

I'll never love you.

Abril ended up falling asleep while waiting for that maid. She never returned. Denitely, she wasn't going to have her three square meals in this place either. She sighed with great sorrow and said to herself.

"When will that moment come, that I can eat whatever I want?"

Abril touched her stomach and started talking to it.

"Stomach, why do they always have to punish you like this?" "I would prefer a beating if that means I get my three square meals."

Knock knock.

The sound of the door being knocked made Abril happy, perhaps it was time for her rst meal.

"I hope they brought the basket of fruit I ordered."

Abril spoke again to her growling stomach.

"Stomach, calm down, it's nally time to eat."

Abril got up from her bed and opened the door, only to see the maid she had asked to bring her the light meal and a basket of fruit in front of the door with empty hands.

"Am I not entitled to even a single meal in this place?"

They are thinking of starving me to death, right? Abril thought as she winkled her brow.

"Where is my food?" "Why haven't you brought it yet?" Abril said angrily.

"I'm sorry, I forgot." The maid lied shamelessly.

"Well, go and bring it immediately." She said.

"It won't be necessary, Your Majesty is waiting for you to have dinner," the maid replied.

Abril's eyes lit up, the maid thought it was because she was going to have dinner with the king, but in reality, that was the least of her concerns. All she wanted was to have a good meal, she didn't care if it was in a stable or sitting next to a man whose gaze alone could kill her if gazes were to kill. This happened any time he saw her, but all she cared about was lling her stomach with a good meal.

Abril hurried to put on her shoes and followed the maid who led her to the royal dining room, where His Majesty, the king, was waiting for her.

When Alessandro saw her arrive, it seemed like he wanted to throw the knife he held in his hand and pierce her head. Anyone would have trembled with fear at such stares. However, Abril didn't even pay attention to his stares.

The food had completely captured her attention. She took her place at the table next to the king. Immediately, she took a spoonful of the soup in front of her and put it in her mouth.

The king looked at her with contempt and said,

"Apparently King Venobich didn't properly educate the princess, her manners are horrible."

The king was right about her manners, so she didn't feel offended at all and continued eating her soup.

She nished it all and then moved on to the meat, then to the sh. She left the plate completely clean and Alessandro stared at her intently because she ate as if it were her last meal or the rst in a long time.

Abril tried everything on the table. There were things she had never tasted in her life, like lamb meat. She was so happy with the meal that she almost cried out of happiness.

Alessandro reached out to touch Abril's curly hair, which was all disheveled from sleeping. When she felt his hand touching her hair, she stayed completely still. She wondered if the king would kill her at that moment. She closed her eyes and said to herself.

"At least he let me have a good dinner before killing me."

"If it weren't for the color of your hair, I would have said you were a beggar from the street." The king spoke with a voice full of disdain.

Abril opened her eyes when she felt him retract his hand and in her mind said,

"Obviously, he didn't want to kill me, he just wanted to check if my hair was real and not dyed."

Abril didn't say anything. From experience, she knew that when a man was angry, it was best to stay silent, not say anything to anger him even more. If she carelessly opened her mouth, it would only lead to punishment or something even worse being done to her.

She remembered one incident that happened at her father's palace where she had argued back at the steward who occasionally visited her to make sure she wasn't dead yet. He had punished her severely by withholding food for two whole days, and at some other times, it would even be three consecutive days of fasting. Since then, Abril had decided that it was best to stay silent and listen to the scolding without arguing back.

The king stood up angrily and slammed the table, surprising Abril.

"Go back to your room, seeing you makes me sick to my stomach," he said.

Abril had already eaten to her satisfaction, although she hadn't had a chance to try the dessert. She nodded and obediently got up from the table.

When she returned to her room, Abril asked the maid to help her take off the dress, but she claimed to be busy and quickly left.

Abril sighed deeply, wondering how she was going to take off the dress, when suddenly the king entered her room. She looked at him in confusion, wondering what he was doing in her room, since just a few minutes ago he had told her to leave because he didn't want to see her face.

That's right, this is our rst wedding night. Oh, that's why the king is in my room.She thought.

"You're still wearing that stupid dress, it's ridiculous that you pretend to be a bride when this whole wedding is nothing but a joke."

The king laughed bitterly and said to her,

"I will never treat you as my wife."

"I will never touch your disgusting body."

"Who knows how many men you've been with before me."

"Listen carefully, princess Abril, you will never have my heart, not even a place in my bed, and from this day on, make sure not to cross my path, because if you do, I may lose control and end up killing you."

After saying everything he wanted without giving her a chance to speak, the king left the room, slamming the door forcefully.

Abril knew she wasn't liked by the king, although she had never imagined his dislike was so great.

"It seems I'm not welcome in this place either."

"I just hope they don't make me go hungry."

"I can handle everything else except hunger," she said.