

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 211

Danika was able to call the guards. They came and took Vetta, and in a hurry, they rushed her to Baski's bedroom while another guard rushed out to go and inform the King.

King Lucien was in court when the news came to him. There was an important business with the Kingdom of Ijpt he was trying to finalize. So, he ordered the guard to rush to Angie's place and call him.

Baski finished bathing, wrapping herself in a cloth, she quickly rushed out of her bathroom at the sound of the commotion in her bedroom.

Danika was relieved to see her, she dried her tears but more only kept coming. "She is b-bleeding badly, I don't know what happened."

Baski paled at the sight of Vetta. Her stained clothes, her unconscious face.

"It's alright, I'll take care of her. Thank you so much for bringing her to me, Danika. I'll try to do a thing or two before Angie gets here." The older woman rushed towards her herb's bag and picked it up.

She dumped everything on the table and started looking for the herbs that stops breathing first. She's bleeding too much, at this point, she'll bleed out and die.

"Talk to me, Danika. Tell me what happened?" She asked a panicked Danika who hovered beside her, her face filled with concern and worry.

"I d-don't even know how to explain it, Baski. We were talking...s-she was scolding me, and all of a sudden, she grabbed her belly and began screaming." Danika explained the best way she could, amidst tears.

"Just like that?"

"Exactly I-like that!"

"Okay, okay, that's good. Why don't you wait outside, dearie. I'll do everything I can to help her."

"Alright." Danika mumbled as she walked out of the room. She couldn't help replaying that moment in her head over and over again.

The words the Mistress said to her kept replaying in her mind. She leaned against the door, her hand to her belly in a tentative caress. New tears filled her eyes.

“What is going on with you, Kamara?” The Queen asked immediately they walked out of her father’s study.

Kamara stared at the older version of herself. Her mother—like every other Queen—is more of a queen than a mother. She loves her daughter so much, but her duties to her Kingdom comes first.

“Nothing is going on with me, Mother.” She responded automatically.

“I don’t believe you.” That said, the Queen turned towards her bedroom, leaving Kamara to follow.

She did. Inside the Queen’s chambers, she closed the door behind her, and faced her mother.

“You haven’t been hunting, Kamara, have you?” She continued before Kamara could open her mouth, “And don’t give me that lie about Manata cooking your meats. You know she is my cook too.”

Kamara lowered her head and sighed in defeat. “I love him, mother.”

“Oh, Kamara,” the Queen palmed her head like she suddenly developed a headache. “What do you think you’re doing? Your father will skin you alive if he finds out about this!”

“That’s why I don’t want him to know. I don’t want to marry King Lucien, I want to be with Callan, Mother. Why can’t I be allowed to be happy?” She cried out.

“Because you’re a princess, my dear. Your duty comes first. Your duty to this kingdom and it’s people.” Queen Izia shook her head, “You’re walking a dangerous road, my daughter.”

Kamara shrugged agitatedly. She walked closer to her mother and took her hand into her, she walked them until they were both seated on the bed.

“Tell me the truth, Mother. If you were given a choice, would you have married father? Would have preferred being his Queen?”

“No.” She answered without baiting an eye. “If I was given a choice, Kamara, I would have wanted to live a simple life with a nobleman who does not have much duty than taking care of his household and his small business in the Kingdom.

....But, that is if I was given a choice, Danika. I wasn't. We don't get a choice when it comes to doing the right thing." Queen Izia concluded.

"And what is the right thing, mother?" Kamara whispered sadly.

The Queen took a deep breath as she watched her daughter.

Kamara reminds her so much about herself when she was her age. So much about her young self that was so much in love with another and forced by Duty to marry another.

"What is the right thing, mother?" Her daughter repeated.

"Putting your people above yourself. That is the right thing, my dear child." Queen Izia replied at last.

Kamara stared at her hands. She closed her eyes and she remembered how Callan's arms felt wrapped around hers.

She closed her eyes and she remembered her mother's deep sadness because her husband favors his first mistress to her. She closed her eyes and can't remember seeing her mother happy for a long time.

Is this the life for her? Being unhappy for the rest of her life because she was born Privileged? She was born a princess.

Tears filled her eyes. "I must be a very selfish person, mother. Because I want to be happy more than I want to perform my duties." She stated in a soft whisper.

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Chapter 212

Baski could not believe her discovery. No matter how untrue it seems, she knows that her herb's aren't lying.

Vetta had another miscarriage recently. A very dangerous one.

Her eyes was wide open in shock as Angie hurried into the bedroom with his work bag. "I'm sorry I was a little late. A patient of mine was given birth in town, I had to be there to help the new mother."

"It's n-no problem, I was able to control the situation while we waited for you." Baski replied in a monotone, stepping aside for the old man to take over.

"What happened to her?" The older man as as he used his fingers to examine the temperature of his new patient.

Baski related everything Danika told her, and Angie listened attentively. "She was bleeding?" he asked with a knit of his brow.

"Heavily. I was able to control it while we waited for you, or she would have bled out."

"And what were your findings? Do you know what caused the bleeding?"

Baski opened her mouth, and snapped it shut.

No, for some reason, she might have been wrong. It's better for Angie to run the traditional test on the Mistress for them to be sure.

"No. I have no findings."

"Alright. I'll take it from here." Angie replied, and Baski nodded.

The old man got to work, while Baski helped him out with anything he needed.

Outside, Danika sat at the pavement of the room's door. She was deep in thought when she heard the steady footsteps she knows for sure belongs to the King.

She raised her head to see him looking at her as he walked closer to her. She got up and bowed her head slightly in greeting. "My King."

He noted the redness of her eyes and her wet cheeks. "What happened, Danika? Where is Vetta?"

"S-She's inside. Baski and Angie are in there with her." She sniffled.

"What happened?"

"She was shouting at me, then all of a sudden, she g-grabbed her belly and began screaming. She was in so much pain...!"

He reached out his hand and collected the tears that dropped from her eye with his fingers. "Get a hold of yourself, she will be alright."

She bobbed her head, trying to take his word.

“Go to your room and try to get some rest. Get off your feet so it would not swell up again,” his eye found the said feet, before it went back to her face. “I will have the maid update you when the Mistress wakes up.”

She bobbed her head again, wordlessly. He walked past her and entered the bedroom.

As Danika walked back to her bedroom, guilt was in her heart for the mistress. She'd been shouting at her when 'this' happened to her...whatever 'this' is. And her womb...

Tears swarmed her eyes. Her father really did so much. Her monster of a father. When she thinks she's known all he did, a new one faces her...glaring blatantly at her face.

He made the King almost impotent, and the mistress to lose her capability to produce a child.

How many other people did her father ruin their lives?

No wonder they all hated her to dust. No wonder the mistress can't stop hating her.

As she laid down on her bed, she conceded to the fact that it's not her fault. Her only sin was being the daughter of her father. She never trained slaves.

She hurts for them. For the King. For the Kingdom of Salem. For the Mistress.

But, what happened was not her fault.

The King stood with his arms crossed at the edge of Vetta's bed, his brows knitted in worry.

Not only his, Angie's own was too. “Oh, no.” The old man said finally, after he performed another herbal treatment to be sure. “Oh, no...” He repeated again.

“What is the matter, Angie?” The king does not like the look on his face one bit.

The old man stared at Baski, who's face was filled with sadness. Angie knows that the woman had lied to him. Indeed, she knows what he just found out.

The old man's eyes pleaded with Baski to be the one to give the King the news. Baski shook her head adamantly. There's no way that news is coming from her own mouth.

Angie looked up at the King in defeat. “From the looks of things, it seems like the mistress had a miscarriage not so long ago.”

King Lucien blinked. Twice. The words just would not enter no matter how he repeated it on his head.

“What?” He forced out at last.

Angie shifted uncomfortably, “There’s some remains of a very powerful drug in her system called FC, battling another powerful drug which I have no idea what it is.”

“But FC is the reason for what happened to her today. The reason why she’s in so much pain, why she was bleeding today and why she fainted too. That drug is too powerful for a vulnerable body like hers.”

“FC...” He rolled the name on his tongue, “What is the drug used for?”

Angie shifted uncomfortably on his chair, “It’s...uhm... it’s used to flush out a baby.”

Silence.

It stretched for so long... So so long, Angie wondered if the King heard him correctly.

“What!?” He did not shout, but the intensity in that one word caused Baski to jerk.

Angie cleared his throat, “B-Basically, what I’m talking about here is that the Mistress took a drug that flushed a child from her system. A drug that’s battling another powerful drug in her weak body. She has several health issues—”

“She flushed my child...?” The King can barely hear him above his own thoughts.

Baski glanced at him sadly. He looked so devastated, the sight was shattering.

A sigh from the bed alerted the man that his patient is about to wake. Vetta opened her eyes slowly.

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Chapter 213

Vetta’s eyes slowly opened. Everywhere was blurry to her. She closed it again, wondering where she is. She heard words but she couldn’t make out what they are.

Slowly, her eyes fluttered open again. She saw Baski sitting down on a chair at the foot of the bed, directly in her line of vision.

What is Baski doing in her bedroom? Her eyes fluttered to the side and landed on—

Angie...?

Her heart panicked as the memories of her moments with Danika filled her mind. She'd been shouting at her. Then, she'd felt a storm in her belly, it was as if some horses were running inside her.

The unbearable pain she'd felt. That was all she remembered, and her head is clanging too.

If Baski and Angie are here, then that means....

The King got in line of her vision. His eyes on her were very strange.

She wet her lips, "M-My King..."

"You flushed my child!?" The intensity of that one question filled with so much rage was enough to make her vulnerable mind go blank for a few seconds.

"I'll never flush your child!" She cried out, shocked at the accusation. How did he find out about her abortion?

"Don't you dare lie to me, Vetta. Angie found the drug you used in your system. How do you explain this?" He was not shouting, but he might as well be.

"N-No..." She shook her head miserably as she tried to put together a lie. But, her head was so foggy and blank. She never expected to find herself in this position.

"Vetta." He lowered his head then, "How could you....?"

"My health was failing! I had to flush the baby or I'll be in so much danger....!" She managed to lie, pulling herself in a sitting position.

"And you did not think that I have a right to know something like this!? You did not think that I should know that my seed germinated in you and you had to flush it out!?"

The calmness of those words were more scary to Vetta. It would have been better if he was shouting out his rage. She does not know what to expect at all.

....my seed germinated in you. Those words sounded so familiar to Baski, but for the life of her, she cannot remember where she's heard it from before.

Not when she was so scared of the scene playing out in front of her.

“King Lucien... It’s not like tha—” Vetta tried again, her eyes pleading with him to understand.

“Then, how is it? Make me understand Vetta because I do not understand.” He crossed his arms and stared at her with eyes so cold, she felt the chill down to her bones.

She swallowed visibly, “I told you that I was sick—”

He came closer to her and leaned down from the waist until he was eye level with her.

“Vetta, that is NOT enough reason to flush out MY child! Even if you’re dying, it is still NOT enough reason to flush MY child WITHOUT informing me first!” He barked, and this time around he raised his voice. Not only that, he was up to her face.

Vetta lost all her nerves instantly. “It wasn’t your child!” The hysterical words tore from her lips.

He stilled.

She realized what she just revealed to him and her eyes widened in sheer horror. His face looked like it was carved out of granite when she stole another glance at him.

He pulled back like she burned him, “What!? What did you just say?”

Baski and Angie looked as horrified as she felt.

She backpedaled. “N-No...what I meant was that the baby is barely two weeks old, so it’s not a child yet but just b-b***d. That is what the healer told me. I d-did not mean to l-loose my baby—our baby. I was just so stressed! And I have health issues too! Angie,”

At the sound of his name, the older man jolted. He glanced at the mistress dreadfully.

“Angie, tell the King that I have health issues. Y-You can explain to him how bad it is...”

Angie knows that the main reason she’s having health issues is because of the Flushing. So, he snapped his mouth shut. There’s no way he’s getting in the middle of that.

King Lucien could barely think. His head can hardly form thoughts as he stared at the woman he has known for so long flutter and fumble.

She cannot even look him in the eyes again, all because she did something she knows she should have never done. She flushed his child!

And now, she's saying some things he do not understand, after flushing his child? His seed germinated in her and—

The words came to him then. Whispers in his mind. In his heart.

....do not forget, your seed has never germinated elsewhere. Only in one land...

He froze. Danika is carrying his child. This can only mean...

No. No way. It can't possibly mean what he thinks it does. His eyes found Vetta and he remembered her outburst not more than two minutes before.

No. There's no way Vetta...

And yet, it's looking like it.

King Lucien refused to believe it. Refused to believe she'd slept with another. She'd carried another man's child. He just can't believe this.

Not until she makes him believe it and he knows exactly what to do....for he has known Vetta for long.

His legs took him closer to her again and he bent down like before, getting into her face again. "Look me in the eyes, Vetta. Look me in the eyes and tell me that the child you carried was my child. Look me in the eyes and tell me that you flushed my child."

Vetta really wants to come out of this mess, because she knows it wouldn't be good for her if she didn't.

So, she looked him in the eyes. Eyes, so blue...so dark, they see into the soul. Her mouth opened, but no words came out.

Then, she glanced down at the bed in defeat, breaking eye contact with him. She has never been able to maintain that eye contact with him... especially when she's lying. It's as if her lies are right there for him to see, through his eyes.

King Lucien felt a hand grab his chest and squeeze tightly at the guilty look on her face.

"You have had another lovers." It wasn't a question.

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Chapter 214

It wasn't a question, but Vetta felt obliged to answer. "It was just one time!" She burst out.

Baski gasped at her admission. Her hands went to cover her mouth in shock and disbelief. Angie suddenly took a new interest in the ceiling above them. He wished he wasn't here at all.

King Lucien's shoulders hunched as he stared at Vetta like he was seeing a stranger. Silence descended between them.

"He turned his back on her, "I trusted you."

"Please, Lucien, it was just o-one time, and it was a mistake!" She cried, trying to get out of bed and go to him, but she couldn't.

He turned, and glanced at her with eyes so cold, "I trusted you." He threw the words at her like a man would throw a weapon. "I trusted you!"

"I was not thinking at all...! P-Please, it was just one time!"

The King shook his head slowly. He felt so betrayed, he has no idea if the feeling can be described. He felt... disillusioned. He never expected this. Not from Vetta.

Vetta rose from the bed, kneeling onto of it, not caring the way her body protested the movement as pain shot through every single part of her.

Her hands reached for him, but he stepped back like she was a peasant reaching out to him before she could touch him.

It didn't stop her from trying...from pleading desperately. "P-Please. Please, believe me! I never meant to do that, I swear to the gods! Please, hear—"

"Dargak." One word filled with rage.

"No! Please, Lucien, please listen to me!"

The door opened and the guard rushed into Baski's bedroom. He knelt before the King, "Yes, Your Highness."

"Take her to the dungeon." He ordered, throwing Vetta a venomous glance.

"Uhm..." Angie felt he should contribute here, "She's in a bad condition now—"

"Take her to the dungeon now. I do not want to see her here in the next coming minutes. I will decide her fate later." The King turned towards the door and began his steady walk out of it.

“Please, Lucien! Please, don’t do this to me! How can you do this to me!? Pleas—” she began screaming when she felt the huge unbearable pain begin inside her again.

He did not turn, even as she screamed and begged him.

He did not turn, even as her scream cut off, and she began spasming again.

He did not turn, even when Angie shouted that she’s having another crisis.

He did not turn, not even when movements bursted behind him as they rushed around to try and save her.

He walked out of the door, without looking back.

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The rumor of what happened has spread all over the palace. It was the first thing Danika heard when she woke up from sleep.

The rumor flying around the wind goes like this....

The mistress was cheating on the King. She has other lovers, and she’d gotten pregnant for one of her lovers. Then, she’d proceeded to flush the baby away so that the King will not find out about it, but the King has found out, and she is in trouble!.

It’s been several hours Danika heard this. She’d tried to go about her daily activities, but she couldn’t help worrying about the King. Worrying about everything.

Is the rumors true? How is the King taking all this?

He’s a man that doesn’t give trust easily, how betrayed will he be feeling right now? Danika has a hunch that this will accept him badly.

The more she thought about it, the more she worried. It has taken her mind off her quarrel with the mistress, and the words she said to her in the afternoon.

She’d asked Baski if the rumors were true, but the woman seemed more depressed, she just shrugged.

She’d gone to the King’s Chambers before, but Zariel had informed her that the King does not want to be disturbed.

At sundown, in the privacy of her own room, she tried to get some sleep, but she couldn't. It's not because her baby was kicking her ribs like his personal football field, but because of the King.

At the point, she couldn't take it any longer. She got up from the bed, staring at the hourglass at her bedside table. It's so late at night.

Reaching for her nightrobe, she slid her arms into it and strode towards her door. The walk to the King's Chambers was quiet.

The two men standing guard saw her and became worried. One of them shook his head as she walked closer.

"The King does not want to be dist—"

"Please. Let me go in. He has been in there for a long time, I know you're as worried about him as we all are." She explained in a plea, "Do not worry, I will not put you or your job in danger because of this."

They hesitated. Turned and looked at each other worriedly. Then, they faced her again and nodded affirmatively.

She thanked them before she took a step towards the door, and knocked on it. When she didn't hear any Royal Command to come in, she became more worried.

The door squeaked loudly as she opened it and walked inside it. The room was empty. She walked towards the closed door of his inner chamber, and stared at the door worriedly.

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Chapter 215

This door has been off-limits to her for the past one year because his pregnant sister was murdered in cold b***d behind this door. She raised her hand to knock....

She couldn't. In the end, she reached for the doorknob and gently turned it towards the right. A click interrupted the silent night as the door opened. She pushed it open and entered quietly.

The room was in darkness. She squinted her eyes but still couldn't see a thing, but she felt his presence in the room. She doesn't know how she knows that he's in here, but she did.

Walking as slow and gently as possibly, her hand touched the wall searchingly until she found what she was looking for. She flipped the switch.

A light came on above her head. It wasn't too bright to be blinding, and it made her feel relief because she's sure he wouldn't appreciate a blinding light at the moment.

She took in the library, her eyes seeing the big dominating shelves at each side of the room, filled with all kinds of books.

Then, her eyes fell on the huge, dominating figure seated on the chair that occupied the front of the left side of the huge shelf.

He was still wearing his royal kingly garment. His head was bent. He hasn't moved to indicate his knowledge that he's no longer alone in the room, or the flipping of the light switch.

But, Danika was very sure that he's not asleep. She might be in trouble to going against him severely this night, but her heart reached out to him. She can't begin to imagine how he was feeling.

When he didn't say any word, she opened her mouth, but no word came out. She tried again, but she has no idea what to say.

So, she walked out to the inner room, straight to his wardrobe, where she picked out his nightclothes and his footwear. She walked back to him, lowered herself to the floor in front of him.

She touched his leg and he jerked slightly, but he didn't raise his head. Danika took it as her permission and took off his ceremonial footwear to replace it with his homely ones.

Then, she got up and urged him to stand up with her hand tugging gently on his arm.

He raised his head then, and looked at her. His face was the usual unreadable one, but her heart went out for him all the same. He is hurting, she knows it more than anything.

"I want to help you change your robes." She whispered at last, breaking the silence.
"Please, let me."

His eyes kept looking at her face a lengthened period of time, before he closed his eyes slowly. He followed the tugging of her hand and got up from the chair.

In the silence that followed, he let her undress him and rid him of his kingly garments to cloth him with his white flimsy nightclothes. His eyes followed the movement of her hands all the while, his mouth saying no words.

After that, he lowered himself back to the chair, and palmed his pounding head with his hand.

"I'm sorry for what happened." Danika whispered, her hand on his shoulder consolingly.

He only shook his head slowly, his eyes closed.

Knowing him so well, Danika respected his silence, but she didn't leave. Instead, she walked behind him and began massaging his shoulders in an effort to relieve him.

Her hands kneaded the hard, strong, corded muscles of his shoulders down to his chest. She repeated the movement over and over again, until his head fell back and rested on her swollen belly.

"I never thought she would do anything like that." His voice was barely heard...barely a growl.

"I'm sorry..." She whispered.

"This is Vetta, we're talking about. Vetta," he sounded so confused, "I never... I never expected that she would do something so deceitful. Having other lovers... getting pregnant for one of them... ridding herself of the baby.... and keeping all this so hidden." he shook his head again, "It's not something I expect at all. Not from her."

Danika remembered the Mistress's confrontation with her earlier at noon. She has always been so bitter to her, but she was never so verbally expressive about it.

No wonder she screamed about her inability to produce a child in the future. It must be as a result of her most recent miscarriage.

"I'm so sorry..." She can only say to the King, not knowing another way to alleviate his pain.

He shook his head again, causing his head to roll side by side on her belly. It's odd that their child was suddenly so quiet in there, now that his father's head is on him. There's no kicking, no tummy-aches.

Not that it's possible, but she wondered if their son can feel his father's pain?

"You don't understand, Danika. You can't understand..." He took a deep breath, "Vetta and I...we go a long way. I..." he paused before he added, "...I trusted her so much. She's among the few people that has my complete trust. I trusted her with my life."

The pain in his voice made her stop kneading his shoulders, instead, she got in front of him and bent over. Her hand palmed his face with her hand, forcing their eyes to meet.

“All these are what makes us humans, my King. We give trust, and we receive it. Just because we make mistakes sometimes, and give to the wrong people, it does not make us any less human....or any less powerful and lovable.

It only means that mistakes happens. And what matters is how we deal with it.” She continued, “How we stand after we fall. How we rise after we stumble. How we handle the mistakes and it’s aftermaths so it does not ruin us. That is what matters, My King.”

King Lucien kept staring at her so piercingly, like his deep-blue troubled eyes can see inside her soothing soul.

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Chapter 216

“You are allowed to hurt. You are allowed to feel betrayed, and all those other emotions, because you are human. But, do not let this break you down, Lucien.” She finished in a whispered, forced to straighten to her full height when she began feeling uncomfortable, bent over.

Silence followed her words.

Then, his head pushed forward until it rested on her again. She wrapped her arms around his head and held him to her.

“Danika.” His g***n was muffled on her belly.

“Yes, My King?”

“Thank you for coming. Thank you for being here.”

She was able to make out his words. “It’s okay.” She had no plans of leaving him. Never.

It does not matter what the mistress said to her in the afternoon. She had asked her to disappear from this man’s side.

She cannot disappear from this man's side. Who will look out for him if she does? She cannot. I'm sorry, mistress. She whispered to herself.

"Danika?" His deep guttural g***n pulled her out of her thoughts.

"Yes, my King." Her fingers buried into his soft mass.

"I... I need you tonight." he didn't raise his head as he revealed, "Right here... Right now..."

Her chest fluttered. Her fingers paused in his hair. She feared that she knows the exact he way he wanted her, but she still asked.

"Your way...?" She swallowed tightly.

"My way. I want to forget. I want... I want to loose myself in you."

A shiver worked down her body. Memories of the last night he made such a request filled her mind.

She bit her lips worriedly. Wouldn't that be dangerous in her condition? He can be so rough...!

He moved his head slightly, swiveling it to the side, so he can look up to her face. "Can I have you...?"

It was at the tip of her tongue to agree, because she can hardly deny him anything... especially when he's hurting. And he's asking her permission patiently, which is odd.

It made her wonder what was going through that noisy head of his?

The question hung in the air between them.

Then, their baby head-butted his head.

Danika gasped as she felt the strong headbutt.

The King moved his head away from her belly in a quick jerk. His eyes widened, his worry momentarily forgotten. "He can do that?"

She nodded, a small smile playing on her face. "Never a headbutt. Just kicks. Sometimes stronger, sometimes weaker." her cheeks shades in a happy glow, "he's active."

"Why do you think he head-butted me now?" He asked curiously.

“Well...” She rubbed her belly caressingly, “Maybe he’s trying to remind you that he’s in there. Maybe he’s trying to remind you not to hurt him.”

“Oh.” King Lucien stared transfixed at her belly, watching the rounded globe intensely. Then, he leaned forward and kissed it reassuringly. “I will never hurt you, son.”

Danika’s heart raced, butterflies spread inside her in that gentle, loving gesture, coming from a man like him. She can never get used to him being this way, no matter how many times he is.

“A strong one, my son.” She heard pride in his voice.

“Just like his father.” Her whisper was automatic.

Pain flashed in his eyes before he closed it tight, as if he wants to shut himself out to that world that belongs to him alone.

Then, he opened it as he raise to his feet and straightened to his full height in front of her. She craned her neck up to look up at him.

His hands palmed her neck, and he lowered his head and began kissing her.

“I need you, Danika.” He spoke into her mouth, his hands on her neck, holding her to him as his mouth ravished hers.

With a sigh of surrender, Danika melted into his arms. He urged her backwards, until her back met the hard wall behind her. He kissed her like his whole world depended on it. And maybe they do.

Her hands went around him, she began touching him everywhere she could get her hands on. She caressed his whole back while he sucked on her tongue.

Their eyes closed, and in the silence of the night, the two lovers clung to each other. King Lucien began undressing her.

From her loose corset gown, down to her underthings, until she stood before him in nothing but skin. With a soft g***n, his mouth let go of hers and he trailed k****s down her neck.

Danika’s head threw back with a m**n, giving him better access which he made the most of, kissing and licking the sensitive skin of her neck. She shivered.

His mouth lingered on her collar, nibbling on the skin near the black leather until she m****d and drew even closer to him, her swollen belly pressing against his lower body.

His lips continued the slow descent until his mouth came across the white, creamy, plump breasts that has changed well because of her present condition. She was plumper there, her nipples darker and more pronounced, they pointed straight at him, begging for his lips.

“You are beautiful.” he confessed, “Have I ever told you that?”

She blushed deeply, ducking her head at the unfamiliar vocal compliment. “No... Thank you so much.”

It was at the tip of her tongue to return the compliment badly, but she didn't, not wanting to ruin the mood...or for him to think she was lying. He thinks himself so heavily scarred and un-handsome.

The King's eyes went back to her creamy breasts. That part of her anatomy always enticed him greatly, his phallus lengthening and hardening in his nightclothes. Pulling back, his eyes landed on her flushed face.

Grayish-brown eyes filled with desire met his own. His hands went to the dark puckered areolas and pulled slightly.

She m****d on her throat, her back arching to give him better access to her sensitive nipples which he played with; tugging, pulling and rubbing them until she was so sensitive she jerked with each tug of his fingers.

“Your body is so sensitive, even before you got pregnant.” He g*****d, his eyes still on her. And his hands too. “Do you remember that night...? The first night I touched your breasts?”

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Chapter 217

“Your body is so sensitive, even before you got pregnant.” He g*****d, his eyes still on her. And his hands too. “Do you remember that night...? The first night I touched your breasts?”

She nodded, her eyes heavy-lidded. “How can I ever forget...!?” she jerked as he tugged on her. Memories of that night made her go all liquid in between her shaky legs.

He drew his head closer until it almost rested on the wall beside hers, and whispered, “I go shot by an arrow and I was sick. You were straddling me. I took your breasts into my mouth and fed from you. You came...right all over me...without any other stimulation.”

She whimpered and buried her head on his shoulder, embarrassed. Her senses so tuned to his voice and his fingers as they mastered her areolas with touches that sync her body expertly.

“I want to feel it again now. Feel you come...from my mouth on your bosom.” His head lowered towards her left breast which he caught with his tongue and drew it into his mouth.

She mewled as he sucked in steady tugs, and all the while, his fingers were busy with her other breast. He twerked and pulled at it. He rubbed his fingers around it, rolling and tugging.

It didn't take long before she was panting, and clutching at him, her eyes squeezed tight. Danika wasn't sure her legs can hold her any longer, so she leaned all her weight into him, and he took it.

His hand left her breast and snaked around her waist to hold her to him while he fed from her in long tugs she felt in her womanhood. He kept on relentless, showing the same attention to both breasts.

“Aaaaah...! Lu...ciee...n..!” With a keening cry, she came hard in his arms. Her head thrown back, her body trembling softly, she got his shoulders with both hands and became pushing at him when she began feeling hypersensitive.

That was when he allowed himself to let go of her sensitive breasts, he pulled back and continued kissing wherever he could get his mouth on, while he allowed her to regain control of herself again.

She's like an addiction in his b***d. For over a year, he has not been able to get enough of her, King Lucien wondered if he ever can.

For a man like him, it is not a good idea for him to want a woman so much, he is barely able to control himself whenever he's with her.

And yet, with Danika, he wants her with an intensity that is disturbing.

She regained her footing and he pulled back, urging her with his hands until she hunched down before him.

“I want to feel your mouth on me.” He grunted, positioning himself, “Take me deep, Dani—uhm...” he finished on a g***n as she opened her mouth wide and swallowed him deeply until he hit the back of her throat.

The girth of him caused her mouth to widen so much and her eyes to burn, but it didn't stop her from taking him so deep until he hit the back of her throat.

Eager to give him the same pleasure he gave her, she closed her burning eyes and swallowed.

His eyes rolled into his head, his thigh twitching. Hands shot out gripping the back of her head, he bobbed her head up and down on him repeatedly, moaning his pleasure.

Danika relaxed her jaws so they wouldn't ache much, and allowed him to take her mouth the way he wanted. In and out, in and out, he went...so mindless with the pleasure.

He felt his release coming and pulled out from her mouth, "No. Not on your mouth, not tonight. I want to come inside you."

His hand urged her up and he led them to the chair he was sitting on several minutes ago looking so dejected. Lowering himself on it, he turned her until her back was facing him.

Then, he made her straddle him, her thighs opened, his legs was in between hers. His phallus was long and hard, so ready for her.

Strong callused hands gently on her waist, he lowered her on him. Her body came down on him slowly, her wet sheath enveloped his díck.

They m****d together as she took him deep inside of her.

She stopped suddenly, hanging right there without sitting on him completely.

"Danika." He let out a tortured g***n, his eyes closed as he tried to force himself not to move inside her.

"I c-can't take you further... It's going to h-hurt badly." She whispered pleadingly, her legs shaky.

"Gods." His breaths were shallow as he tried to hold on to the last control he has.

Pulling out, he urged her to stand. He walked them to the bookshelf beside them. "Hands on the shelf."

She followed the guttural command, her fingers gripped the shelf, holding on to it. She bent over, giving him her back. He hovered behind her like a powerful avenging god, widening her legs the way he wanted it, he positioned himself.

He drove into her in one move. They cried out together, Danika squeezed her eyes shut as pleasure washed over her. His body leaned closer until it covers hers, his breathing harsh, breath was hot in her ears.

“Are you okay?” Gently spoken, his voice belied the urgency running in his b***d. His hand slid to her hair which fell all over in front of her and he pushed them all to her left shoulder, leaving the right part of her face bare.

She was full, it was almost uncomfortable. But the feel of him was incredible. “Y-Yes, I’m okay.” she whispered with a nod, grateful that he’ll ask.

It was all he wanted to hear. He kissed her bare neck as he pulled back and drove into her again. She let out a throaty m**n, her head swiveling to look at him with heavy-lidded eyes.

His mouth met hers. The k**s was hot and feverish, his díck thrusting into her in quick steady pumps. The library filled with their breathing and her soft cries to each stroke that makes her eyes see stars.

He wasn’t as gentle as he’s always been, but he wasn’t as rough either. His hand left her h**s to twerk her nîpples, playing with them with each stroke of his body.

She tore her lips from his, a whimper escaping her throat. Heads thrown back, she matched his rhythm. He changed the angle of his thrusts, and hit her in that spot inside her that made stars wink in her eyes.

“Ooooh...” Her hands clutched the shelf tight, her body shivering as the pleasant feeling coursed through her body.

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Chapter 218

Warm air hit her bare back when he pulled away from her, no longer leaning into her. His hand let go of her breasts and returned to her h**s where he held her to him.

Lucien can no longer hold onto his control. The small control left teethered the each of a cliff with each stroke inside her tight wet sheath...with each sweet throaty m**n she let’s out. He lost it.

Sound of skin slapping skin file the air. His strokes increased in pace, becoming faster and harder. Her pelvis pressed against the shelf, Danika braced herself when it dawned on her that he was no longer in charge anymore.

He slammed inside her over and over again, like he wants to bury himself inside her body and never get out. His fingers dug on her h**s persistently, holding her tighter and pulling her closer to him.

She bit her lips, knowing that she'll be wearing his mark of possession again for a few days to come. But, the slight burning pains that followed his rough coupling did nothing to stop the pleasure, instead it was maximized to unbearable degrees.

"Oooh...!" The pressure was building up inside her with each thrust of his h**s. His breathing changed, his moves uncontrolled which told her that he's right there on the edge too.

He pounded her fiercely, guttural g****s emitting from it with each thrust. A few more strokes more, he came with her name on his lips.

She followed him a second later, sobbing and panting as the tidal wave threatened to drown her completely.

She lost control of her body, of everything. Words flew from her mouth. "I love you, I love you, I love you, love you so much....!"

The panting sobs were hard to make out but he heard it clearly, her body trembling so much he realized that she's about to fall.

His hands caught her when she began sliding to the floor, pulling her to him and gently lowering them to the fur-covered floor of the library.

The furs protected her skin from the cold and the hardness of the ground. He pushed into her again, not wanting to part yet. A shudder worked itself through her body, she gasped.

He held her from behind while the world tilted around them. His orgásm was explosive, but it was nothing compared to hers.

The panted words reduced to whispers, her hands clutching his, she burrowed deeper into his body, allowing his body to blanket hers from behind.

She feels faint. Lightheaded. Safe.

King Lucien knew the exact moment she fell asleep in his arms. Her lax body so deeply burrowed into his, he felt her everywhere. Everywhere settled in silence around him.

He was still inside her body and he was not planning on pulling out. Instead, he leaned up and took in her face in exhausted sleep.

Strands of her hair plastered on her damp forehead, her long lashes lowered, covering her eyes. Nose so white and pointed let out soft even breathings. Her bow-shaped small lips...

So beautiful. He hovered over her, transfixed. Unable to stop staring, his eyes followed the rise and fall of her chest. So beautiful...and so mine.

He didn't refute the thought, instead, satisfaction coursed through him. His hand settled on the swell of her belly, he leaned in and kissed her shoulder.

I love you, I love you, I love you, love you so much....!

The words remained the only voice in his head. Repeatedly, they replayed on his head.

All his demons and their voices abated him the minute he took her into his arms and began undressing her, and they did not return. Just her voice was there.

Movement in his hand pulled his attention back to her belly. His son was moving around visibly. His fingers followed each move. Just like a hide and seek.

His whole world centered completely on the woman sleeping in his arms, and his child inside her.

Thoughts of Vetta's betrayal disappeared like the wind. Thoughts of his years in slavery no where near the library.

He fell asleep long after she did, with her panted words ringing in his ears, and his fingers on the last part of her belly where he felt his son move.

When he woke up in the morning, the bright lights were coming in through the windows of the library. Danika was still asleep in his arms.

Gently, he pulled out of her, his eyes quickly inspected her naked body, he frowned slightly when he saw the red imprints from his fingers the night before.

It didn't sit well with him that he bruised her skin because he was unable to control himself whenever he's with her.

One year and two months. It's been more than fourteen months since she became his, and yet he still loses his better senses and control whenever he's with her. Why is that?

She has become a part of him, he wasn't aware of, until today. Most of his conscious thoughts, when they are not about his people, are about her. Why can't he get enough of her?

He turned and picked up his kingly garment from the table where she'd neatly kept it after folding it. He walked back to her and covered her with it to shield her nakedness.

Walking out of the library, he went to the bedroom and took a pillow from the bed. Footsteps soundless, he strode back to the inner room towards her and placed the pillow under her head.

She sighed and settled back into sleep.

Then, he got up and left the room, closing it softly.

He'd finished taking his bath. The two seamstresses were there, dressing him in his garment when a knock came at the door.

"It's Baski, My King." The familiar voice said.

He'd summoned her. "Come in."

She entered and greeted him. He sent the seamstresses away. The older woman automatically walked behind him to finish where the seamstresses stopped, trying the robes of his garment to hold together.

"Danika is still asleep in the library. Tell the cook to make her breakfast, but she has to eat chicken broth and soup before breakfast, so that even if she throws up, you can have it mixed in her breakfast.

Tell Zariel to get two more men and stand guard at this door while I'm gone. Under no circumstances will they leave their posts unless Danika wakes up and safely leaves my Chambers." He instructed commandingly.

"As you wish, Your Highness." Baski responded automatically.

Several minutes later, the King stood in front of Vetta's dungeon.

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Chapter 219

Vetta knows the exact moment she's no longer alone in the dungeon.

Finding herself in this enclosed space again after five good years was like a nightmare to her. She hates dungeons so much. She almost lost her mind in the middle of the night because her days in slavery stood before her at every single turn.

It was a nightmare. She was one step away from losing her mind. Or maybe, she already did.

Not to mention the pain in her body. And the one in her heart.

After Angie's treatment of her, she feels more better than she's ever felt in some months, and even though her body was still hurting, it was nothing compared to the pain in her heart.

She can't unsee it. Watching him walk away from her without a backward glance. That look of loathe and betrayal in his eyes....

Vetta blinked tightly and slowly rose to sit down on the cold hard ground. There's no way she's going down like this. She will try to salvage her situation.

But if she can't, she will be damned if she'll be going down alone.

"How many were they?" His deep g***n forced her to turn towards him. Voice so cold.

.

"One. I told you, it was just one man. It was just one time." She responded with all sincerity, desperately trying to reach him.

He palmed his head, shaking it. "How do you expect me to believe that?"

"It's the truth! Why won't you believe me? It was unintentional and it was just one time...!"

"Why? Why would you do it?" The words were thrown to her.

That useless monster Karandy forced me! I never wanted to! It was all that dead bastard's idea! He blackmailed me!

It was all at the tip of her tongue, wanting so badly to get out but she held it in. She can't call his name. Calling his name means buying more trouble.

"I was forced to." She responded.

"By whom?"

He doesn't believe her. He does not even believe that it was just one time either. Vetta felt like screaming in frustration.

She was angry. Sad. Enraged. All this is so unfair to her.

She's protecting the identity of her lover too, King Lucien thought. He lowered his head and closed his eyes.

When he opened it and raised it, he stared at her. At the woman he thought he knew. "This is very unexpected. Not from you, Vetta."

She lost it.

"Why? Why not from me?" She stared up at him, "I'm not your virgin, am I? I'm not Danika who favors. Why are you so surprised? You're not the only man I've ever known intimately, Lucien, are you?"

You know that you're not. After all you were there with me in Danika's kingdom. You were right there with me in her father's jail houses where I became the whore of the guards."

He flinched like she'd slapped him. Maybe, because he remembered all too well. Or she was refreshing his memory? Or whatever. She was done.

She straightened and rose to her feet. Her hair unkempt, her clothes dirty, and her eyes red and swollen from crying all night. "You were right there, and you watched it all happen for years. So, why are you so surprised that I'm a whore?"

"We are no longer in slavery. There are some things called commitment. Called trust." He stated vehemently, "I made you my mistress, Vetta and I trusted you. This time around you gave yourself to another lover willingly, got pregnant for him and rid yourself of the child. You broke my trust."

"And you neglected me!" She shot back angrily, "I did everything for you and you neglected me! When was the last time you wanted to come to my bed, Lucien!? You never wanted to anymore, did you?"

She met his gaze head-on, unflinchingly. "I lost you to Danika, a year ago. She came along and you threw me away like trash! You stopped caring! Stopped thinking of me! It was all Danika, Danika, Danika! Danika this! Danika that! How is that fair to me!? How!?"

King Lucien was taken aback at the naked bitterness and rage in her. He really looked at her then.

His anger drained like the wind. Rage wasn't what he left, but sadness. A huge sense of loss and sadness.

"I never threw you away, Vetta." He stated. Did he?

"You did! I am here, and I'm no longer here!" she laughed, but the sound came out empty, "I fought to be with you. To have you for the past five years, but Danika only had months, and she took you from me. Why? Is it because she was one you disvirgined and I wasn't? I was the one the guards took turns with? I was the whore slave that got raped several times, so many times she got pregnant twice and lost them...twice! I was the whore slave!"

He stood there, just watching her. He could not form words.

"We might be out of slavery, but I was still the whore you treated me like! You make love to Danika all the time but you fuck me like a whore anyway. Because, I am Vetta, the trash. The one that never deserved you because I am not privileged to! I am not Royalty!"

He flinched.

"I was the whore slave, and so, you discarded me for her. The royalty. The Pure one. The good one." she let out that empty laughter again that sounded so hollow, "You think she loves you right? Is that why you're discarding me!? Why you're treating me this way!?"

"Vetta—"

"I'm not done!" she glared so hard at him, "I know you think she loves you, and you're already in love with her. She doesn't love you! She is just using you so well. She is in slavery, what do you expect!? Or have you forgotten already?"

She took a step closer to him, "In slavery, you do everything you can to be free. In slavery, you do everything you can to ease the pain, the torture, the suffering. It's her strategy. You're her strategy." she laughed hollowly, "And, oh, did it work so well! You threw me away for her, but she is just using you, Lucien!"

He said nothing. His eyes remained unreadable. In fact, he showed no reaction at all.

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Chapter 220

He said nothing. His eyes remained unreadable. In fact, he showed no reaction at all.

And it only angered Vetta the more. Made her more bitter.

She walked closer to him until she stood in front of him. "As a slave master who has been a slave before, you forgot the most important thing. A slave will do ANYTHING at all to come out of slavery." Her mouth to his ear, she lowered herself to a whisper. "Including...faking kindness. Faking to be good. And the most important...? Pretending to love your master."

His hands curled into fists. He squeezed them tightly.

She saw it. "You know what I say is the truth. No, you FEAR what I say will be the truth." She amended with a coy smile, "That is why you're so hesitant to uncollar her."

"What else is holding you? You and I know it's no longer about her father or about revenge. Uncollar her then, and give her back her freewill. Then, we will see if she will still choose you. If she will still choose to be with you. Let's see if she doesn't run away and NEVER come back!"

She tsked and shook her disarray hair. "But, you wouldn't, will you? Because then, you will have to find out if she's the fairytale you want you to believe she is, or she is the DAUGHTER OF HER FATHER! You're SCARED to find out. Because then, you will be loosing her."

Then, she walked back to her usual spot and lowered herself to the floor again. Suddenly, she was drained and tired.

All those things said, she couldn't meet his eyes anymore. She wiped the angry tears that had rolled down her cheeks.

Silence descended on them. One that stretched for so long, she was forced to look up to make sure he was still there.

"You're right, I neglected you. If I didn't, I would have found out long enough that you were so bitter. How did you become so bitter?" He was looking at her with new eyes.

This is not the woman he'd spent ten years with in the dungeons of Mombana, "What happened to you? How did you become this way?"

Vetta does not like the new look in his eyes. He was staring at her like she's a stranger. Is she? When did she change so much?

Her anger all vented out on him, she has nothing else to shield herself with anymore. So, she only shook her head. When did she change so much?

He looked tired. Drained. He turned and walked out of her dungeon.

Her mouth opened to call him back. To say something. Anything...! But, there was nothing else to say. She closed it back.

He stopped at the door, his back to her. "Do you remember what I told you once upon a time?"

"W-What is that?" Her voice throaty, and hoarse from shouting so much.

"The day you whipped Danika badly, I said some words to you."

That day flashed in her mind....

****"I freed my people because I want my people to experience being free again. Cone made me a monster, but it is my duty to protect my people. Let me carry all the burden alone, Vetta. It is my responsibility. My duty as a king. As my father's son."

"There shouldn't be two monsters together, or the vicinity will be in danger. Two monsters cannot stay in the same place."

He'd turned and stared at her. There was sadness in his eyes, but there was conviction too. "We have been through so much together, Vetta, but the day I look upon you and see a monster is the day I let you go. Completely."****

The memory caused a shiver down her spine. Dread and desperation missed to become one.

"Lucien, please—"

Hands at his back, he threw her an unreadable look over his shoulder, "I will be back, Vetta. And when I do, I will pass your judgement. Until then, you will be here."

"No, wait! You know how much I hate enclosed spaces! You know how much dungeons terrify me! This place will drive me mad, Lucien! Please—"

He walked out of the door without a backward glance.

Two Weeks Later.

Danika was seated beside the river bank, in that chair that overlooked the beautiful view of the river. But she wasn't watching the soft turbulence of the water, or the beautiful view of the evening yellow sun that stood out loud above the water.

Instead, her eyes was watching the King lovingly. He stood with five men, all new guards who are training to be professional archers. He was teaching them.

In the past few months, Danika has come to understand how strong King Lucien is, physically. How much of a warrior he is. No wonder he was able to raid a coup against her father and get his people out of slavery.

Five men aimed their arrows at the practice board in front of them. His hands together behind him, he instructed and directed them.

“Aim for the head. Do not overthink your aiming. Assume a relaxed stance. Do not go stiff. Nook your arrow right. Do not croak it. Grip the bow correctly. Do not squeeze so tightly....”

Her eyes followed all his movements, a small smile on her face. Her back is aching, and her feet was swollen. She is happy that he allowed her to be here while he taught the new guards.

Something has changed in the past two weeks, but she has no idea what it is.

The King still treats her with so much care, and he was very protective of her and the child she carry.

He makes love to her some nights too and during those times, he was very careful and gentle with her, especially since she started having back aches that wouldn't abate.

He makes sure she eats chicken broths—which she doesn't like, but he is always patient with her and even spoon-feed her from time to time.

And yet, she couldn't help thinking that something has changed.

His eyes... There's a new sadness to it that was so tangible, it hurts to see.

Is it sadness or pain...? She has no idea what it is. She also has no idea how to help him with it.

When he thinks she is not looking, he looks at her with that eyes. When he thinks she's asleep, he is always awake staring at her...with that eyes.

And the way he looks at her collar these days....? That look is one she doesn't understand. She has no idea what is going through his head.

She wondered countless times... Is it because of what the Mistress did? Or does it have anything to do with their love making in the library? Does it have anything to do with the words she'd blurted out?

I love you, I love you, I love you, love you so much....!

She squeezed her eyes shut at the reminder of those words. Heavens, she still can't believe she'd blurted it out like that.

Did he hear her words? If he did, he hasn't said anything about it. She doesn't know if she should be relieved or sad.

"That is all for today."

His voice pulled her back to reality. She watched the men bow to him. They packed all the training equipments and began walking away, back to the Palace.

Automatically, the King turned towards her.

Danika smiled and waved at him.

He acknowledged her with a little nod of his head.

It does not matter if he never smiles at her, Danika thought as she watched him strode towards her. She can smile for the both of them.

She was still beaming at him as he walked closer, but a feeling nagged her gut. The same feeling that has been there for the past two weeks. It does not feel like a good feeling.

It feels like, she will loose him.

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