

# **The Alpha King's Hated Slave Chapter 6 - The Alpha King's Hated Slave**

C6 The Alpha King's Hated Slave

SOMEWHERE IN SALEM

"Get the big bowl, Sally dear." The older woman's voice came from the sitting room.

"Coming, Mrs Menah." Sally carried the big bowl to the living room, and the older woman took it gratefully.

"Come, join us eat." Mrs Menah gave her a kind smile.

"In a minute, Mrs Menah." Sally went back to the kitchen. She sat down on the small chair there, her eyes looking around, taking in her surroundings.

She's been here for a few days over one week. This good old couple she was giving to was the kindest of people. They treated her right, as if she was a member of their family, when she was only their helping hand.

She's no longer a slave, but a help. Now, she got paid for during the simplest things. This was the best life ever for a girl that was born a slave. She was supposed to be happy.

But she's not. Not at all.

She couldn't stop remembering her Princess. Her Princess Danika. The King took her in as his slave. She could still remember vividly, her princess being collared.

Sally couldn't imagine Princess Danika being anybody's slave. She tried to picture her princess working the mines or taking orders from people, and she just couldn't.

Princess Danika wasn't trained like that, and she would be having the hardest time. It hurt Sally a lot.

She was a slave, but the Princess always treated her right. The only person she knew was Princess Danika. Sally hurt most because she knew her princess couldn't survive alone without her.

She had always done everything for Princess Danika and she did them happily.

She couldn't live here daily knowing that her Princess was out there suffering so hard. She just couldn't.

## IN THE PALACE

Danika hurried to her room in a flash. She bathed and changed clothes. There were only slave clothes in her room, packed by Baski.

Ugly plain short skirts and half-cut leather tops that reveals a lot of breasts. She knew she couldn't go with her slave uniform too.

Taking a shallow breath of resignation, she put on one of it. No way does she need another pain or punishment. She'll avoid it all if she can.

And what other way to avoid it than to be a true obedience slave?

But, only a week as a Slave, doesn't make a royalty used to being a slave.

She was two minutes late when she appeared in front of King Lucien, and he was almost breathing fire in anger.

He stalked towards her. "I. Said. Five. Minutes." He groaned angrily.

"I-I---"

"Kneel."

She had never knelt for any man before. She hesitated.

The hesitation cost her. His hands went to her collared-neck and he pulled the chains so hard, she cried out from the pain.

Tears burned her eyes and her knees sank to the ground. She stared up with burning eyes, fiercely and rebelliously.

"Do you take pleasure in being punished, Danika?" Voice low and deadly, he continued, "It's still early days, and you're Pure-Breed. Surely, pain hasn't become your friend yet?"

He leaned down, still holding tight the chains of her collar. Holding her eyes, his finger trailed the chain.....until it caressed the small red button at the edge of it.

Rebellion fled and terror took over. She froze, "P-Please, don't press it, m-master. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't press it, please...!"

He didn't blink an eye. "When I tell you to kneel, you kneel immediately. If I say fly, you fly, Danika. If I say die, you cease breathing. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, m-master."

He caressed the button and stared at her with clear hate. "Next time you disobey me....I'll punish you severely."

"Y-Yes master." Danika knew that when that button was pressed, her collar would discharge massive electric shock through her body. It hurt severely.

Every slave's greatest fear is collar-shock....and masters that carry its remote control everywhere.

"You be in your best slave behaviour in the court, Danika. Do not disgrace me." His cold voice chilled her. The way he calls her name like a venom.

It reminded her where they were going to. She pressed her knees deeper to the floor and glanced at his scarred face with pleading eyes. "Can I n-not be introduced, master?"

His lips twitched in an smirk so cold, they chilled her. "You father introduced slaves almost every day, princess. I was introduced twice."

Twice!? She couldn't imagine that suffering at all. She lowered her head in defeat. "Yes, master."

He walked out of the room without a backward glance. She followed him meekly, fearing the faith that awaited her at the court.

She knew the courts very well.

"THE KING HAS ARRIVED!" Chad, his personal bodyguard announced.

The commotions in the air ceased and the door opened. Lucien strode inside with all the bearings of the king surrounding him like a cloak.

Danika swept her eyes around and noticed three Kings. Three Kings.

She closed her eyes in shame and defeat. Is what she went through last night what she'll go through from three different men? It's unimaginable.

Everyone stood up for him, except the kings of the three kingdom that visited. Lucien took his seat on the throne.

Danika sat down on the ground beside him and placed her head on his lap....just like every other slave and their slave owners in the building

"Wow....isn't she a thing of beauty?" King Philip, the king of Gordon groaned as he stared at Danika so lustfully, Danika shrank closer to Lucien.

"I was about to say the same thing. She looks so beautiful..." King Moreh, the king of Ijijt grunted beside him.

Both kings were in their late forties, and just staring at Danika, they started spotting an erection which they didn't even try to hide.

Danika bit back a whimper at the sight, glaring openly at both kings, unable to stop the stare.

One of the Kings stood up, the third king named King George. "Privileged people of England! We have gathered here today for the Introduction of the slave of the King of Salem!"

He looked around with a smile. "This is the first slave King Lucien is introducing, and she's probably the last! She's one woman that has the beauty of seven women."

They chorused their agreement, all eyes on Danika And King Lucien whose face remained as stoic as ever.

"Rai!" King George called.

"Yes, Master." His slave said effortlessly with an easy smile on her face.

"Get on the table and dance for us, let's start the day." he faced the crowd, "Rai is a very good dancer."

They hailed him and applauded happily. Rai got from the ground, her black collar glistening, the chains formed a knot on her waist.

Music suddenly erupted in the place. She climbed onto the big round table at the center of the room, and started dancing.

Everyone clapped and cheered her on. Most of them stared at the dancer. But the two kings, King Philip and King Moreh kept their eyes on Danika.

Danika didn't know she was clutching Lucien's garment until he stared loathingly to where her hand clutched him.

Danika released her hand quickly. "Sorry, Master."

He looked away from her and watched the events emotionlessly.

When the dance ended, King George stood up again to start another activity, but King Phillip beat him to it. He stood up and announced,

"Privileged people all over the country, let's start what we came here for. It is tradition that every slave of a king must be introduced and recognized amongst kings and men of privileged status as the King's Slave! This makes this slave special because she belongs to the king!"

"Yes!" They chorused in agreement.

The king nodded and continued, "I have twelve personal slaves. King Moreh has six, king George has five. Today, King Lucien is taking a first slave as his personal slave and she'll be recognized amongst kings!"

Danika stared around the happy people, saw the happiness in the eyes of the slaves of other kings, the lust in the eyes of men and the jealousy in the eyes of slaves of noblemen who weren't king.

Jealousy? These women wanted to be in her shoes? Just because kings will be drawing their sexual pleasures from her body, they're jealous?

Danika cringed inwardly. The world of slaves is a strange world to her. This isn't the world she's used.

"Now, we'll invite the slave to the center of the Royal Court." King Phillip announced.

Danika rose up and walked to the center. She stood staring into space. She refused to stare at their lustful faces and she refused to stare at the ground like some kind of wimp.

The king walked closer to her and circled her like some kind of prey. He raised his hand and caressed her waist. Her belly. The sides of her breasts. Her collar.

Then, he turned towards the throne and smiled. "I'll be the first to sample her. Here. Now."

The others cheered, clapped and chorused.

Danika closed her eyes and tried to detach her mind from her environment.