

Chapter 4 ~ The Princess became the Slave of story The Desires of the King

Chapter 4 ~ The Princess became the Slave

•Abhishree POV -

"I will be having you tonight and ruin all your pride and honour." He left my face in a jerk and move to leave the room wearing his uppers quickly.

I took a sigh of relief as my first assault was complete, I guessed.

But, his thundering voice was alarming in my head as if someone hit the big bell hard. They were roaming all over my head.

I stood frozen and a few tears escaped my eyes as there would nothing worse could happen other than that. All my life, I waited for a perfect Prince. Whom, I could share a lot of happiness and romance. But, my life not even left to be called a Life now.

I sat on the floor with a loud thud. No power on earth could describe, How miserable I was feeling. It was like having everything but nothing. How on earth, I let him touch me. I didn't even know what that exactly means.

All I wanted now was to Earth part in two and let me get invisible in it. I couldn't let him do that. I couldn't do that. I cried, Cried louder letting the walls feel my pain.

The flashes of my brother's dead body, my father's death and the women whom I never saw, My mother, blurring my vision along with tears. I couldn't feel my heart beating but a sharp pain going through it. My throat got sore. It felt like, someone chiselled the alive fish and platted it on the dinner table.

He won't be having a girl tonight but a dead body who had lost the meaning of her life. A girl whose existence not matter at all. A girl who no more even exist other than her lifeless body.

I couldn't understand, what would he get using me?

I tried to recollect myself and leave the Room. Coming out, I walked through the same gallery, a corridor covering my face with the veil. I was walking but

the meaning of the path has vanished in the floor of Royalty, power and the dominance of a man.

Johar would be a hundred times better than this. I hope I would have given the chance to end my life on the very day I lost the meaning of it. Now, I understand why Johar was considered the purest when any empire lost the Battle. I hope I would have killed myself too.

In the meanwhile. I reached our Room. Where I saw most of the ladies have been already left. It seems a little empty than before. Maybe they would be staying in their respective work chambers. At least God had done some justice to them at least.

I was controlling my emotions as I didn't want to show them to anyone.

Walking inside, My sight fell on a very young girl maybe fourteen-fifteen years old eating an apple hungrily and then I realised that we hadn't served anything since we came here.

How heartless these people might be. Well, what would you expect when you are just rags to others. Who would care if you die? And, In my case, there was not even Earth who was going remember me, if I get died.

Death was beautiful. Imagine someone like me who was longing for it and suddenly the God appears to take you with him and let you sleep in the nothingness. I always wondered how would someone feel after death. Well, how could someone feel After death?

I laughed at my thought and tears escaped. My life had taken a sharp fall. There was no more fairy tale happening, I removed my veil and tore it in parts feeling miserable and everything as hell.

Sakhibai came running to me seeing me in that condition and hugged me understanding my situation, I guessed. I cried in her arms and she hushed and patted to make me calm. I wanted someone to just beside me, who could at least understand how much weight I was carrying on my heart.

She was always so supportive. She calmed me a bit and washed my tears aside. I nodded signing her that 'I am ok now'. Understanding that she sat beside me and looked into my eyes having questions.

"Nothing..." I said locking my hair strand behind my ear.

"I know there is something," she said tightening the grip on my hand "You have to tell me Abhi"

"Can I trust you?" I asked as I didn't know it was good or not to tell her.

"I will stitch my mouth if you want" she replied and it made me laugh a little.

I told her everything and saw her expression changing to a fatal hurt.

She looked into my eyes and said "You didn't have to do this"

"But, it's better to one suffers rather than all suffering" I answered.

"You will not suffer," she said with the authority and dominating voice. "you can never suffer, You were the Princess, You are the Princess and you will be the Princess"

She said and I looked at her. How could she still consider me a Princess? I have left nothing, other than a slave and a would-be prostitute.

"We always know that you will never lose, don't consider it as your destiny. You did a lot for us. You are a true princess and a perfect warrior. You didn't get a chance to fight in the war but that doesn't change the fact that you are still a fighter. Pratapgarh is no more but the Princess is still here with us. The battle is not finished yet Abhishree. You can fight now too. And you will make the Prince bow down in front you, I know that" She said having red and vibrant eyes that filled the fuel of power in me.

'The battle is not ended yet' her words started to thunder in a loud voice in my ears.

Being a Prince, He wouldn't change his words towards the other ladies and I could take the benefit of it. I wouldn't let him rule over me.

"I am the bloody Princess"

I said to myself and washed my leftover tears and looked around and see that it was already evening. I loved to witness the dawn.

I walked towards the window and looked at the setting sun. No matter how dark the night would be. The sun always shines in the morning.

Change in place didn't change the fact that I was still a Princess. I would let him make me a slave, I would do whatever he asks to, But I would never let him take advantage of me. Now, He should be familiar with a girl's power.

Looking at the sun, I realised the beauty of this chain.

'People forget the beauty of life in the well of their sadness. Rather than being satisfied with what they have, the urge for a different thing. The sun never thought of asking for anything but gives all it has to everyone'

I calmed a little seeing the scenery in front of me. I sat on the edge of the window and felt the heat of red sun rays. It soothed me a lot.

Time passed remembering my last few days until someone knocked on the door.

I turned to see the lady. She bowed and said. "We ask for your presence with us, Princess. Prince asked you to get ready for the night"

My heartbeat raced to hear the word 'night'. I see everyone also got shocked hearing the same. They didn't know about it. Instead of making a Scene, I gave a warm smile of 'everything ok' to them and I said " I am coming" to her.

Sakhibai came to me and took my hand in her hand " You are very powerful, Princess"

I nodded and asked her "Can I borrow your Dagger?". She looked with a questionable face but trusting me she took it out of her waistband of the long skirt and handed it over to me.

I nodded and moved towards the door. The lady joined me and took me towards the same gallery, We entered one of the galleries attached to the left. We walked until a beautiful garden reached of white and yellow flowers. There were so many flowers. Again, there was a beautiful hall type chamber in front of the garden. We walked through the Garden pedestrian and reached the entrance of that hall.

As I came near the entrance, I could hear the giggling of girls. They were laughing, talking and must be many in numbers. I suddenly stopped feeling safe. Although I was not already, the aura of the place didn't sound so good. I entered with the other woman and see a group of ladies playing ludo and then another group who was talking and gossiping about something. My sight fell

on a lady who was lying on the Bare floor with her long and black hairs open. Her blouse was too small which shows most of her big bosoms]. I felt a little shy and turned my face away. One lady was seeing lice in the other head.

The place sounds a little not so normal to me. Their clothes are too short and as I went further I see some people talking. I hear one of them saying "The Prince was very harsh last night. I almost cried and screamed so loud. He kept pressing my nipples" she said touching her nipples and I felt hell awkward.

What the hell is wrong with them?

"God knows, when will I get the chance to be thirsted by Prince, He is so strong" I heard another one. Although the voice was getting faded as we were walking more inside the Room but audible.

"No one gets the Chance other than Chandramukhi..." I heard one more voice and their laughter.

"These are Royal sex workers," The lady walking with me said.

I almost connected all the dots of their behaviour and what the hell am doing here?

"Prince wants me to be a sex worker?" I asked her with a shocking face.

And what does that exactly means?

"I don't know Princess, I was just asked you to meet their designer. She will be making you ready for the night"

I hate him a lot.

"The designer is so old and loyal to the Empire and making girls ready to meet the prince for a long time. She understands the taste of Prince in girls very much. She can't walk long, so you are asked to come here" She continued saying as we reached a room.

I entered with the lady. The room was not so big but beautiful. I saw the lady humming some cultural song while combing her long grey hairs.

She might have noticed our presence as she turned to us and smile. I walked towards her and She looked at me from up to down. She smiled sarcastically and asked me to sit on the chair.

I sat on the chair accepting whatever going to happen to me. She touched my hair and opened my long braid to loosen hair.

"Your hairs are so beautiful, Prince love long hairs," she said I remembered how everyone always praised my hair since childhood.

She combed and left them open which was a little irritating to me. I hardly let my hair open.

Then she moved towards my face and applied some kind of liquid to it. I saw her smiling in the mirror when she touched my skin. "Your skin is so soft, usually girls like you don't have this beautiful skin," she said and something hit me hard. She just thought of me as a sex worker. I thought to correct her but chose to shut up because I didn't want to know her about the thing between me and him.

"You know what, Prince is very choosy when it comes to Girl. He doesn't prefer any random girl but a well thought one. You might have impressed him with your beauty. Otherwise, he won't allow anyone to come near him so easily." She continued assaulting my ears with his so-called Prince's talks.

After a few moments, she was done with my face and jewellery. I looked at myself wearing heavy jewellery and a perfect woman look.

She clapped two times and a girl with the long, beautiful red and green colour lehnga choli, entered.

She looked at me. "You has to wear this. Red with a little shade of green is the favourite Prince. He will get mesmerized by looking at you in this." She said and handed me the same.

It was not been even a week since my family's death and I was getting ready as a Bride. A tear escaped looking at the beautiful dress. I would have loved to wear this and roam in the whole Palace if I were in my Empire.

"Everything will be okay," the old lady said and I couldn't understand in what sense she wants to connect that. But, I nodded and walked behind the wood wall, that were meant to change clothes.

I changed the lehnga and ties the knot of the band a little below my navel as I always do. It fits me perfectly and lifts heavy which was increasing the grace of it. I settled the dagger carefully in the waistband and changed the blouse.

I felt very uncomfortable and naked in the blouse because the only way to stick it to the body is the thread or Dori connected to it on the backside. I tried making a knot of it but it seems beyond my power.

I went outside and asked the old lady to do it. She saw me, smiled and muttered the word 'beautiful'.

"I feel naked in this Blouse," I said.

"This is fashion darling" she replied.

Do hell with fashion. She tied the veil properly and I looked at myself in the mirror. I was looking beautiful. I never imagined myself like that.

I waited and heard the nuisance of the old lady about 'Prince this, Prince that' until a lady came and said.

"Prince wants to see you, Princess"

I nodded and looked at the old lady whose mouth fell little as she called me Princess. But, Ignoring her and settling the dagger, I moved.

'This is Do or Die" I took a long breath.

[Previous Chapter](#)

[Next Chapter](#)