

Furious

The next morning, Abril woke up first. Her body felt tired, her legs sore. Upon opening her eyes, the first thing she saw was Alessandro sleeping beside her. He was holding her. She was furious with him for lying. He had told her he would stop if she asked, but he hadn't, even when she had begged him with tears in her eyes to stop.

Abril tried to escape his embrace, but he only held her tighter, his hand moving beneath the sheets to caress her waist. She blushed, realizing she was completely naked, that he was touching her bare skin. Her face burned with shame.

Half-asleep, Alessandro mumbled, "Where are you going?"

"Far away from Your Majesty," she retorted, her voice hoarse with lingering annoyance.

Alessandro released her and asked, "What's wrong? Why are you so upset?"

Abril frowned. She couldn't believe he had the audacity to ask why she was upset. "Your Majesty lied to me. You said it wouldn't hurt."

"I said it would hurt a little."

"That was not a little! It was a lot! And you said

you would stop if it hurt, but you didn't."

Alessandro hadn't expected the usually calm princess to be so angry. "I'm sorry. Next time..."

Abril didn't let him finish. She shouted, incensed, "There will be no next time! I will never believe Your Majesty's words again! You are a liar! I hate you!"

"Abril, you're exaggerating things a bit."

Abril slapped the king's hands away as he tried to touch her and said, "I don't want to see Your Majesty. I want to go back home."

"Abril, I don't think it was that bad. You seemed to enjoy it yesterday."

It was true that she had enjoyed it a little, but she refused to listen to him. Covering her ears with her hands, she stubbornly insisted, "I don't want to hear Your Majesty's words anymore! They're all lies!"

Abril was truly upset. Alessandro got up and collected his clothes from the floor. As he dressed, he tried to calm her down, but she refused to listen. In the end, he had no choice but to leave her alone. As he left the room, he called for a doctor, specifying that it be a woman. He also called for the servants to look after the princess until the doctor arrived.

When Alessandro arrived at his office, he found Sirius. He had gone to bring more medicine for the princess. Seeing him with his clothes disheveled, Sirius asked, "Did something happen, Your Majesty?"

"My wife is furious with me," he replied.

"You mean the princess?"

"Do I have another wife?"

"Why is the princess upset?"

Alessandro hesitated for a moment, unsure whether to tell him what had happened with Abril, but he finally said, "Let's just say I lied to her."

"And that's why she's furious?"

"It's because I told her it wouldn't hurt," the king mumbled.

"Did you hit her?"

"No! What kind of man do you think I am?"

"Then what happened?"

"Last night, we... consummated our marriage. I told her it wouldn't hurt. Well, I said it would hurt a little. But this morning, when she woke up, she threw me out of the room."

"Are you sure you're talking about the princess? I find it hard to imagine someone as calm as her

doing something like that."

"She may not seem like it, but she has a temper. She can be quite stubborn when she wants to be. She wouldn't even listen to what I had to say."

"Was it that bad?" Sirius asked.

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"No, but... she's furious." Alessandro replied.

Alessandro ran a hand through his hair. "Damn it, I don't understand women. Can you believe she said there wouldn't be a second time?"

"She can't refuse. It's her wifely duty."

"I tried telling her that, but she still threw me out of

the room. I'm the king, but it didn't seem to matter to her."

"I really find it hard to believe we're talking about the same person."

"Well, believe it. She can be a real tiger when she wants to be, and it's scary."

Sirius couldn't believe his ears. This was the king who had faced King Venobich himself, a man considered a demon without fear, and he was saying that the princess, a slender young woman of small stature, was scary?

"Perhaps if Your Majesty apologizes, she will forgive you."

"You think I didn't try? She wouldn't even let me speak."

"I really still can't believe we're talking about the same person."

"Can you stop repeating the same words over and over again?"

Alessandro sighed heavily. "If I can't even handle one wife, those nobles are crazy if they think I'll take a second. What do I do to make it up to her?"

Listening to the king, Sirius realized something. Alessandro was talking like a man in love trying to please his wife. It seemed the king had fallen into his own trap. He was the one who had ended up

falling in love. However, given the king's current state, Sirius didn't think it was wise to say anything.

Alessandro ordered the doctor to see him after examining the princess. As instructed, she went to his office. He asked, "How is my wife?"

"She'll be fine. She just needs to rest for a few days."

"And her... injury?"

"It's almost completely healed, so there's no problem with that either."

"Is she still angry?"

The doctor didn't know how to answer this somewhat strange question and said, "I don't know how to answer that, Your Majesty."

"I need the truth. Is she upset or not?"

"She was a little upset."

"Just a little?"

"No, she was actually furious. She was cursing Your Majesty."

"What should I do?"

"Excuse me?" She asked.

"What should I do to make it up to her?"

"I don't know, Your Majesty. I'm just a simple doctor. I can't help you with that."

"You may go." He replied.

Alessandro spent the entire morning wondering what to do to earn Abril's forgiveness, but no matter how hard he tried, nothing came to his mind.

Cassian stormed into his office, looking very upset and said, "What have you done to the princess?"

"I don't know what you're referring to," Alessandro replied.

"She says she wants to leave and she's cursing you. She tried to go back to the house she was living in, but I managed to stop her. What did you do to her?"

"We just... consummated our marriage. It was painful, and she got upset because I told her it wouldn't be."

"What?!" Cassian exclaimed angrily.

"It's true that I lied, but it's unlike her to get so furious. I didn't mean to lie to her."

At that moment, Cassian felt as if the ground was falling away beneath his feet. He had known this would happen sooner or later, but he never imagined it would be so painful when it did. Clenching his hands into fists, he tried to control

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himself. Then, without another word about what his brother had just told him, he turned and left the way he had come.

Alessandro returned to his room and tried to talk to Abril, but she still refused to speak to him and once again kicked him out. Alessandro returned to his office, feeling like the worst kind of scoundrel.

The butler entered the king's office to bring him his tea, as he always did. As he crossed the doorway, the king asked, "My wife is furious. What can I do to make it up to her?"

"What?" the startled butler responded.

"Apologize." He suggested.

"I already tried that, but she wouldn't listen."

"Bring her flowers."

"I haven't tried that. Order our room to be filled with flowers. But no roses. She doesn't like those, and none with thorns."

"As you command, Your Majesty," the butler replied.



3

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