

The Desires of the King

18 ~ The Wedding Night of Prince and Princess

Abhishree POV

I was crying my heart out due to the emotional and physical pain. All I could see around me was darkness in the chamber and in my life too. I lied on the floor feeling miserable and defeated. All my life I was taught that this was a male-dominated society but the treatment I got in my Palace was different. Everyone pampered me and I learned to fight on my own power, I never felt being dominated by any man in all my life, But a man, a rude, ruthless, arrogant, strong, and egoistic Prince out of hatred was killing me silently, was dominating my life, my wants, and my pain.

Feeling terrible and lost, I kept on crying and crying until the tears themselves denied coming out. Time passed and the fire which a few times ago made me bounded with that animal with shitty vows became calm and the woods became burning coal.

I tried sitting and move on. There was no use in lying on the ground and crying because no one was going to come and help me. I had to help myself. I couldn't lie there for a lifetime. I never learned to lose. He was making me weak and if I stand strong, He was going lose his egoistic war by itself. I blinked my eyes and I felt they are hurting because of continuous crying, I felt them swollen. I try to sit but the heavy attire was too much to handle. And for whom I wore that, must be killed by then by that animal.

Collecting every bit of myself I moved to the dressing room to come out of this. The moonlight visible out of the chamber's part was telling that it's already midnight and I was feeling tired too with a long and hectic day. I remembered the day I saw the dawn, No matter how long the night is, Day definitely comes.

Accepting it my destiny I looked at myself in the mirror. Looking at my miserable state in the mirror I promised myself that No more crying from now on. I had to bear that animal, I had to come out of all this. I had to teach him a lesson that I am a woman and there is nothing in this world stronger than being a woman. Maa saheb told me that women are the most powerful creature. The woman is the one who gives birth to that animal kind of man.

I saw my face swollen a little, eyes red and cheeks turned pink, my lips got dried a little. Taking my hands to the back of my neck I started untying the knot of the heavy necklace, My hands were hurting a lot but still, there were no more tears left in me to cry more. I wasn't feeling anything now. I was a living corpse now.

Forcing my hands to untie it made them bleed a little and pulling the necklace out of my neck made them hurt even more. I placed the necklace on the table and then suddenly I felt the presence of someone. I felt him already, I was not shocked. I knew he would come and tell me that he won, he killed him and bla! bla! bla!

without looking at him and ignoring him completely I moved on doing my business. I wasn't afraid or feeling shameful in front of him anymore. He already saw more than it. He tore my blouse that day and slept with me. And whatever he did in the evening, I didn't expect anything worse than it.

I felt him coming closer and turning me, he looked at my hands. I was looking at him in anger and disgust. What the hell left now that he came this time? And what the hell he was doing with my hands? I kept on looking into his eyes, waiting for the worse and disgusting thing he could do. I kept on staring into his eyes to find some kind of guilt and sign of humanity or something else. But, He was still an animal, and I hate him the most.

He took my hands in his hands. He looked and picked a cotton dupatta from somewhere around and tearing it, he wrapped it around my palms. I was wondering if this was the real him or the one whom I saw a few time ago. I was looking in his eyes to question him, what I did to him? Why he hates me the most? Why the hell he stopped me from getting married to my Fiance? Was it just because he won me in the war then He was the most inhuman Prince in the world.

Ignoring him I turned to look at the mirror again. I saw him through the reflection of the mirror. The yellow lights of burning oil lamps falling on his bare skin had a kind of shine. I would have been feeling timid if another man was being close to me like that, but his presence was not affecting me anymore. I wasn't feeling anything for him. I was being a corpse for him. And he was just a person nothing else. His presence was not affecting me anymore.

Jerking my hand lightly he undid the necklace and placed it on the table. He was looking at me through the reflection of the mirror and I was looking in his with the same questions. I wonder how he collected that strength to see me again after doing such a sin.

My sight followed his as he was looking at my blouse, That moment something twisted in my stomach. He was looking at my cleavage but I didn't react. I wanted to see how far he could go. How far?

Moving on he undid the last necklace in my neck and I kept staring into his eyes. I wanted to see some guilt, some feeling, some sorry but I couldn't decode his gaze on me. I wanted answers, I wanted why he married me? why he took such vows? Just out of anger?

Turning me he moved to undo the armlets of both of my hands and I felt his rough fingers against the skin of my arms. He was looking into my eyes as I was in his. He moved on to undoing my rings. He softly took all of them out without hurting me.

I wondered if he was the same who was saying the cursing words while taking holy rounds around the fire. I wondered if he just became different out of anger. Looking into his black eyes with medium lashes. His face and eyes had a darkness that somehow I wanted to look beyond. He was calm as was I.

He moved on with my earrings and undid them too. I wonder how he was doing it perfectly when sometimes being a girl I failed to do that. He moved on with my nosering and he undid it too.

I felt his hand on my forehead as he undid the jewel on my head. Moving on to the back of my hand, I felt his animalistic hand pulling the flowers off my bun that left them open swiftly.

I was looking at him closely as his hands moved to my waist, I felt him touching the bare skin of mine with rough fingers and suddenly he knotted his fingers around the waistband, and pulling me closer he broke the beads. My heartbeat raced and my eyes closed. I felt something in my stomach.

I was mad and angry with him and he was enjoying my situation. If he was enjoying undressing me and I should be showing his actual space then. Moving a little back as he was watching me closely. I placed my feet on the couch and with that angry eyes, I signaled Him to undid my anklets too. This was his place and I was going to make him realize soon that he messed with the very wrong girl. The thought of teaching him a lesson was bursting inside like the lava.

His face turned stiff watching my move. His right hand jerked my leg swiftly as he pulled me closer and before I realize what's happening, he carried me in his arms. I felt him very close, his chest was bare and I was only in lehnga and blouse almost half-naked with long open hairs.

He brought me to the bedroom and made me sit on the left side of the big bed. My heartbeat raced a little thinking about what he might want to do. I remembered the screams of that girl. Feeling afraid of him I lied on the bed facing the left side and weighing on the side of my body, I closed my eyes, pretending slept already.

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I felt him untying the knot of my blouse and I scared to death. Please GOD!!!, Please.

I didn't move, begging god to give some mind to him. In no time, I felt his bare chest against my almost bareback and his face closer to the back of the neck. His chest was warm and strong which was making me feel ice cold and unsafe somehow.

Suddenly he sat and I took a breath of relief thinking he was going away. But, He moved away just to pull the covers on us. He covered me with the blanket to my chest and I felt him in the same position again. He kept his one of the heavy hand on my waist but above the blankets not touching the bare waist but his naked chest was sending some kinds of allergies on my bareback.

Before I could protest or do something, I heard him snoring lightly. What the hell? He already slept. What the hell was he doing? Insane animal.

I was trying to calm my breath as his nose was fanning air on the back of my neck. It was too much to ignore. I tried to move but gave up feeling tired. I looked in front and a few visions of our very unroyal wedding blurred it before I drifted into sleep.

Time passed in sleeping and suddenly, unconsciously I heard the loud announcement. I opened my eyes and the room filled with the light of sunlight coming from another part of the chamber witnessed that its morning already.

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I panicked thinking she may come any moment and we both were not in so presentable positions. I felt my blouse falling from my shoulders as it was untied. Trying to sit, I tried to tie it but the wrapped hands were making it difficult. She may come soon and that animal was not even moving.

In frustration, I jerked his off with a full force that made him awake in a moment. He looked at me in anger and I looked away in frustration. Moving the blanket away I stood up. He looked away while watching me tying the knot of the blouse.

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Suddenly he sat and I took a breath of relief thinking he was going away. But, He moved away just to pull the covers on us. He covered me with the blanket to my chest and I felt him in the same position again. He kept his one of the heavy hand on my waist but above the blankets not touching the bare waist but his naked chest was sending some kinds of allergies on my bareback.