

Chapter 3 ~ Groom the Prince of story The Desires of the King

Chapter 3 ~ Groom the Prince

•Abhishree POV -

I stood frozen like ice. He wanted me to be his slave. He wanted me to be his servant and I would be doing whatever he would be asking me to. I was the Princess, I had never even touched the dust and look where destiny brought me. I had never imagined that I would be facing such a situation. I was homeless and in another territory now, what was I supposed to do?

He snapped his finger and I shivered "I think you are not strong enough, well I have other plans too. I will make Your ladies our men prostitute who will be doing whatever they want do. Even I can hear the Screams of them when our powerful men make them whore in the Bed"

"Please stop" I wasn't able to hear him insulting my people.

"Tell me... what do you want, I will make you suffer or I will make all of suffer?"

Tears escaped from my eyes, How could he be so rude and heartless. What have I done to him?

"Tell me I don't have time,"

I wasn't able to think about anything Properly. I didn't want my people to go through this worse situation and he didn't seem in the mood to listen to anything else from me. I didn't know what to do now. I saw him moving from here to there and he suddenly Clapped two times. I know I didn't have time to do anything other than telling him what I choose.

An attendee came after listening to his clap. He bowed and stood a little far from us. "Call everyone for the Courtroom meeting," He said I realized what he was about to do. I instantly Interrupted him.

"NO... I will do, I will do as you say" I said in a husky voice. I felt broken and tears were falling continuously but my face was not visible to him as I had a veil over the face.

Everyone started coming and I chose to stand still until the Courtroom was filled again and Prince sat back on his throne back.

Few moments passed and everyone settled.

"I want to say..." The prince started with his thundering voice.

"The ladies we won in the Battle with Pratapgarh, can join the working of their interest. Whoever likes cooking can join the royal Kitchen, Whoever has an interest in dancing, painting can join the relevant Club. All ladies and children will be treated as ours and the princess will be working for me as my Attendee. " He finished and a sign of relief went in my heart but the hall got shocked.

After that, he left and everyone too. We all were also asked to move to our room, Where we spent our last night. Ladies seem happy. I did it for them. The feeling of happiness was going through them. As we entered the room, A young lady of our empire and came and hugged me. she was having tears in her eyes while saying " Thank you so much, Princess, I knew that you can do that. You talked to Prince and they accepted us as part of this empire. I thought we would end up dying" she stood in front of me now, releasing the hug.

Without answering her I went to bed, I didn't have the power to face them. I wasn't able to admit that. I couldn't accept that my world has been changed in just two days. I had never imagined myself in this situation. I Lied on my bed undoing my veil hiding my tears from them Precisely. I saw the room filled with light but my life with dark.

I didn't know what would happen now with me. What would he ask me to do and how would he behave with me.

I kept lying on the bed while I felt the happiness going through the ladies. They were not happy exactly but satisfied with the Prince's decision. But, I was happy for them. I was missing my home and Brother a lot. Since then sakhibai came and sat near me. She placed a hand on my shoulder to give me sympathy. She was always been my best friend. She used to be my attendee but later on, I asked her to befriend and quit working for me. "Is there something I should know Abhi?" She gave me the nickname 'Abhi'. I Shook my head. All my heart was feeling heavy and I felt my throat dry. I didn't want to tell her.

I placed my shoulder in her lap. "I just want some rest" She soothes my head by patting and massaging with soft hands. She was always a nice heart to me. I loved her so much.

I didn't know when I fell asleep until Someone came to the door and asked me to walk up. Sakhibai made me wake up.

I saw him standing at the door and he said "Prince wants to see the princess" My heart ran the Horse Race.

"He asked for your presence now". I heard and being a perfect slave moved towards after him. Sakhibai ran to me and stopped me. I saw in her eyes that was showing me with a question mark. I couldn't tell her or anyone about that. It was not like, they would feel bad. It was because I didn't want myself to be called his Slave. How could a princess be called a slave of anyone?

I patted her hand and gave a look of 'everything is fine' and covering my face with the veil went after him.

I went through the Beautiful long gallery having big flower pots at each pillar and oil lamps hanging about every thirty-forty meter away. There were few more galleries attached to this gallery leading to either left or right of the Palace. Then came a beautiful big Rose Garden that has a big fountain in the middle and pathways in between to walk through it. It had the most beautiful roses that I have ever seen. My sight went to the thing in front of me. That was a big Royal place definitely belonging to the Pride of the Palace. It was so big and beautifully crafted in Bright red colour and white marble.

The attendee leads me to that Chamber. I entered and saw the most beautiful floor marbling ever. It was bright golden and having beautiful designs dotted in it. I saw almost eight inspectors standing on the door having swords in their hands.

I went further and covered my face with the veil a little which I removed to walk comfortably. I walked furthermore and then saw a hall having Royal sofas. So big and beautiful. They might be for Prince's meetings and then he leads me to a place having different games and comfortable furniture. It was the most beautiful part of the room, I guessed. It had access to the bright sun. Through which direct sunlight was entering the room. It's most of the part was open to the sky and then I entered the big bedroom. It was not having any access to outside other than the way I entered. It had the biggest and the beautiful bed I have ever seen.

My sight raked from left to right and then my eyes fell on the person sitting in front of the dressing table with three-four ladies. He was shirtless, only wearing a loincloth and I could see his muscular body. His skin was wheatish in colour and his body was strongly built and perfectly shaped. I could see his power.

Seeing him, I lowered my veil a little more which was giving me better access to view before that now I couldn't see anymore through it.

The attendee said, "you can meet the Prince". I nodded and with a heavy heart moved towards the Prince.

I went near to him and stood about a meter away. I bowed and " You asked for my presence, Prince".

He turned hearing my voice. "Yes, Princess, Ummm well you are not now anymore... What's your name?, Actually I forgot"

I could hear him insulting me. He might have signalled other women to leave because they started leaving.

"I have an important meeting. You have to make me ready for it. " He commanded. Well, honestly I was expecting this. He asked me to work as his slave then there will be continuous insults and hurdles all my way.

On the inside, I cried and hurt a lot. I had never spent time grooming myself either and there I had to make him ready as a servant. Well, no work was called big or small. I had to do this for our pride. Losing one's pride was better than losing the whole Pratapgarh's pride.

I went to him and tried to look at the things kept on the dressing table but because of the veil, I couldn't see anything.

Prince might have noticed this because he said "I want to see your face, remove your veil"

I felt more insulted at that time. How could he say that? In our culture, ladies didn't show their faces to any man. How could I show my face to him?

"I am getting late, do it faster," He said in a thundering and loud voice that made me shiver a bit.

Obeying him, I undid my veil but I thought to not look at him. Not because I was afraid of anything it's because I still have my pride in him. He made me his slave but couldn't rule over me. He could make me work for him but couldn't buy me. He couldn't own me forever. Ignoring him I started working.

I looked at the dressing table and picked the oil bottle and started oiling his hair a little then combed his hair. I looked at him and it seems already done. I saw the perfume of sandal and rose. I picked it up and applied it directly to his body, Dropping it a little above his body. Just then he shouted.

"Don't you know, how to apply perfume. What kind of princess you were. You don't even know how to groom the prince."

He shouted which made me a little angry. Firstly, I was doing this and this man was shouting at me. How dared he? I was princess Abhishree.

"No, I don't know. I was not working as the stylist in my Empire. I am the princess." I had thrown back to him.

He stood up angrily from the chair and cupped my mouth tightly. I was still not looking at him.

"Don't you know, how to talk to the prince. You mannerless girl. How dare you talk to me like this. Hnn? "

I could feel the anger in his voice but it was nothing in front of the lava boiling inside of me. I hate him the most, he killed my brother and ruined our empire.

"I have all the manners to talk to. But it depends on the person I am talking to. " I replied without getting frightened of him. All through inside, I was having fear but didn't want to show him.

He pressed his hold more tightly and was about to say something. But one of the attendees interrupted.

"Prince, it's time for the meeting with the king," He said and left.

"I will see you tonight and teach you how to behave in front of the Prince." He brought his mouth near my ears and said the most unbearable words to me.

"I will be having you tonight and ruin all your pride and honour." He left my face shockingly and left the room wearing his uppers quickly.

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