Danika heard snuffles, but she didn’t turn, knowing fully well that Sally is standing by the door. Sally, and Baski.

Finally, Remeta raised a dirty hand, pushed her hair to the back of her hair and stared at her.

Danika got the first good look on the girl and her thoughts was really confirmed. Remeta is a very beautiful girl...under all those dirt and bruises on her face.

She let Remeta look at her for as long as she wanted, and she can see the way the girl’s eyes widened.

“You’re Royalty.” Remeta said so suddenly, she took everyone by surprise.

Danika was stunned, her mouth hanging open. She looked down at herself and she was in a slave uniform. How did Remeta get that idea?

Her eyes followed Remeta's eyes and rested on the gold bracelet Sally had forced on her wrist before they came out of the palace.

The gold bracelet that always belonged to her right from the time she was still a princess, but she stopped putting it on after she was enslaved so she wouldn't get punished. Sally had forced to her wrist to 'make her more beautiful' before they started this errand.

Now, Danika raised her wrist, staring at the bracelet. She was tongue-tied.

"You're Royalty..." Remeta repeated again.

Danika decided to tell her the truth. She nodded her head, "Yes, I was Royalty but—"

"You are Royalty!" The girl shouted, her eyes finding Danika's face.

She started talking to herself, "I know you looked like a queen. Royalty has power. Royalty is the highest. Royalty has everything. She is Royalty and she said she's Remeta's friend. Remeta has a friend that's royalty. Remeta is a friend to a queen." then, she raised her eyes and pinned Danika with haunted eyes, "Royalty can protect Remeta...right?"

Danika turned and stared behind her at Remeta's helpless mother, and a crying Sally.

She faced the girl again and nodded her head. "Yes. Royalty can protect Remeta." She answered firmly.

The girl's eyes watered up. "Royalty has power. Can command people not to touch Remeta. Can command them to leave Remeta out of bed, right?"

Danika nodded again, blinking hard to keep the tears at bay.

"Remeta can eat and bath and go out....and no bed, right?" She asked in a small voice.

"Yes, Remeta. I will make sure of that." Danika promised sincerely.

"Remeta can smile and look beautiful...and no bed, right?"

"Yes, Remeta. I'll give commands and make sure there'll be no more beds again for you."

The girl took a faltering step away from the wardrobe, coming out. She stopped and hesitated, "Do you promise...? Royalty does not break promise... Do you promise?"

Danika nodded twice. "Yes, I promise you, Remeta."

Silence.

And then, Remeta ran from across the bedroom and threw herself on top of Danika, throwing her thin arms tightly around Danika, she clung tight to her.

Danika would have lost her balance and fallen under such huge impact of the hug if it was another person. But, Remeta is so thin from starving herself and Danika prepared herself for the impact when she saw the girl flying across the bedroom towards her.

Not minding the girl's dirty state, Danika wrapped her arms around her and held on tight. "It's okay. I've got you." She soothed softly.

She felt tears splash on her shoulder as Remeta whispered, "Remeta has a friend that is Royalty. Remeta is finally safe."

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Chapter 59

After the scene in the room, Baski was holding her breath as Danika came out of the bedroom with Remeta wrapped tightly in her arm.

Remeta agreed to bath. Sally and Danika helped her with that. Sally helped her bath her body clean, while Danika spoke reassuring words to her.

Remeta agreed to eat. Sally and Danika was there to help her. They fed her until she was full. While they did that, Baski walked to her wardrobe and picked out a clean clothes for her which they helped her pick on.

Danika picked up a comb and sat the girl in front of a big mirror in her mother's room because she already broke the ones in her room.

"You treat Remeta like a princess, my Queen." Remeta whispered in a hoarse voice, a smile in her face as she swiveled her head to stare at Danika so lovingly.

Danika ran the comb down the wet mass of her hair. "That's because you're like a Princess to me."

Remeta smiled again, turning to stare at herself in the mirror. "Remeta can look beautiful and there will be no bed...."

Danika and Sally already knows that she's talking to herself so they didnt bother to reply her or disturb her.

After all the care, Baski entered her room and saw the transformation that's her daughter. "Oh, heavens....!"

She teared up immediately and started crying. Remeta ran to her and hugged her around the waist, and it only made Baski cry harder.

It's been so long her daughter ever came to her for physical contact, she'd forgotten what it felt like to have her once clingy daughter wrapped around her like a second skin.

"She is going to protect me, Mama." Remeta whispered, raising her head to stare her mother in the eyes, "You can stop crying from today onwards... Remeta will be fine. Remeta will be safe."

Baski did her best to control her tears as she nodded her head in reassurance. Then, the girl pulled back and Sally took her hand, they started going to Remeta's room to get her footwear.

Alone with Danika at last, Baski knelt down and bowed her head until her head touched the ground, she was still weeping.

"Thank you so much for what you did for Remeta." She cried, "I can never thank you enough."

Danika rushed to pull her up. "Oh, Baski, get up from the ground...you can no longer greet me this way. I'm no longer in that class..."

The older woman shook her head tearfully, "If Remeta can look at you in a slave wear and still call you Royalty....and still look up to you...and still feel so safe with you that she's willing to try and be better..... Oh, Danika, then, you're Royalty to me too. You might be dressed up like a slave but the royal b***d never lies...!"

Danika teared up as Baski talked passionately, her head still on the ground.

"You're Remeta's Royalty and you're my Royalty too. Thank you so much for what you did for her...!" She cried.

Danika moved forward then, bent down and forced them both up their feet. "You're welcome, Baski. This is nothing compared to the things you've done for me...for Sally. I love Remeta, she's such a bright girl. I hope she heals up and recovers so much."

Baski swiped her hand across her face to wipe her tears. "I hope so too.... God, I really hope so."

Danika opened her mouth to say something but, Sally and Remeta came back then again. Whatever she wanted to say was forgotten.

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The problem came when it was time to Sally and Danika to go back to the palace, after Baski applied prepared their herbs and helped them with their treatments.

Even Remeta, for the first time in months allowed her mother to treat her cuts and bruises as she saw her mother attend to Sally and Danika.

But it's time to go and Remeta wanted to go with Danika. In fact, all her dress up was to be with Danika.....to be with the Royalty that will keep her safe.

No one knows what else to do. Even Danika, doesn't want to leave the girl at all with fear that she'll fall back into the past...go back trapped to her head.

In the end, they all decided that Remeta will go back with them to the palace. Baski is all for anything that will help her child be better, she's determined to tell the king everything and also plead with him on any solution possible.

Only palace workers, slaves and visitors with purposes are allowed in the palaces. So, Baski doesn't know how to go about pleading her cause to the king but she's determined to try.

As the four of them started going back to the palace, Remeta stuck like glue in the middle of Danika and Sally, she held Danika's hand tight.

People were amazed seeing them. Stunned. Speechless.

They doesn't recognize 'the ghosted one' anymore.

She was all cleaned up, dressed up and beautiful. And she was keeping body contact with another person. And she was smiling at the person as if the sun rises and sets around the person.

The person in question, being Danika. The daughter of King Cone. The former princess of one of the most powerful kingdoms in England.

As these four people strode their way to the palace, people left all they were doing, forming a crowd behind them to watch the former princess, and the two lowborns she held so protectively.

There were murmurs in the crowd.

How did the slave princess get to Remeta?

How was she able to 'heal' that girl?

How did she allow those girls to stand so close to her?

Does it mean she won't push us away for being unprivileged people when we go close?

Why isn't she behaving like her father?

Is it all pretense?

What's going on?

All these and more were the questions in the crowd. All these and so much more.

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Chapter 60

They arrived in the palace and already, it's time for Danika to join the king in court.

They all walked to her bedroom. Danika was able to convince Remeta to stay with Sally and Baski. At first, she refused.

"I'm going to to the guards to give out orders to them to keep away from you whenever they see you." Danika had said to her.

That, more than any persuasion had worked. "Alright, My Queen. Thank you, My Queen. Remeta will be happy if you do this for her." She'd whispered in that tiny voice.

Danika stared worriedly at Baski and Sally. She doesn't know how to go about the fact that Remeta was determined to keep addressing her as 'My Queen'.

No matter how she tries to dissuade the girl, she's determined to use that honorifics. Danika hopes that she or Remeta won't be punished for it.

Sally address her as a princess is actually better at this point.

Finally, she changes her clothes and said goodbye to them. She walked away, her destination being the Royal Court.

She arrived at the door and the guards opened it for her. There were two kings and then, the ministers of Salem. They were all discussing, none of them paid her arrival any attention she thought with great relieve.

She entered with her head bowed and walked straight to the throne. She lowered herself to her usual position. The king didn't spare her a glance, focused on the conversation.

Being so close to him again, his garment brushing her body, the scent of him wasped her nose. She breathed deeply, the scent which took her back to the night before.

The way she'd held on to him... The things she'd demanded from him...

Red flushed her cheeks and she swallowed tightly when her body went hot all over. She did her best to keep her mind from venturing that way again.

The kings went from one peace-talk to another. They went over every petitions, tax and crops.

They went ahead to say that they postpone the hunting game to tomorrow because King Philip's messenger suddenly arrived and he has an emergency back in his kingdom.

King Phillip dismissed his messenger. They continued the meeting.

Danika used her eyes to search out all the slaves that attended court. Each and everyone of them seems to be having fun sitting down there and 'making their master feel good.'

Two of them were caressing their master's body. The masters seems to be enjoying themselves. One of them unbuckled his leather pants, and the slave took at as her cue. She sat up and got in between his legs.

Taking her master's phallus in her hand, she started caressing it playfully. Danika's cheeks heated, she felt embarrassed for the girl. The girl seems to be really enjoying herself.

Having been a slave for a while, Danika already knows how it is in the slave world. Amongst themselves, the highest class of slaves are the King's Slaves.

Then, Master's Slaves...they are the slaves for the privileged men and ministers. Then, the slaves that work in the royal palace. Then, the slaves that works at the homes of privildged people.

The lowest of slaves are those that just works in the mines. Every slave works mines, but there are those that are called Mines Slaves. They are those slaves that lives and breathings mining.

Even in the slave world, there's competition. Every slave's dream is to become King's Slave or Master's Slave because of the attention they'll be getting. Because it makes them feel special that they're wanted by people of upper class.

As Danika watched two slaves fight for who will suck their master's thick organ, she concluded that she can never understand them. This world she found herself in.

King Lucien shoots occasionally glances at her. His eyes scrutinizing her face, and she gets lost in the look, the world drowning out.

Then, his brow will knit together in a frown like he's doing something he's not supposed to. He'll look away.

He shot her those glances occasionally. It had Danika wondering what those glances was all about?

If she doesn't know better, she'll think that he can't keep his eyes off her...that he can't keep from staring at her. But she knows better.

The last time he scowled massively and averted his eyes, Danika took a deep breath regretfully. She reminded herself that she knows better.

This is king Lucien, who hates her with every breath in his body.

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Finally, the meeting ended and entertainment started. Cooks served foods and drinks. So many to eat. So many to drink.

As they all ate, some slaves already got on top of the table, dancing and whining their beaded waists.

At the other side of the courtroom, a master was roughly f*****g his slave against the wall. Her eyes closed in pleasure, hot breathy m***s feeling the air.

As the entertainment heated further, Danika realized that every slave was doing a thing or two on their masters. The atmosphere sizzled with eroticism and s€x.

Some were kissing. Some took their master's organ into their mouth and were sucking on it. Some caressed their master's organ.

King Lucien had a small writing table brought for him, which was positioned beside him and he twisted his body a little to the side to reach the Peace-Treaty note he was signing.

Danika saw how busy he was, obviously not the least affected or interested in the atmosphere. It made her relieved.

The relief was short-lived when she saw the way King Pesih was staring at her with lustful eyes. Two of his slaves was sucking him but his interest was more on her.

He looks ready to give her an order to come and pleasure him too.

Panic replaced relief. That day in the King's Chambers, Chad explained to her that anything can happen in court. Any order at all can be issued in court by kings.

That she has exceeded introduction by order from the kings, doesn't mean that she has exceeded other kinds of orders and compulsion from them.

She sneaked another peak at him, and his eyes was still calculatingly on her.

She needed to keep occupied like the others so that that hateful king that almost killed Sally won't order her to do anything.

And so, she didn't give herself time to think about it. To think about the fact that he doesn't like to be touched. To think of the fact that this would be the first time she'll be doing something like this. To think about the fact that he never wanted her to see any part of his body.

She raised herself and crawled in between the King's legs.

When she put her hands on him and pushed aside his kingly garment, he stiffened at the contact. And, when she started opening the flies that held his below pants together, his scribbling hand on the scroll paused.

He stared down at her.

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Chapter 61

Vetta glared at the maid who was working the socks up her leg. "Is that the way that sock is supposed to be!?" She shouted angrily.

Uyah's eyes widened in fear. "I-I'm so sorry mistress...!" She pulled out the socks and started afresh.

"Useless idiot. You can't do anything right." Vetta snapped angrily at her.

Uyah's hands were shaky as she finished walking the socks up the mistress's legs. She got up and walked behind the mistress to work on the fastening of her buttons.

She did her best to hold the corset together as she tied the ropes. She was almost done when the ropes unfastened and the corset came out loose again.

Vetta g*****d angrily. She turned around and stuck Utah so hard on the face. "You can't do a thing right!"

The girl's eyes watered as her cheeks stung. She blinked rapidly. "I'm really sorry, m-mistress...."

Utah started working on the fastenings again, while Vetta still bloomed with anger. The thoughts of Danika was making her very angry and mad. It's keeping her in an awful mood.

That dirty slave spent the night with the king. Not once but twice! She'd tried to punish her and two king had intervened...just like he did that day in the dungeon.

The thoughts weren't sitting well with her at all. That bitch.

She knows that the kings hates Danika, but she can't help thinking that the bitch is a few steps away from finding favor with the king.

She'd tried to keep herself from thinking about the things that must have been going on the nights the kings spent in Danika's arms.

She wondered if Danika sleeps on the bed or on the floor...like a slave should? Does she take on the table?

Why do the king allow her to spend the night in his bedroom at all?

“All done, m-mistress.” Uyah whispered finally, her voice trembling.

“Get out of my room.” Vetta said angrily. The girl disgusts her because she’s not even in her class. None of them are.

And she wants more class. She might have been more a slave, but she’s sworn that she’ll never be a slave all her life.

She’s now a mistress to a king...that’s one of the highest rank any woman would wish for. But there’s more.... She wants more.

She can be more. She can be queen. She just has to gain more attention of the king... She has to get him completely focused on her and not that bitch, Cone’s daughter.

Vetta decided that it’s time she pays a visit to the healer of fertility that lives outside town.

She never wanted to have any child but maybe it’s okay to have one...if the child will be a means to having the king to herself.

She stared at herself in the mirror and smiled. If she can carry the King’s child.... She can have Lucien completely. She knows this like she knows the palm of her hand.

She will carry his child.

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King Lucien stared down at her.

“What do you think you’re doing?” He growled, scowling.

“I-I....” Danika snapped her mouth closed, her eyes wide with panic and desperation. She looked behind her, her eyes landing on King Pesih who was still watching her.

King Lucien's eyes followed hers and he found out what was happening. She stared up at him again, willing for him to understand.

He leaned back on his huge gold throne and his eyes just watched her. The scowl was still on his face.

Danika was very sure that he'll punish her to this later, she's very sure of that. But it doesn't matter.

Whatever punishment he has for her is better that whatever command King Pesih has for him.

The same king that cut Sally up like a chicken...thinking he was cutting her.

As she stared at him, she knew that this is also her only chance for her to put her hands on him. He would never let her do this behind closed doors. He never let her see his body because he's feeling self-conscious about it.

Does he think that she'll be repulsed by him? Does what she thinks even matter to him? She's highly doubts that.

But, she wants to see him. To touch him. To pleasure him with her hands and mouth. He'd never allow that in private and she knows that he'll definitely punish her. It'll be worth it.

She pushed his surcoat up and unlaced his belt of gold with shaky hands. When he said nothing, she took it as an encouragement and pulled them down a bit.

Please don't push me away. Please, don't push me away. Please, don't push me away.

The pleading words rang in her mind as she uncovered a little part of his lower belly. That little part was filled with scars, she bit her lips to keep from gasping in horror.

One wrong move and she'll loose this moment, Danika knows that much. Pain for him lashed through her. Those wounds must have hurt so bad.

She nuzzled the bulge under his underthings. He wasn't hard, but the size of him had a rush of nervous adrenaline zigging through her. She kept her eyes down, avoiding his face.

The music blazed in the background. Cheers across the tables. Shouts if excitement as slaves danced on the table and the floor.

Danika tuned them all out, suddenly in a world of her own. This is important to her. That she makes him feel something...for her. Not for anybody else.

She wanted his organ in her mouth, wanted to feel it harden inside her mouth—because of her. Not because of the erotic atmosphere. Not because of his mistress. Her.

She reached down and pulled him out from the confinement of his underthings. She stared at him.

Oh heavens...!

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Chapter 62

Tears burned the back of her eyes as she saw the scar that outlined his organ. It ran from base to the tip. The fried nerve endings was there for her to see.

Her father really did roast his privates. The proof of that knowledge made her chest burn.

It's no wonder that he's always so rough with her. It must be the only way for him to feel pleasure. Her father had done this.

She couldn't resist staring up at him then, and she did. He was wearing an angry snarl on his face as he looked down on her. Her eyes was watery as her eyes heard him.

She didn't try to hide the emotions. Didn't try to hide the tears.

"It must have hurt so bad..." The whisper tore from her lips from she could stop it. The words out she couldn't call them back, her eyes mirrored her horror for saying those words out.

It produced an unexpected result.

Most of the angry lines on his face dissolved. Oh, he was still scowling, but it was so longer a giant might frown.

Pain flashed in his eyes and he averted his eyes.

She lowered her head and kissed the head of his organ. He stiffened. It didn't stop her. She's determined to do this, he should just deal with bearing her touch.

She hasn't done this before, but in this court...she has watched it happen times without number. She can get the hang of it. She was determined to.

Danika dragged her parted lips along the length of his organ before sucking the head into her mouth.

King Lucien inhaled sharply. It encouraged her. She gave the head a small, kittenish lick before licking it from the base to the head.

His phallus started hardening.

Pleased, she took the organ into her mouth, moaning a little when she felt it harden further. She started bobbing her head up and down the hardening length, swirling her tongue around it.

His breathing hitched as he became thicker and longer, stretching her lips to the limit.

The taste, the stretch, the feel of the thick hardness stroking the sensitive skin inside her mouth made her lightheaded.

It bothered her, how quiet king Lucien was. She looked up and saw that his eyes still stared down at her but desire was there in his eyes, his jaw set. He's still scowling, of course.

The only visible sign that he was enjoying himself was the e*****n in her mouth. He's doing his best to stay detached. Maybe, he's even thinking of some other thing. His mistress?

The thought bothered her more than it probably should have and she was determined to have him here with her. If she's going to be punished later, her offense should be worth his warth.

Her cheeks flushed, she couldn't hold his eyes and she let it down shyly. Determiningly, she licked the fat tip, the touch of her tongue teasing, barely there.

She felt his thighs tense. She widened her mouth and swallowed him whole until he hit the back of her throat and she gagged a little. He g*****d out loud causing a trill of pleasure to course through her.

Mentally, she prepared herself, retracting her teeth. A scroll she read sometime ago, did say that teeth does more harm than good.

She bobbed her head up and down, licking the seam of his organ. She run her tongue on the scar, adding pressure to her tongue. He g*****d again, this time louder and longer.

She stared up at her, he wasn't looking so detached anymore. Desire clouded his features, his hands fisted to his sides. She eyed it hungrily for a moment before leaning down and swallowing him again.

He was too thick, he made her eyes burn and her jaw to ache. But seeing the results of it, the growls that escaped his throat. Oh, worth it.

She sucked it slowly, taking her time and savoring the taste, bringing him close to release and stopping.

She did it again and again, until the angry, indulgent expression disappeared from his face, his muscles flexing and his dark eyes watching her with clear frustration.

He was completely focused on her now. Mind and body.

"Danika." He growled when she pushed him to the blink again and stopped.

She pulled off his phallus with a pop and blinked innocently. "What, Master?"

For a moment, King Lucien looked conflicted. Like he was torn about what to do.

Then, with a frustrated m**n, his hand grabbed a handful of her blond hair and yanked her roughly back onto his hardness.

Oh yeah. Gone was his scowl, infuriatingly indulgent attitude; now he fuçked Danika's mouth like he actually wanted it, making her feel helpless and powerful all at once.

She did this to King Lucien. The knowledge went to her head and she m****d around his thick member, relaxing the muscles of her mouth, letting him fuçk her throat and enjoying every second of it.

He twisted her hair in his hands and wrapped his fingers around her skull, moving her with the force he needed. He only let her take six or seven even strokes and then he began tightening under her touch.

Pushing her head down with enough force to keep it there. His erratic breathing increased, his thighs trembled slightly beside her and his g*****d increased. She knew he was close.

She adjusted the angle she'd been using, just enough that she wouldn't choke, as Chad had taught her. She felt his body clench, and he g*****d with the force of his release.

"Danika..." Her name on his lips was everything she wanted... needed.

She tasted his hot, salty essence as he held her tightly to him, and her eyes watched his face greedily like he'd never let her do before. She wasn't blindfolded and she basked in the feeling.

He was in a mindless state of release, his body shivered repeatedly. He'd likely punish her later for watching him in his moment of weakness....but, oh, was it worth it.

Finally, he allowed her to lift away from him, and she took her mouth from him, and looked around frantically. She had him in her mouth, her eyes found an empty drink can within her reach if she stretched out her hand.

He tugged himself back into his clothes and watched her with a lift of his eyebrow. His eyes said everything. He expects her to take up the can and dispose everything in it.

So she'll confirm his thoughts that he is repulsive?

Then, she closed her eyes and swallowed.

She knew he watched her do it, and she felt his muscles tense. She opened her eyes and stared at him with her cheeks flushed.

His expression dissolved, and for the first time, she saw a look she has never seen in his eyes. Tenderness.

Danika glowed under that look. It doesn't matter if it's a thing of the moment. It doesn't matter if he'll still punish the very devil out of her later.

He wasn't giving her that cold eyes anymore, instead his expression was tender, that's all that matters.

He pulled up from his chair, lowered his head towards her. She closed her eyes tight and braced herself for whatever his intent might be.

Then, he kissed her forehead tenderly.

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Chapter 63

Danika's eyes was closed when she felt the lips that perched on her forehead. Her eyes snapped open and she watched, wide-eyed as King Lucien kissed her on the forehead.

The touch of his lips lingered. She closed her eyes and savored the feeling. He's kissing her forehead. The king is putting his lips on her.

She could hardly believe it. Of all the reactions she expected from him, this was never expected. He's putting his mouth on her.

Truly, it was worth it.

He pulled back finally, and stared her in the eyes. "Good job." He said at last.

She glowed over the compliment and bowed her head, "Thank you, master." Her voice came out a little hoarse and scratchy because of way she just pleased him.

When he leaned back on his seat, she pulled away from him. That is when she started taking note of her environment again.

"Wow. I must say that you got yourself a very good slave. She did a good job." King Pesih said then, from across the room.

King Lucien said nothing even though he heard the king talk. He was deep in thought.

She'd seen his scars. When he looked her in the eyes, he couldn't see repulsion or mockery. He saw genuine pain for him. She'd stared up at him and he saw the pain in her eyes.

Then, she'd pleased him. It is something he never expected. She'd pleased him, and she'd gone extra miles to prove to him that she doesn't find him the least bit repulsive because of his scars.

King Lucien watched her as the entertainment continued. Then, she'd placed her head on his knee.

He let her.

He didn't jerk at the contact because her hands feels different on his skin. And he didn't try to order her away. Knowing fully well that that very part of him will start hurting if it carries impact for too long.

Instead, his eyes was on her head, and a scowl was coming back to settle on his face again. Who is this woman?

She'd made him sleep. That, he does not understand but it had happened twice. Now, he saw another part of her he never wanted to see. A part of her that wasn't repulsed by him. A part that feels pain of others.

Is it all pretense?

Because King Lucien is finding it hard to believe how a monster like Cone can father the woman she keeps showing him that she is. The absurdity of it is too much. Too unbelievable.

And yet...

He closed his eyes and shut his mind to the thoughts. Anger filled him at the thought of her father. Rage replaced anger and it burned hard.

He made a mistake by shutting his eyes. With his eyes closed, he opened more doors for the demons of the past to haunt him.

The sheer bliss he'd gotten from her dulling under the onslaught of the overwhelming flashes of his memories of his scars. The bad horrible memories of it all. The sound of Cone's maniacal laughter as he howled and writhed.

His hands tightened at the edge of his seat, as he squeezed his eyes tighter to pull himself from the abyss of that misery.

It wasn't an easy feat to achieve.

And when he achieved it, the coldness was back in his eyes, all traces of tenderness gone.

He stared down at the slight weight on his leg. She'd fallen asleep, her head cushioned on his thigh.

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Finally, the courtroom activities is over. Danika was fast asleep with her head resting on the King's knees.

As the other kings made their way out of the courtroom to their carriages, they looked at them with surprise and curiosity. They expect him to roughly snatch his leg away from her head, they expected him to punish her severely for such audacity.

He showed no reaction. He said nothing.

All the people finally left until it was remaining the guards of Salem.

“Chad.” He said after a while. He never had to raise his voice.

The door opened and Chad entered. He bowed his head, “Yes, My King.”

“Take her to her bedroom. Do not wake her.” He ordered.

“Your wish is my command.” He bowed again, before he moved forward and proceeded to lifting Danika up from the floor.

She slept peacefully as he carried her and headed out. He walked through the long hallway that lead to her bedroom.

On his way, he saw the mistress Vetta and bowed his head to her, but he didn’t stop. Even when he felt the heated glare of the mistress eyes on him, he didn’t stop.

When he got to Danika’s bedroom at last, he opened the door and entered.

Baski is the only person he saw in that room. His eyes searched out for Sally, but she wasn’t in the bedroom. Baski saw the sleeping woman he carried and helped him to get the bed ready and they laid her on it.

Danika signed dreamily, her body going lax.

“Has the meeting in court ended?” She asked him when he was done lying Danika on the bed.

“Yes. All the kings are on their way back to their kingdoms.” He replied.

Baski nodded her thanks. She wanted to see the king, she couldn’t wait to share the news about Remeta to the king. The thought of telling the king the good news of Remeta’s improvement filled her with happiness.

At the same time, she wanted to make sure that he’s alright because she hasn’t seen him all day. She’d been at home taking care of Remeta.

She went in search of Remeta and Sally. She saw the both of them at the backyard besides the orchid plant. They were stooped low, picking some seeds while Sally tells her a story.

Baski stopped short and watched the way her daughter listened attentively and curiously while Sally’s inaudible words came out of her mouth. She watched the way Remeta was all bathed and clothed.

Tears pulled at her eyes. It’s been so long, she never expected to see her daughter this way again.

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Chapter 64

For the first time in ages, Remeta was determined to get better.

She thought of taking Remeta with her to go to the king, but she doesn't want to risk it.

Remeta has deep aversion for men because of what she's been through, and that is why Baski hasn't allowed any man to visit her child all these months. She also knows that it's the reason King Lucien didn't visit.

King Lucien has deep affection for Remeta. She and Declan had been one of the king's highest weakness back in captivity. King Cone knows this and he exploited those weaknesses mercilessly.

He made ten-year-old Remeta the king's slave because he knows that it'll drive King Lucien mad. It did.

All the nights and days he had to listen to Remeta's screams to whatever King Cone or his guards did to her, he goes berserk. He goes all insane like a wild animal in his cage, and that's all the satisfaction King Cone wanted.

Then, he'd killed Declan. That, pushed King Lucien to the very edge of madness. He's still tethering on that edge till today.

The demons of the past he harbors threatens to push him over every single day. Baski knows more than anybody that it isn't easy for King Lucien to hold on to his sanity.

In the end, Baski left Remeta and Sally alone and went in search of the king. She went to the Royal Court but he's no longer there.

When she went to his chamber, the guards told him that the king went out for a walk. So she waited for him.

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She waited for hours before she finally saw the king walk into the hallway that leads to his chambers.

She looked really well and observed that he's walking with a slight limp. It hurt her badly seeing it because she knows that he has overdid it.

She would have walked to him and offered him her body to lean on but she knows that he won't appreciate it at all. The king doesn't like being seen in his moment of weakness. He also doesn't like such offers for him.

Baski wondered what happened in court? Why would he go for such a long walk? Why would he punish himself like that?

"My king." She bowed her head in greeting.

"Baski." He said in acknowledgement as he walked in steady strides past her to enter into his chambers.

She walked patiently behind him. Then, she turned and instructed the guards to go to her bedroom to get some herbs. She gave them the name of the herbs and seed they needed to bring before she dismissed them.

She followed the king inside. With each step he took, Baski could imagine the pain he's in. He walked past his bedroom and entered into the library.

He walked to the chair at the center it and lowered himself on it. Seeing him seated, Baski walked out of the big library to the bathroom and came out with a big bowl filled with water.

She walked towards him and lowered herself in her haunches in front of him. "Please, let me help..."

Silence.

He was leaned back on the chair, his eyes closed. The set angle of his jaw told her more than anything that he's in physical pain.

He let the silence stretch for so long, only the wind coming in from the window whispered to them.

"Why bother, Baski? It doesn't matter." He g*****d finally.

"It will help alleviate the pressure on the leg and reduce the pain. Please.... I want to help." She pleaded.

When he said nothing else, she took it as her cue. Setting the bowl down, she took hold of his left leg and lifted his clothes up. Carefully, she removed his shoe and socks, then she surveyed the scarred leg.

Slowly, she placed it into the water and started massaging it. Then, the guards brought in her herbs and she applied it on his leg. She grinded the seed too, applying it on his heel down to his ankle.

She worked in silence and she knows that it's a silence he appreciates. She remembered clearly the day the damage to his leg was made.

It was one of those days he was getting tortured...one of those days he was forced to walk on glass. While the glasses broke the skin of his leg, one of them penetrated deep and stuck on the bone.

Several days later, King Cone finally allowed him medical attention. His leg has been infected and was almost cut off, but the healer was able to cure him in the last minute. The glass was removed but the bone never healed right again.

So, whenever he puts pressure on that leg for so long by walking for hours or standing for so long or carries a weight on that leg, the pain will resurface and the slight limp will be profound.

What happened in court today? Is it something that happened in court?

She stared up at him. His eyes was closed but Baski knows fully well that he isn't sleeping. He's gone back to the horrors of the past instead of the brightness of the future.

From the way his body was tense, his memories was overflowing. The pain of the past and his demons clawed at him mercilessly to devour him. To drive him insane.

She knew she had to distract him. She searched her mind fanatically for something to say.

She cleared her throat, "Uhm, My King.... Mistress Vetta was invited to a ball in town. She's all excited, more excited than I've ever seen her before because she'll be attending her first ball party as the King's Woman."

If the information penetrated or not, he showed no reaction whatsoever. Said nothing. Did nothing.

She grabbed for what else to say. Anything to pick his interest and drag him out of the abyss that is the darkness of his mind.

Remembering King Lucien's love for his people, she cleared her throat again.

“Oh, and in town yesterday, at St. Mark street down to the little village of Yaleh, I heard there’s a good new there. The crops started growing after five years of barren land!” She said excitedly.

His hands only tightened on the arms of the huge chair, sweat gathering on his forehead. It wasn’t working at all.

“Remeta is in the palace, Your highness.” She said to him, unable to hold the information anymore.

She didn’t want to tell him about it when he’s battling his demons but she was getting desperate. Tears pulled in her eyes. She can’t bring herself to imagine which part of the past he was drawn into. He was trapped in....just like Remeta.

She patted his leg reassuringly as her eyes blurred when he gave no reaction to the news. She slumped her shoulders in defeat, the feeling of helplessness rolling off her in waves.

She kept patting his leg so he’ll know that he isn’t alone. She hasn’t been able to help her daughter, how can she help the king?

Poor Remeta who’s as battered as this powerful man seated before her trapped in his mind. She hadn’t been to help her daughter instead, Danika was able to—

Danika.

Baski stared up at his face, and cleared her throat again. “Danika visited my home today, My King. Danika helped Remeta today and brought her to the palace.”

Silence.

Then, his hands on the arm of the chair relaxed. Ever so slowly, his eyes opened.

“What did you just say?” His spoke in a low hoarse voice.

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Chapter 65

Ever so slowly, he opened his eyes. “What did you just say?”

A great feeling of excitement swarm through Baski at his response. "She's doing so much better, My King! She ate and she bathe and she even let me put a healing balm on her! Oh, Your Majesty, I'm so happy today. I never thought this day will ever come!"

He has leaned up as she talked, interested. When she finished, his surprise was apparent. "That is a miracle, Baski. What happened?"

"It's Danika, Your Majesty."

He cocked his head to the side in thought. "Danika?"

Baski nodded her head, tears of excitement filling her eyes. "She visited with Sally today..." She proceeded to tell him everything. How Danika was able to get through to Remeta.

She purposefully left out the part about what Remeta is addressing Danika as because she knows it wouldn't end well. She told him every other thing...including the part that Remeta insists on being with Danika and that's why she's in the palace.

Silence followed her narration because the king was trying to process everything. His face was his usual unreadable mask so she doesn't know what's going through that head of his.

"Remeta sees her as the Royalty she was and she feels so safe with her?" He asked at last, perplexed.

She nodded her head, "Oh my king, you needed to see her in the morning. She was willing to do anything because she's feeling safe again. She said, she has a friend who's Royalty....that she's safe." Her voice cracked in the end, emotions overwhelming her.

Her words was met with silence because the king is trying to assimilate everything she said.

Finally, he spoke again. "I would have loved to see her now. She's fifteen and for the first time she's willing to get better..." he paused, "...and it's because of Danika?"

She nodded her head vigorously. "Yes, my king."

Silence. Baski can practically see the wheels of disbelief turning in his head. He wouldn't feel anything she hasn't felt. The different is that she watched it happen. And it's still happening.

He got up then. "I have to see this, Baski. Take me to Remeta."

"But...!" She wanted to remind him of his leg but she clamped her mouth shut.

He wouldn't appreciate her talking to him about it. The king hates being reminded of any smallest form of weakness people might think he has.

She bowed her head, "As you wish, my king."

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Danika woke to a girl's face hovering in front of her face. She blinked twice to clear the haze in her eyes and opened her eyes again. It was Remeta's face and she's no longer smiling.

"Oh, heavens! Remeta woke her up! Remeta woke my queen up! Remeta was really careful and she kept quiet too but she woke her!" Remeta cried out, obviously panicked. "My Queen will throw Remeta to the guards now for being a bad person!"

Danika woke up and held her, "No, Remeta you didn't wake me. Please, don't panic. I woke because I wanted to wake."

"Really?" She asked in a small voice, fear all over her face.

Danika hugged her then. "Of course. Remeta didn't wake Danika." She reassured her and watched the girl breath a sign of relief.

She looked around when she pulled back from Remeta.

"Yes, did I sleep for long?" She wondered what happened. The last time she could remember, she was in court. She'd pleased the king with her hand and her mouth.

The reminder made her cheeks flush badly. Away from court, she couldn't believe she'd done something like that. She'd undressed him a little and she'd been able to give him satisfaction.

He kissed your forehead. A voice inside her head reminded her, her hand rose and caressed that part of her head lingeringly.

"Where is Sally?" She asked, forcing hersweld to remove the thoughts from her mind for now.

In the silence of the night, at the privacy of her bed, she would think about it again.

“She went to the village. She told Remeta she’s going to the village.” Remeta replied.

“Okay. Have you seen the palace, should I take you around?”

A small smile touched Remeta’s face and she nodded that heavy blond mass of hers affirmatively. “Yes, My Queen. I’d love to go out... Remeta has been in doors for so long...” she paused and swallowed tightly, “...Remeta has been scared....”

Danika bend down a little and forced her head up to become eye level with her. “There’s nothing to be afraid of anymore, Remeta. Sally and I got you, now.”

Remeta glowed under her words. “Thank you so much, My Queen.”

Danika took the girl’s thin hand into hers and squeezed slightly. “Let’s go get some air while we wait for Sally.”

They headed out. Danika wondered how the three of them will be able to sleep in her small bed at night?

She didn’t let it worry her. Whatever happens, happens. She can’t turn Remeta out and Sally would gladly sleep on the floor just to make sure that Remeta is comfortable.

Out of the door, Danika was surprised to see the King entering into the long hallway that leads to the servant quarters. Baski was followed closely behind him.

Her lower belly fluttered at the charismatic sight of him. With a closer look, she noticed that he was walking with a slight limp.

It surprised her because it’s the first time she has ever seen him walk with a limp...she never knew he has one, and she would bet her life that it’s a gift from her father. Her heart squeezed in her chest.

“Master....” She bowed as she walked closer and stood in front of her.

But, his eyes weren’t on her. They were pinned on the girl that had ran to hide behind her back like it’s a refuge. Remeta only peeped at him from behind her.

As he gazed upon Remeta, all the coldness of his eyes disappeared to be replaced by warmth.

“Remeta...” He spoke her name ever so softly.

The girl started rambling to herself. “He’s come to take Remeta. It’s bed again. She said no bed for Remeta again. He’s come to take Remeta. They lied to Remeta... There’s bed for Remeta...! They found Remeta...!”

The more she spoke, the more her voice rose in sheer fear and panic until her voice became high-pitched, her body trembling massively.

Unadulterated pain flashed in his eyes. Baski's eyes watered at the sight of one of her daughter's crisis.

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Chapter 66

The more she spoke, the more her voice rose in sheer fear and panic until her voice became high-pitched, her body trembling massively.

Unadulterated pain flashed in his eyes. Baski's eyes watered at the sight of one of her daughter's crisis.

Danika whirled around and faced Remeta, she bent down and shook the girl firmly enough to penetrate into her haze. "Remeta, listen to me! Remeta, sweetie, no one is taking you to bed!"

"But, he....!" Wide eyes filled with terror fretted towards the king before she averted it again and shook her head vigorously.

"No, Remeta. He will never take Remeta to bed! He's a king!" Danika tried to assure her.

More terror filled Remeta. "K-King Cone...!? He found me...?" She asked in a small frightened voice.

Danika felt herself die inside at the mention of her father's name. She pulled Remeta towards her. "No, never. King Cone is dead, Remeta. This is King Lucien and her Royalty! He's on Remeta's side!"

She froze, stilling all struggles. "R-Royalty..? On Remeta's side...? A king....?"

"Yes. He's a king and he's on Remeta's side. He will never allow anyone at all to ever hurt Remeta again! He's order the guards to leave Remeta alone because he's on Remeta's side!"

"He is....?" She asked in a small voice so hopeful, it tore at Danika's heart.

“He is. I’ll never lie to you, Remeta. And all my promises to you, I intent to keep them too. You do not have to fear. You are safe.” She reassured her in a fiercely passionate voice.

King Lucien watched the scene in front of him. As Danika handled Remeta, reassuring her so passionately and firmly, he saw the traces of the princess she used to be.

The power that followed each word that dropped out of her mouth was too visible and it was calming the fears in Remeta.

Unbiddenly, he remembered his days in captivity. As he watched her, he finally understood how it was easy for his people to follow the words of his mouth...even when he was unclothed like a slave.

Remeta moved out just a little from behind her, and bowed her head to the waist.

“Good d-day, My King. R-Remeta is sorry about R-Remeta’s behaviour. Please don’t p-punish Remeta.” She stammered out in fear.

“I won’t do that. How is Remeta doing today?” He asked, watching the girl who has gone through so much, he wondered if she will ever heal completely again.

“I’m doing so fine, M-My King.” She replied.

Danika prayed in her mind that Remeta wouldn’t slip and call her a queen in front of the king. Her heard was on her throat.

King Lucien has never been the type to hold conversations. He has always preferred silence to words, but with Remeta, he wanted to hear more from the girl.

“How do you feel being in the palace?” He asked, doing his best to keep the usual hardness from his voice.

“Remeta feels good, Your Majesty. My queen said she’ll keep her safe. That’s why Remeta wants to always be with her queen because, with her... Remeta can try to look beautiful again without b-bed.” She whispered.

Danika’s heart dropped to the ground when she saw the king stiffen. Even Baski looks like she wants to enter the ground and disappear...maybe, because of the explosion she knows will come.

Oh, Remeta...why do you have to call me your queen in front of the king? Danika thought miserably in her mind. The silence was deafening.

“Is that who she is to you? Your Queen?” The king finally asked, his face unreadable.

Remeta nodded her head vigorously. "She's Royalty, Your Highness. She...." the girl swallowed tightly, "...she makes Remeta feel safe. Remeta wants to be close to her..."

Danika shifted uncomfortably on her foot while the king watched Remeta.

Her heart took a dive in her chest when he finally raised his eyes and their eyes met. He didn't say a thing to her. Instead, he watched her.

She lowered her head, her fingers squeezing her hand nervously. In her mind, she repeated, Ohheavens Ohheavens Ohheavens Ohheavens...!

He turned to a nervous looking Baski then, "Tell the guards to move Danika's things to the Royal Quarters. Four bedrooms away from mine."

A shocked Baski forced herself to speak, "B-But that's the bedroom of the I-late princess..." She trailed off, almost sure that the king is joking.

His sister's bedroom he never allows anybody to enter at all...not even his mistress. That bedroom is most sacred to him, and he never let's anybody in it. Ever.

He nodded. "That's the bedroom. From today onwards, it belongs to my slave."

Then, he turned away and started leaving. Not before he gave his last command.

"To my chambers, Danika."

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Chapter 67

Danika was still in shock when she followed the king. Moved to the fourth bedroom.... Moved to the Royal Quarters....!

Teats burned the back of her eyes when it finally sunk in. Heaves, she has missed that.

The floral scent of a Royal bedroom. The big space. The huge bedroom. She has missed all these and noe, she'll be moved to a Royal bedroom in the royal quarters.

They cut through another hallway and Danika tried her best not to panic because of his summon, she doesn't know what's going through his head.

Punish her? This time around she doesn't know if it's the punishment for the way she put her hands on him in court or it's the punishment for the name Remeta is addressing her as.

When they cut through another hallway, she noticed that his steps got slower, his breathing a little out of the normal like he ran a mile.

His leg! She knows this instantly, her gaze lowing to trail on his right leg from behind.

He seems to be in a great deal of pain and he needs a body to lean on to relief the pressure on that leg. But she also knows that he'll never call for help.

Weaknesses are like a taboo to a royalty. Especially one as powerful as King Lucien.

She lowered her own steps and kept following him.

Then, he took three more steps and almost lost his balance. She rushed forward immediately without giving it much thought and wrapped her arm around his big body in support.

She leaned into him to take some of his weight....and what a big weight it is.

He stiffened from head to toe and pulled away from her. He glared at her, his cold eyes almost angry....even as there are underlying pain in his gaze.

"Don't ever try such a thing again or I will have you whipped. Don't ever put your hand on me like that." He snarled.

"I'm s-so so sorry, master. Please forgive me." She pleaded with her head bowed.

He said nothing and started forward again. Only this time, his steps got more slower and he was almost groaning with each step he took.

They are almost at the Royal Quarters but it's still quite a walk. He stumbled on nothing again.

She pushed forwards impulsively and wrapped her arms around him. She did it before she could think and before her brain activated itself, she had her arms around him and she was taking most of his weight.

"Danika." One word that held a lot of feelings that wasn't looking good for her at all.

Well, if she's going to perish, she might as well go all the way.."Please, let me help, Master."

"I'm not weak." He snapped through gritted teeth.

"No, you're not. But even the strongest of men needs support once in a while, Master. Displaying weakness doesn't make us weak, it makes us humans."

When the only answer she got was a grunt, she knew that he must be in a greater pain. When she took a step forward and he didn't protest, she was relived and took another step forward.

She walked him and he let her. She became his legs and he walked her.

He was leaning heavily on her even as he was keeping most of his weight away from her so he doesn't crush her. They took steady steps until finally, they arrived at the turn of the hallway that leads to his chambers.

He stopped. "Go and tell the guards that I dismiss them." He grated, sweat beading on his forehead.

Will they listen to her? She wondered on it but she still nodded, bowed and gently extracted herself from him.

She walked through the turn and strode straight to them. She gave them the King's orders and none of them argued with her. The door was suddenly empty like the hallway.

"It is done, Master." She said as she walked back to him.

He nodded curtly and started forward again. She took her position at his side with her arm around him taking some of his weight while she walked him step by step.

They entered his chambers. She walked him to the bed and helped him sit down at the edge of it.

She strode to the bathroom and brought out a small bucket and a wet rag. She came back and lowered herself beside his feet.

When she took his leg into her hand and he let her, she knew just the amount of pain he must be feeling not to say anything. She removed his shoe and raised his garment.

She saw that Baski already applied her herbs on him. She helped rub the herbs all over his leg to touch the places that was untreated because of his walk.

Afterwards, she stared up at him. His eyes was on her, scrutinising her.

She rose herself to her knees and bowed her head to him. "You summoned me, Master."

The silence was deafening.

Nervousness was all Danika breathed. She pressed her hands together and squeezed to reassure herself but her hands turned cold and clammy.

"Why does she call you that? Her queen?"

"I-I don't know, Your Majesty."

"You didn't ask her to address you that way?"

"I swear it! I've been trying to get her to stop but she doesn't listen....." She informed him miserably.

Silence.

"What do you think you're doing, Danika?" He asked then in a hard voice.

"I..." she swallowed, "I don't understand, master."

"Remeta. How did you penetrate the walls that little lass built around herself? What did you do to her, Danika?"

"I did n-nothing, master. I swear it. Madam Baski was there all along. I didn't hurt or harm Remeta...!" She gasped, trying to keep the fear from her voice. She doesn't know where he's going with this.

The absence of sound resumed again.

And then, he raised a hand and rubbed his clammy forehead. "I didn't say you hurt her. I said, what did you do to her? How..." he trailed off.

She swallowed tightly and waited.

"How...did you get through to her?" He seemed clearly confused.

"I did nothing special, Master. I only talked to her." She offered innocently.

"That girl.... I've sent for the best medicine man in the whole of England to come treat her, but none of them were able to get her out of the protective shell she built around herself. Her mother.... I..." he paused, closed his eyes. "None of us did that."

“Instead, she went deeper into her own head and she was losing it slowly. It was killing her mother, but I told her that it’s time to let Remeta go. She is trying to, but it’s hardest for her.”

Danika just listened as he spoke. She searched her head and realized that this is the first time he is talking to her. Really talking to her.

Not commands. Not hateful short words. Not angry remarks. He was truly talking to her.

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Chapter 68

He squeezed his garment, his brows knitted in thought. “The last time I saw little Remeta, she had herself cut open with a broken glass from the cup her mother used to bring water for her. She would have killed herself that day if I didn’t have the two maids I went with, and her mother to restrain her.”

She gasped in horror. She didn’t know that it was this bad for Remeta.

“They were able to put her to sleep even as she kept mumbling; ‘no life, no bed’, no life, no bed’. She added, mama please just let me die.....”

“Oh heavens...” She covered her mouth with her hand, her eyes tearing up immediately.

“I never visited again. It broke me seeing that child that way. Baski was our nanny, Melia and I. She practically raised us, you know.”

“I didn’t know....” She whispered, her eyes watering.

“She did. She gave birth to Remeta two months before we were taken into captivity. It was hard for her....for all of us. She helped me survive during those few months. I don’t think King Cone wanted me to survive them, he fed me once in five days.”

Danika gasped in horror. She couldn’t imagine that. How was he able to survive those times?

He must have seen the unasked question in her head and answered, “Baski would request for milk to feed her new born baby and the guards will provide it for her. They’ll

keep guard while she fed little Remeta. Afterwards, she'll request to see me in the isolated cold cage King Cone locked me in."

His eyes was far away. "The guards check the few visitors that enters to make sure they don't carry anything like food or weapons for escape." His lips curved to a side, "But then, they keep forgetting that Baski is a breastfeeding mother."

Her eyes widened, "She...."

He nodded. "She breastfed me for three good months."

"Oh Creator...." Tenderness filled Danika's heart. She had always wondered how deeply Baski loves the king so wholeheartedly. She was a nanny to him and Princess Melia so many years years ago. And now this....

Blue empty eyes searched her face. "I can't trade that woman and her child for anything. When Cone saw that I didn't die, he started a hell fire for me."

"And ten years later, the hell fire hasn't burned completely, he took Remeta from her mother...from me...and damaged that little girl badly."

Tears streamed down her eyes. She didn't try to hide it either.

Scrutinizing eyes still held hers, "And today, I stared at that girl and I saw traces of a girl she would have been if disaster didnt befall us all upon her birth. Bright, beautiful and so smart...."

"It made me wonder, how Danika....the only daughter of King Cone...is able to reach into that girl's tormented heart and soothe it?"

He added, "Is it possible that a devil can birth an angel? Or he birthed a devil who's pretending to be an angel?"

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Vetta was having a beautiful day. Her visit to the healer of fertility was tiring but it was also successful.

The healer had given her a pill to swallow whenever she wants to have s****I pleasures with the king. She is so happy and also impatient.

When she came back from her journey, she called the maids and they bathed her and changed her clothes for her. She has the pill in her corset, she can't wait to meet with the king!

She will seduce him in every way possible tonight and she will pleasure him so greatly, he will forget about his wretched slave, Danika.

That sweet thought in mind, she walked out of her bedroom which is in the Courtesan Quarters. She's the only person that lives in that part of the palace because she's the only mistress the king has.

Unlike other kings that has more than 30 mistresses. It also makes her happy and it makes her feel special.

She walked past the Servants Quarters to see the guards carrying things from Danika's bedroom. She paused in thought.

Does it mean that the king is throwing her out? Is the king sending her back to the cage where she belongs? The cage for filthy slaves?

Just the thought left her giddy with excitement. Aaah....so many to be happy about on this noon day.

The happiness quickly left her face when she entered the Royal Chambers to see the guards carrying her belongings to the sacred bedroom.

She'd always referred to that bedroom as the sacred bedroom because no one is ever allowed in there. No one at all.

She walked closer and called one of the guards. She needed to know what's happening.

"You! Come here!" She ordered.

The guard ran towards her. "Yes, Mistress?"

"What's going on here?"

"The king gave orders that the slave princess's belongings should be moved to this bedroom. She will be living in this bedroom from now on."

Vetta was very sure she didn't hear this man right. "What did you just say!?"

He repeated himself.

A hot lash of anger, pain and jealousy whipped through Vetta so hard, it almost drove her to her knees.

No! There is no way this is true!

She sent the guard away and started towards the King's Chambers. There is just NO WAY this is true!!

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Chapter 69

"It made me wonder, how Danika....the only daughter of King Cone...is able to reach into that girl's tormented heart and soothe it?"

King Lucien added, "Is it possible that a devil can birth an angel? Or he birthed a devil who's pretending to be an angel?"

Danika's heart squeezed so tight in her chest that for a moment, it was very hard for her to breathe. She wasn't supposed to feel pain at his statement, but pain is all she breathed.

He has no reason to trust her, and her father made sure to solidify his hate for her, and so she doesn't blame him that he would think her so capable of such atrocity. Doesn't make it hurt less.

She raised her eyes from the floor and met his, "I don't live a life of pretense, Master. I-I only live. I have no mapped out way of living the future. I find myself in this status of being a slave because of the monster my father is, and I'm trying to survive. But I live like Danika. Not like King Cone's daughter."

At her softly spoken words, he still watched her with that unreadable expression on his face. The way his eyes searched hers, it's as if he's trying to read her sincerity.

What is it about him and reading people's eyes?

Finally, he averted his eyes. "Have you heard of the circumstance that pushed Remeta to insanity?"

"No, master." She has heard it from Baski, but it pleased her in a special way that he wants to tell her about it.

“King Cone took her in as a Slave. He made a nine-year old a King’s Slave. Then, the day came for her to do a job that was given to her, she was unable to finish that task. He ordered her to be whipped and raped by several guys.” He g****d, his eyes a bank of rage at the memory.

She has heard this story before but it didnt stop the tears that filled her eyes as he told her about it. God, it’s a wonder Remeta is still a little sane in the head.

“Creator....” She whispered miserably, lowering her head in shame. Why does her father have to be this kind of person?

Why does a man like that have to birth her? She thought with her heart filled with pain.

He watched her. He saw the sincerity of her actions and it baffled him greatly....just like it had done earlier in the day.

She is Cone’s daughter. How is this even possible?

But, he saw it with his own eyes. Tears that can’t be faked. Her hand resting protectively on his damaged leg even without her awareness.

Who is this woman? This woman that makes me sleep? Keep the demons at bay? Who is this woman who made Remeta come out of her shell? Who makes Remeta willing to get better?

Who is this woman who’s touch doesn’t make my skin crawl? Who’s presence gives me peace? He doesn’t know this woman at all.

He only knows Cone’s daughter. The former princess Danika. The present Slave Danika. He doesn’t know this woman. Who is she?

For the first time some questions came to his head.

Can he draw strength from her? Can he keep her close? Let her in? Can she help him like she helped Remeta? Does she have the power to face his demons?

The questions were so unbidden. So forbidden. But they were there.

She is the daughter of the monster. The thought filled his head following the questions. The thought came with pain and bitterness. Resentment he nurtured for years.

“Get up.” He ordered.

She got up like he instructed. Standing upright, she stood so close to him. The way he watched her, she doesn’t know what’s going through his head.

He looked mighty angry, his brows says he's deep in thought. The anger made her nervous, she resisted the urge to take a step back from him.

Suddenly, the expressions on his face dissolved.

He snaked his arm around her and urged her forward with one push of his hand. Now, she stood at the nearest foot of the bed, so close to him, his head was almost touching her midriff.

Then, he wrapped his arms around her and placed his head on her belly in an embrace.

She stood frozen. Stunned.

He is touching her all by himself. He was putting his hands on her. Not to turn her over on the table and shove into her body. Not to position her and take his pleasures from her.

His head on her belly was a welcomed weight. He raised his head and stared at her again. "Who are you?" He g*****d exhaustedly.

She shook her head, not knowing what to say to that. "I'm your Slave, Master..."

He lowered his head again, placing it on her belly. He closed his eyes. "Tell me about your mother."

The shock began to wear off and her body relaxed against his. A great feeling of euphoria washed over her, but she hid it well.

She jerked at the question. She never expected it. "She d-died when I was five. My nanny....Mrs Maary, the woman that raised me told me s-stories about her. She was the loveliest of women, that was what Mrs Marry said."

"She also said that my mother really liked helping people and she hates it when slaves are treated bad. Miss Maary said that Queen Auroria is—"

His head snapped up. "Queen Auroria was your mother?"

She nodded her head. "Yes." Then, she hesitated, "Do you know her?"

He rested his head back on her belly. "I've heard of her. Good queen. Didn't know she's the queen that married Cone."

That was all he said as he closed his eyes again. She wanted him to tell her what he knows about her mother, but she didn't press.

The urge to hold his head to her was overwhelming but she curled her hand into fist to resist it. She doesn't want to ruin this moment with him...whatever this moment is.

Danika welcomed the silence that followed his embrace. She stood there, breathing softly while the silence washed over them and time dragged by.

She hurt for him. Too many burdens on him. Too many responsibilities. Too many demons tormenting him.

His shoulders are wide but not wide enough to contain his take all those burdens. No one has a shoulder that wide to carry the world on it.

She wished there's a way to take it all from him...even for a moment.

Finally, she's unable to resist it anymore. She raised her hands and wrapped it around his head, holding him to her. His curls was so soft, she buried her fingers in it.

She expected him to pull away from her. He didn't.

And when she started patting his head in rhythmical soft pats...he gave in to exhaustion and tuned out the pain from his leg.

His breath evened out in sleep.

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Read Chapter 70

Chapter 70

As the king slept in her arms, Danika stood there, still patting his head. She wouldn't mind standing there for hours if it'll make him sleep well. He is a man that never sleeps.

Time dragged by, his laboured breaths filled the air. His arms around her loosened, but never fell away.

His hair was so soft, she just wanted to keep running her hands on it. She didn't know she started humming until a new soft sound joined his breathing in the air.

She wished there was a way to erase the past fifteen years of his life. Of all their lives. But then again, wishes has never been horses, or beggars would have rode it too.

Suddenly, the door burst open and Mistress Vetta walked into the King's Chambers. She stopped suddenly at the sight in front of her, her lips gapping apart in shock.

Danika lowered her head in a bow of greeting, bit she didn't stop patting the King's hair or humming to him.

Vetta couldn't believe the sight in front of her. The king has his arm wrapped loosely around Danika while she patted his head and hummed a song to him.

He is sleeping. The king is sleeping...even in a sitting position.

The scene was hurting Vetta's eyes too much, her mind was overridden with so much anger and rage, she almost doubled over. The jealousy she was feeling was too much.

"What do you think you're doing?" She did her best to keep her whispered voice neutral...even as her insides were burning.

"The king is sleeping, Mistress. I am patting his head and singing to him to have a better sleep."

Vetta knows that she should be happy that the king is finally able to rest his head in sleep, but the happiness was nowhere to be seen. Other feelings overrode it too much.

She glared at the woman in slave uniforms but has the bearing of a princess. Even in a standing position that must obviously be uncomfortable if she has stood for so long, the woman managed to look so elegant as she patted the King's hair like a pianist would play with keynotes.

Vetta wanted her out. Out of the King's life. Out of the palace. Out of Salem.

"He is sleeping already. Gently lay him out on the bed and get out!" Vetta hissed, her shoulders shaking with barely-controlled rage.

As the king slept in her arms, Danika stood there, still patting his head. She wouldn't mind standing there for hours if it'll make him sleep well. He is a man that never sleeps.

Danika saw the way the mistress was practically boiling over even as she was doing her best to hide it. She decided that it'll be good not to protest.

"Yes Mistress." She muttered.

Gently, she moved forward until the King's head touched the bed. He laid down on it and she helped raise his legs to lie down too.

All done, she stepped back. But her arm was suddenly grabbed by the mistress. She hauled her out of the bedroom until they walked out of the King's Chambers.

"What do you think you're doing!?" Vetta snarled at her.

Danika's heart was beating out of her chest, but outside, she looked cool and calm at the mistress. "I did nothing, mistress. I was only following the king's orders."

Vetta grabbed hold of her hair and yanked so hard on it, she pulled several strands from the root as she drew Danika's face closer to hers.

"Keep to your dirty filthy lane, you slave!" She hissed. "Do NOT go around putting your hands on people who's in higher class than you are!"

Even from the bedroom, Danika had expected her to drag her by the hair and so when it came, she didn't cry out from the intense pain. Instead, she bit the insides her lips so hard to keep from crying out.

"I was only following the king's orders." She repeated again through gritted teeth.

"That's a lie! You're intentionally messing with him! Who do you think you are!?"

The hallway is empty and the mistress's hand on her hair was really hurting her. She's had enough.

She held Vetta's hand and yanked it away from her hair. Vetta gasped, surprise dulling the rage and anger for a bit.

Danika arranged her curls by running her hand through her hair, she avoided her burning scalp and massaged her hair till it's better.

Then, her eyes met and held Vetta's burning gaze. She squared her shoulders, "I am Danika, mistress. The king's slave, that is who I am."

She started walking past an angry Vetta and stopped a few steps past her. She swiveled her head to the side.

"For twenty-two years, I was Princess Danika, the princess of Mombana kingdom. My status have fallen, mistress, but a few months doesn't take away years of upbringing and conditioning...years of class."

"Please, forgive me for putting my hands on people in a better class than I am, but it was the King's orders." She turned her head forward and walked away.

Vetta stood there with her mouth gapping open.

That bitch yanked her hand away from her hair!? She dared speak to her about the past!? Did she just intentionally remind her that she was once a princess and she, Vetta, was once a slave!?

Did she just remind her that she was born royalty and she, Vetta, was born a slave!?

How. Dare. Her!?

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“I can’t believe this bedroom is ours now!” Sally cried with so much excitement, hours after she came back from the market.

At first, she’d been panicked when she saw their bedroom being emptied. But then, she’d heard that they were moving to the Royal Quarters, and she just can’t believe it!

Danika smiled up at her, standing beside her, they stared at Remeta who was sleeping on the bed.

Baski had brought lunch earlier for her and Remeta, and she’d made Remeta eat hers. It made her mother really happy, and when she’d asked her how the king is doing, Danika also told her that the king is sleeping.

The happiness in Baski’s face can never be overemphasized. The woman had tears of happiness in her eyes, and after what the king told her about his relationship with Baski, she finally understood on a person level...how much the older woman loves the king so maternally.

Now, they watched Remeta lying down on the bed. Sally bit her lips hard, “Now that we’re no longer in the slave’s quarters...d-do you think the king will allow me to keep staying with you, My Princess?”

Danika turned to her, seeing the helpless look on her eyes.

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Chapter 71

Danika turned to her, seeing the helpless look on her eyes.

“I don’t want to stay away from you. I don’t want to. They will force me too....” She continued.

Danika placed a hand on her shoulder, "All slaves, maids and servants are under Madam Baski and she already knows that you're here. If the king finds out..." she bit her lips, "...we'll cross that bridge later."

Sally nodded her head. "Alright, my princess." Her lips stretched in a smile, "We live in the moment. No point thinking about tomorrow, right!?"

Danika nodded with a smile. "Exactly. How was your day at the market?"

Sally flushed a little and ducked her head.

Danika's brows rose in question. "Sally?"

"Sire Chad saw me on the way and he escorted me. He walked me to the market, and even as I picked out my cottons, he just stood there patiently and waited for me." She told her princess shyly, her face glowing.

Danika's eyes widened. She tried to reconcile the image of the stoic, cool personal guard of the king that doesn't care about looking at people's faces, spending sometime with Sally and walking her to the market.

It's a little too hard to believe, but she wasn't surprised. She'd seen the way the two of them stand together and talk.

Danika watched the glowing face of Sally and decided that her best friend does like Chad a lot. She just wishes Sally to be happy...anything at all that will make Sally happy will make her happy.

"Oh, I heard that the wicked mistress went into the King's Chambers. Did she see you there?" Sally suddenly asked, her eyes wide.

The question reminded Danika of her burning scalp. Impulsively, her hand went up to her hair. It also reminded her of the things she'd said to the mistress and her cheeks turned red.

She can't believe that she'd been able to speak to her in that way.

"Oh, Sally..." She exhaled in defeat. The mistress will just tell the king about it and she'll be punished for it.

"What happened?" Sally asked worriedly.

"The mistress almost scalped me, so I yanked her hand away from my hair and also said some things to her. Not mean things," she added, "...just things a slave should never say to a mistress."

Sally thought about that, her brow knitted in worry. She doesn't want anything to happen to her Princess at all, but then again, that Wicked Witch of the West is just too...wicked.

"Don't worry about it, Sally. We'll cross that bridge later." She went right ahead to reassuring Sally when she saw the worry.

Sally nodded. She even smiled. "Don't mind that mistress. I don't know why she hates you so so much, she almost whipped you to death. Even the king never did that!"

"I wonder too."

Sally smiled. "Let's go wash clothes, my princess before they come to call us."

"Remeta will be awake by the time we're done. Then, we are will go to the library. You, Sally, I need to continue your education." Danika said with a smile.

Sally pouted, "Reading and writing is wasted on me, my princess. You've been trying to teach me for ages but I've been unable to learn."

"One thing about life is that we don't ever give up, Sally. I want you to be able to know how to do all these... You're just not any slave to me, Sally. You've never been."

Sally's cheeks flushed red, she threw her arms around her princess's middle. "I love you so much, my princess."

Danika patted her head lovingly, "You know I love you too."

"Oh, my princess. I really wish the time will come when you'll stop suffering like a slave. This life doesn't deserve my princess. My princess don't deserve this filthy life at all. A life where everybody can just beat her around...order her around....drag her hair the way they want."

Her voice cracked and tears filled her eyes as she continued, "Once upon at time, none of them would have been able to look her in the eyes. To walk on the same ground she walked on...talk more of putting their filthy hands on her. It hurts me, my princess! It hurts me so much!"

Danika kept patting her head as Sally's tears soaked her clothing covering her left breast.

"Please, stop crying, Sally. That's all in the past now... Let's not look behind.... Let's keep looking forward. Who knows?" she smiled in reassurance, "My future might get bright like the king and his people's future suddenly got bright five years ago."

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Sally pulled away from her and wiped her tears, “You’re right, My Princess. You’re right.”

Danika helped her wipe her tears. She kept smiling at Sally, until Sally was able to return her smile by giving her a watery smile.

“That’s more like it.” Danika encouraged, still smiling, “Let’s look on the bright side. We live in the Royal Quarters now. Away from noises and troubles. We have a bigger bed and a bigger room.”

“We have a beautiful rug and exquisite cottons on the window. With a little touch on this bedroom, we might be able to get it to look like my former bedroom in Mombana.”

Sally brightened instantly. “Oh, yes! I like that thought, my princess! Just leave that one to me! I’ll make this room look like that.” she grinned and whirled around excitedly, “Aaaah...the day is suddenly looking so bright, my princess!”

Danika’s smile turned to full blown grin. “The only person brightening up the day is you, Sally.”

As she walked to the bathroom, she was still happy. She’s happy about a lot of things.

The king talking to her. Embracing her. Sleeping in her arms. She’s happy about having a girl like Sally. And now, Remeta has joined her family, and she’s happy too.

It doesn’t matter what the future holds. What matters is that she has a small family that loves her. She will do everything within her power to make Remeta get better.

She just wished that there’s a way she can be able to help the king too.

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Chapter 72

As Danika took Remeta and Sally out of the palace, the people resumed looking at them in that strange uncomprehending way.

Sally skidded her way in front of them, smiling happily and greeting everyone. They returned her greeting with the same enthusiastic.

Danika was holding Remeta's hand, the girl pressed close to her, so afraid of the crowd of people they passed.

After staying indoors for so long, she isn't used to them at all, especially the way they look at her.

They just cut through another route when a small child suddenly ran headfirst into Danika.

The child pulled back and looked up at Danika. He looks like a five-year old and he was dirty from hair to toe, from playing too much.

From his tattered clothes, Danika knows that she's the child of a lowborn. She stared at the spot where the child bumped into her and he saw the dirt on her white gown.

"I'm so sorry...! So sorry...!" The boy bowed repeatedly, obviously scared that he'll be punished.

She recognized the mother of the child as a woman suddenly started running close to them. She snatched her child and pulled the baby protectively behind her back.

The woman knows who Danika is and she also knows that even though, she's now a slave, she's still a King's Slave. She can easily get the king to punish her baby.

"Don't hurt my son, please. He didn't see you or he'll never run into you...!" The woman started pleadingly, even as she gazed at Danika loathingly.

Although she's now a slave, she still stood proudly like a princess. Her shoulders high, her nose in the air. Her stance screamed Royalty in capital letters, the woman thought miserably.

Also, she's the late King Cone's daughter and she will never have mercy. Just the thought of it, almost made the woman want to tear up and start crying.

She was most surprised when Danika touched her shoulder soothingly. "It's alright, ma'am. There is no harm done."

She even added a little smile on her face before she walked past the woman and started down the road in her usual elegant steps.

The woman's mouth was hanging open with disbelief. She and almost thirty other women.

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When King Lucien stirred, the sun has left the sky and it's late evening. How did he fall asleep?

And he had fallen asleep, he thought as he rose from the bed. Memories swarmed him as he sat up and stared around the empty room.

He'd slept on Danika's embrace. Again. Where is she?

He got up from the bed wondering how he had been able to sleep for as long as he did. He took a step forward and noticed that his leg no longer hurts.

Just then, the door opened and Vetta entered.

"You're awake, My King. For a moment, I thought you wouldn't wake until morning. You slept for that long." She walked closer to him and bowed her head in greeting.

He acknowledged her greeting with a nod of his head and walked past her to his wardrobe and undressed himself. "Vetta. I haven't seen you since today. Where did you go?"

His concern for her whereabouts made her giddy with excitement. But she couldn't tell him that she paid the healer of fertility a visit.

"I went into town to see my tailor. She's making me new beautiful corsets, My King." That much was true.

"I heard you were invited to a ball party."

"Yes, my king." She revealed with barely curbed excitement, "I was wondering if you would like to be my escort for the party?"

"I can't attend. You know, I don't like parties." He stated flatly as he brought out his evening garment.

She walked closer to him and took it from him. He let her have it. She started helping him cloth his body.

“Yes, I know, My King.” She sighed, hiding her disappointment. She’d been hoping that he’ll still do it for her, even though he hated it.

He hates the music, the noise, the activities of a party. The king just loves his own company more.

She remembered the fertility pill in her pocket, and grinned secretly. Pausing at the last button, she leaned down and kissed his chest. He stiffened instantly. But she did it again and again, kissing him all over.

She wanted him so much. She wanted to feel him inside her....and she wanted to carry his seed inside her afterwards.

“Let me make you feel good, My King....” She whispered seductively, running her hand all over him.

His brows knitted together and he pulled away from her. “Not today, Vetta. I need to get some work done.”

Shit! She gave it another try. “I can suck you with my mouth. You will enjoy it, you know you always do....”she whispered seductively.

His brows knit together...as if he was remembering something. Then, he shook his head. “Not tonight, Vetta.”

Knowing that more persuasion wouldn’t work well for her, she nodded, doing her best to hide her disappointment. She finished working his button and stepped back.

He walked past her to his desk and got behind it. His face was the usual unreadable cold mask, like it was carved out of granite.

But there was a relaxation to him that wasn’t there before, Vetta thought. Her brows knotted in thought. Could it be because of the sleep he got?

Now that she thinks of it, she hasn’t been able to make him sleep....unlike that godforsaken slave.

Maybe, she could visit a healer for the best herbs for sleep.

She cleared her throat, not knowing how to go about asking him the question that has been disturbing her since. “My King....”

He pulled out a unused feather and opened a new bottle of king. “What is it?”

She shifted uncomfortably at her feet. "I saw the guards m-moving King Cone's daughter's belongings into the former room of Princess Melia..." she trailed off.

He dug the feather into the ink and withdrew it. He started scribbling down on the scroll in front of him. The silence was deafening.

Vetta was becoming more agitated as time dragged by.

Finally, he raised his head and stared at her, "I don't hear a question there, Vetta."

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Chapter 73

Finally, he raised his head and stared at her, "I don't hear a question there, Vetta."

"It just baffles me, Your Majesty. Why you should let your slave move into the Royal Quarters...into Princess Melia's bedroom...and the slave also happens to be King Cone's daughter."

"I didn't move King Cone's daughter to that bedroom. I moved Remeta." He reached out for a new scroll and unfolded slowly. He laid it down on the table and scrutinized it thoughtfully.

"Remeta?" What has that got to do with Baski's crazy daughter? She asked herself inwardly.

He spared her a glance. "Have you seen little Remeta, lately?"

"No, Your highness. The last time I saw her, six months ago, she screamed her head off at the first sight of me." She answered flippantly.

He discarded the scroll and stretched out his hand to the bag before him, he took out another new one.

"You have to see her today, Vetta. She's willing to get better and it's because of Danika. She wants to stay with Danika. I'm letting her. "

"Why Danika? What's so special about her?" She asked in complete anger and bewilderment.

Silence. Thick silence. Her question hung on the air.

He got up and walked into his library. Vetta waited impatiently.

Finally, he came out with a file and walked back to his chair. He lowered himself on it. When the silence dragged, Vetta gave up that he would answer.

“Remeta thinks her Royalty. She calls her Royalty and because of that, she feels safe with Danika.” He g*****d at last.

Vetta wasn't understanding any of these at all. And when did she go from being called 'his slave' to 'Danika'!?

She lost it. “But, she's a slave. She's filthy! She's has become a slave, that is what she is. She's not royalty anymore, she lost that status when she became a slave!”

The king stiffened. He raised his head and gave her his full attention for a full minute. “I was a slave for ten years. Does it mean I stopped being Royalty in your eyes, Vetta?”

Her eyes widened and she gasped in horror. Shit, why didn't she just control her anger!?

She knelt down immediately and bowed her head. “I'm s-so sorry, Your Majesty. That wasn't what I meant to imply....”

He lowered his head again to his scroll.

“I am busy. You're dismissed.” He stated as he scribbled down on the new scroll.

Vetta felt so ashamed. Why didn't she just control her mouth for heaven's sake!?

But then, she fumed silently. He isn't giving her attention at all! What's so important that he can't leave it to attend to her? His mistress?

“Yes, My King.” She bowed her head, doing her best to curb her fury. She walked out.

Outside the door, she stood there fuming badly. Anger was all she could breath.

Danika is Royalty, Danika is Royalty, Danika is Royalty! Why does these words have to be the only words she's hearing since today!?

She fisted her hands angrily. No, she can't take this anymore. She wouldn't.

And she knows what to do.



“Chad.” King Lucien called after Vetta left.

The door opened and Chad entered. He bowed his head. “You summoned me, My King.”

He raised the finished scroll and folded it neatly. He reached for another scroll and unwrapped it.

Chad waited patiently for him.

“Go and tell Danika, I summon her.” He g*****d at last.

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Danika entered the chamber of the king with her heart in her throat. It’s been that way since Chad summoned her.

He was sitting behind his desk, his brows knitted, his jaw set in the usual hard angle as he scribbled down on the scroll.

She bowed her head. “You summoned me, Master.”

“Get over here.” He didn’t spare her a glance.

She strode across the big bedroom towards him, she stopped a feet away from him. Why her heart was beating a drum in her chest, she can’t understand.

“Sit down.”

She lowered herself to the floor next to him.

Finally, he raised his head and stared at her. Only for a moment. He reached into the bag of scrolls and withdrew a brand new unwritten scroll. He handed it to her.

Her worry dissolved and peace settled in her heart. Already, she was anticipating the serenity and the peace of working with him.

He handed her a manuscript, writing feather and a small bottle of ink. She took it graciously and arranged them on the floor.

“I overslept.” He glared at her accusingly. “Now, I have a lot of work to do.”

Danika doesn't know what to say to that, so she kept her mouth shut. He faced his desk after that, and continued scribbling.

She started reading, translating and writing. They worked in silence. She concentrated on the manuscript and translated every single sentence with care.

Suddenly, the door opened. “My King, I—” Vetta's voice cut off as soon as it started as she watched the king and Danika work together.

“Get out.” He didn't raise his voice. He didn't spare her a glance.

“Y-Yes, My King.” She fumed silently. She'd wanted to come and remind him about the hunting tomorrow... Only to see this!

So, he writes with her? She doesn't even know something like this happens. Why does that bitch have to know how to read and write!?

Danika never looked up at her, she was too concentrated on her work to do that. And it only made the mistress more angry.

No acknowledgement from the slave whatsoever! And the king isn't doing anything about it!

She turned and marched out angrily.

It only solidified her resolve to go through with the plans she has for Danika. There's no way she's letting her conscience get in the way at all!

If anybody deserves to experience what pain and horror feels like, it's the proud daughter of King Cone!

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Chapter 74

Baski woke up and stared at the hourglass. It shows that it's well past midnight.

She looked beside her and watched Remeta sleeping soundly beside her. She'd waited for the girl to fall asleep in Danika's bedroom before she'd carried her from the bedroom to her room here in the palace.

It's only in these moments of Remeta sleeping well that she's able to put some herbs on her and rub her body the healing herbs that will clear the scars from the scratches she gave herself.

Baski got up from the bed and walked to the table. She opened her herb bag and brought out all the leaves, stems and concoctions she packed in it.

But as she searched, she couldn't find the most important leaf. How can she not pack the Dorco plant?

It's the most important plant with she uses in making the Forb-bane. The Forb-bane is the medicinal herb used for healing the skin.

There might still be a small leaf of it in the backyard.

She left it all scattered on the table and strode out of the bedroom. She checked very well to make sure that Remeta was still sleeping before she closed the door.

She walked through the Servant's Quarters into the Royal Quarters. When she entered the hallway of the King's Chambers, she strained her neck to the side to be able to see his door.

The lights were on. The king is still awake.

She shook her head and continued on her way. She has passed the bedroom of the late princess Melia when she heard whimpers.

Soft terrified whimpers.

She paused and walked back to the door. She opened it and froze.

Chad laid on top of Sally with her drawers on her midriff and his face buried in her womanhood.

"Good heavens....!" Baski cried in horror as she walked into the bedroom.

He didn't move, but Sally swiveled her head and stared at Baski with terrified tear-filled eyes.

"Madam Baski..." she whimpered, "...please, help me... Make him stop....."

Baski hurried towards Sally and started patting her head in reassurance. "Calm down, my dear...okay? Stay calm... He's not in his right mind or he'll never do something like this to you....!"

Tears rolled down Sally's eyes. She was terrified out of her mind as Chad's tongue flickered on her body down there and his big body dominated between her legs.

The only memories that clouded her sleepy mind is the memories of that very day in the courtroom.

She could only see the kings and the things they did to her.

She closed her eyes tight and whimpered in terror. Her body remained stiff. She was too scared to struggle or twist away.

Baski walked to Chad and pulled him away from Sally. "Alright, that's it, big guy. Follow me...."

She was half-scared that he wouldn't follow her but breathed a deep sign of relief when he extracted himself from Sally's shivering body.

His eyes was glazed over in sleep as he followed Baski to the bathroom. As she poured him a bucketload of cold water, she was in thought.

Why Sally? Why did his sexomnia sleepwalking carry him to Sally's bedroom?

She'd always known that Chad sleepwalks to the King's bed some night, it's been going on since they escaped slavery five years ago. His mind traps him to the past, and his legs carry him to the bedroom of the person occupying his mind.

It's always been the king.

No one thinks more about the King's safety that his personal bodyguard....more than the man who was always ready to throw himself in front of every torture session just to prevent the king from being there. It's always been the king for Chad.

Why, suddenly, did he come to Sally's bed?

She paused the thought when he saw Chad's eyes widen in recognition. He looked around and he frowned because it wasn't the sight of the king's bedroom.

And Baski is the one standing in front of him so he definitely wasn't in the King's Chambers. Where is he?

The question was only in his mind for a second before he looked around with clearer eyes and he saw where he was.

“Oh...No...” Dread filled him.

Baski watched him with pity as horror blanketed his eyes.

A sweet taste was in his mouth and it wasn't the familiar taste of the king. It only made him more horrified.

Then, his face took on a pained look, “Please, tell me it's not Remeta...” He g*****d in self disgust and pain, his heart filled with pain.

“No, it's not Remeta, Chad. It's Sally...”



Hours later, movements beside him caught his attention.

King Lucien swiveled his head to see Danika waving her head around dizzily. She caught herself yet again and tried to concentrate.

He watched her. It didn't take long again before her eyes slid close and her head almost fell again. She caught herself.

The next time, her head hung on one side and she fell asleep indeed. He still watched her.

Is she a devil like her father? Can she be living a life of pretense?

Why is the universe playing such a cruel joke at him? Why would the daughter of the monster who ruined him, be the person he finds peace in her presence? The person with whom he finds sleep in her presence?

A huge frown dominated his face as he tried to think of every logical explanation to explain such strange occurrence. He could come out with none.

His eyes found the open scroll and the scribbled words on them. Her handwriting is beautiful and pleasing in the eyes.

He folded another completed scroll and kept it aside. “Chad.”

The door opened and another guard entered. “He has retired to his quarters, your majesty.”

“Take her to the bed.” He ordered as he opened another blank scroll. After sleeping all afternoon, he is ready to work most of the night away.

“Yes, my king.” The guard walked closer and lifted Danika from the ground. She sighed sleepily and settled against the guard.

He started walking out of the room.

“I didn’t give orders that you should take her out of this room, Zariel.”

The guard stopped suddenly and turned. “I’m so sorry, my king. I thought you wanted me to take the slave to her room.”

“Lay her down on the bed, Zariel.” he spared the guard a glance, “My bed.”

“Oh.. O-Ofcourse, my king.” He hurriedly walked to the bed and gently deposited Danika on it.

She laid there sleeping while the guard stepped back, bowed to the king and took his leave.

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Chapter 75

It’s the early hours of morning when Danika suddenly screamed.

King Lucien was in the library when he heard the loud-piercing scream.

It came again. Followed by the ruffle of bedsheets.

He walked in steady strides out of the inner room to see Danika screaming and thrashing on the bed. Her eyes was squeezed tightly shut, sweat poured from her body and her breathing was erratic.

“No....! Noooo, Baski please....! I have to save Sally! No...please! I can’t leave her to t-them...!” She cried out.

King Lucien watched with a furrow of his brows. She’s having a nightmare. Her mind is trapped in the events of her introduction day at the courtroom.

“No...you d-don’t understand, they will kill her....! They hate me so much, t-they will kill Sally, because they...think...she is...me...!” She sobbed in her sleep.

As she lived that horrible moment all over again in her sleep, a crack from the ice-wall King Lucien built around his cold heart fell away.

King Lucien watched the way she cried her heart out, thrashing around. Pained screams emitted from her throat.

And he asked himself....

How could he have possibly ever thought that she might be a devil pretending to be an angel?

Chad closed his eyes against the wave of shame and pain. This is the reason he's been doing his best not to think about the girl since he found himself getting attracted to her.

He did his best to ignore that attraction, to make sure it doesn't grow and after he saw her when those kings brutalized her, he was more adamant to kill that attraction more than ever. All because of this.

His heart squeezed in his chest. "How is she?"

"She is scared out of her mind." Baski said pitifully.

He closed his eyes against the wave of pain.

She walked closer and placed her hand on his arm. "You don't have to feel so bad about this... All you have to do is to explain to her in the light of the day—"

"There is no explaining something like this, Baski. There is no explaining that I took advantage of her and manhandled her the same way those kings did."

"No. Don't even try to compare this with their brutality! You weren't aware! And you didn't force your body inside her! Don't be too hard on yourself!" She chided him.

He only inclined his head in respect to her, and walked out of the bathroom with his body dripping wet.

Sally huddled under the cover, looking so small and terrified out of her mind. She whimpered and recoiled from him as he walked out.

The sound of fear and movement from her killed something in him. His chest burning, he bowed his head to her in apology.

"I'm so sorry, Miss Sally." He turned and walked out of the door. He can't risk scaring her more.

Sally's mind was clouded in the memories of her horror in the courtroom, and somehow the sound of Chad's faraway voice soothed her.

But it didn't stop the deep-rooted fear and terror.

It was a long time later before Baski was able to induce Sally back to sleep with sleeping portions.



Danika was still thrashing on the bed and screaming, saying words and words about the courtroom.

As King Lucien watched her, it took him back to that day at the courtroom. That very day Sally had screamed her heart out. He couldn't help remembering the way it all affected his woman lying on his bed.

She'd screamed at every agonizing scream of her former personal maid. She'd cried every cry. She'd hurt so much that she came to him for the first time. She'd hurt so much, she chose a physical pain as an escape from the emotional pain.

He was frowning really hard in thought. When she started sobbing, he was forced to move.

He walked towards her and sat down on the bed. "Stop it. It's just a nightmare." He spoke calmly.

"Oh... stop whipping me.... I d-did nothing wrong... Stop! Stop...! It hurts...!" She cried thrashing her head from side to side.

Now, her subconscious is replaying the torture session from Vetta.

"Danika. Wake up." He commanded again.

It didn't work. She only cried.

Then, he placed a hand on her arm with every intention of shaking her awake, but as his hand touched her she stilled her struggles and stopped crying.

Instead, she curled her body around his arm and settled back into sleep.

His brows furrowed further as he watched this development. She was gripping his body hard, her body relaxed into sleep.

He kept still and was forced to watch her as she slept. His eyes took in her features. The long lashes of her eyes, the beautiful pale white skin, the bow of her mouth and pointiness of her nose.

He didn't know how long he watched her until finally, he was able to quietly pull his arm from her body.

Also, he made a mental note to summon her personal maid tomorrow. It's high time, he does that.

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Chapter 76

The next afternoon, Vetta was feeling happy as she sat on top of the horse, the wind blew around in the deserted part of the land.

It's the first time she's going hunting with the king, it's making her so excited. And it's also, the first time she was introduced as the King's only mistress, it made her happier.

The two other kings gets to see her and she goes hunting with them. A moment with her king. A moment alone without any other person...woman, slave.

She tightened her grip at the rein of the horse and lifted her face to the sky. The day can't get any better.

"Who are we waiting for, My King?" She asked in a happy voice, the wind caressing her soft eyes.

He said nothing. His expression said nothing too. He was seated on the top of his horse, holding the rein while the two other kings were also on their own horses, both together talking.

King Lucien kept a few distance from them, his jaw set in a firm line.

Vetta opened her eyes and stared at him, the thought came to her. Can the day ever come when this man will smile? When he can laugh?

Even in the privacy of her mind, she knows the impossibility of the thought. It's such a pity—

A movement caught her eyes and she turned to watch the ruffle of grasses in the entrance of the deserted land, that shows that someone is coming. Must be who they'd been waiting for.

Danika came through the ruffles and Vetta felt something hard slam in her chest.

Danika walked closer to them and knelt. She bowed her head. "I'm sorry for being late, Master."

"You should be whipped for that!" That was King Moreh, he was also glaring at her.

Danika's heart ran away in her chest in fear.

"No, I don't think so. After all, we've been talking and having a good time of our life while we waited."

She peaked up at the new deep voice gratefully. That is King Valendy and it's the first time he's coming to Salem since the kingdom gained their freedom.

Salem is now the biggest kingdom in the whole of England because it is a joint kingdom with Mombana.

King Lucien said nothing, just staring at Danika with that cold hard eyes.

But it didn't scare her the way it used to because she knows that the hardness and coldness of his eyes and heart has become a natural part of him.

Unbidden, she remembered that night after she'd been whipped when he took her up in his arms and she was heavily induced on drugs.

"Can your eyes ever be warm again?" She'd asked in a daze.

"No." He'd replied, "because it's forgotten what it's like to have warm eyes."

Now, she met his eyes with hers before she lowered her eyes again.

"What is she doing here?" Vetta asked the king. She did her best to keep the anger from her face but it was difficult.

Danika has ruined a very good day for her again. Why does she have to be here!?

When the king didn't say any word, instead he jerked at the rein of his horse which causes the horse to start moving, she glared hard at his back.

"Let's go." King Moreh stated.

All of them started moving. Danika walked to the empty horse in the corner and climbed on it.

For the first time, she's thankful that she and Sally had learned how to ride all those days they used to sneak out of her room.

Riding is much better than walking on foot, which is exactly the fate of a slave.

They all jerked on the rein of the horses at the same time and the horses sped up in a run. Vetta was so mad, smokes would have come out of her eyes if she was a witch.

She'd been happy that she would be spending quality time with the king. Now, Danika has ruined it all for her!



A long time later, they reached the hunting ground and got down from their horses. King Lucien's guards and the other King's guards were there waiting.

King Valendy's guards supplied them with boar and arrow. They all raced off in search of a deer to hunt.

"So, she's the daughter of Cone?" King Valendy asked King Moreh as they rode.

King Moreh glared at Danika. "Yes, she is. Useless whore." He spat on the ground. "You should have attended her introduction. The bitch is one sweet whore, she isn't a fine face for fancy at all."

King Valendy's brows knitted. "You know I don't enjoy such occasions. I don't understand what is so fun about taking pleasure from an unwilling woman." his eyes found Danika, "she might be the daughter of a beast like Cone, but she didn't choose her father."

That said, King Valendy sped up his horse and rode ahead of King Moreh.

King Moreh glared at his back. Valendy has always been an a*s of an old man. Moreh can't understand how the man doesn't like most of the 'fun' they have.

Well, not all men are real men.

Hours after, the guards took the three deers they hunted down. They maintained good distance behind the kings as instructed.

The kings were happy that the hunt was a successful one, meanwhile, Vetta was still sheathing.

Anytime she throws a glance at Danika, her eyed only narrowed more in loathing.

King Lucien was able to get Valendy on his side for his cause, it made him feel a little better. That had been the main reason for this hunting trip.

He has five kings including himself, on the side to abolish some awful traditions against slaves and also put up some laws to protect lowborns.

It's remaining two more kings and the petition will be granted. There are twelve kingdoms with eleven kings, and five kings already agreed. Just two more kings.

"These boarders.... They have been closed for so long." King Moreh observed the land and the big fence far away from them.

Lucien's jaw hardened. "It was Cone. I haven't been on this part of the kingdom since I took it back."

Danika shifted uncomfortably on her horse. It always makes her uncomfortable when the topic always becomes her father.

King Moreh looked around the forest. "I heard one certain time that Cone filled this place with land mines and traps because it leads to the boarder. Bastard is scared that a king might decide to ambush his kingdom one day...the way he did to King Conald."

The reference to King Lucien's father wasn't making Danika feel better. But Vetta's bad mood dissolved at that topic.

"Yes. He doesn't want to experience what he did to others." Vetta snarled, throwing a glare at Danika.

"No one invited your mouth. Know your place." King Valendy said angrily. "How dare you disrespect us that way?"

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Chapter 77

Vetta's eyes widened at the unexpected reproach. She bowed her head immediately in apology. "I'm really sorry, your highness."

King Valendy's mouth pursed in a thin line, his wrinkles standing out. He stared at King Lucien, "Which family is your mistress from, Lucien? That family didn't groom their daughter well in mannerism and behaviour."

It was Vetta's turn to be very uncomfortable. By 'family', the king means which privileged home did she come out from.

King Lucien just shrugged, saying nothing. Always a man of few words.

Of course, King Moreh was the exact opposite. "Naaah. She's from no family. Saw the lass during an introduction of the King's Slave which Cone hosted several years old. Was an unclothed slave serving drinks."

"Oh. I should have known." King Valendy dismissed her and sped up his horse.

Vetta felt so embarrassed, the ground might as well swallow her. Danika, on the other hand almost felt pity for her.

She forced herself not to feel that. The woman hated her, and she had purposefully tried to make the kings pick on her by speaking about her father.

The first lesson a lady of class learns from her governess is.... Never to speak when the kings are speaking, unless spoken to. Or commanded to.

After King Valendy sped up his horse, King Moreh joined too. And then King Lucien.

But something terrible and unexpected happened.

King Lucien saw the landmine but he saw it too late. His horse stepped into it and whined in pain. Like a typical spooked horse, he was uncontrollably.

He raised his hands high from the ground and lowered it. He raised it higher again, the horse needing to throw the weight from his back away.

King Lucien tried to control it but the horse stepped into another trap in it's agitation, and that was when he threw King Lucien from his back.

Vetta's eyes widened at the unexpected reproach. She bowed her head immediately in apology. "I'm really sorry, your highness."

"Protect the king!" Chad shouted far behind them, already raising his horse closer to them.

But, it was too late.

The horse threw him and he had a very bad fall.

"Nooo....!" Danika found herself screaming because she saw it happen.

The King's big body caught the arrow that was triggered when his horse stepped at the second trap.

An arrow shot him. And he just had a bad fall.

Chad already jumped down from his horse and was raced so hard with a fastening speed that would have surprised Danika if she wasn't so panicked at the King's fall.

Within seconds, he raised passed them and reached the king. Danika already climbed down too and was fast on his heel.

King Lucien opened his eyes and g*****d. Then, he closed his eyes again.

"W-Why is he u-unable to keep his e-eyes open?" Her voice trembled as she asked.

Chad reached for the arrow stuck on the King's left chest to drag it out, but his arm suddenly hanged on the air.

"Pull it out! Why are you not pulling it out!?" King Valendy was shouting as he raced closer.

Chad looked up at them. "It's poisoned. The arrow....it's poisoned."

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The palace is in chaos, even though it's only few people that knows that the king has been injured.

They took the king back to his chambers, the medicine man already sent for. The three guards including Chad laid him on his bed, his eyes was firmly slid shot.

Danika has been battling with controlling tears. She doesn't know what this means for her. The king hates her so much and now this has to happen....

Will he survive this?

The thought didn't bear thinking about because, even though the future wasn't looking so bright for her, she doesn't want anything to happen to him at all.

The mistress was angrily giving commands to the guards, while she hovered around the king with Baski and Chad.

Baski looks like she's dangerously close to tears as she covered her hand with a cloth and pulled the arrow from his chest.

She talked about examining the arrow to find out which poison was used and how to get the antidote.

That was when the mistress finally stared at her with rage in her eyes.

Vetta matched towards her and struck her hard across the face. "What are you doing here!? Isn't it enough that your father is still tormenting him after death!? What are you doing here!?"

Danika's ears rang, the pain of the slap penetrating from her cheek down her body. Her eyes blurred.

"Get out! Get out, now!" Vetta screamed at her.

Danika turned and ran out of the room, so disorganized, she openingly sobbed at the hallway. Her only relief was that the hallway was empty.

"Oh...why did this have to happen!?" She cried, sobs racking her throat.

She didn't know how long she sat down there in front of his bedroom until Sally found her and took her away.

Just when she thought everything would be alright...just when the sun was shining too bright for her. Something had to happen to take away that brightness.

As Sally took her away, she was still sobbing as she stared down at her best friend. "Oh, Sally.... What's g-going to become of me now?"

Sally couldn't control her tears because her Princess is crying. "You will be fine, my princess. You've survived for this long... You will be fine!"

But even as she did her best to console her princess, Sally couldn't help weeping because nothing was looking alright. Nothing at all.

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Chapter 78

When the guards came to take Danika in the late evening, panic filled her.

She'd dreaded this moment all day she had been unable to do anything at all. They would torture her now. Hurt her for being Cone's daughter.

"No...! No...! Please, just leave my princess alone!" Sally cried to the guards as they took Danika's hand.

Danika's only happiness was that Remeta wasn't around to witness this, she is at the backyard watching the maids play the moonlight game.

At least, Remeta isn't here. This would have traumatized her further.

As Sally cried and pleaded, they took her away from their room.

But as they walked, they didn't take the turn that leads out of the Royal Quarters. Instead, they walked her the long hallway that separated her bedroom with the King's Chambers.

When the guards came to take Danika in the late evening, panic filled her.

One of them opened the door and walked Danika into the king's room.

"I brought her, Court Lady." The guard addressed Madam Baski.

She nodded and told the guards to leave. They all left. Danika took a peak at the mistress who stood bes

she's a stranger.

She raised her chin, refusing to feel shame at all. He didn't have to block her part but he did! It's his fault.

"The king is unwell" Baski continued, "We have to give him the time he needs to recover. He needs peace and quietness."

"We can all settle our differences when he's better again and we shouldn't disrespect him by shouting and fighting in his chambers." She stared pointedly at Vetta.

She did duck her head in shame then.

Baski turned to Danika who's attention was completely focused on the king and she was still running the wet cloth down his cheek. Her touch was so gentle, it's obvious she's deliberately doing her best not to hurt him.

Baski watched the rise and fall of the King's chest. He looks more relaxed that he's been all day.

"Danika." She called.

Danika turned towards her, "Yes, Madam Baski."

"I'm leaving the king in your care. Take good care of him. I'll come in to check up on him as much as possible but he needs rest now, and we will all leave him to you."

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Chapter 79

"Alright, Madam Baski. I'll take care of him." Danika whispered.

Chad was still watching Vetta when Baski told them that it's time for all of them to leave.

"When did you change so much?" Chad suddenly asked.

"I don't understand what you're saying." She whirled around and matched out of the King's bedroom. And she was still reeling in anger.

Why does it have to be Danika seeing with the king when she's his mistress!? What kind of insult is this!?

As she matched away, her anger was boiling so hard she was practically shaking with it.

Chad turned to Baski. "Did she change? Or was she always like this?" He asked calmly, his face so blank he reminded Baski of the king.

Baski took a deep breath. "I don't know, Chad. I don't know anything anymore...."

Chad said nothing and walked out of the door too.

Baski watched him. Both men has some similarities and she knows it's because of how long they've been together. Chad has been with King Lucien since the both of them was twelve.

She turned to have one last glance at the King and Danika. She was running the water down his neck so carefully and tenderly.

He's in safe hands, she thought with conviction. Then, she turned and walked out of the bedroom.

It took a lot of convincing from Baski and Chad before Sally was able to believe that her princess wasn't getting punished by anybody at the moment, instead, she's taking care of the king.

"Alright, Madam Baski. I'll take care of him." Danika whispered.

At first, she'd thought Baski was deceiving her to keep her away from the dungeon or anywhere her princess was getting punished.

So, she'd ran to the dungeons in search of her princess, but she'd been unable to see her. She'd searched and searched.

Finally, she give in to the urge to go and confront Sire Chad about it.

Since, last night, he has been avoiding her.

When she woke up this morning with the memories of the things he did to her the night before, she'd felt betrayed and hurt that he would do something like that to her.

But, it was also Madam Baski that sat her down and told her bids and pieces of the things Sire Chad had been through. Things she told her made tears roll down her eyes.

How can the former king be such a bad man? How can he be the complete opposite of his father?

Madam Baski had told her that Chad had been disgusted with himself about what he did to her and that's why he was keeping his distance.

After she heard all that, she'd wanted to seek him out by herself to tell him that she forgives him for the things he did, but she has always been shy and uncertain about it.

What if he pushes her away?

But now, she didn't waste time giving it a second thought. Instead, she went in search of him and found him in the training ground with some few new guards.

"Can I t-talk to you for a minute, sire Chad?" She whispered in a small voice.

He wanted to refuse. It was in the tip of his tongue to do so.

“Please...” She added.

He nodded in agreement and took her away from there to a more private place. She'd told him the reason she was looking for him.

“I swear to you, Sally. Your princess isn't getting tortured by anybody at this minute. She's in the king's chambered.”

Convinced, she let out a deep sign of relief. “Thank you, Sire Chad.”

Silence descended upon them. A very uncomfortable silence.

Sally bit her lips. “Sire Chad, about last night...”

His jaw locked, disgust flashing in his eyes. “I really apologize for that, Miss Sally. You can report me to the king for molestation and I will get punished for it, if it will make you accept my sincere apology—“

“Never...! No, I'll never do something like that...! I accept your apology, you weren't in your right mind.” her cheeks flushed, “...the sire I know will never try to hurt me that way deliberately....”

He swallowed tightly. She's so pure, she radiated it even from a distance. So innocent, she shouldn't be seen with a man like him...especially after what he did to her.

The reminded made his heart to burn. He bowed his head to her before he turned and started away....ignoring her voice as she called to him.

A man like him doesn't deserve such beautiful porcelain so he doesn't ruin it.

One thing about porcelains is that they get ruined and damaged in the wrong hands. That pure and innocent beauty deserve better.

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Chapter 80

After they all left, Danika was left alone with the king. Her hand faltered.

She stared at him, really allowed herself to stare at him.

His eyes were closed, his face relaxed in unconsciousness. His scars drew her attention, she looked at the long line that ran down a cheek, giving him a savage look.

Why did her father's sins have to haunt her? Even after he is dead? Why does this have to happen?

The water is no longer as cold, she observed. Getting up from the bed, she took the water to the bathroom where she poured it away and got a new cold water.

She came back and resumed her seat. She dipped the wet rag inside and continued bathing his face and neck.

Afterwards, she checked his temperature and felt better when his face wasn't as hot as before. But when her hand touched his arm, it was burning hot.

She bit her lips in indecision.

For this to work, she'll have to bathe all part of him with cold water. That, is impossible. Unthinkable.

The king will have her head for that.

I'll bath his chest and belly first, she thought. It's better than undressing him completely. He's still have her head if he wants out, but then again, maybe it's high time.

Her wrongs against him only keeps compounding, things to get punished for. What is one more wrong compared to the others?

She left the wet rag dipped inside water and raised trembling hands to the fastening of his shirt. She picked and pulled at them until they came undone.

He had three more royal clothings inside, and she took her time undressing him until her hand finally touched the rough parches of his skin.

Slowly, she pulled all the clothing's apart until she was staring at his naked chest and belly.

"Oh Creator.....!" The horrified gasped escaped her throat before she could hold it in.

Scars after scars crisscrossed his body. She recognized a whiplash and the mark of a knife.

Oh, heavens this is too much! Too much!

After they all left, Danika was left alone with the king. Her hand faltered.

She lowered her head and wept silently, tears escaping her eyes. No wonder he is so sensitive about it.

“Why did you have to be a monster, father...? I looked up to you while I was growing up without a mother...? Why did you have to be this way....? What did he and his people ever do to you that you had to treat him like an animal....!?” She sobbed softly into her hands doing her best to control it so she wouldn’t wake him.

She didn’t know how long she cried there but when she raised her eyes towards the window, the blackness of the night shows that it’s a long time.

She wiped her eyes with the back of her hand and resumed bathing him. A fierce feeling to protect him filled her system.

She ran the wet rag from his neck down to his chest, massaging the scars carefully. How could he have ever thought that people will find him repulsive because of his scars?

She paused and looked up to his face. “Your scars are not something to be ashamed off, My King. They are battle scars. They are not repulsive, instead they show just how brave you were. They show the lion in you more than the crown on your head ever will...”

She whispered to him as she resumed bathing his body.

After his chest, she started towards his abdomen when he startled her.

“No, let him go! Declan did nothing to you! Let him go....p-please! Just...stop!” He g*****d, his voice filled with so much pain, it had Danika frozen for a second.

Something twisted in her chest at the look of absolute nightmare on his face, his eyes squeezed tightly shut. His hands balled into fists.

She dropped the rag and wrapped her arms around his body. “I’m sorry...! I’m so sorry...! These w-words will never be enough...it will never erase anything...but I’m so sorry...!”

As she sobbed, she whispered the words to him, rubbing her hand up and down his chest. Her own chest was tightened to the very point of pain.

He started calming slowly, she continued rubbing his body and whispering the words until he calmed completely. His body went still again.

But for only a few seconds.

All of a sudden, he sprang up from the bed and his hands caught her tight, he rolled over immediately and pinned her under him.

One minute, she was resting her head and upper body on his chest, whispering and soothing him. The next minute, his big body was pinning hers fully on the space he occupied before.

She gasped, her breath erratic. She looked up at his dazed eyes with fear and surprise.

King Lucien in his dazed mind, was very sure that it's the guards here again and they were touching him again to go and torture him. He wasn't going down without a fight!

They killed Declan! They will not kill him without a fight!

Danika saw the savage hate in his eyes, it took her the moment he raised his fisted hand to punch her, for her to realize that the hate wasn't directed at her.

"No! M-Master, please....!" She cried, panicked. He'll kill her with that punch. He has the strength and agility of so many men...even in a sick bed.

Her voice sounded far away and distinct. He didn't hear her words, neither was he seeing her face. But his fisted hand remained in the air.

A very soft body was beneath him. A familiar body...but not Vetta's. That was the only thing his head registered.

A body that feels good... A guard's body is repellent, it doesn't feel good.

That was when he slowly started coming into his surrounding. His eyes stared into her face and he swallowed. "Danika...."

At the hoarse g***n, she whispered, "Yes, master.... It's me..."

She truly waited for the blow to land then, while she maintained eye contact with him. Danika is the daughter of King Cone. Danika is the woman he hates so much.

"My Danika..." He whispered again, tenderly this time around.

Then, his body lost all rigidity and his eyes closed. He collapsed on top of her.

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Chapter 81

“Oh..!” She gasped as he pressed her deeper to the bed, knocking the breath right out of her body.

For a full moment, she remained still under him. My Danika?

Oh, when did she start dreaming this way? When did she start hearing words that were never said?

Because she’s very sure that the king can never make such statement she heard. It’s her mind playing jokes on her.

She reveled in the feeling of the full weight of him on top of her and even though, he is so heavy he’s suffocating her...it doesn’t matter.

Unbiddenly, her mind went back to that very night he took s****l pleasures from her body in this very position. Her body went hot all over at the memory.

And she was also suffocating. She used all her strength and managed to push the unconscious king away from her body. She got up, breathing like a person who ran miles.

Minutes later, she was back in her seat in front of him, staring at him as he slept peacefully.

My Danika....

The word whispered into her head again.

Aaaah, but what a good hallucination that would have been if it was true... If it wasn’t a figment of her mind.

She was determined to watch over him until morning. She stayed that way for so very long, until her eyes became heavy....

She fell asleep with her head resting on his chest.

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He swiveled his head to find Danika sleeping soundly with her head on his chest. He watched the rise and fall of breathing for a few seconds.

He stared at he'd head on his body and watched the rise and fall of her breathing as she slept peacefully.

The events of the day before filled his head. He remembered vividly when the arrow struck his chest. And her scream of pain.

Now, he just watched her. He didn't know how long passed.

Distinctively, he remembered the soft sound of weepings and words he'd heard while he was unconscious... He could still remember hearing her voice but he couldn't remember the words she spoke.

But whatever they were, they were soothing. And they calmed the beasts raging in his subconscious to devour him at that state.

She'd put her arms around him, hugging him tight while she whispered those words as his mind trapped him on that very day they killed Declan.

Now, she's sleeping tiredly beside him. He allowed himself to watch her bashfully. She is so beautiful...so angelic...even in sleep. He wasn't supposed to notice this, but he did.

It still marveled him that Cone could father this woman. This woman that spent the night alone in his bedroom when he was down and at her mercy, and didn't harm him—

She stirred and her eyes opened. Their eyes met. Her mind was sluggish to work and so they stared at each other in the eyes for a few seconds.

Then, her eyes widened and she sprang her head up from the bed. "Master... You're awake...!"

"I am. Why? You want me dead?" He g****d, but the usual hate and coldness was absent in his eyes.

"No." She shook her head adamantly, "No, master... I don't want you dead."

He said nothing. Instead, his eyes watched her with that unreadable expression that has become a second cloak to him.

Finally, he averted his eyes. "Who left me in your care?"

"It's.... Madam Baski."

"Baski seems to have taken a gamble with my life...leaving me all night alone in the care of Cone's daughter." His lips thinned.

Danika's eyes widened, she pushed down at the hurt that spread through her body on his poor judgement of her.

She bowed her head to him, "I will never...do anything that will cause you harm..." she whispered.

Silence. The only sound heard was the chirpings of bird and ruffle of the wind.

Then, he blinked his eyes slowly and averted his eyes. "I wouldn't believe something like this before. God must really be playing a cruel joke...because now, I see myself believing you."

The last parts were said in a voice so low, Danika had to strain her ear to hear him. And as the words left his mouth, the hurt in her heart disappeared like the wind.

Trust... No matter how little the trust is, she feels really gittery on the insides. Because she knows that trust is hardest for him to give.

And now, she has earned just a little bit of it. She will cherish that bit for eternity.

"I'm thirsty." He g*****d.

"I'll get you water, Master." She got up from her chair, took one of his long wooden cup and walked out of his chambers.

She didn't have to go far because the best of spring water nestled just a few walk away from the Royal Quarters. She bent down and filled her cup.

When she got back to his chambers, he was still in that position he was. She entered and looked the door, walked closer to him.

She sat on the bed and waited patiently while he sat up a little bit with his back resting on the headboard. He struggled with the movement, but Danika pretended not to know.

Any progress she has made with her master will turn to dust if she ever tries to make him seem weak by offering her hands to help him sit up.

Finally, in a better position, she offered him the wooden cup and he took in from her. He downed the content slowly and thoroughly until nothing remained.

She took the cup from him and dropped it on the ground. Her eyes scrutinized him as she made sure that he's alright.

She wanted to place her hand on him...to make sure his temperature is okay...

She bit her lips and decided not to tempt the devil by putting her hand on the king without permission.

“What is it?” He asked reluctantly.

“Can I check y-your temperature? Have to make sure...” She trailed off.

His eyebrow shot up. “You can.” He surprised her by saying.

She leaned forward and placed her palm on his forehead. A feeling of relief rushed through her, his fever has broken.

She used the back of her palm down his neck and chest, her brows knitted in concentration. King Lucien can only feel her soft touch from his forehead to his neck...his chest.

How is it possible that the only touch that should be the one repulsing him, is the only touch he can feel without disgust and discomfort?

“Your fever has broken, master.” She whispered with something akin to relief in her voice.

“You unclothed me.” His eyes was pericing on hers.

She swallowed tightly. It wasn't a question but she answered it anyway... “Yes, master.”

His eyes hardened and she watched his jaw lock. “Why?”

“You were r-running a high temperature and I n-needed to run the cold water on you.” she swallowed nervously, “...your face and your neck wasn't breaking the fever, I knew I had to extend...”

“And now you saw the damages your father made, does it repulse you?” He asked harshly, anger flashing in his eyes.

“No.” she shook her head firmly, “Battle scars are not repulsive, Master. I only saw the extent of your bravery.”

Similar words reverberated through his memory. Followed by the sound of her cries.

She'd cried right here beside him and whispered to him that his scars are a mark of bravery. The marks that made him the lion he is.

Another ice cracked in his cold heart and fell away.

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Chapter 82

Another ice cracked in his cold heart and fell away.

He couldn't stop staring at her. At the slight reactions she wasn't aware of. The nervous way her hand gripped her nightclothes, the flush of her cheeks, the flash of her eyes.

His body has been reacting to her since he rose from slumber, but now, his phallus only hardened and lengthened.

He doesn't know that a man could get this way even when he's unwell, and most definitely, not a man like him. What is it about her?

His eyes on her, he noticed the imprint of hand on her cheek. "Who stuck you?"

The question took her by surprise and her hand fluttered up that caress that cheek. "It's Mistress Vetta."

He gave no reaction. "Why?"

She shifted uncomfortably on the bed, "She...uhm...she was angry because of what happened to you...because of my father h-hurting you even a-after death."

"You doctored me through the night." He stated suddenly.

The abrupt change of subject rattled her. She didn't expect it but she answered nonetheless.

"Yes, master. I apologize for falling asleep, please forgive me... I really wanted to stay awake..."

"Why?"

She hesitated. Swallowed softly and whispered, "To watch over you."

King Lucien doesn't know what it is about the softly spoken words that made it to crack another bit of ice around his chest. But it did.

"I don't need protecting, Danika." He stated firmly.

"I know, master." She replied readily.

Silence. "I will give you a reward for doctoring me through the night. Tell me what you want."

Her heart skittered. She wanted to tell him that she doesn't need a reward for nursing him, she wanted to tell him that she'll still nurse him again wholeheartedly in the future.

She wanted to say those but she didn't because she knows that it wouldn't be ending well with her.

Tell me what you want.

That statement out in the air, Danika tried to think it through. A master rewards a slave occasionally when she pleases her master.

Unbiddenly, she remembered her first reward from him. Her body went hot all over as she remembered the way he'd kept pushing into her body until she released.

With the way he watched her, Danika would swear that he knows what she's thinking about even though his face didn't change.

"If it's not too much to ask, Master, I want you to g-give orders so that the m-mistress will stop yanking on my hair whenever she wants...whenever I didn't do anything wrong..." She whispered.

When he kept staring at her without saying anything, she added, "My scalp has been burning for the past few days...."

No words at all. She couldn't read his expression, so she doesn't know what's going through his mind.

"Strip." He ordered.

The command so unexpected, made her jerk. She got up and started pulling off her clothes. What is going on in his head?

Does he want to take s****l pleasures from her body? But he's unwell... Just sitting up on the bed had been a struggle, how did he expect to...

A blush crept to her cheek and worked its way down her neck. She stood naked in front of him, her clothes discarded on the floor.

She took a peak at him, and there's still no reaction from him. Only the hardening of his organ that tented the bedcover he was under, that indicated that he wasn't as unaffected as his facial expressions wants her to believe.

"Turn around."

She turned and gave him her back, while standing several feet away from him.

The silence was deafening and so unsettling, it made her fidget. He hasn't said anything about her reward-request and that also made her nervous too.

Is he angry at her for making such request? With the king you'll never know. What does he want from her?

"Your back healed right." His deep voice rose suddenly to interrupt the stillness of the night.

"Master?" She didn't expect that.

"Your back. From being whipped. It healed right, there is no scar." He spoke in the same cold voice she was used to.

"Y-Yes, master. Thank you so much... It is all because of you... The orders you gave madam Baski to treat—"

"I didn't do you any favors." He stated.

He always says that whenever he's doing her favors. She lowered her head in submission and gratitude.

The first thing she realized about the king is that he's a man of few words. He barely speaks, and left to him, he wouldn't say any word at all to anybody.

And so, when silence stretched out between them, she did her best to stop the nervousness in her. To stop herself from picking on her fingers.

She still has her back to him, and at the lengthiest of the silence, she swiveled her head to him.

He has a huge frown on his face and seems to be in thought. It almost looks like he was battling with himself.

He stretched out his hand towards her, "Come here, Danika."

She swallowed tightly. She doesn't know what he wants from her, but she stretched out her hand to meet the strong confinement of his.

He pulled her closer and glared at her, "This is just for tonight." He stated matter-of-factly.

She nodded her head. And then, his expression dissolved.

Without words, his hand directed her until she rose above him and straddled his middle.

At his lengthened phallus behind her, she started having ideas about what he wanted from her and her cheeks turned redder.

He wants to draw s****l pleasures from her body.... In this position...?

But he didn't pull her down to his straining maleness immediately.

Instead, he pulled her forward until her upper body came really closer to his. And her breasts were only a few distance away from his face.

And then, he pushed forward, laced his mouth unto her nipple and suckled on it.

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Chapter 83

When the king laced his mouth on her nipple and suckled on it, Danika jerked at the tug of his lips on her body.

He drew from her in hard tugs that made her m**n, bursts of pleasure filled her system. No man has ever done this to her before, his mouth on her made her skin burn.

He let go of that nipple and to find the other one with his mouth. It was taut, hard, and aching. She felt it swell against his tongue.

His mouth was wet, like silk, and he was rasping his tongue up and down, taking licks at her nipple.

She tried to keep her response in check but what he was doing to her, drew m***s from her mouth and made her ache further to his mouth.

She didn't know when her hand went to his head to hold him to her. Her eyes closed, her hand on the soft curls of his head as he suckled her hungrily.

She whimpered, her eyes slid tightly closed. Each tug of his mouth, she felt it on her womanhood until she felt her own wetness dripping on his body, coating the bedcloth where she straddled him.

Embarrassment made her cheeks flush but she's couldn't control her response to what he was doing to her.

It felt too good. The pleasure made her body a quivering mess above him.

What seems like an eternity later, he pulled back and stared at her dazed eyes. Her trembling body. Her nipples were puckered and red from his relentless ardor.

And King Lucien wanted more. It's been so long he allowed himself to enjoy a woman's soft breasts...way too long. Before he was enslaved.

During his slavery and after nursing from Baski, all others he did mechanically and upon command by King Cone. His body had ten good years to train itself to be repelled by another's.

Now, five years after his slavery, every touch repelled and disgusted him. Made his skin uncomfortable. He allows those close to him to touch him when necessary...like Baski, Vetta and Chad, but only as a necessity.

He endures their touch, he doesn't enjoy it. Except for this woman trembling on top of him.

Her hand buried in his head and her thigh straddling him wasn't one he was enduring. Instead, it's one he's enjoying.

"What is it about you...?" He found himself groaning as he lowered his head again and took her nipple back into his mouth.

She whimpered throatily as another wave of shudder worked it's way down her body. He leaned back on the headboard, taking her with him until she was leaning over him.

Her hand brazed on either side of his head while he alternated between her two breasts, suckling them one after the other for very long minutes. His wounds forgotten, he fed from her.

She surrounded him. In his mouth. Around him. His phallus was hard and swollen at the point of pain, but he couldn't take his mouth away from her succulent plumpness.

He was most surprised when all of a sudden, she stiffened above him, her body going taut. And then, she was sobbing aloud as shudders after shudders went through her body as she released.

She was too responsive, he'd never had a woman like her before...not in slavery and not before.

He let go off my nipple with a pop and snaked his hand in between her body to the part of her that created a pool on his belly.

He caressed her there, and she whimpered. Her fists were clenched on either side of his head, her head rolled to one side as her body went lax against him.

Danika was breathing erratically as she tried to catch her breath and regain her body. What surprised her was that he allowed her the time to do that.

“Get up.” He ordered at last, his voice hoarse.

Slowly, she rose above him and opened her eyes to see him. Her cheeks heated badly at the way his eyes watched her.

He didn't have to give more commands, she knows what to do. And even though, it's something she has never done before, she was grateful for her extensive knowledge in reading....and the experiences he'd given her before, she can get the hang of it.

She wants to pleasure him. Make him feel the things he made her feel...and more.

When she began pulling the bedsheet from him, he reached for the blindfold on top of the headboard. She stiffened and cried out.

He paused and looked at her.

She shook her head, swallowed tightly and whispered, “Please....”

He glared at her. But behind the glare, she could see the indecision.

“Please...let me see you. I want to see you...” She doesn't know where such courage was coming from, but in that moment, she made her request with her sincerity written all over her face.

She doesn't want the blindfold. She wants the very sight of him.

A moment passed. Then, all expression cleared from his face, but he let go of the blindfold.

Another bit of trust from him. Her heart fluttered and she breathed a deep sign of relief.

She pulled herself up and looked down at his shaft, she swallowed tightly in fear. Suddenly, he is looking more potent than he was in the court when she put her mouth around him.

How can something so big fit into her? She asked herself in panic.

She did her best to console herself and remind herself that this isn't the first time the king is having her.

You can do this, Danika. You can do this.

That thought firmly in her mind, she held his swollen organ with her hand and lowered herself on him. He g****d his pleasure as she slowly began sheathing him with her body.

Her body stretched to accommodate him, and her wetness made it a bit easier, but she could only take him halfway.

She whimpered, the feeling bordering on pain, her o****m a minute before forgotten.

He watched her through half-lidded eyes as she rose again and lowered herself on him again, fitting him into her snug channel. But she couldn't go all the way again, he couldn't control himself. His s****I need for her too great.

He leaned up, wrapped his arm around her in a caging embrace and in one forceful thrust, he plunged all the way inside her body.

The pleasure was so much, he couldn't hold the g***n that escaped his throat even as she cried out loud in pain.

Danika felt unbearably full in this position, it was uncomfortable. She was completely stretched and impaled.

Her hands shook where she gripped his shoulders and her thighs trembled. He was completely inside of her now, his face buried against her skin, his breathing ragged against her ear.

He lifted her by the h**s and pushed her relentlessly down to take him. Again and again. She whimpered as butterflies hit her tummy from the sensations of the stroke of his shaft.

Slowly, the pain abated with each plunge until it became a dull ache. A tiny m**n escaped her throat as he continued the steady slide of her body on his, his m**n vibrating her trembling body.

“Danika...” He g****d as he pumped her again.

Her name on his lips caused electricity to spark through her body. “My king...” She cried against him, pleasure building in her body.

If he noticed that she referred to him as ‘My King’ instead of ‘Master’, he didn't let on. He could only g***n as he pumped her roughly, up and down.

With each stroke, he hit the mouth of her womb and she cried out against him. As always with him, pain and pleasure became one.

The King's wound was forgotten, the pain from his wound were there but the pleasure of pumping into her snug channel outweighed it tenfold.

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Chapter 84

He continued until raw arousal flared through her and she lifted herself with a stabilizing hand on his chest as she took over the movements.

She urged his back to the bed, and avoided the fresh bandaged wound of the arrow but her hand covered his scars on his chest as she moved. It felt so good. This was so good.

She slid up and down, taking long strokes that milked her muscles against him. Her eyes opened and she found his intense blue gaze on her.

She took another stroke and saw what she was doing to him reflected in his eyes. There was no hate, no coldness in his eyes, but intense heat, pleasure and desire.

He likes this. He likes it a lot.

It was a heady sensation, knowing how she can make him feel like this. That she can give him pleasure. That she can erase the pain of the past from his eyes...even for a moment.

Currents of pleasure slid through her and she suddenly wanted more closeness from him. She wants his k**s... His mouth on hers.

But, she also knows the impossibility of that happening. She wished it will happen one day...

So, instead of his lips on hers, she settled for another. She leaned down, moved her hands to his head, pressed her torso up against his face and held her aching nipple to his mouth in silent plea.

His breath hissed out, and he laced his mouth hungrily on it and began suckling in hard tugs.

She sobbed, her eyes closed. Her body was on fire, but she didn't have enough leverage to take long strokes in this position. Her body continued to move against his, but more slowly and with shortened strokes.

His arms wrapped all the way around her, his tongue and mouth devouring her puckered nub and her plump breast. He slid his hands to her thighs and began swirling them over her skin.

His hand clung to her h**s with bruising strength as he plunged into her while pushing her down on him. Her cries split the air at the twin sensations of his mouth on her breast and his fat organ powering inside her.

“Oooooh.....! Aaarh....!” She cried in long draws, her body trembling so badly the vibrations were heard from her cries. She went more liquid inside.

When she couldn't take the torture of his lips on her nipple any longer, she pulled back from him and rose above him.

The fullness of him throbbing between her thighs, his hands bruising on her thigh. She made a small adjustment on him, getting more comfortable, and taking a long, steady stroke at the same time.

King Lucien slid his hands to her breasts and he began to manipulate her aching nipples, rubbing them between his fingers and thumbs, and when he did, she was flooded with heat, liquid sensation that eased his way.

While she m****d, he g****d. His eyes slid close and he looked like he's filled with deep-seated pleasure. The same feeling that threatened to engulf her.

The pain was there each time he hit her cervix, but so was the pleasure. She slid up on him, and tightened her grip on his shoulders before coming back down again.

He was hard and thick and Danika felt the fullness all the way to her soul. The king held her so tightly, the sweat from their bodies mingling with the hot steamy air, her body sliding against his, over him, surrounding him as he filled her completely.

He held her with a tight, ruthless possession that in her sane mind might have alarmed her. But it didn't.

This time around, he pushed her to a sitting position, and his mouth landed on a nipple, his tongue roughly abrading it as his hand played with its twin. She let the pain and pleasure take over her body; she was aroused almost to the tipping point.

As he played with her breasts and suckled intensely, her arousal grew to fever pitch. She lifted herself off him in long strokes, her internal muscles clamping on him during the exquisitely satisfying slide back down.

She slid up and down as great waves of pleasure consumed her. It came to a crescendo, and her body clenched tightly as she came in a climax that sent her soaring in the stratosphere.

She screamed from the intensity and stopped moving to get away from it, but as soon as she did, he grabbed her by the h**s and started jerking her body up and down on his shaft.

“Oh...! Please...!” She sobbed as he pumped her.

Danika’s mind was slowly clearing from the mush that clouded her brain from her o****m.

He was coming inside of her, groaning with the force of his release, and holding her down on top of him as he pushed all the way up until his blunt head pushed past the mouth of her womb.

She shrieked as she twisted her body to get away from the intense unbearable feeling she couldn’t describe as pleasure or pain. But, he helped her still with bruising strength as she held his hot semen jetting all the way inside her.

With a weak cry, she collapsed over him, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. Her erratic breathing mingled with his, the air filled with it.

Long minutes passed before she was able to move her body away from his, and laid on the bed. Lying beside him, she felt his semen on her thigh. She felt him surrounding her.

Waves of Dizziness slammed her. No matter how she tried to keep her eyes open, she’s unable to.

King Lucien watched sleep take over her, her sweaty body going lax around him. With the s*x gone, the pain from his wound multiplied.

But, even the pain wasn’t keeping the sleep that clouded his features. He watched the even rise and fall of her chest. Her red puckered nipples he abused, but he couldn’t get enough.

Even in sleep, she has one hand resting on his chest soothingly. He never saw any of the revulsion he expected to see when he decided not to use the blindfold.

Never...not even once during the time she pleased him, did he see any disgust in her eyes. Instead, it blazed with heat, pleasure and pain.

He stared at her soft flawless hand on his scarred chest. Who exactly is this woman?

But he wasn't any close to knowing the answer to that as he was since the first time he began asking.

As he gave into sleep, he curled his arm around her body pulling her closer to him. He burrowed his face to her neck and breathed her deeply into his system.

He allowed the peace and warmth of being this close to her surround him and wrap around him like a cloak.

And then, he settled into a peaceful slumber.

Vetta stood behind the door, breathing rage and fire. She'd come to check up on him and also to find some good reasons to punish Danika and send her away...to know if she can seduce the king into using her fertility pills. Then, she'd heard the King's g****s of pleasure...and Danika's.

The lamp in the bedroom casted their shadows, and Vetta was able to see everything they did through the casted shadows.

She saw everything. She heard everything. Her b***d boiled hotter than fire.

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Chapter 85

King Lucien woke up the next morning, having mixed feelings. Peace from a good night's rest, and pain from the wound in his chest.

He was curled around Danika's small body, his arms holding her back to him, her breasts plastered to his chest.

The way his body was hurting, he didn't want to wake yet. Didn't want to face the day. He didn't want to start thinking about his wound. About the man that haunted him even in death.

Alone, he has no reason to keep being strong. To pull away from this soft body and start fighting the demons who lurked around waiting to devour his mind.

He pulled his head back a bit to find the full softness of her breast, and held it out to find her puckered nipple with his mouth.

He laced his mouth on it and drew from her in gentle tugs.

Shutting down all the thoughts from his head, he closed his eyes and waited for the sleep he wasn't sure would come.

He didn't have to wait long.

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Danika stirred awake and regretted the move when shards of pain zinged through her body. Muscles she never knew she had before was hurting.

She opened her eyes and allowed it to rest at the wall opposite her. The events of the day before had her belly knotting, and then the memories of the night before had warmth running through her body.

The king was holding her tight, she realized.

She allows the feeling to watch over her. She kept completely still and lowered her eyes to his face.

His eyes was closed in sleep, his mouth was holding her puckered nub loosely to his mouth.

She moved a bit to pull away, but his mouth began moving, suckling on her while still sleeping...like a baby who was nursing in sleep at his mother's breast.

She sighed and relaxed herself into his embrace.

Danika caught a glance of the man he was. The man he would have been, if tragedy didn't befall him in form of her father and turned him to the hardest and coldest man she'd ever seen.

She allowed herself to wonder who this king would have been if his father wasn't killed, his mother wasn't killed, his pregnant sister wasn't killed right in front of him, if his people weren't enslaved.

Baski had told her once that the king used to be bright and happy. He has always been a man of few words but it never stopped him from being as cheerful as a royalty is allowed to be.

Danika watch him blatantly. Now he's asleep again, his mouth loose on her, she can stare at him unrestrained. Her eyes caught on the shiny black curls of his hair.

She raised her hand and ran it through the curls in a feather-like touch so he wouldn't wake. She didn't know how much time passed...how long she looked at him.

Gently, she pulled her breast away from his mouth until the cool air hit her suddenly cold nipple. She wanted to relieve her bladder but she was reluctant to pull away from his arms...the arms he has tightly wrapped around her.

She lowered her head and kissed his forehead in a featherlike manner. When she pulled back, she gasped when she saw his blue eyes staring at her.

"M-Master....!" She gasped, her cheeks taking up a deep shade of red at being caught.

His eyes didn't blink as he stared at her.

Suddenly, she felt too naked. The light in the room too much. This isn't the darkness of the night, it is the brightest of the day. Time for reality.

"Greetings, M-Master..." She whispered.

His eyes dropped down to her neck and her breasts. He swallowed tightly and stared up to her face again. This time, the usual frown was back.

Slowly, he untangled his arms from her body and pulled back. He hissed when his wound protested the movements from his body.

"So sorry...master." Danika got up, ignoring the way her body screamed against the movement.

She gathered her clothes and put them on. He watched her silently,doing nothing. Saying nothing.

Dressed, she took the bowl of water from last night back to the bathroom where she disposed of it and filled the bowl with new cold water. She took out another dry ragcloth and walked back to his bed.

"Can I bathe your wound, master?" She whispered, her throat dry like sandpaper.

"You can." He g*****d, his eyes closed.

"Thank you, master." She removed the bloody bandage and took her time bathing his chest and down to his belly.

His eyes remained closed but that only made Danika more nervous because she knows that he's attuned to what she's doing to him. As she bathed his chest, she could feel the stickiness of him in her inner thigh with each move.

Her cheeks turned hotter, her hand paused on his chest.

He opened his eyes and looked at her. She whispered her apology and continued washing his wound.

Afterwards, she applied the herbs Baski left on the small cabinet, the same herbs she saw on his wound before she washed it off. Then, she bandaged him up gently.

"Can I bath your body, master?" She whispered.

When he opened his eyes and watched her without saying a word, she added "Your temperature is very hot and—"

"I've been through worse, Danika. I can survive getting hit by an arrow." He stated.

"I know you can, master. But, please....let me.." She pleaded, her eyes beseeching him.

After a moment's hesitation, he closed his eyes. "Do what you wish."

Another bit of trust. She thanked him and began running the wet rag down his body. She bathed every part of him down to his legs.

She consciously jumped his loin part and his thighs until she was done with other parts of him.

Then, she went for his thighs and as she cleaned him up, she couldn't help turning red in the face because the memory of the night before stayed in her head.

She remembered the way her thighs gripped his last night. The way he'd put his mouth on her. The way she'd taken him so deep...

King Lucien watched her silently. Seeing her flushed face that only got worse with each stroke on the wet rag on his body.

He would have smiled at her discomfort, if he can still remember how to do that.

What had him surprised is that the urge to allow his lips stretch to something so unfamiliar as a smile was there. His brows knitted more into a bigger frown at the urge.

Where is such urge coming from? He asked himself.

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Chapter 86

Oh, Danika, you can't get anything right. Now, you've made him angrier. She chided herself inwardly.

Finally done, she got up and took the water and wet rag away. She took her time washing it and spreading it out in the rails of the big bathroom.

It's like a small world in the king's chambers. Everything is in here, a person can easily spend months and decide not to meet the sun.

That is how King Lucien made his chambers to be. The king is a private person who loves his own company more than anything. This chambers is his personal space...his personal world.

When she got out of the bathroom again, he was clothed and seated behind his desk. She took a few seconds to herself to watch him.

His hand scribble effortlessly on the scroll, his hair a mass of curls around his head, his jaw set in a hard line and his brows knitted together in concentration.

He is a handsome man. So savage-looking and scary. Her heart fluttered and tears suddenly burnt the back of her eyes.

She has fallen for him. She doesn't know when that happened. How that happened. But she has fallen so in love with him, the realization suddenly made her want to look for a quiet place and cry her heart out.

It should never have happened. He is her captor. The man that enslaved her. He has hurt her numerous times.

But why is she so in love with him? Why is fate so cruel to her?

A slave does NOT ever fall for her master. It's considered a sacrilege and it never ends well for that slave. It's only worse for her.

He is the king. The same man her father destroyed and damaged to tiny little bits and pieces. The man that hates her more than he hates his past. She is Danika, and he is King Lucien.

Why does this have to happen?

“Danika.” The sound of her voice had her startled and her mind to come back to her body.

His frown was focused on her and she noticed that tears was falling from her eyes. She quickly wiped them away.

“Yes, master...?” She whispered.

His mouth opened to say something. Then, he snapped it shut. Silence descended.

Whatever he had wanted to say, she would have sworn that it’s something he never wanted to, and that is why he snapped his mouth shut.

Then, he focused his gaze back to his scroll. “You can use the bathroom to wash your body.”

It surprised her. He’s letting her use his bathroom? Did she hear him right...?

“Master....?” She trialed off in a question.

“Do you want to stink around the palace before you get to your bedroom?” He g*****d without staring at her.

She wanted to remind him that her bedroom is four doors away from his. She didn’t dare.

“No, master.” She said instead.

“Then, you can use the bathroom.” He said dismissively.

She thanked him and headed for the bathroom. A slave do not use her master’s bathroom, it’s unheard of. What is going through that head of his?

She didn’t allow herself to question it for long. She was grateful because she wasn’t comfortable in her own body anymore.

Long minutes later, she stood in front of him again with her clothes on and her massive blond hair dripping wet.

She lowered her head, “Can I go now, master?”

“You can.” He folded the well-written scroll and reached into it’s bag for a brand new one.

She bowed again and turned towards the door. She started walking towards it.

“Danika.”

She turned to him, “Yes, master?”

He didn’t say anything for long. She allowed him his silence, letting him sort out his head. She waited long. It doesn’t matter, because it gave her more room to look at him.

She didn’t want to be away from him. Wanted to be close to him. She would do anything for this damaged huge man behind the writing desk.

Tears burned her eyes again. Despair burned her heart. Love is not supposed to hurt. But this love is forbidden. This love is already hurting.

He raised his head at last and his eyes met hers. He opened his mouth...and hesitated.

“Would you like to go on a walk with me in the evening?” He g*****d at last.

Her heart skiddered to a stop. And then, it ran away.

He wasn’t giving her orders. He was asking her. He wants to go on a walk with her.

“I would love to, master....” She whispered.

He nodded and faced his scroll again. “Evening.”

“Yes, master.” Her heart was still racing as she faced the door again.

“And Danika?”

She turned again. “Yes, master.”

“Just for the evening. I would be ‘your king’ and not ‘your master’.”

She couldn’t believe she heard him right. But she did. Tears really did cloud her eyes then.

In the evening, she will not be his slave. She would be his people. He is allowing her to be his people.

Suddenly, she remembered the first day he visited her in her cell after he’d enslaved her. She’d called him ‘my king’ and he had punished her for it...he was so angry, his eyes filled with loath.

“I am your master. I can never be your king, Slave! I am a king to my people... Never to you!” He had snarled at her in rage.

Today, he is giving her permission to be his people....just for the evening.

“Thank you, master.” She bowed her heart, her heart feeling light.

“You can go now.”

* * * * *

He was most surprised when he opened his door to see the Royal Mistress standing behind his door.

“Mistress....” He greeted with his head bowed. What is the mistress doing here?

“You are the former slave trainer of the mine downtown...you are Karandy. Am I right?” She asked.

“Yes, mistress.” Karandy can’t stop wondering why the royal mistress is here in his place.

“Then, let me in.” She stated. Already, she walked past him and entered the small house, leaving him to follow.

END OF PART 1.

WATCH OUT FOR PART 2.

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Chapter 87

Once upon a time, a slave was a princess.

Once upon a time, another slave was a prince.

Once upon a time, the princess’s father enslaved the prince and his people after killing his parents.

After ten years in slavery, the prince and his people escaped slavery and killed the king who enslaved them.

The prince took over the land again and became a king to his people. His name is King Lucien.

Ten years in slavery by the king who hates him so much, King Lucien had the worst life anybody could ever have. He is a scarred king.

A king who cannot father a child. A king with so much hate and pain in his cold heart. A king with demons.

His past, his experience, his memories and his nightmares are his demons.

Demons he has to fight everyday. Demons who lurk at the back of his mind waiting to devour him. Demons that are driving him to the brink of insanity. His demons are his worst enemy.

No. His worst enemy is the daughter of the man that enslaved him...the daughter of man that gave him his demons. Her name is Princess Danika.

Like I said in the beginning...

Once upon a time, a slave was a princess.

King Lucien enslaved the princess Danika. She is his slave. His property. His possession.

To hurt and to kill. To do with, whatever he wishes. And he wished to do a lot. To hurt her so much.

But there is a problem.

Princess Danika is nothing like the daughter of a monster should be. She is everything opposite.

Her presence makes his burdened shoulders light-weighted. Her soft caress cracks bits of ice around his cold heart. Her melodic voice brings him peace. Her soft touch keep the demons at bay.

She makes him sleep. Him, a man who has not slept well in the past fifteen years.

King Lucien does not understand how this is possible. It has him confused.

Who is this woman? It's a question he asks himself in the privacy of his own mind.

Who is this woman? What is it about her...?

He does not like that he has to ask himself those questions. She is his slave. A woman he hates so deeply. She is the daughter of King Cone.

And yet....

Those questions and his demons are starting to battle for supremacy in his mind.

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Chapter 88

Danika walked back to her bedroom after she left the king's quarters. She can't push these words he said to her away from her mind.

"Just for the evening, I will be your king and not your master."

It made her heart light, just thinking about it. But then, her heart doesn't stay light for long.

How did she allow herself to fall for him? She fell in love so deeply, it hurts just thinking about it.

She opened the door to her room to see Sally sitting on the bed. She was sewing a dress, and at the same time, she seems to be in thought.

"My princess...!" Sally smiled at her as she saw her standing on the door.

She tried to smile back but her smile came out shaky. Her heart was hurting too much...squeezing the life out of her chest.

The smile disappeared from Sally's face, replaced by concern and panic. "What's wrong? Are you alright, my princess?"

Tears rolled down Danika's cheeks. She ran across the room and threw herself to Sally's arms.

"Oh, Sally...! What am I g-going to do..!?" She sobbed, her body trembling.

Sally was shocked about her princess's reaction and she got more worried. She hugged her princess's head to her chest and started patting it in reassurance....even though, she's getting more panicked.

"What is the matter, My Princess? Please, talk to me. Is it the wicked mistress? Did she hurt you again? Drag you by the hair? Is it the king? Did he punish you f-for yesterday?" She asked the last one dreadfully.

"Oh, Sally...! Right now, I think it's something worse..." She whispered, trying to get a hold of herself.

Sally let out a deep sigh of relief. The king didn't hurt her physically, that's a sure relief. But...

"What could be the problem?" She whispered worriedly.

Danika pulled back and sniffled, wiping the tears from her eyes. "I'm in love with him." She blurted out.

Sally blinked in confusion. "In love...?" She said the words like they are foreign term.

She nodded, sniffing again. "I've fallen in love with King Lucien, Sally."

That was when it dawned on Sally. Her eyes widened in sheer horror. "Oh no...!"

Danika nodded miserably. "I don't know how it happened. I don't know... But it's true I can feel it...!" she looked at Sally with eyes filled with sorrow and pain, "How did this happen..? How did I allow myself to fall for my master...? Not just any master, but for king Lucien...?"

"Please, stop crying, my princess. It's not a death sentence...." Sally tried to console her, even as her own heart was starting to burn.

"It's worse than a death sentence, Sally. My father hurt him to hell and he hates me so much. He has hurt me a lot, and his eyes are so cold when they stare at me. How can I have fallen for him so deeply?" She cried.

"This will not end well at all for me, Sally. He might as well order my execution when he finds out."

Sally's hand went to her wet cheek, she forced her princess's eyes to meet hers. "Listen to me, my princess. You're overthinking this. The king is the most unpredictable man I know, no one can ever predict him or know what he's going to do next."

"So, instead of worrying yourself to death, why don't you try to put it away from your mind and live in the moment...? In the best way you can...?"

Danika found herself nodding to her words. "You're right, you're right." She started wiping her cheeks.

Sally nodded, helping her wipe it clean. "Yes. You're the one that always say that we shouldn't waste time over things we can't change? So, why don't you do so now...? And, I want you to know that love is not an offense or a crime too, you always say this to me."

She placed her hand on Danika's chest, "It's in here.... Love. It's yours. Your feeling. Your secret. You have fallen for the king. For your master.... It's okay, my princess. You

have a big heart....it's okay to love." she whispered to her like a mother would console a child, "You have a pure heart...it's okay to nurse these feelings for him. You cannot tell your heart whom to love. Everything is going to be alright ... Everything..."

Danika felt a burden being lifted from her shoulders as Sally crooned to her in consolation. Suddenly, she felt better.

It's okay to love him. It's okay to nurse these feelings for him. You cannot tell your heart whom to love. Everything will be fine.

"Oh, Sally.... Thank you so much." She whispered in sincere gratitude. She leaned up and kissed Sally tentatively beside her lips.

Sally glowed under the heartfelt tenderness. "You're welcome, my princess."

"You were in thought when I got in here." Danika remembered, "Is everything alright....? How is Chad?"

She startled a little bit. Her cheeks reddened, "You knew....?"

"That you have feelings for the king's personal assistant and bodyguard? Yes, I do."

"Oh, my princess. It's so frightening... Caring for such a man of status. Such a good and great man... I'm just a slave and most of the maids in this palace finds him attractive and always wants to get his attention."

"And does he give it? His attention?" Danika asked softly.

Sally shook her head, not having to think about it one bit. She has never seen Sire Chad give his attention to any female at all...

"I thought as much. He's such a gentleman, Sally. And I'll tell you the honest truth, I think he has feelings for you too."

Sally gasped in disbelief. "That is just ridiculous, my princess. He....speaks to me with respect and he...is always a gentleman to me. But, I wouldn't mistake it for anything else."

There was sadness in her eyes as she made that statement.

Danika wanted to reassure her the more, but she didn't. She isn't sure of the big escort's intentions towards her best friend and the last thing she wants, is for Sally to ever get hurt.

Just the thought of something like that happening feels her chest with dread. She changed the topic.

“Remeta is still with her mother, right?” She asked.

“Yes. Madam Baski took her into the forest to gather herb leaves and seeds.”

“Okay. The king invited me for an evening walk with him.” She finally confided the source of her inner joy to Sally.

Sally’s eyes widened. “Really!? He did!?”

Danika felt her cheeks heating up. “Yes.”

“Oh, that is so great! I’m so happy, my princess! We have to get you prepared, you need your slave’s outing wear and—”

“Calm down, Sally. I’ve not gotten my outing wear yet, Baski said the tailor will be done in a few noon days.” She reminded her excited best friend.

Sally waved her off, jumping up to her feet. “Not to worry about that. I have a spare outing wear, and I also have some money with me.” She clapped her hands excitedly.

“Money for what?” Danika asked curiously.

“To take the outfit to the tailor in town. We have to get it designed with lace and a little silk.”

“But...! You can’t do that Sally. Only privileged people has laces and silks in their clorhings.”

“There is no law that forbid it that, my princess. The only problem slaves have is that there is nowhere to make money and they are very expensive. But you don’t have to worry about that, my princess.” She waved her off, walking to her wardrobe to go and search for her outing wear.

Danika watched her silently as she attacked her bag with sharp hands. She couldn’t help the smile that touched her face.

She can’t imagine being able to survive here without Sally. She can never be able to pay Sally back for everything she did to her, but she is not giving up.

“There. Found it.” She raised the plain green dress from her back. “I’m going downtown now. We need the tailor to put some lace, and a little bit of silk to it. My princess has to look so beautiful.”

Danika knows that she’s in thought and she’s talking to herself, so she didn’t say a word. Instead, she watched her adoringly.

“We need to get it really ironed too. Yes, ironed. Mended and ironed. Then, a little bit of lace and silk...!” she stared up at her princess then, “Oh, my princess, you’re going to be so beautiful..!”

“Does it matter? If I am?” Danika sighed. She knows the king wouldn’t care one bit if she is.

“Oh, but it matters a lot!” Sally grinned at her in reassurance.

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Chapter 89

What brings you here, Mistress?” Karandy asked, curiosity overriding everything else.

He was kneeling before her. He can’t stop wondering what the King’s mistress is doing here. Visiting him.

He isn’t a privileged person, he is lowborn. The King’s mistress shouldn’t be anywhere near him at all, but here she is, in his small living room.

She was looking around the house, but she looked in thought. Her big beautiful corset covered the floor she stood on, sewed with so much lace and glistening with diamonds.

She smelled of money. Power. Privilege. Everything he has always wanted.

“Do you know the slave called Danika?” She asked him at last, her eyed coming to rest on his face.

Just at the mention of her name, anger infused Karandy. Of course, he knows that bitch of a woman. That whore that almost got him killed!

“Yes, I know her, mistress.” He tired to keep his violating loathing reaction to himself, but Vetta saw right through him.

She smiled in satisfaction. “Oh, you’ll do.”

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“What do you want from me, mistress?” Karandy asked.

Vetta turned away from him. “Danika is overstepping her boundaries in the palace. After everything we suffered in the hands of her father, we don’t need to suffer more in her filthy hands.”

“The king hates her so much, he wants to keep her as his slave by his side. But I want her really messed up and trashed around. So many look at her and they still see her former status around her...” she hissed out calmly, “...I don’t know how that is possible when she’s dressed in rags, but I want to put an end to that too.”

She allowed him a moment to digest that. Then, she continued, “The king still sees her that way because he is the only male that has taken s****l pleasures from her body. He also deflowered her.”

“But, I heard that the kings has introduced her.” He said, still reeling from the knowledge that it’s the king that deflowered Danika, and that can only be months ago when she became a slave.

Virgins in their world is as rare as a snow in summer. It’s impossible, except for young females under the age of twelve. Even privileged females, have ordered their slaves to pleasure them from time to time.

And she had been a pure untouched female few months ago? Just the thought had his d**k hardening for her after a few weeks of trying to put her away from his mind.

“Yes, the king introduced her...to kings. Men of privileged status. They are the only ones that has known her body.” She stated with resentment.

She continued, “She is a slave and a slave should tumble with lowborns, and the lowest of the low. She still carries herself like a princess. But when she truly tumbles with lowborns, then, she will see herself like the trash she is. The king will see her as one because we will make it look like she was slut that begged for it. He is an unpredictable man, he might even order her execution.”

Karandy nodded his understanding, listening attentively.

Vetta looked away. “When I was a slave, I don’t forget the way it feels when an unwashed man who has tumbled the muds forces his body on mine. No matter how you wash, you still feel dirty...even though I was born a slave.”

“I want Danika to know that feeling. She was born a princess, so, the feeling will be worse. The King’s aversion for human touch was because of this.” She revealed.

“The king hates human touch?” He asked.

“Everybody’s.” Except Danika, she fumed in her mind, remembering what she saw last night.

Karandy wasn’t offended about it being thrown in his face that he’s a lowborn and had tumbled the muds. Instead, he was keeping himself from feeling too excited about where this is leading.

“So, what is the plan?” He g*****d.

“I will send the messenger bird to you when it’s time. I will bring the slave out of the palace into the woods. You and any number of men you came with can attack us, throw me aside because I’m not late King Cone’s daughter...after all, you all came specifically for her. You can have your way with her. Whatever you want to do, but don’t kill her.”

She watched her manicured nails with a little smile on her face. “I need to see the results of it all, so don’t kill her. I want to watch the life drain out of her while she’s still alive and I want the king to watch it too.”

Karandy always knew that this mistress has a wicked streak on her, he has always suspected it whenever he sees her in town but now, he is faced fully by what she’s capable of.

He almost pitied Cone’s daughter. Almost. He bets that she’s still traumatized from whatever those kings did to her in that courtroom, the woman carries her body like it’s made in gold. And it was gold.

She was a princess. Not just any princess, the princess of Mombana kingdom, the most powerful kingdom of all the twelve kingdoms.

So, yes, her beautiful body is indeed Gold. Coupled with the fact that she was unsoiled months ago and she has only known the beds of kings. Men who has eaten power so much, they don’t know what to do with a woman’s body anymore.

“Your wish is my command, Mistress. I can’t wait to hear from the messenger bird.” He licked his lips, my d**k fully lengthened just at the plan.

What he knows to come. He can’t wait to put his hands on Danika. The things he will do to her...

Revenge and l**t crowded his visions.

“Good.” She threw a wrapped sack of coin at him. “That is half of your payment. I will give you the rest when it’s done.”

His eyes widened. It was a big amount of money, he thought as he pressed his hand to the coins. “Thank you so much, Mistress.”

She pulled her cloak over her head and walk past him to the door. She swung it open, “Wait for the messenger bird.”

She walked past the door and banged it close.

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Chapter 90

“What do you think...!? Oh, what do you think, my princess....!?” Sally cried excitedly as she unwrapped the dress in front of her.

Danika was dumbfounded at the beauty of the dress. The plain slave wear Sally went out of the house with, wasn’t so plain anymore.

There was silk sewn beneath it and laces outlines the upper part of the red wear. “It is so beautiful, Sally!”

“I know, right!?” A huge smile was on Sally’s face as she watched the dress too. Then, the smile fell. “I know it’s nothing compared to the dresses you are used to though...”

“Don’t go there, Sally. That’s the past, this is the present.” she took the dress from her, “This is the best dress I’ve had presently, I won’t trade it for anything.”

The huge smile was back again on Sally’s face. “Really? You really like it?”

Danika closed the distance between them and hugged her closely. “Yes, I love it. Thank you so much.”

“You’re welcome. Isn’t the day looking so bright, my princess?” She beamed.

“It is, and the only person brightening up the day is you, My Sally.”

Sally pulled back then, and stared at her hair in concentration. “Your hair is all messed up. I’ll get it into a beautiful braid just like when we were in Mombana. We might not have the expensive pins and needles, but I can still get it looking so beautiful with what we have.”

Danika smiled in gratitude and started towards the bathroom. Sally watched the way she walked so gingerly, and bit her lips in worry.

“What is it?” Danika asked when she caught the look.

“Your walk... Are you hurt, my princess? The king...did he hurt you?” She asked in concern, dreading the answer.

Her assessments reminded Danika about her sore muscles she never really forgot. A flush spread through her face and she shook her head at Sally, “No, he didn’t. At least not in the way you think.”

She let out a huge sigh of relief. “Thank heavens. I thought he must have knelt you down all night, or even whipped you because your father is dead and it’s your fault that the poisoned arrow traps caught him.”

Danika shuddered at that. She can’t even begin to imagine what would have become of her if he had punished her for that. “No, he didn’t.”

“Have you seen Madam Baski?”

“Have you seen Madam Baski?”

“Yes. I saw her and Remeta when you went into town with the dress. She has given me herbs and I got to play with Remeta. She’s doing so much better.”

“Yes, she is. I’m so glad about that, my princess. The ghosted one? No one will call her that mean name again. I hope you’ve applied the herbs? You can’t walk this way to the evening walk.” She added with a purse of her lips.

Danika let out a soft laughter at the look of seriousness on Sally’s face. She has really taken it upon her to make sure she has a good evening.

“Yes, I’ve applied the herbs, Sally.” Her cheeks reddened the more when she remembered the way Baski took one look at her and her brows had shot up.

“But, he is sick. How did this happen?” Baski asked with just one look at her.

“I...erm...we...” she’d swallowed tightly, “he’d ordered it.” she’d said at last.

A smile had crossed Baski’s face before she wiped it clean and began attending to her. “I’m happy to know that he’s doing better. I will go in later in the day to see him.” She’d said.

Now, she reassured Sally that she’ll be fine but she does need a little sleep...

“You can sleep all you want, my princess. I have your back right here.” Sally is determined to make sure that no one would wake her up too.

Danika smiled at her in gratitude. “What would I have ever done without you, Sally?”

She waved her off with a smile. “You could have done so much and more. But I’m not letting you go. I stick like glue.”

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The king was in the library in the inner room, reading a book in concentration when Vetta announced her arrival.

“Where have you been all day?” He asked without raising his head from the book.

She was standing just outside the library, she bowed her head. “I went into town to shop for new laces.”

“You didn’t take the carriage. No maids or servants.” He added.

Her heart skipped. “I didn’t, my king. I needed a moment alone, and I was just going into town, so I didn’t bother to take them with me.”

He finally raised his head and stared at her. “Nowhere is safe, Vetta. You have to be careful wherever you’re going. Take a few guards with you and the carriage too.”

Her heart fluttered at his obvious concern for her, even though his face doesn’t look it. “I will keep that in mind, my king.”

“I have been looking for you.”

That gave her mixed feelings. Why would he be looking for her? Is it because he wants her company? Or because of something else?

“I am sorry, my king.” She bowed her head.

“You can come in.” He turned his attention back to his book.

She entered and walked towards him. “How is your health, my king? I was too worried last night, I couldn’t sleep.”

“I am fine. The wound is healing.”

She sighed softly, “So, even in death, King Cone still torments us.”

He stiffened at the mention of his name. He said nothing.

Vetta pushed on, “My king, don’t you think your slave should be whipped for what happened? She should pay for the pain her father caused you.”

“She is already paying for that, she is my slave.” He didn’t spare her a glance.

“But, my king—“

“My battles, Vetta. I can fight my battles, I do not need help or assistance. I am not weak.”

“I’m so sorry, my king. That wasn’t my implication.” She lowered her head to him, even as anger filled her insides.

“She nursed me all night. Cried for me...” he paused and raised his head as if in remembrance.

What!? That bitch! She did her best to keep her voice calm. “I know she must have been pretending to care. She is trying to get on your good grace, my king. Don’t let her, it is all pretense. She is the daughter of the most manipulative man ever born. Of course, she will be manipulative too.”

Calmly, the king closed the book and his eyes met hers...

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Chapter 91

The king closed his book, and turned his attention to his mistress. “My slave do not manipulate me, Vetta. She has not been manipulative, and if she is, it is left for me to find out. I haven’t found out, and so, it will only be an accusations you make without basics.”

He isn’t believing her...!?

“But, my king—“She began again.

“Let the subject drop.” He ordered calmly, never one to raise his voice. He never has to.

Vetta snapped her mouth shut, raging in her mind. He’s shutting her out now? He wouldn’t even listen to the things she has to say!

“Your wish is my command, Your Highness.” She bowed her head, biting her lips so hard to keep the words in.

He picked up his book again and opened it. The silence stretched as he began going through the book again.

Vetta hovered over him, wanting to share this moment with him. He writes, reads and works with Danika....the one thing she can’t do. She hated it!

She tried to see the words but it might as well be written in China. She is just too terribly illiterate to know a word there. She focused her attentions else where.

She placed her hand to his hair, and he stiffened automatically at the contact. But he didn’t pull away or order her away. She took it as a plus it is.

Running her hand through the soft mass of curls, she reveled it. He has the best texture of hair, she noted in a pleased way.

“The reason why I’ve been searching for you all morning is because of Danika.” He stated firmly, his concentration back in his book.

She run her hands down his neck to his shoulders and back to his head again. “What about her, Your Highness.”

“You do not drag her by the hair or beat her up again for nothing from today onwards.” He flipped through another new page and blew the dusts away before he began reading.

Vetta’s hands faltered on him and she stiffened. She wasn’t sure she heard him correctly. “M-My King...?”

“In this world, everyday I write petitions and notes and practiced proceedings because of the maltreatment of slaves all over the twelve kingdoms. I have to put a stop to it.”

He continued with a flip of another page. “Slaves are humans, and they are already in the lowest of the food chain. They suffer everyday and they labour day and night.” he paused, “They do not need to be maltreated and punished around for crimes they haven’t committed...especially from people who has no right to execute punishments to these slaves.”

She was downrightly dumfounded. She could only stare at the king, dread filled her heart.

He raised his eyes and spared her a glance then. "Danika is my slave. She is not just any slave, but the King's Slave. I am the only one with the right to treat her unkindly and abuse her recklessly like I please...she is my property. She belongs to me."

He raised his eyes and spared her a glance then. "Danika is my slave. She is not just any slave, but the King's Slave. I am the only one with the right to treat her unkindly and abuse her recklessly like I please...she is my property. She belongs to me."

"I will not tolerate it if my mistress is punishing my slave when she hasn't done anything to deserve it." his eyes found hers, "Walking around with a burning scalp...."

Her cheeks flushed with guilty at the mention of that. She averted her eyes.

"...or going around with a hand imprint on her cheek." he finished. "That should stop."

"My King.... A-Are you saying that I should stop p-punishing her?" She couldn't help asking, feeling chastised.

He nodded firmly. "When she does nothing wrong to you."

She opens her mouth. Snapped it shut. Opened it again.

He watched her with a giant frown on his face before she finally snapped her jaws locked. "Your wish is my command, My King."

Silence ensued so thick in the air.

Vetta was so angry and hurt, it was in her composure. In every part of her being, she was almost shaking with it.

The worst of it was that the king seems angry too. When his eyes flashed, Vetta couldn't help thinking that he has remembered something and whatever it is, has his body frozen and drawn taut like a bow.

She didn't want him to be angry at her, of wouldn't go well for her. "... I am sorry for mistreating y-your slave, My King... It wasn't my intention to be hard on her... I just can't forget who is she no matter how I try, I c-can't forget what her father out us through..."

He said nothing. But his eyes was on her and not on the book.

She dropped herself to her knees in front of him, in between his legs and unbuckled his belt. She unclothed his soft flesh and took him up into her hand.

“I am not in the mood for this, Vetta.” He said calmly.

“I will put you in the mood, my king.” She was relieved that he’s not ordering her away.

When she took him into her mouth and began pleasuring him, he let her. Eyes like bottomless pit watched her with an expressionless face.

She closed her eyes and pleased him. Licking and stroking him while he grew hard in her hands.

She relaxed perfectly and took her time pleasuring him. She’s been with him for five years, she knows how to pleasure him. How to make his body feel for her. Want her.

It took longer than usual before he began enjoying her ardor, she realized when his eyes finally slid close and his g****d at the back of his throat in pleasure.

As she continued stroking and sucking him, he ordered her to touch herself.

It’s a pleasure session she has missed. She snaked her hand beneath her dress and rubbed herself with each stroke of her hand on him.

Her m***s filled the air. When she had him wired up, she stood and pulled up her wears. She straddled him, sheathing him deep inside her with a cry until she was seated fully on him.

She rode him hard and deep until he came with a g***n, she followed right behind him until they were both satisfied, their breathing mixed and erratic in the air.

Finally, she rose from him with a satisfied smile on her face. Her body tingling in places.

He dressed himself well, pulled her closer and palmed her cheeks. “You please me.”

She glowed under the praise. She wants to be the only person that pleases him. She wants him to belong to her alone... and she will do everything to ensure that happens.

She bowed her head. “Thank you, my king. You please me too and I will remember your words for long.”

He nodded dismissively.

She arranged her underthings and started towards the door.

“Vetta?”

She paused at the door and turned back to him. “My King.”

He looked her in the eyes. "I was distraught yesterday and I know you were too. You were worried about me, so, I will pretend that I didn't know that you slapped Chad. I will chalk it up to things you did because of how worried you were, but it should not happen again. Ever."

What. The. Hell? He knows....?

"T-Thank you, My King." She stammered out, flustered. She didn't know that he would be able to remember that with how drugged up and sick he was.

"If it happens again, I will punish you severely for it. Chad should never be disrespected by anybody. He does not deserve it. He is more than an assistant to me. I will not have it." He stated in a gentle but vehement tone.

Chad is close to your heart!? What about me!? She wanted to scream at him. Instead, she lowered her head. "Yes, your highness."

"You can go now."

Vetta's heart was beating her to death in her chest as she walked out of his room.

She put it all out of her mind. Instead, she withdrew her wrapped fertility pill from her corset and swallowed it down her throat.

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Chapter 92

Danika walked towards the King's door in the evening, the same time the door opened and the king came out of his room.

She was all nervous and she doesn't know why. It's an ordinary walk, not an invite to any gathering or any party.

And yet, she is nervous. She was all dressed up and with the help of Sally, she has her hair all arranged. She came up before him and lowered her head in greeting.

"Mast—" she paused, swallowed and added, "My King."

King Lucien looked at her with the same expressionless face that has become his usual look. But, his eyes slid through her body.

From her simple wear to her beautifully styled hair. He does not understand how one woman would carry the beauty of several women.

She was not wearing the series of jewelries women from prestigious families design themselves with.

And yet, as she walked closer to him in that usual steady, regal walks of hers, his mind took him back to the few times he saw her as a princess in Mombana.

He remembered specifically, the day he collared her.

He was so in rage, and he hated the very sight of her so much. But, it was imprinted in his mind how beautiful and regal she was as she stood there and glared at him with eyes filled with fire.

His browed knitted into a frown, he forced his eyes away from her and walked past her, leaving her to follow.

She followed closely behind him silently, her eyes taking in his elegant kingly wears and the way he placed his hands behind his back.

Unbiddenly, she remembered what those hands did to her the night before. Hotness infused her cheeks.

As they walked out of the Royal Quarters, she didn't realize he slowed his steps until she was walking right beside him, her body almost touching him.

A lightness and peace infused her heart as she walked beside him. The guards bowed their heads in greetings to him as they passes, and the maids gets out of the way.

A lightness and peace infused her heart as she walked beside him. The guards bowed their heads in greetings to him as they passes, and the maids gets out of the way.

The moment they stepped outside the big building, her eyes zeroed in on Remeta.

She was standing beneath the big orchid tree, gathering it's leaves and building a house with it. She was playing.

When she saw Danika, a big smile hit up on her face. She sprang up and ran to hug Danika, but stopped short halfway because the king was with her.

She bit her lips in indecision, standing still and not knowing what to do.

The sight of the girl playing with leaves moment ago had some harshness and frown disappearing from King Lucien's face. He never gets tired of seeing Remeta getting better.

“Go to her.” He found himself nudging Danika’s shoulders softly when she saw Remeta stop halfway.

“Yes, My King.” She walked past him and motioned for Remeta.

At her permission, the smile lit up Remeta’s face again. “My Queen...!” She shrieked as she ran closer and hugged Danika.

Danika wrapped her arms around her and closed her eyes affectionately. “How are you doing this evening, Remeta?”

“I am doing fine, My Queen. Mama gave me herbs and made me drink potions! Mama said it’ll make Remeta look more beautiful!” She confided in an excited voice.

Danika smiled and pulled back. “Mama was right. You are indeed looking more beautiful.”

“Thank you, My Queen.” She beamed radiantly.

Danika felt the king come up behind her. His heat surrounded her even without his body touching hers. He didn’t say a word, but she doesn’t have to look at him to know that he was watching Remeta.

“G-Good day, My King...” Remeta whispered shyly. Gingerly, she walked closer to press herself like glue to Danika.

King Lucien didn’t take offense at her protective move. Instead, another crack of ice fell away from his cold heart that the move.

“How are you doing today, Remeta?” He asked in a gentle voice Danika has never heard before.

“I am fine. Remeta was just playing with leaves. She likes playing with them when she is bored.” Remeta informed him softly, ducking her blond hair shyly.

Danika stole a glance at the king to see him watching Remeta warmly. There was no coldness in his eyes. No pain. No blank face.

He truly cares for the fifteen-year-old, she realized inwardly. He cares more than he’s admitting to the world.

Remeta turned to her, “Are you going out, My Queen? You look so beautiful!”

Danika blushed. “I am taking a walk...with the King.”

Remeta beamed and clapped her hands. "Can I come too!? Can I play with!? Can I tag along!? Remeta will be good! Promise!" She raised her hand in a vow.

Danika bit her lips knowing that it's not up to her to decide, and Remeta was looking at her with wide hopeful eyes.

"You can come with, Remeta." The king said softly to her, before she can even begin thinking on what to say.

Remeta clapped her hands excitedly and bowed her head in gratitude to the king.

"Thank you, my King! Thank you! May you live long! Have kids too! Oh, of course you will have kids! Remeta knows this! Remeta knows this! Remeta is happy! Remeta is excited!" She was rambling to herself, clapping her hands as she skidded her way ahead of them.

King Lucien stood rooted to the spot as he stared at the excited girl who was already several feet ahead of them, jumping up to take leaves from each tree she passes.

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Chapter 93

After Remeta ran away, Danika couldn't help stealing glances at the king. There was so much pain in his eyes, it made her heart burn.

Why would he hurt his way? Oh, what did Remeta say to trigger a look like this on his face?

She didn't know when her arm rose on it's own accord to rub soothingly on his back. She didn't know where the courage came from, but she found herself patting him.

King Lucien was deep into his head before he felt the soothing caresses on his back. Remeta had spoke about babies, and it had triggered painful memories.

Memories of when the healers and medicine men of the kingdom told him one after another, that he can't father a child.

Memories of the first year after slavery when he had desperately tried to prove them wrong, bedding so many women of the kingdom who had been all too happy to graze his bed.

He had bedded so much he lost count, but none of those females had carried his fruit. He was so desperate then, it doesn't matter to him who will carry his child. Doesn't matter if it's a slave or an outcast, he just wanted to father a child.

But when none of them were able to carry his child, he knew then, that indeed he cannot father a child.

In his cold heart, the knowledge hurts. Right from the beginning, it had been hurting because he is a sterile king. Scarred and Sterile. Broken.

Cone really did kill him completely. Repeatedly. In the deepest way a man could kill another without making him stop breathing.

And now, little Remeta innocently grins up at him to speak of a child to him? It causes internal pain.

Another person, he would have ordered her execution for saying such to him. But from Remeta, he can only remain deep into his head being devoured by painful memories...

The soothing hand on his back dragged him back from the abyss of miserable. It's as if all the demons of the past vanished, and his head was clear again.

He swiveled his head and stared at Danika. She has concern written all over her face, her eyes filled with warmth. But, she quickly snatched her hand back to keep from getting punished.

He swiveled his head and stared at Danika. She has concern written all over her face, her eyes filled with warmth. But, she quickly snatched her hand back to keep from getting punished.

It was at the tip of his tongue to ask her to put her hand back on him again...anything to keep those monsters at bay.

But he didn't. Instead, he moved forward.

She walked beside his stiff body. Tension radiated from him in waves.

They walked away from the vicinity of the palace. It was a long walk. With each step they took, the evening wind caressed them. The beautiful sight of the sun disappearing completely from the sky had Danika captivated.

It was refreshing, this walk away from the palace. Away from slavery and suffering....even for a moment.

It must be refreshing for the king too because the tension slowly left his body. They entered the woods, the only sound in the air was the chirpings of birds and the howl of the wind.

They sighted Remeta way ahead of them, laughing and chasing crickets. "See! My Queen, see!"

She screamed as she chased them around, her face a radiance of joy.

She looked at the king for permission and he nodded his head. She hurried ahead of him towards Remeta and joined her in chasing crickets around.

It was fun. How the crickets slip from their fingers and leads them in round circles of goose chase, that Danika found herself smiling alongside a laughing Remeta.

King Lucien just stood quite far from them using one arm to support the other arm he pressed to his lips in thought.

It was a beautiful sight, seeing Danika and Remeta like that. He was captivated by the beautiful smile in Danika's face as she chased after Remeta, who was chasing after an evening cricket.

His worries dissolved at the sight. A different kind of peace fell upon him.

Away from the building of the palace, he allowed himself to loose himself in the peace and serenity of the evening walk.

Closing his eyes, he breathed deeply. This is what he wants. He can have this....even if it's just for this evening.

He felt a presence beside him and opened his eyes to see Danika standing before him. Remeta was nowhere in sight.

"Where is Remeta?" He asked.

"She chased a cricket down the river." She replied with a beautiful smile on her face, pointing in the direction Remeta went.

He allowed his eyes to truly look at her again. Earlier in the afternoon, some oddities happened when he was with his mistress that left him baffled.

It had been difficult for him to get hard for his mistress. It wasn't in the mood. He didn't want her.

And when he was eventually in the mood, it was Danika that filled his thoughts. He'd always endured the touch of his mistress for the past five years, he was used to it.

But today, he found it hard to endure it. While she m****d her pleasure, his head took him back to the night before when he had Danika in his arms.

Her innocence, and eagerness to please. The sweetness that was uniquely hers. The enjoyment from her touch alone. Her m***s. The tight clampness of her body wrapped around his organ....

It took him a moment but he forced himself to shut his mind away from the memories of it.

Before, when he thought of memories, it means horrors to him because he can only remember his time in slavery. For the first time ever, a memory for him wasn't dipped in horror.

He does not understand it. He cannot comprehend it, but it is what it is. Who is this woman?

When he'd told her 'she pleases him', he was seeing Danika. He forgot for a few seconds that it's his mistress in his arms.

He gave her words he'd always wanted to say to her but haven't been able to let himself utter before.

"You are beautiful." He g*****d.

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Chapter 94

Danika's cheeks flushed red at the compliment, she ducked her head. "Thank you, master."

He turned and started walking with his hands behind his back. "I am your king for this evening. Not your master."

The reminder made her glow. She decided to take a leap at fate. "Then, can I ask you a question, My King?"

When he gave no reply, she bit her lips. She walked right beside him in silence, inwardly cautioning herself not to overstep her boundaries again.

He stretched out his hand towards her and waited.

She stared at this hand in bewilderment, wondering what the silent request is. She raised her eyes to his expressionless face—which was staring ahead of them—and there was no clue on it.

Surely, it isn't what she's thinking....

"Put your hand on mine, Danika." He said, still not looking at her.

The words that sounded like an order and a request at the same time made her belly flutter. She placed her hand into his outstretched strong hand and watched as his fingers wrapped around her slender white ones.

It's the first time he is openly requesting for her touch....her hand in his. She forced herself not to think it special, not to let this gesture feed the feelings she already has for him.

But it did. With each step they took together in the coolness of the evening, his hand in hers, she felt her heart reach reach out to him.

"You can ask." His deep voice came through.

"Huh?"

"You said you have something to ask. You can ask."

"My mother. I want to know about my mother." She whispered.

His steps faltered and he stared at her.

She swallowed and rushed out. "She died when I was young. I don't know much about her."

He hesitated. Then, he continued walking. "I don't know much about her either, but it was well known around the twelve kingdoms that she is a very good queen."

"Rumors has it that she never supported your father in anything he did...but it never stopped Cone. A queen can only do a little when it comes to her King." He provided softly as they came out of the woods to the riverbank.

They watched Remeta who was in the other side of it, quite oblivious of the adults several miles away.

They continued walking. The evening started blending into early night.

“The things Cone could never do, Queen Auroria tried to do them. Going into the village regularly, sharing foods for lowborns. She treated everyone equally.” he paused, “She was a good woman.”

Her heart felt happy and relaxed as he continued talking about her mother. She has never really known her mother except for the little her nanny told her, but hearing King Lucien talk about her was like a soothing balm on it's own.

The same mouth that snarls her father's name in sheer hatred speaks so gently and analytically about her mother.

They got to a wooden chair besides the riverbank, and was happy when...his hands on hers...led them to that chair. She sat besides him and he talked so steadily.

She listened attentively, her eyes soaking up this moment as they watched his face, and the river before them. Such a beautiful sight.

She stored this moment in her heart, knowing deeply that she's the first person to share such intimate moment with him. The first person he has talked to for such a lengthened period of time.

Finally, he turned and pinned blue eyes on hers. “Always, I asked myself who you are. How a monster like Cone can birth a woman like you.” he paused, “For the first time in my life, I let myself wonder...”

“What if you took after Queen Auroria and not King Cone?” He growled, his eyes holding hers intensely.

Danika seized breathing. Out of the corner of her eyes, she saw Remeta dissappear to the other side of the woods. They were alone again.

The world around them fell away because she was lost in the ocean that was his eyes. She didn't know how to answer his question, and she wasn't trying to.

She could only glance at him. Her hand in his. Her body surrounded by his.

“You will never betray me, will you, Danika?” He asked all of a sudden, his eyes searching hers.

She shook her head. “I don't know how to betray you, My king. I will never...” She whispered.

“I do not like to be betrayed, Danika. I do not give trust easily, and when I give, I do not like it being thrown away. I am giving you a little. Do not ever throw it away.” He stated firmly.

Danika doesn't know why he was saying those words to her, but she was determined to let him see that she can never do anything that will hurt him.

This man who has hurt her so much... This man who has hurt, more than any other human being she has ever known....

She will never do anything that will hurt him. She does not have the heart for it.

She pressed herself closer to him so that nothing separated their body from touching. The scent that was uniquely his, enveloped her. She let her feelings for him show blatantly in her eyes. For him to see her sincerity...

"I will never betray you, My King." She vowed to him because she knows fully well that she does not have the heart to hurt him. The heart to cause him harm.

She does not know the betray he is talking about. She does not know in what aspect he was talking about. But it doesn't matter.

She knows that she can never be able to do it.

Tears filled her eyes suddenly and she looked at him through glassy eyes. This must be her curse.

To love a man who would never ever love her back. A love which is forbidden. An abomination.

When the embarrassing tear dropped from her eyes, she tried to avert her gaze but his hand went to her chin and stopped the movement. He forced her gaze right back at his.

The way he looked at her, she doesn't know what was going through his mind. And when his gaze lowered to her lips, a frown crossed his features.

She swallowed tightly, wondering what was going through his mind.

Suddenly, his head lowered and his lips found hers.

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Chapter 95

When Baski came out of the palace to search for Remeta, Uyah had told her that she saw Remeta going for a walk with the King and the slave princess.

She was surprised that the king would let Remeta tag along, and it had also brought a smile to her face. Recently, she has so much to smile about....

Her baby, her Remeta is getting better as days goes by. Healing doesn't happen all at once. As a gradual process, Remeta is going so good.

When it's the early hours of the night, it's time for Remeta to take her portions, she went in search of her. She took the river straight, instead of going through the woods.

She heard a feminine footstep laughing and chasing the chirps of crickets and smiled again, knowing she has found Remeta even before she saw her.

"Remeta, it's time to go." Baski called as she came out in the clear and saw her daughter holding a cricket.

"It is?" Remeta pouted at her mother, "But, the king and my queen are still at the riverbank."

At the riverbank? Baski still couldn't comprehend how the evening walk between the king and his slave will be.

An evening walk is the best past time for relaxation, letting out steams, letting go of worries, of calm and serenity. The king always likes going alone the few time he goes.

It made her wonder how it's going between them, and she doesn't know if it's curiosity or worry that the king might be punishing her that drove her to that the few steps forward, and strain her neck to oversee the riverbank.

The king is kissing Danika.

Uhhh... No.

Baski blinked hard to clear whatever it is that entered her eyes which is causing hallucinations. She looked again with a more clear eyes.

The image hasn't changed. She gasped.

"What is it, Mama!? Can Remeta see!?" Remeta was already walking towards her as she asked.

Baski quickly held her daughter and started taking her away from the premises.

"No, Remeta cannot see. It's the waters of the river swallowing it's bank. It's n-nothing."

“The river is being mean. Does it want to kill it’s bank?”

“That’s the way rivers do. They have to flow around. They don’t stay a place. Their banks understand.” She led Remeta all the way into the woods as she said distractingly.

“Oh... So, it’s a river thing?” Remeta asked.

“Yes, it’s a river thing.”

“Are you sure my queen will not be angry at Remeta because she left without telling her?”

“No, I’m sure your queen will not be angry.”

“Is she not your queen too? She is everybody’s queen.” She asked her mother as they walked.

“Whoever is Remeta’s queen is also Baski’s queen.” Baski deadpanned.

“Because Baski is Remeta’s mother?”

“Because Baski is Remeta’s mother.” She confirmed with an affirmative nod.

“Can Remeta tell her mama that she loves her?”

Baski stopped suddenly and stared at her daughter. In the past few days, she has added weight and she looked so brighter than ever.

Tears burned the back of her eyes. She had begun to loose hope that she would ever see her daughter this way.

“She can.” She said hoarsely.

Remeta grinned and hugged her. “I love you, Mama.”

Emotions crowded Baski’s throat. She hugged her back. “I love you too, my daughter. I love you so so much.”

She can never thank Danika enough. She can never thank the creator enough for bringing Danika into their lives. The things she did for her Remeta....for the king.

That woman is sent by the creator to their people, she thought as she continued leading Remeta back to the palace.

King Lucien is kissing her.

The thought was just running around in Danika's head without actual penetration. She was too shocked, too dumbfounded.

The brush of his lips was tentative at first, an unhurried sweep of his mouth against hers. Every muscle in her body locked up, he made a low sound deep in her throat that sent shivers down her spine.

The king is kissing her.

His lips caressed hers again, nibbling and clinging to them until they parted on a gasp. He deepened the k**s with a thrust of his tongue.

The knowledge finally hit home. The king is kissing her!

Danika's eyes was wide open. Her senses went into overload, firing in every direction. The k**s—it was everything she could've imagined a k**s to be and then some. Sublime. Explosive.

Danika's heart fluttered wildly, from a yearning so deep, darts of pleasure shot through her veins as his tongue plunge deep into her mouth.

His tongue licked hers, his lips sucked hers. She m****d into his mouth, her hand tightening in his. His tongue parted her lips, swooped inside again, tasting her, seeking her warmth.

She felt his hand at the back of her neck, holding her to his ardour, and she felt her heart racing against her chest. Her eyes slid close, she gave herself over to the k**s.

His lips was soft and he tasted male. She held into him for dear life while he plummeted her lips so long, she didn't know how long passed.

The sound of the flowing river, chippings of birds, their erratic breathings and her soft m***s filled the air and surrounded them.

When he pulled his lips away, Danika was dazed and drunk from his k****s, her lips red and swollen.

King Lucien didn't know where the urge to k**s her lips came from, but when hr sat down on the wooden bench, he couldn't stop noticing the plumpness. He'd given in to impulse.

Now, he wished he didn't because he wanted her more. He wanted to do a lot of things...to her, with her. It does not make sense.

He glanced into the dazed blue eyes staring up at him, his hands holding her soft body to him. His eyes lowered to her lips, before he used his eyes back to hers.

He already started this evening, he will allow himself to enjoy it as it lasts.

Tomorrow, he will remind himself about duties. He will remind himself that she's his slave and the daughter of Cone. Tomorrow, he will keep on his responsibilities as a king to his people.

But for this evening.... He will let himself enjoy this peacefulness. This serenity... This calmness that comes from her presence, and a walk away from duties and obligations.

"Are you alright?" He asked with a crease of his brow.

"I'm fine." She whispered. She licked her lips and she can still taste his tongue.

When he pulled away, Danika m****d the loss of his body on hers. The k**s had overwhelmed her, her body was all hot for him.

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Chapter 96

They stared at the river in front of them, while her thoughts were only in the slight distance separating them. She hasn't recovered from the long night she spent in his arms last night, but her aching body still longs for his.

If he demands her in his bed again tonight, she will be there. She will let him have her anyhow he wanted her...even if it hurts or even if it feels way too good. That's how much she loves him.

Night has fallen, but she didn't want to go back. She wanted this moment with him to last forever.

And so, when he lowered his head to her shoulder and closed his eyes, she felt a warmness settle over her.

"My king....?" She whispered.

"Mmh." He didn't open his eyes.

She hesitated, "Can I pat your hair...?"

A pause. "You can."

Her left hand was still circled in the protectiveness of his hand, so she curled her other hand to his hair and began patting so softly and rhythmically.

The early night slowly began falling into a dark night. The darkness was welcomed too. A world of theirs.

They haven't said anything for a long while, but they never had to. Two people who communicates better in silences than in words.

Finally, the king raised his head. "We have to go back."

"Yes, My king."

He finally let go of her hand and got up. His hands behind his back, he began walking back to the palace.

She followed him, only a step behind him. They took the shorter route back to the palace.

They arrived and a messenger was waiting for the king in front of the palace. He bowed his head as he saw the king.

"I bring a message, My King."

"A long one?"

"Too long. It's a matter of the court, Your Highness. I was sent from the kingdom of Navia." He answered with his head bowed.

"By King Valendy?" He asked with a frown.

"Yes, Your Highness."

"It must have been a long journey. Guards?" He spoke in that usual calm manner of his.

Two guards came out of the palace and knelt down. "Yes, Your Majesty."

"Escort the messenger to the Royal Court. I will be with him shortly." He ordered.

"Yes, Your Majesty." They turned and started doing the King's bidding.

King Lucien walked past them into the palace while Danika followed closely behind him. They walked through the long hallway of the Royal Quarters before they cut through the hidden wing of the King's bedroom.

The three guards at the door bowed their head to him. One of them quickly opened the door.

He strode past them and she followed. The guard locked the door behind them.

Inside his chambers, she stood waiting as he walked towards his desk and held up the big bundle of scrolls. He extracted more than five new scrolls and spread them on the desk.

He left the desk and strode to the inner room. He disappeared inside the library and came out minutes later with some written parchment.

"I want you to read and translate these words into those scrolls on my desk. Can you work alone while I'm not here?" His expressionless eyes were trained on her face.

She found herself nodding her head, even as it dawned on her that he wasn't dismissing her. He wants her to stay in his chambers. To work alone while he goes to listen to the messenger.

At her nod, he walked to the desk and kept the parchments besides the scrolls. "Wait for me right here in my chambers."

"Yes, Your Highness." Another night with him? She swallowed tightly. It filled her with fear and excitement.

Every moment with him is welcomed. Every moment with him is precious....especially after his k**s.

But, her body is still aching so much she has barely recovered from the previous night, and so, the thought of spending another night in his arms has her filled with trepidation.

He ordered the guards to bring a smaller desk and chair for her. Within minutes, the brought it in and had it set beside his desk.

The guards left and they were alone again. The king took a step to leave and stopped.

He turned back to her and kissed her again. This time, the k**s was for long and hard, he took her lips like a man would take what belongs to him.

He devoured and ravished her mouth to the extend they shared the same air.

Danika tore her lips away from his and let it deep gasp of air when all the oxygen in her body depleted.

He pressed his forehead to hers while she gasped loudly. "You will be spending the night in my bed again tonight, Danika. Do not leave."

"I'll be here, Your Majesty." She whispered breathily.

Then, he turned and walked out of the door.

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Chapter 97

Chad entered his bedroom and was most surprised when he saw Sally sitting down on the chair by the side of the bed.

His eyes mirrored his surprise. "Sally?"

Nervousness had Sally's fingers picking on the seams of her clothes. "It's me..." She whispered.

When Baski told her that her princess will be spending the night in the King's Quarters, and Remeta will be sleeping in her own bedroom, Sally had decided to use the opportunity to come see him.

He has been avoiding her and when they come across each other, he'll always keep his eyes averted, not looking her in the eyes.

After the things Baski told her about his behaviour the other night, Sally knows that she has to make the move or he'll keep blaming himself and avoiding her.

"What are you doing here?" He asked, forcing himself to look away from her. She looks so small and beautiful sitting down in that chair.

Seeing her in his bedroom had a fierce primitive urge running through him. He'd always wondered what it'll feel like to have her in his personal space.

That was before he did the horrendous thing he did to her the other night.

"I came t-to see you." She said, forcing her tone to be brave.

He averted his eyes. "You shouldn't be here. A man's abode is no place for a lady, it'll only cause scandal and bad reputation."

"I'm no lady, sire. I'm a slave. I have no reputation to protect. And b-besides," she swallowed tightly, "you know more than the others that I'm very soiled."

Chad flinched and glanced fierced eyes at her. "Do not ever say words like that again. The things you went through did NOT make you soiled. You're the purest person I know. Your heart above others makes you pure."

Sally doesn't understand understands by he'll still say or think something like that about her. She watched his face hesitantly to know if he meant it.

She's never seen a more sincere face before.

"T-Truly? You mean it...?" she ducked her head in shame, "The Kings they....hurt me b-badly."

Chad doesn't like the pain and shame in her eyes. He forgot all else, walked closer and held her shoulders. "They are the monsters with impurities, not you, Sally. You were the victim. They are the monsters. It was not your fault."

Tears filled her eyes. "Don't you think it's time to tell yourself that, Chad?"

It's the first time she has ever called his name alone, without any horrifics to it. His name on her lips has his body reacting, and he cursed himself for it.

"What?" He forced himself to ask, not understanding what she meant.

She looked him in the eyes. "Don't you think it's time you tell that to yourself? What happened wasn't your fault. You aren't the monster."

His jaw locked and he tried to pull away from her, but she held him tight. Her wide innocent eyes implored him.

"You don't understand, Sally." He g*****d at last.

"I do. If it's not my fault, then it's not your fault too. Please, s-stop avoiding me. It hurts me." She lowered her head on his chest and laid herself bare to him in a few words.

"I don't ever want to hurt you, Sally. I just—"

"Shhh...." She placed a finger to his mouth. "If you don't ever want to hurt me, then, please...stop pushing me away...."

Chad looked down at her helplessly. She deserves so much better than him.

But, he doesn't think he can keep pushing her away. May the Creator help him with how much he wants to make this girl his.



Danika is in the King's Chambers translating and writing when she heard the angry voice of the mistress outside.

"I said let me in right now!" She barked at the guards.

"The king said we shouldn't let anybody in, mistress." One of them said apologetically.

"But the king is not in there." The mistress hissed.

"He's in the Royal Court. But his slave is inside and the king gave orders not to let anybody in."

Silence. Only silence met the guard's words, Danika heard nothing else.

Vetta on the other hand was stunned that the King is not inside his bedroom but Danika is. And he'd ordered no one else in? Why?

Could it be that she's under some kind of punishment? Has he finally decided to punish her for all the wrongs she's been doing?

Excitement had Vetta's heart swelling. She needed to know what's happening.

She kept her voice fierce as she yelled to the guard, "Let me in this instance!"

"But, mistress—"

"Now!" She yelled.

The guard quickly worked the locks and opened the door for her. She strode past him into the King's Chambers and stopped short at the sight in front of him.

Danika was seated on a desk beside the King's desk with the King's scrolls and parchments spread out in front of her.

She wasn't getting punished. She was working. She was working alone on the King's Chambers.

Vetta's b***d ran cold. Anger replaced excitement. "What do you think you're doing!?" She hissed.

Danika bowed her head slightly in acknowledgement. "The king ordered me to work for him while he's attending to matters of the court."

"H-He left you all alone here in his chambers? Why?"

"I don't know, mistress. I'm not entitled to know why the king does the things he does. He only said that I shouldn't leave because I'll be spending the night in his bed." She explained calmly.

Vetta bit her lips hard to keep from spewing the curses that filled her mouth. She's been spending the night all the time in this bedroom lately.

The same bed that's been here for quite sometime and she, Vetta, never slept on it before. Not until he had Danika on it.

He'd warned her to stop punishing Danika unnecessarily or she would have slapped the devil out of Cone's daughter just for sitting on a desk beside the King's.

She fisted her hands. She longs to put her hand on her, see her hurt and hear her scream.

Calm down, Vetta. Stay Calm. It's only a matter of time.

She calmed herself inwardly with these words. Indeed, it's only going to last for a few little while and then, she'll set her plans in motion.

Slow and steady always wins the race. Also a little bit of patience.

"Alright then. Tell the king I'll see him in the morning." She turned and marched out of the bedroom.

Danika watched her in puzzlement. She'd expected the mistress to behave badly again. To beat her up or draw her hair like she always does.

She wondered why the mistress didn't do anything like that? Did the king grant her reward?

She doesn't know. She wished that would be the case as she picked up the inked feather and continued writing.

Away from the King's Chambers, Vetta walked so far away from the palace. She might not know much about reading and writing but she knows how to send signals and how to interpret them.

She tore out a piece of her clothing, wrapped it up as she entered the woods. She whistled to a messenger bird.

The bird came and perched on her arm. She tied the piece of clothing to the leg of the bird and sent the bird to the direction of the former slave trainer's house.

She smiled as she watched the bird fly away.

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Chapter 98

It was well past midnight when the king walked into his chambers.

Heavy burdens stood on his shoulders, his face hard as rock.

The lightness that surrounded him as he left his chambers had long departed from him....especially after he heard the news of why the messenger came.

He'd always known that this day will come. He'd always done his best not to think about it. But, finally, it's here.

A day when he'll have to do the greatest duty required of him.

He has to take a wife. He has to have an heir. He has to form an allegiance with another great kingdom.

King Valendy has always been a good king, and he'd always supported good. When it comes to support, King Lucien knows that he has the support of that king.

King Valendy had sent his messenger to give him the message that would be of help to him.

The day before, he took an arrow in the chest and was sick, so he hadn't been able to attend the court meeting with other kings in Kingdom of Ijijt.

Valendy has suspicions that king Moreh might be after his throne, thinking to attack Salem and take over everything. It was just suspicions, but it wasn't without basis.

A kingdom without a queen, an heir or allegiance is bound to be a center eye for many greedy kings.

And if anything happens to the king, the kingdom is taken over.

He'd been sick yesterday and his kingdom had been vulnerable to attacks.

If anything had happened to him, his people would have suffered again. His people have suffered enough. They would never have to suffer enough, that would not happen. Not even over his dead body.

He would always put his people above himself. That is the duty of every great king. That is the duty he will perform over and over again without any regret.

King Valendy had offered his daughter, Princess Kamara. In other words, he had offered his allegiance to his kingdom.

If he marries the Princess Kamara, he will be accepting the allegiance of a powerful kingdom who'll back him up against all the fights he knows will come in the future.

The fight for more freedom for lowborns, and more laws against scurrilousness of slaves. The fight for the greater cause.

He'd sent the messenger back with a message of his own.

Yes, he agrees to marry Princess Kamara. And yes, he is accepting his offer for allegiance of the two kingdoms.

Now, he leaned against the wall and stared at the woman who has fallen asleep with her head resting on the desk.

He watched the smooth rise and fall of her chest in sleep.

His shoulders heavy with the burden of duty. His heart heavier with the knowledge that he's about to take a queen when there's no hope for an heir coming from him.

His demons has resurfaced over the course of the evening. And now they haunted him.

Danika felt someone watching her. That was how she woke.

She stirred and her eyes opened to see the king standing a few feet away from her. He was leaning against the wall and his eyes were on her.

At the first glance, he looked deep in thought. He looked so troubled, she wondered what could be the matter?

What is the message that the messenger came with?

Seconds later, the troubled expression cleared from his face when he saw her wake, to be replaced by his usual blank face.

“My King...” She whispered. Then, she bit her lips.

Is it time for her to call him Master, yet?

She peeked a glance at him but thankfully, he didn't call her out on it or reprimand her.

“Were you able to write two scrolls?” He asked, still leaning against the wall.

“I wrote four.” She whispered.

“You did well.”

She basked under the praise. Then, the silence descended, and she found her nervousness enfolding her.

Nervous about what will come next. She makes any move and still feels the soreness from the demands he made on her last night. Her thighs still ached where she gripped and rode him.

Her cheeks heated up and she lowered her head, picking nervousness on the seam of her corset.

“Did you sleep well?” His deep voice came again.

“Yes, My King.”

“Good.” He finally pulled away from the wall, “Because you'll be needing it for tonight.”

His shoulders were heavily burdened by his duties, but in this chambers, he can at least drop them aside. He didn't have to think of getting married. He didn't have to think of his inability to produce an heir to his throne.

He didn't have to think at all. At least for this night. With this woman who's very touch can make him loose himself. Who's touch brings him peace and calm.

He didn't have to think at all. At least for this night. With this woman who's very touch can make him loose himself. Who's touch brings him peace and calm.

He can forget everything and loose himself in the warmth of her body....of her arms. He can let himself have her, and sleep so well.

Even if it's just for the moment. Even if it's just for tonight.

“Get up and undress for me, Danika.” He g*****d at last.

Danika’s heart skipped three beats. And then, ran away from her chest.

He wasn’t ordering her to ‘Strip’, like he usually does. Instead, he’s requesting her to undress for him.

“Yes, Your Majesty.” She got up on shaky legs out of the chair. She began pulling off clothes while he watched her like a hawk, his face not revealing anything at all.

Danika wished a day will come when he’ll undress her himself.

But, then again, if wishes were horses, beggars would have been riding by now.

The silence of the room was only disturbed by the ruffle of clothings as she undressed. Finally, she stood naked before him.

He’d never seen a body so beautiful. So smooth, soft and flawless like a princess’s. Being a slave haven’t been able to do anything to erase that.

Danika didn’t want to risk being ordered to the table. She didn’t want to risk being shoved into with her h**s pressing achingly on the cold hard table...not after the memorable evening they had.

Not after his sweet unforgettable k**s.

So, without being ordered, she let her shaky legs carry her to the bed. She climbed onto the softness and silk covering it, and laid down on her back.

Her shy but loving eyes found his. Her legs pressed together.

Finally, he pulled away from the wall he’d been leaning on. He walked closer to the bed and stopped short suddenly. Indecision crossed his eyes.

Danika didn’t know what was going through his head as he stopped suddenly, his eyes staring blankly at her neck.

She saw the moment when he made a decision and his face took on it’s usual blank look. Then, his eyes held hers as he began undressing himself.

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Chapter 99

She saw the moment when he made a decision and his face took on its usual blank look. Then, his eyes held hers as he began undressing himself.

She gasped softly. He isn't going to blindfold her, and he isn't going to take her fully-clothed. Just like last night, he's going to take her naked.

Only this time, he's undressing himself fully for her. She'd only seen bits and pieces of his skin, and now, she's going to see him fully unclothed.

She felt humbled that he's trusting her that way, and at the same time, her nervousness only skyrocketed.

He stood naked in front of her, the moonlight glow of the night filling the bedroom. He looked like an avenging angel.

He was all big, bulky and hardness everywhere. The moonlight gave his scars a glow of some kind, they looked mighty beautiful to her. Like a second skin.

Is it the moonlight? Or her love for him shining through her eyes?

"Don't you have anything to say?" He asked challengingly.

"You're beautiful." She blurted out. Red marred her cheeks with the admission.

He frowned, his eyes searching her face.

He must have seen what he's looking for when all tension left his body, and his face relaxed. "A man's body is not beautiful, Danika. A woman's is."

"Yours is, to me." She whispered bravely. She allowed her eyes to stray past his waist. Her eyes flashed embarrassingly and jumped back to his face.

"What am I going to do with you?" He seems to be asking himself.

She felt too naked and exposed lying down there. So, she raised her hand and beckoned him to her. "Please...."

The bed dipped as he climbed onto it and his body covered hers. His hands went to her thighs and he parted them in the silence of the night to sit himself fully in between her legs.

King Lucien didn't want to have some thoughts tonight, but he still want to keep a little bit of himself. He wanted to hold onto control. He wanted to loose himself in her but he didn't want to loose himself to her.

But, when he came down on her, she paled instantly. All the b***d drained from her face when it looked like he's going to take her without preambles.

Without preparing her body. Without touching her. No, that cold man isn't the one she wants.

She wants the man that drew pleasures from her body last night. The man she went on a walk with. The man that kissed her senseless.

So, she leaned forward and placed her lips on his. He stiffened momentarily. But only for a moment.

"Oh, hell...!" The words sounded like a surrender. And then, he was kissing her back.

Hot. Hard. Rough.

He didn't pull his strokes. Instead, his lips devoured hers. Danika didn't mind, he was finally kissing her again and that's all that matters.

She closed her eyes and held on to him as he ravished her mouth with wet, deep k****s, with a ferocious hunger that weakened her knees.

It's as if he finally, unleashed the hungry demons in him on her. As if he finally let go of the control he's been trying to hold onto.

His lips devoured hers. In one quick shove, he had her hands pinned in the hard confinement of his above her head. Her body trapped beneath his hard body and his unleashed demands on her.

She m****d as his tongue plunged into her mouth, sweeping inside and plundering, owning. And she was kissing him back just as much, heedless of the sharp pang of pain that came from her thighs where his leg shoved her leg wider for him.

The flames that started burning in her b***d from the first time he kissed her by the side of the river, erupted into a sudden inferno, and she was lost.

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Only distantly aware that she was gasping and grinding helplessly against his h*p, his hand holding his shoulder and her mind blissfully empty beyond a formless depth of want, and desire, and carnal need. So much need.

Then, he tore his lips away from her mouth, his breathing as erratic as hers. “What are you doing to me...?”

The question was rhetorical, so, she didn't bother to crack her toned out brain for what to say to him. His big body surrounded hers, blanketing her.

She felt safe. Sheltered.

She didn't allow herself see the red flags of how she'll feel safe in the most unsafe place? How she'll feel sheltered in the most dangerous place?

He kissed her ear, “I... I...”

He wanted to talk to her, but he couldn't say the words. He only rained k****s down her neck and back to her ear.

“God, Danika. I want you so much.” He finally admitted.

Knowing the admission doesn't come easy for a man like King Lucien, it meant everything to her....hearing him say that.

“I want you too. So much.” She clung to him.

She heard him swallow. “I need....”

“Whatever you need.... Take me... Take whatever you need...” She whispered, caressing his shoulder with shaky hand.

“I do not understand the things you do to me....” He trailed off, sounding confused and angry at the same time.

Then, he slid down a bit, angled his head and took her rosy nipple into his mouth.

The same moment, his hand raised her thigh wide apart and he shoved into her in one deep plunge all the way to the hilt.

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Chapter 100

Chad laid with Sally on the bed. She rested her head on his chest while he patted her head rhythmically.

They were fully clothed. He was running his hand through her long auburn hair while she kept her eyes close listening to the soft thuds of his heart beat.

Sally doesn't know how much time has passed since they'd been conversing. He'd promised her that he'll no longer avoid her.

He'd ordered for his food and hers, and the guards had brought it in. They talked as they ate. She'd found out a lot about him that she never knew before.

It's the most cherished time of their lives. The moment they are spending together. Especially now.

Chad finally admitted to himself that he has feelings for Sally. Deep-rooted feelings. And so help him Creator, but he doesn't think he can keep denying them.

He must be very selfish for wanting to keep something so precious to himself. Something so beautiful...

He must be selfish, but he isn't letting her go again. He can't.

"I care about you." He blurted out, breaking the silence around them.

Sally looked up at him shyly. "I care about you too, sire. I..." she swallowed, "I love you."

He shuddered at the admission and pulled her close. "God, Sally.... How can you say words like that?"

"I say them because I m-mean them. I love you, Chad. Or I wouldn't be here...I wouldn't be lying in your arms."

"I love having you here in my arms... God help me but I love it too much." He tilted her cheeks and kissed her passionately.

Her fears deserted her and she kissed him back, just as passionately. She pressed closer to him as his mouth took hers tentatively. Her body warmed all over.

Chad wanted her so much, his phallus has gone hard and thick, it's almost painful. But he forced himself to stop kissing her.

"Please..." She clung to him, not wanting it to end.

"No... No, Sally." He g*****d, trying to get his breath under control. He pulled himself away from her.

He wouldn't dishonor her or disrespect her by knowing her body carnally outside the bounds of marriage.

She is sacred and precious to him, he wants to perform all the sacred rites of marriage before taking her to his bed.

Tears stung Sally's eyes at his rejection. He doesn't want her. He doesn't even want to put his hands on her. Is she too dirty for him?

"Am I...?" she swallowed tightly and forced herself to ask, "Am I too dirty for you?"

"What...!?" He asked in bewilderment, not understanding why she would ask a question like that.

Then, he saw the tears falling from her eyes and it was like a sucker-punch to his jaw.

"Sally..." He reached for her.

But she pulled away from him in sheer embarrassment and pain.

She got up and ran out of his bedroom, her heart breaking in two at his blatant rejection.

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When Chad saw the pain in Sally's eyes before she ran away, he knew that he can't let her go for the night, just like that.

He doesn't know what he's done to hurt her but he's determined to find out and make amends.

"Sally. Wait..." He called to her as he chased after her.

He was able to reach her down the hall, he took hold of her hand and halted her.
"Please, wait."

She turned tear-filled eyes towards him. "What is it, Chad? Oh, please leave me alone."

Already, she was feeling so ashamed that she offered herself to him and got rejected. Now, she wondered where she'd found the courage to make such offer.

She has never been a friend of s*x because it hurts. She got her few experiences all the while she did her best to feed the slaves of Salem, to make sure they ate.

Coupled with the things the kings did to her, she has become more afraid of it, and frankly, she isn't sure that she can carry through any s****l intimacy....not even with Chad.

Coupled with the things the kings did to her, she has become more afraid of it, and frankly, she isn't sure that she can carry through any s****l intimacy....not even with Chad.

So, where did she get the courage to offer herself to him like that?

"Please, hear me out, Sally. I don't know what I did to hurt you. It's not my intention to hurt you." He g*****d.

She swiped her hand across her cheeks to wipe the tears. "You don't want me." she accused, "You don't want me. Maybe, because I'm dirty to you...!"

"Whatever gave you such an idea!? How can you think of something so absurd!?" He asked in blatant confusion.

"In your bed.... We were k-kissing, and then, i repulsed you and you pulled away from me...!" She accused sorrowfully.

He began to understand where she was coming from, and shook his head adamantly. "No, Sally. You will never repulse me! Ever!"

"I didn't pull away because I didn't want you. I pulled away because I wanted you too much. But, I didn't want to disrespect you by taking you to my bed without going through the legal processes."

"The legal processes...?" She sniffles, not understanding what he meant.

"Yes. I..." he paused and swallowed. He was suddenly nervous and dreadful. What if it isn't what she wants? What if she rejects him?

He isn't exactly a hot shot. He isn't really that big of a catch and he is no longer a normal man because of the things he went through in slavery. What if she doesn't want to spend her life with him?

She saw the looks and her curiosity was picqued. She searched her eyes, waiting...

"I... I want to marry you, Sally. I want us to get married, I want you to be my wife...if you'll have me." He finally rushed out.

Sally was dumbfounded. The look in her eyes showed her speechlessness.

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