

# The Desires of the King

## 17 ~ Prince Undressing the Princess

Rajvardhan POV

I was walking outside her chamber in anger and only anger. My blood was boiling and all I wanted to then was to kill that Suryadev. How the hell she planned that under my nose along with him. I didn't realise what I did, but she deserved that. She tried to fool me, she tried to double-cross me. She didn't know me, she thought she could make fool of me under my nose with him.

I step as fast as I wanted to reach the place where that drama must be waiting for me. I walked out of the galleries and see a tent of red colour set up in the middle of the Royal garden. I saw my mother and father with a few ladies there. The area was lit beautifully with oil lamps and I see a priest sitting in front of the holy fire and that bastard sitting along. They might be waiting for that bitch but I was going to kill him.

I walked to them fastly and holding the water pot in my hand, I poured it into the holy fire and threw the metallic plot a far away and it fell on the ground with noisy sound. Everyone shocked and he stood up.

"Prince, what are you doing?" He asked me in a calm but irritated voice.

"What am I doing? What the hell you are doing here?" I roared in a loud voice and anger was dripping from all of my body. He was one trying to think that they would lie and I will accept it as a two-year-old kid.

"I am getting married." He spat back looking directly into my eyes.

"And may I know, To whom you are getting married or for how many times you are going to?" I spat back in an angry tone but trying to stop my hands to kill him. His expression changed a bit as I reminded him of his number of marriages.

"I will marry how many times I want," He spat back in anger and continued " And I am marrying my Fiance Abhishree"

My hands instantly went to his neck listening to the name he said and everyone frightened. The screams and tension raised suddenly in the environment and few ladies ran away from there leaving few people back then.

"I think you don't know to whom she belongs. She is mine. I won her in the war against his brother Abhidev." I roared in anger back in front of his but that was not affecting that grey-haired middle-aged man.

"She is mine. Her brother Prince Abhidev tied our knot as she got engaged with my dagger" He said in fury while showing her dagger in front.

I was a little taken back with the word 'engaged to dagger'. A lot of questions suddenly raised in my mind as I asked her politely.

"Have she ever seen you?" I asked in a flat tone.

He started laughing suddenly and something twisted in my stomach.

"Do you think, her brother asked her for her opinion? She is mine and calls her right now" He spat back in anger and fury.

"She will not come here, This wedding will not happen." I spat back bursting in anger. What the hell was happening. I thought she planned it but listening to this bastard I found something fishier than I could think.

"How dare you to say that, that she will not come. I gave fucking hundred thousand gold coins to her Brother. Call her right now, I want her." He spat back in front of my face and I felt disgusted. Hundred thousand gold coins? Why the hell her brother tries to sell her. He loved her.

All I was understanding was that this man in front of me carrying a lot of plannings against me or her. The way he was behaving was telling that he was less interested in marriage but want to have her.

"She is mine, Call her right now" He yelled, echoing the environment with a heavy voice.

I started laughing like a maniac. His words 'She is mine' Made me laugh to hell as I remembered what happened a few time ago in her chamber. His expressions changed looking at me and controlling my emotions I stopped.

"She will not come, She is my wife now" I spat back with a smirk that made him take a step back in shock.

"RAJVARDHAN," Maa saheb caught my attention and I looked at her. "What the hell are you saying? Raj," She said with big angry eyes.

"I am saying what is Truth. She is mine. BY HOOK OR BY CROOK. I filled vermilion in the partition of her hairs" I said to her looking sharp into her eyes as I knew She helped her in all this. She dared to help her in planning all this shit and I was going punish each and every one.

"Shut up Raj, She is engaged to him, She likes him and she wanted to marry him. You can't keep her here lifetime. She deserves a life, she is not like what you think." She was yelling at me with so loud a voice pissing the hell of me.

"I know better what she deserves and I think you didn't hear it right. I said She is married to me" I spat back. The thought of her marrying that bastard making my mind and body boil in anger. Only I had right on her, Only I had the right to touch her, hurt her and keep her. I won her.

"And I know it was you, who helped her in planning all this," I said walking towards her. "You knew that I won her and better knew that I don't share my things. And moreover, you knew that In any condition I won't let her go any fucking where." I spat earning a loud voice from the King.

"Prince Rajvardhan!!! Do not forget whom you are talking to. Watch your words and better your tone." He said in a loud and thundering voice.

"I am sorry King But all I want to say is, She is mine and she will not go anywhere and I married her," I said last words looking at the Suryadev who was boiling in anger. "In no condition, she is going anywhere and get ready for her introduction tomorrow morning." I finished my words and moved to Suryadev.

"Prince, Suryadev. The marriage stand cancelled unluckily But You can still meet her in the morning. Don't go before seeing her by my side." I said in an angry tone.

I gave him my last glance before saying "They call me Rajvardhan!"

Feeling the victory, I walked back to my chamber and in the all way I couldn't think anything but the reason behind selling her to him for a hundred thousand gold coins. From everyone I heard that Abhidev loved her and he used to share everything with her. He treated her like the Princess of the Empire taking her views and opinions on political matters. I wasn't aware that she was actually engaged. I thought she was lying just to make me fool.

But If he actually tried to sell her then how she helped her did that. And why the hell she agreed to the wedding. Well, She was not asked but she could deny it. Why she accepted that? what the hell was happening?

Lying on my bed Something was twisting in my stomach thinking what could have happened if I were a little late. She might get married to that Forty years old bastard who already married fifteen times and famous for betting her ladies in Chaucer. Something twisted in me thinking what could have happened if he got married to her.

I didn't know why she was desperate to marry that bastard but I wanted to know that, she saw him or not? If she has seen him she never got ready for the wedding. In the time she was been here, I understood that she was fierce and never accept what was wrong. Then what could be the reason behind arranging a sudden marriage with him?

I wonder if suryadev came for the weapons deal or for her. She might know something that I didn't know. She might know something that was against me. She might be very Clever and planning something against me. But in all these conditions, she would never accept that creep as her husband.

If she already knew that his empire was famous for all the wrong things. She would never accept that marriage. I thought she was fierce. The way she behaved on the very first day asking me to give respectable positions to the ladies and raising her voice in the enemy Empire in front of all. Her behaviour tells something else and her decision of marrying him was telling something else.

The girl who dared to challenge the most arrogant, powerful, rude and ruthless prince a number of times couldn't be this coward of thinking to marry a coward and useless Prince. There was something in me questioning. Who was wrong? Who the hell was Player?

Her brother loved her and she loved him too then why the hell his brother try to sell her to a shameless empire. And who was the culprit of 'Gulaab bai' then? Who the hell was a player? And if that Princess was also a Pawn of her brother then I did a really big mistake already but if not there was no one that could stop me from making her life hell.

I looked at my pierced thumb and realised that I was bounded to someone now. I closed my eyes remembered what type of promises I made to her thinking that she was planning against me?

I didn't know whom to trust and whom to punish. The way she was behaving from the very beginning raising a question in my mind, That she was a culprit or a victim of this game?

I couldn't trust anyone.

I had a lot of questions that she could only answer. I calmed my breath to think and process the series of events that happened.

I try to sleep and calm but sleep was nowhere in the way, my mind was blocked and my brain became hell tired with the continuous sleepless nights. I was trying to sleep but her vision was not leaving my mind.

Her dance moves in that yellow golden attire, her fierce look while keeping the sword on my neck and the way she was trying to kill me during the sword fight. She was too much to ignore. I didn't know why my brain couldn't stop thinking about her and why the hell I wanted her attention.

I turned my body and lied on the stomach trying to sleep. But then I smelled her smell. I remembered that she slept on the bed. I remember that she was smelling roses and sandalwood when I pinned her to the wall. I sat up instantly and unconsciously started moving towards her.

There were so many questions in my mind but before I needed to know that How good she knew Suryadev. I started walking towards her chamber and the brightening moon was witnessing that its already midnight.

I was half-naked as I already burnt my upper in the fire. I was walking to Chandra Mahal then the realisation hit me. Maa saheb urged to give her Chandra Mahal, which can only belong to the wedded Princess of Mahabaleshgarh. That means she wanted this marriage, she thought of our marriage. What the hell maa saheb? These ladies were playing hell with my brain.

I entered her chamber and walking past the various parts I saw her standing in front of the mirror in the Dressing room. Walking a little closer slowly I saw that she removed one of her necklaces and placed it on the table which was coloured in Red blood.

Seeing the red blood on the necklace and flowing a little from her hands that were trying to removing another necklace, made me a little upset. What the hell she did to her hands?

I moved closer to her and I turned her. I looked at her face, dry tears, red and swollen eyes, pink cheeks, little dried lips and a questioning sight looking into my eyes.

She was silent as a desert and I took her hands to look at what she did. Somehow thinking her hurt made me a little sad. A sight on her hands made something twist in me. She burnt and hurt her hands that made them bleed. I looked around to find a cotton cloth and my sight fell on the cotton dupatta. I tore it instantly and started wrapping it around her hands. I wrapped her hands full making them hard even to move fingers. And the while her eyes in my eyes. She was not even blinking looking into my eyes.

She was angry, mad or maybe hurt. I knew I hurt her to hell. She was not expecting this but the thought of marrying her with that bastard made me mad enough to take such a decision. I didn't know that the lady in front of me was wrong or not whom I already punished a lot. But I needed an answer and for that, she needed to speak.

She turned back facing the mirror again continued untying her necklace with wrapped hands. I was looking at her through the reflection of the mirror and she was looking into mine. Her skin was brightening under the yellow lights of oil lamps. And I could see was myself a little closer to her. She was not even blinking and her expressions were flat.

Her red and swollen eyes darted over me making me a little afraid of what she going to do. But the business she was doing with the wrapped hands caught my attention.

We both were silent and into the same situation that night. she wanted an answer as I wanted mine. Jerking her hand a little down. I unknowingly started removing her dupatta. She kept silent when I undid her dupatta and thrown it aside. My sight fell on her big hair bun that was tied with mogra flowers and the baby hairs growing at the end of her hairline. The back of her neck was slim and the skin was shining under the yellow candle lights. The back of her blouse was deep and it was tied with the knot of thick thread Dori. Her back was revealing and sexy. I couldn't stop myself stealing the glances over her perfect back.

My hands went to her knot of her necklace and looking into her eyes through the reflection of the mirror I untied it. Keeping the necklace aside I noticed her deep neck blouse that was covering her full breasts. The red colour of the cloth increasing the beauty of her skin. There was one more long necklace in her neck that I also removed with my fingers. she was just watching what was happening and I thought I was helping her but little I know was as much as I was undressing the beauty standing in front of me from whom I was getting taken away.

Holding her shoulder a little I turned her. She was still not blinking while looking at me with a questioning face. For the first time till now, I felt bad for her. I wanted her to speak at me, challenge me and do something for what I did. I knew I did it out of anger thinking she planned it against me but her eyes were telling some different story.

There was something in me that was saying that she was suffering as was I.

Her eyes were into me and it was kind of doing something in me with her continuous glare. I wanted her to look away and blink. My hands moved to her left-hand armlets to untie it. I felt her soft and buttery skin and slim hands, I untied it following the right-hand armlets. Her hands were slim and long.

Her glare was still on my eyes and mine in her, Moving to her hands. I softly took the rings out of her slim and feathery fingers that were left unwrapped a little. Sword suits the most in her hands than this bridal attire I must say.

She was standing in front of me half jewelled, in red bridal lehnga still not looking away from my eyes that were making me a little weak. Moving to her ears I undid her earrings keeping them safe on the dressing table. I take a step forward closer to her looking at her face and softly removed her nose ring. Her nose was small and sharp. She was purely a goddess. Her red eyes with fierce look doing something in me to continue what I was doing.

Moving my eyes up I stole a glance over her back through the chain. Her blouse was tied with the Dori and she has a slim and perfect waisting. My eyes up I left on her body was a beauty waist chair, that holy thread around her neck, Mogra flower tying her hair bun, Maang teeka and bangles in her hands.

Moving my hands up to her head I softly undid her Maang teeka and then my hands moved backwards pulling the mogra flowers that left her black, hip-length hairs open. My breath hitched looking at her. My eyes were stopping me to close them.

I couldn't look away from her now, she was playing some spell on me with that eyes and body. Her smell of roses and sandalwood urging me to go close to her do something more.

But her continuous glare was making me hell uncomfortable and I wanted her to look away anyhow. Her eyes were asking me something that I didn't know.

But what I realised from the inner me that night was, that she was a pawn who might have lost if I didn't marry her. I married her out of anger but somehow it turned out in her favour. she might have taken a very wrong step if didn't come. I thought she was playing along with them but the moment I realised she was sold by her brother made me realise that there was something more than what I was thinking. There was something fishier than I thought.

But still, I couldn't trust her right away. She was a question mark standing in front of me. Noticing her waistband My hands move to undo the last piece of jewellery which will be a hurdle in my sound sleep.

Touching the small hook of the waistband I tried to open it but it was so small to come between my rough fingers. Getting irritated with it in a bit and looking at her eyes made me really uncomfortable. What the hell she was not reacting to me? I almost undid her bridal attire but didn't say even a word. she was still not reacting and it was irritating me.

I got a little furious with her eyes and that waistband. Tying my finger in the waistband like a knot I pulled it with a jerk that broke it and the beads fell on the ground with the sweet sounds. Just then I break it she closed her eyes and her breast moved with our closeness. Her breathe and heartbeat raced with it.

A smirky smile appeared on my face.

She was still alive.

She opened her eyes and did something that I was not expecting. Her eyes were bursting in silent anger. Her red and swollen eyes were beyond hurt and anger. Taking her space, she placed one leg on the small stool and pulled her lehnga a little up. With the eyes, she signaled me to give a look. I looked at her feet having anklets as she was signaling me undid them too with the fierce eyes.

My wild hurt seeing her behaving like that. How can she let me touch her feet? But I realized what she was telling me. She was still the Wild lioness.

I jerked her feet down with my hand and pulled her closer by snaking my hand around her slim waist and gave an angry look. She was not afraid of me and all I could see was It's going to be really difficult for me to control her.

In no time, unknowingly I took her up in my arms and I moved towards the bedroom. The Chamber was quiet and our eyes were talking in their own language of anger and control.