

The Desires of the King

The Sensuality of Colors that Painted the Princess

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"There is a very thin line between Hate and Love. The line we draw when we don't like someone's behaviour, nature, habits, talks or deeds. The line we create when the two personalities are different and can't understand each other or not mature enough to understand each other's point of views. But, there is a thing beyond the beauty, thoughts, mindset, personality and this fake world. And It is soul, The soul that saint used to believe is immortal, pure and real. The soul which we hide behind our outer beauty, personality, insecurity and fake appraisals. The soul is the reality and it is love. We all have souls which are connected mystically to each other. That means we already love each other but that love also got hidden under the thick layers of this fake world, which we call Life, which we think is the reality but the true reality is that, that we already love each other and it just got hidden behind the fake lines of our realm. We have created a few boundaries around to judge whom to love or whom not? Yes, You can love everyone. What you have to do is to erase the line that you have created to hate the person and then you will love them. You have to erase the reason for hating them. And love is not about winning someone physically, Love is about losing yourself unconditionally whether it is to your parents, children, life partner or God."

I read the last paragraph of the book she was reading. My mind instantly travelled to the moment when I took every piece of jewellery from her body while she was standing silent and angry with my actions. The Line that the Writer was talking about might be crossed by me when I pulled her up in my arms. The line might be crossed by me the day When I Trusted that she was not doing anything wrong to Gulaab.

There was a thin line between love and hate and that too between us. And I just realised that I crossed that line because there was no more hate for her in my heart.

I looked at her sleeping face as she already slept when I was sorting her hairs. It was a difficult task but I was able to complete that by parting her hairs in hundreds of partitions and softly combed them without hurting her. She was looking really beautiful as the orange coloured light of the setting sun was falling on her face which was coming through the Garden's entrance. A few of the Rabbits were also sleeping around her. There was the cutest one who was sleeping keeping his face on the side of her waist. Somehow It made me feel jealous as he was getting the chance to sleep like that but I didn't.

There was complete silence in the Chamber and somehow I felt the silence inside me too as There was a huge storm thundering inside me when she started ignoring me. But, The way she behaved the day when I said that 'I can't sleep', really made me happy and I felt that she loves me.

I softly feathered my fingers in her long hairs which were lying on the floor and along my midriff. The light sunlight touching her eyelashes lasted an imprint in my mind of her faultless beauty but moreover, I loved the way she took care of me when I was sick.

I learned a great thing from her that day. I was being inhuman all the while when I made her my Slave. I did a lot of things to hurt her, I made her cried, I killed her brother, I thought to make her my courtesan but I ended up marrying her. And what she did in reply was giving me chances whenever she tried to kill me and moreover accepted herself as my wife and took her responsibilities. She was the strongest woman I had ever seen in my life.

She hissed in her sleep and touched her neck. She might be feeling pain while sleeping on the marble. I sat up without disturbing and making her wake up and replaced myself with the pillow.

The day was about to come at the end and anyone would come at any moment calling us for the Royal dinner.

And just then I thought, an attendee came and caught my attention.

"Prince..."

I looked in her direction and she was looking down and I felt a little shy too with our romantic positions.

"Yes"

"Prince, Dinner is ready and The King and Queen is asking for your and Princess presence"

I instantly looked at the sleeping beauty and replied.

"Umm... You tell them that Princess and I are eating together in our chamber and don't wait for us. And one more thing, Bring our dinner here" I finished and she bowed before getting disappeared.

I got up and stretched my body before leading to the bathroom to freshen up myself a little and when I came back. Abhi was already awake and sitting on the floor with our food. Her eyes were darted over the food and I asked.

"Hungry?"

She shivered suddenly and looked at me.

"You scared me" and rolled her eyes.

I laughed lightly a little and joined her sitting beside her on the floor.

I instantly looked at the tasty looking food and we both started eating on the same plate. She was eating a lot of pickles and not giving me any chance to me have a bite of it. I looked at her and she raised her left eyebrow and gave me a smirky smile.

I instantly grabbed the whole pickle and ate at one go. She looked at me with a pouting and angry face and then I raised my eyebrows giving a winning smile.

We both finished eating and she started to walk out of the chamber.

"Where are you going?" I asked her Instantly.

"Maa saheb called me" She replied without looking at me and left me alone in her chamber.

What else I was supposed to do then, I retired to my chamber and slept alone.

The next day when I opened my eyes as the sunlight sat on my eyelids and I had to give up on my sleep forcibly, Abhishree was the one that came to my mind first.

I instantly got up from the bed and found that my Chamber was already decorated and there was a lot of plates full of flowers, colours and steel pots of water.

A smile of the excitement of the Holi came across my lips and I hurried to get ready. I wore a plain white coloured Lioncloth with a white kurta.

I wanted to meet my parents and Gulaab and wish them Holi but along with my Dearly Wife.

I walking outside fastly as I was already late by sleeping till late and in between, a few of the attendees wish me 'Happy Holi' and I wished them back.

I reached the Abhi's chamber in no time to take her with me. I entered and walked inside till my sight fell on her.

She was sitting on the marble floor facing another direction to me and didn't notice me now. Her hairs were pinned in a messy hair bun and she was wearing a plain white coloured embroidered lehnga and my eyes locked on her revealing blouse that had three strings and making her milky cream skin shine beautifully.

I looked around and found that she was alone. So, that was the reason for her being without the Dupatta On her body. She had a lot of plates full of different colours like Red, yellow, purple, light green, Pink, Orange, white, blue and many more.

I stepped a little closer and found that she was making a huge rangoli which was almost completed. She was finishing it. And then my sight fell on her hands having full bangles and Rings. She was also wearing a pearled necklace and heavy earrings. She must have got ready for Holi.

My eyes Registered her beauty completely. From the messy hair bun to the plain silver waist chain, every inch of her was looking sexy and gorgeous. The purpose for which I was standing there lose my mind and travelled far away from my memory.

Suddenly my sight fell on a broken hair stuck to her back. I sat behind her silently and unknowingly my hand went to touch her back. Just then My fingers pad touched her skin, turned and in the swift motion, she pulled the Steel sharp pin that has a small blade at the end of her hair and kept it right to my neck.

Her expression turned from fear, shocked and then relief when she looked at me. But in the movement, her hand rested on the floor that messed a part of Rangoli and her long hairs end touched the soft colours of it.

She looked at her coloured hand and then me.

"You, here?" (Aap, Yaha?) She said but my sight fell on her long hair that also caught colours as their end got dipped in the Rangoli Colours too. I scared her. I guessed.

She rolled her eyes and started making her hairs in a bun again. But, before she could pin her hair again, I took the red colour from the plate to colour her. But she was fast enough to leave her hair open and jerk my hand softly.

The dry red colours fell a little on her lehnga and some of my kurta.

"I colour everyone, Not everyone colours me" (Rang Hum lagate hai sabko, Sab nahi lagate Hume) She said with the fierce bold eyes that made me smile and I nodded.

"So, let me teach you today, how to let people colour you" (To Aaj hum aapko sikhate hai ki rang kese lagwate hai) I said it a little sensually as I couldn't wait anymore to touch her skin with my hands and colour her.

I learned in a little and with the effect, she leaned backwards. I was looking at her eyes which was darted over mine in the confusion. Her other hand also rested on the floor in the colours which were stopping her to lie on the floor full of colours. And somehow I wanted to make her lie on it.

I adjusted a little closer to her and my right hand snaked her waist pulling her closer to me. My left hand helped me balance myself when I forced her to mess the Rangoli which she was making for didn't know how long time.

Her black eyes were looking surprised a little along with the confusion.

I made her lie on the Rangoli Under me and her hairs got messed in the colours along with the clothes.

I leaned my face to her ear and muttered softly.

"Happy Holi, Wifey" Just then the air touched her ear and cheeks, I felt a shiver of her. I looked at her big eyes that were looking into mine.

I wanted to touch her, colour her and most badly, eat her. She was looking astonishingly beautiful and tasty being a beauty in white and in between the dry colours that almost touched every inch of her back, hairs and clothes.

I waved my right hand on the floor to collect some colour from the Rangoli which was already messed by me and her and.

Looking into her eyes, I entangled our fingers. The moment my long and rough finger touched her fingers she looked in that direction. My red and yellow coloured palm made their way to touch her arm softly, colouring precisely. She blinked a lot of times and I could feel the goosebumps on her soft skin. Her creamy and brighten arm turned Red and yellow as I touched her to the adjoining part of the hand.

She looked at me with big eyes and I softly kissed her cheek. Then I again took colour in my hand from the floor and my hand then went to touch her feet. Her knee was high and her feet were closer to her hips. I touched her feet and she rolled her toes. I heard the noise of her anklets when my hand travelled, touching her soft and long legs upwards. She lowered her gaze from my eyes and her cheeks turned pink. She tried a little to reach my hand with her but she couldn't.

My hand was inside her lehnga touching her left thigh near to the knee. I forced my hand to touch her perfect, womanly, soft and little thick thighs more. Her breathing got raced and she looked into my eyes with a slightly open mouth. I was a few inches away from touching the adjoining part of her thighs but stopped when she shook her head very lightly.

I considered her 'no' and brought my hand back down to her feet. I could feel goosebumps on her silky flesh. But before untouching her feet, I roughly crushed her feet lightly and she escaped a sweet gasp from her mouth. Hell Sexy...

I kissed her chin when she was busy feeling the effect of my touch. she took a breath of relief when my hand left her feet but she knew that this was not it.

Once again I collected colour from the floor messing her big Rangoli a little more and this time my hand wanted her waist. I wanted to touch her stomach where My baby would stay one day. I wanted to feel her shivering under the touch, I wanted her to learn some new things. Moreover, I wanted to hear her moaning my name.

I touched the side of her waist and she snaked her hand around my shoulder while pulling her face a little upwards to hide in my chest. A smile formed across my lips, I was the one making her feel like that, that moment but still, she chose me to steady her racing heartbeats and console her.

My palm touched every inch of her perfect, slim and soft waist. From the hem of her blouse to the waistband of her Lehnga I touched her little roughly along with colouring her and in between my fingers tangled in her waist chain. I ignored it this time because it was metallic and I didn't want to hurt her by breaking it.

She rested her head back looking so into my eyes when she didn't feel any more touch on her waist. Her cheeks were flushed pink and her red lips looking were looking so tasty.

Without thinking twice, I turned her swiftly and she tossed like lightweight fish. I looked at her back which was already coloured and looking very sexy, her lehnga was messed up and it was no more white now. I pulled her heavy multicoloured voluminous hairs aside and kissed the nape that sends a shiver in her body.

Feathering my hand on her almost bareback I pulled the first string to undid the knot of her blouse. After undoing the first I couldn't stop myself from doing the next and the last one. Her hand instantly moved to keep the blouse in place and I turned her back softly.

I could feel myself growing harder for her but her innocence was the one for which I had to control.

But I couldn't control touching her.

She was looking into my eyes and my sight fell on her slim and long neck. Her chiselled shoulder and neck bone was the one I wanted to touch softly. My hand followed my thought and I palmed her neck softly. She closed her eyes in the effect and leans her head back a little. I liked her reaction whenever I touch her neck.

I leaned my face closer to her neck and kissed the part below her chin. Her fingers grabbed my kurta when I increased a little force on my palm to make her moan. I was taking care that I didn't hurt while sending sensations to her body through her neck and started moving my thumb across her chin to make her moan again softly.

Her eyes were closed and then my sight travelled to her neck to her breast. Her erected nipple was slightly visible through the cotton blouse. My coloured hand travelled unknowingly to the hem of her blouse through the corner of her breast. I couldn't let my devil rule over the innocent wife.

I brushed her erected nipple through the cloth with the pad of my thumb very lightly. She arched her body making it hell sexy. Her breast was round and perfect that I wanted to cup and press wildly.

I couldn't stop my hand from going inside her blouse and cup the corner of her round creamy bosoms. She moaned sexily and my whole focus diverted to her red rosy lips. I kissed her cheek before. I looked at her lips and she closed eyes. I was in a very terrible situation and neither she was protesting.

I touched the lower lip of her slightly opened mouth with my lips. My heartbeat raced as I felt them soft and warm. I pulled her lip between my lips and she moved her body closer to my embrace. My hand moved behind her to pull her closer. Her right hand was digging in my shoulder while my left touched my chin with the effect.

I could feel the racing heartbeats of both of us. Her lips were warm and I felt her body warm too. I sucked on her lips a little, Kissing her, but, before I could suck her lips the way I wanted, I felt a cold droplet on my arm which was resting near her head.

I instantly opened my eyes and looked at her. She opened her eyes and I saw the slight redness in her eyes, Her eyebrow was knitted a little and her breathing was racing.

I collected her instantly in my hug tightly and muttered softly in her ear.

"I am sorry, Please... I am sorry. I am very very sorry."

I might have hurt her.

My heart was paining and I realised that I made my way very far.

We both were lying on the floor hugging each other tightly. Our clothes were ruined in colours, so do our bodies. Her hairs became messy in colour and The Rangoli was no more as it was turned into colours scattered on the floor.

I said once again.

"Abhi, I am sorry." I patted her back lightly tightening my grips around but just then I heard a chiselling sound of steel touching the marble floor.

"Bhai Saheb!!!"

I Instantly looked at Gulaab who was standing right in front of me. She said and started running away with tears.

I released her instantly and started running after her.

"Gulaab, Listen! Please..."