

# The Desires of the King

## 16 ~ The Unroyal Wedding of Prince and Princess

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In no time everyone disappeared leaving me and him behind. He came taking fast steps towards me and I stood frozen.

He cupped my cheeks in anger and my heart was beating madly thinking of my death. I didn't know how he got to know about this wedding but most of all I was so fool of planning that under his nose.

"I might have lost her" He roared and I shivered. My voice hung in my throat and I was not able to process anything. I closed my eyes feeling afraid and the pain in my cheeks made me feel disgusted. He was an ANIMAL.

"Why your brother did that, Hnn? Tell me why? you were the reason. Hnn, You?" I couldn't process anything, How he got to know that my brother fixed our marriage. what the hell he was saying and who the hell told him.

He left my cheek with a jerk that it made me sit on the small couch, my hand rested on table to support me and I looked at him.

He was looking at me with the knitted eyebrows and I was so hell afraid, my heartbeat racing, and I felt as I was about to get dead.

He pulled me up by shoulder that hurt with his animalistic steel grip. He looked into my eyes with the red bloodshot eyes as he roared in a deep, slow voice.

"Why the hell you are looking like a Bride?" He asked and I shivered.

He brought me really close hurting my shoulders and I felt disgusted. His hands were really strong and I was just a few kilograms of flesh in front of him. What the hell was he doing?

He pulled me a little more closely and with a deadly roaring tone questioned again. "Why the hell you are looking like a Bride?"

I was silent just testing his level of anger because there was nothing else he could do, that was somehow really pissing me off. How the hell he yell at me like that, how the hell he asked me such a question and who the hell was he pulling me close to him.

"Answer my question you little Bitch" He yelled again and that was enough to bring the volcano out of me.

I jerked his hand away and spat back with the loudest voice I could use " BECAUSE I AM GETTING MARRIED"

My heart raced with the highest speed and my blood turned heated. What the hell he thinks of him?

He came running to me and holding me by my shoulder roared with the same pace "With whose fucking permission" his voice was so dark and deep that sent some chills down my spine.

His words were making me hell mad.

"I don't need anyone's permission" I spat back.

Taking a few steps forward in anger he pinned me to the wall tightening his grip on my wrists. I hissed in pain and he roared with that red bloodshot eyes.

"You fucking need my Permission"

He was just boiling my anger to no limits. Do hell with the consequences, I would kill him today.

"I don't need your permission. I am a PRINCESS. It is my life and I will do whatever shit I want to do" I spat back with equal anger trying to get rid of his steel grip.

"You are my SLAVE" He thundered deafening my ears. Why the hell he was so loud?

"No, I am not. I am Princess of Pratapgarh and now going to be the wedded princess of Suryagarh" I spat back looking into his eyes.

His expression changed a bit worse and he roared like an angry lion throwing his fist on the hard rocked wall.

"YOU BELONG TO MAHABALESHGARH!!! YOU BELONG TO ME!!! AND I HAVE ALL THE RIGHT ON YOU. I WON YOU IN THE WAR" His words made me weak in my knees and I was not able to stand.

But I had to backfire. I had to fly from here. I couldn't stand him. I hate him.

"I Belong to Suryagarh and I am engaged to him" I spat back that made him take a few steps back.

I moved a little too. "And I am going to marry him" I gave him the death glare along with moving towards out.

Suddenly He pulled me closer to him, his hands snaked my waist with a jerk. And my face was really close to him and our eyes darted in each other in anger.

"You are not going anywhere," He said in a low thundering voice.

"I am going, I can't be your Slave lifetime and I am already engaged to him" I spat back.

Both of us could feel the fanning air coming out with our words.

"I don't give any fuck with engagement. You are MINE" He spat back tightening his grip around my waist that made me really uncomfortable.

"I am NOT" I try to get rid of his grip while yelling at him "I have to go, Leave me. I belong to him"

He looked into my eyes with knitted eyebrows and red eyes that were no more affecting me.

"You are mine. I won you, You obey me BY HOOK OR BY CROOK" He said and left me with a jerk.

He moved and I was stunned by his words. He was hell angry and I was thinking of my death. His body was sweating with the boiling blood and his next move made my heart skip a lot of further beats.

He took the small stool of wood and threw it on the floor with the huge force that made it crushed like sand.

I placed my hands on my ears to restrict that violent sound.

He then moved towards the table, picking a lighting lamp he broke the glass of it and I frightened to death. What the hell was happening. I wanted to run.

He spilled the oil of oil lamp on broken woods and removing his upper while looking at me in a deadly glare leaving his hot body naked, fired it. The cotton cloth picked the fire instantly and he threw it above the woods. The fire grew instantly making me frightened to death. I got it, he wanted me to burn alive.

He was taking slower steps and I was stood still scared to death. I was not more now. He grabbed my wrist and snatched me towards the fire.

"Please leave me" I begged.

"No, you wanted marriage, you want to go away from me. You planned it under my nose. Now you see, How I will ruin your life and let you feel the happiness of marriage" He roared and I was not able to process his words. He was sick. He was insane. He was an animal.

He looked at me stopping near the Fire. Using his finger he touched the end of my lips widening them.

"Where is your smile? You are getting married" He was bursting all anger and with those words, he made me stunned. I felt vulnerable all of sudden.

He snatched me to walk along with him as he was taking the round of fire while cursing me to death.

"With the first round of fire" His voice was threatening to make me shiver and echoing the walls of the hall, He continued. "I promise to take you everywhere, where I go personally and professionally but as my Slave"

I was stunned and try to get rid of it. He became hell angry and mad, I didn't think of this, what the hell was he doing.

He started the second round along with his roaring voice "My second Promise is as you already lost your family but I will make sure you never feel the happiness of one either in future"

Please God, save me, please. Tears start flowing out of my eyes and the man taking holy vows along with me was animal and insane. what the hell you are doing to me? GOD!!!

He pulled me closer that made me scared to death and he started taking the third round along with his deadly glare at me "My third Promise is, You will be the Future Queen of Mahabaleshgarh, Princess or whatever you want but just nothing to me" He finished pushing me away from a little.

I wanted to kill myself. This man ate something wrong. what the hell I did to this insane animal?

Thinking of me as of animal he kept moving while taking another round "My fourth Promise is, You will be queen But I will never start my family with you because I HATE YOU. I never have my kids with you" He said looking sharp in my eyes and I was looking in eyes with the question. Why this much hatred? Why Prince?

Continuing his torture, he walked another round snatching me along with him "My Fifth promise is, You will get every royalty of being my wife but I will not consider you anything more than my Slave" His voice was thundering as always making my blood turn into the water with each passing second.

Someone, please save me, He had gone mad. I hate him more now. Tears were flowing one after the other as he was taking shitty vows one after the another.

He continued walking while I was following him like a puppet, half-dead, gripped in his steel strong fingers while he continued "My sixth promise is, I will make relation with every girl but not you, I will never consider you my wife wholeheartedly" That was enough, my inner self yelled 'NO, NO, NO' I closed my eyes, I was broken, I was no more.

He pulled closer and looked into my eyes, my knees felt weak and I was about to fall. whatever he was saying was more than my suffering power. I wanted a happy wedding and got a hell wedding. I instantly sat on my knees not feeling any more power but he pulled me up quickly by the shoulder. Continuing dragging he said "My last Promise is, In every wrong deed of mine, You will be equally responsible for it"

He left me with a jerk and started untying the knot of the holy thread from his left wrist. Pulling me closer, He tied that holy thread around my neck while saying the most cursing word. "From now on You are happily married to me and this is your nuptial chain," I was looking in his eyes and only could find anger and hatred.

"You wanted a wedding and now it's done. YOU BELONG TO ME, BY HOOK OR BY CROOK" He said while cutting his thumb with the dagger and filling the blood of him in the partition of my hairs.

A few drops of his dark red blood fell on my nose and I looked into his eyes while he pulled me closer "You belong to me now, you belong to Mahabaleshgarh. You are my WIFE now"

His words were only anger and nothing else. He left me with a jerk and I fell to the ground. Without giving me any glance he left the chamber and I broke down. I felt extremely terrible and weak. I cried as my heart pierced in two, I cried as my life was finished. I looked at my henna-designed hands and they made me feel disgusted.

I was feeling angry and mad. I hate him, How the hell he could marry me. I hate him. I started scratching my hands to remove henna that was making me feel dirty and disgusted, Looking at the burning fire. I moved to it. I didn't want this. I didn't like it. I didn't want this marriage.

Feeling extremely mad and angry I pressed my hands in the fire to remove the henna from my hand. I hate him. Tears were not stopping as I broke into loud cries that increased with the burning sensation in my hands because of fire.