

The Desires of the King

Princess Killed the Prince?

Abhishree POV

"Privacy"

The word rolled from his mouth and made my world shattered in a moment but the time was not about losing myself, it was about fighting back. I doubted the Royal letter as the Stamp was accessible to the other persons too and moreover, I trusted my brother. I would never imagine my brother doing such a thing to me.

"This is Fake" I tried to say when we were alone in the room. I scared initially but then realized that the worst that could happen was death and Satrap was never afraid of it.

He laughed loudly and asked leaning down to match my gaze.

"If this is Fake then why Rajvardhan killed your brother?"

What the hell and what he knows?

I shivered a little with the Mention of him killing my brother. I didn't know the reason actually but it didn't seem to be a war for more power either. I didn't know what to do right now. I was bounded in the ropes and in front of me, the biggest enemy of mine was sitting. I kept the fear aside and replied what I knew because somehow I wanted to know.

"I don't know," I said trying to get rid of the ropes.

He laughed a little and then said. "Of course"

I was noticing him closely as he stood up and started walking around me having a dagger in his hand.

"You Know, Rajvardhan Hates you." He said while touching my left with the sharp side of the dagger.

My body shivered a little when the cold metal touched my skin but I tried not to get afraid of him.

"He hated Abhidev too, That's why he attacked Pratapgarh," He continued in the cold tone as if he was trying to put some information in front of me to make me hate Prince.

"Why would he hate us?" I tried to ask looking into his eyes.

"Why not? He tried to bet Gulaab in the Game of chess as his Lover" He said sitting back on the couch and twisted the dagger between his fingers.

What the hell? How the hell Bhai Saheb is related to Gulaab?

"Impossible!!!" I screamed when I realized what he just said.

He laughed loudly throwing his head backward and I struggled to get free from the ropes. The anger was boiling in me and all I wanted to do was to kill him right away. He was trying to put the fake things in front of me and I better wanted to slit his throat into pieces.

"Your brother became an addict to Betting and Gambling." His words caught my attention and he continued. "In the Game of chess, he lost all his money and at last to borrow some, He sold you to me."

I stopped moving and stunned when registered his words.

"Shut up!!! Just shut up! I knew my brother very well. He would never do such a thing. He loved me from my childhood. He cared for me. He loved me. Stop this nuisance right now." Initially, my voice showed anger and high volume but the voice slowed down as I said the last words, and tears started rolling down my eyes.

I couldn't trust him. He was our Enemy and there was no way he was telling the truth. But whatever he was saying about m brother brought tears to my eyes.

"Wow! You can't even listen to a word about your brother." He said while again standing up and throwing some useless attitude.

"I can't listen to any lie about my brother," I said roaring on him back.

"Why would I lie to my future wife," He said touching my cheeks. I jerked my head while roaring.

"DON'T TOUCH ME!!! AND BETTER NOT CALL YOUR DEATH BY DREAMING SO"

He laughed lightly.

"Ohh, So, you are thinking that Raj will come to save you," He said and I was just looking at his face Angrily.

"You are Mistaken Abhishree. That man hates you and he knows what your brother did to his sister."

I inhaled a breathe and thinned my eyebrows before asking him. And came Gulaab was Involved in all this. What the hell was happening?

"What did my brother do to Gulaab, Actually?"

"Hahaha... Your brother was such a Player princess. He liked Gulaab and Gulaab loved him more than anything and what your brother did? hahaha..., he staked her in the game of chess. And then, Rajvardhan got to know that. And then the Battle. Woah!!! Interesting, Isn't it" He said throwing his arms wide and my anger just rushed to my cheeks and every nerve.

"Interesting my foot!!! My brother was not like this. I know it's you behind all this." I roared back as I knew my brother. He was not like that, never. And Prince never told me this before either, ever.

"Yes, your brother was not like that but I was surely not the reason behind all that. It was you." He said while touching the hem of my dupatta Insanely.

"How could it be me?" I said jerking his hand with my head.

"Yes, It was you. My beauty." He said insanely touching my face and continued.

"When I came to meet your Brother first. I saw you roaming in the garden. Perfect breast and butts, slim arms, long hairs, tiny waist, and that perfect navel of yours" He said those words cheaply while looking at my stomach and my anger just boiled and boiled.

"Honestly, I fell for you at very first sight but then realized that your brother will never allow our marriage because of the age gap. I started meeting him more and more and I used to take him with me to the Mehfil and Chess staking games. He started taking the interest and his reverse counting started after that. I knew he would not easily allow me to get married to you. But, Uff Your beauty is something, I can't take my eyes off. Then, He started losing his money, royalties and when he lost everything. I forced him to make you marry me in exchange of a hundred thousand gold coins. He was a good guy for sure but he agreed when the alcohol worked on his brain and he signed the contract."

The tears started forming in the corner of my eyes and I realized that his words were making me weak. I never thought that the silence my brother had grown up on his lips and the increase in his anger had that kind of reason behind them.

Why Bhai Saheb? Why you became like that?

His expression changed to serious suddenly and his words caught my attention.

"And then he backed out," The old and Insane man standing in front of me said dramatically as if he was narrating a story with passion and drama.

"He denied to give you to me. He denied. He wanted to change suddenly. He wanted to get marry Gulaab Suddenly. How the hell he could? How the hell could think of changing suddenly? We arranged one more chess game and he got drunk. He started losing again and then what happened what I wanted. He put Gulaab on the stake. My strategy worked and the hope of getting you increased in me."

The more he was revealing the thing to me, My shocked expressions were getting wider. I didn't know why I never tried to connect the dots when my brother was away from Empire for even several months. I always thought he was Travelling for some political decisions. But, He was slowly becoming like that.

But, When and how did he meet Gulaab? He never told me that he was planning his wedding with someone. How come I didn't know about the Gulaab and Bhai Saheb and neither the Prince told me anything about it. Something was fishy and everything was unbelievable. Whatever the facts he was presenting to me. I didn't know whom to trust or whom to not.

The more he was telling me about Bhai Saheb and himself along with Gulaab. The more I was feeling miserable and weak. The rug was sweeping through my feet, I started feeling week in the knees. I didn't know my Bhai Saheb played with so many lives and especially with mine and Gulaab.

But, There was no chance I was going to trust him Blindly. But, I was not even able to trust my brother either. He fixed my marriage with such a headless person and somehow he was saying the truth that I never realized. My brother has changed a lot in the last two years.

I cried miserably and

Ohh, God!!! What the hell is happening with me?

"But" His word caught my attention and I looked at him.

"Gulaab was smart enough to tell everything to Rajvardhan and that brother blind in love with sister, Ruined everything. He killed Abhidev and even took you with him. My plan failed But, not anymore" He said while touching my chin and now I understood.

He was the one behind the misery of me, my brother, Gulaab and Prince. The person needed to be killed as soon as possible.

"Don't touch me, I will kill you. I swear" I roared back and tried to get free from the ropes.

Suddenly his face changed and his hand moved in the air and landed right on my left cheek. My face stunned and my brain got blank for a few moments.

"Shut up Bitch. I will tell you, who you are. I was trying to be patient with and taking your arrogance as a joke but you, you are a pure bitch."

He said while cupping my cheeks painfully and started undoing the ropes.

How the hell on this earth he dared to slap me?

The anger rushed to my cheeks, brain, hairs, nerves, and precisely everywhere. All I wanted was to eat him raw right now.

He held my neck roughly after undoing the rope of my left hand and threw me over the couch. My stomach hit the wooden hem of it and I felt unbearable pain in my stomach.

I touched my stomach a little and just then the thought of having the babe inside shook me through the body.

"How dare you?" I roared turning suddenly and just when he was about to climb over me, My hand pulled the pinout from the turban and pierced the left side of his neck. The metal pin went inside his skin and he started screaming madly.

He screamed at the top of his lungs and fell on his knees. The blood whooped out from his mouth and his hands started trembling when he tried to take that metallic pin out from his neck. He struggles for the breathes and I looked around for a sword. My sight fell on the corner of the couch where he had placed his sword comfortably.

I forwarded my hand longer and grabbed the sword. The first thing I did was freeing my hands. I cut the rope with its sharpness and looked at him.

I took a few steps in front of him and swung the sword through his right arm while screaming.

"HOW THE HELL YOU DARED TO SLAP ME!!!"

His hand fell on the ground but my anger was just boiling.

My hand raised and slapped him across the face while screaming.

"My name is Abhishree!!! you should have known what it means before daring to keep an eye on me."

He was screaming his heart out in pain when his hand fell on the ground and blood flowed like a river. My anger was burning like a volcano and I never felt that much rude and sassy before. All I wanted was to kill that man and teach him a great, great lesson.

"So, you thought that you could marry me" I started saying while piercing his chest with the sharp tip of sword slowly and continued. "And how dared you play with so many lives just for your own fun?"

I was roaring like a tigress and I could hear the screams of him which were increasing too.

"How dare you to even think about all these. Selling girls, staking them on chess, and what not. I am going to kill you right now and I am happy that Prince Rajvardhan killed my brother too. No matter, he was a family. His deeds were enough to call death for him and now for you. Girls are not an object and she can take the Raudra Roop if people like you keep staying on earth." I ended my words with a loud voice when the sword went through his neck.

"Pleeeeeeeeeee-" He screamed loudly but then his head fell to the ground.

I felt completely silent for a moment but the war was not ended yet. It was just the starting.

"H A R H A R M A H A D E V V V V V V V V V V!!!"

I felt as if current ran through my body and I gained a lot of power. A few of his soldiers entered the tent and caught my attention.

I looked at them and started attacking them widely.

They were almost around fifteen when I was trying to give attention to each and every one. One of them attacked me with the sword but my hand moved faster and pierced his chest.

"Jai Bhawani!!!" I roared while piercing the sword inside his chest and concentrated on others.

I was fighting madly and didn't know what came inside me as I was not showing any mercy to any soldiers.

Whatever he told me made me angrier and angrier and people like them shouldn't be left alive.

The three of them attacked me together and in the action, my turban fell and my hairs opened and fell till my hips.

I didn't care who was necking me and who was not. My whole concentration was fixed on killing the soldiers and one by one, my sword moved through many necks and my clothes dipped in blood. The warm droplets of blood were sticking to my skin as I was not giving them any chance to attack me and killing them mercilessly.

My condition was best described as the angry, bold women and moreover, the villains need to understand women were not weak and never would be. She was the strongest and would ever be always whenever such kind of dumb-minded people take birth on the earth.

There was a time when Ladies were treated as Goddess but that male, became dominating now and in no situation, it was acceptable to me.

There was a big NO for every male who could think that women were just a toy.

I was screaming as I swung the sword around so many necks. The dead bodies started to collect and I wanted to kill every person present there. I didn't have any control over me and I looked around when all the soldiers died.

I started running outside the tent to kill more. But suddenly a soldier entered and I raised my sword high to cut his neck absentmindedly but he suddenly sat on my knees and I missed the chance of killing him.

I inhaled a breathe and again swung the sword high but stopped when I looked at his eyes. The sword froze a few centimeters away from his neck when My eyes met with him. Dark eyes, thick eyebrows, medium lashes. He was covering his face with the hem of turban but those I would never forget.

My heartbeat was running wildly a few moments ago but stopped when my sight fell on him.

"Abhi," He said and I fell on my knees too.

I forwarded my hand slowly and pulled the hem of his turban down. My eyes registered those nose, that lips, mustache, and his handheld mine.

"You shouldn't be the Queen Abhi, You should be The King of India. You won the battle all alone."