

The Alpha King's Hated Slave

Chapter 291

Sally was crying. Hard, broken sobs that did nothing to alleviate the pain in her heart, that did nothing to solve the problem she was facing.

“Please, stop crying, Sally. Tears are not solving our problem. We have to find a way to get out of here, that’s what we have to do instead of crying!” Baski repeated again, trying to reach the sobbing girl. She, herself, is close to breaking down. So close.

They were trapped here. Down in the tunnels so far away from the Royal Quarters.

“How can I s-stop!? My p-p-princess...” Sobs racked her throat. It was so hard to talk but she did her best to get the words out, “How can I stop when s-she is in l-labor...and in danger!? She is all a-lone! All alone!”

“I know, Sally. Do you think I don’t know?” Baski reached for the woman and hugged her tightly. The two of them were shaking. “That is why we have to keep trying to break free from these walls. We have to get to her on time!”

After Queen Danika had gone to Court that morning, Baski had taken to opportunity to try and gather new herbs. She’d asked Sally to help her out, which the young woman agreed on, wholeheartedly.

They were picking herbs when they heard stomps of horses and war-cries from invaders. They’d recognized trouble. So, they ran away from the field to the nearest tunnel to hide.

Then, the war started and King Lucien gave orders for all the tunnels to be sealed so that the invaders will not see anywhere to escape from, also, so that more will not enter too. They have been trying to break the tunnel for a way out but it had proved impossible. They were trapped.

“You’re right, you’re right.” Sally hiccuped, pulling away from the older woman to wipe her tears. “You’re right. We have to keep t-trying to get out.”

“Yes. The earlier we’re out, the better it will be for all of us. For the Queen, for the unborn prince.” Baski framed her face, speaking passionately, “We are both born slaves! Once upon a time, we dug tunnels for a living! We can do this!”

Sally nodded vigorously, her strength renewed. “You’re right! We can do this...!”

Together, they walked deeper into the tunnel in search of harder rocks they can use to break the tunnel door.

Hang in there, My Princess, Sally cried in her aching heart.

Please, hang in there!

“No...!” Queen Danika replied violently. Then, gently, she pulled Vetta’s body anyway from hers. “Hang in h-here. I’ll get he-rbs that can stop your bleeding.”

“You will be...wasting your t-time.”

But even as Vetta breathed those words, Danika is already going through her cabinet at the other side of the room. Sounds of items being thrown about filled the bedroom as she searched for the remains of the dry leaves Baski always gave her whenever she was bleeding or spotting.

“This will stop the bleeding, My Queen. This will stop the bleeding, My Queen.” Baski’s voice rang in her ears over and over again.

A gasp of relief escaped her throat as she found the dry leaves. “Thank heavens, thank heavens...!”

Vetta watched her through heavy-lidded eyes as she scrambled around to help her. She watched as Danika got her sandal, held the leaves together on the table, and began pounding them with her sandals.

The pregnant woman stopped in between, crying out in sheer pain. But when the pain seems to have lessened, she will continue pounding the leaves, panting in harsh breaths.

Tears wouldn’t stop falling from Vetta’s eyes. She cannot believe that Danika can ever do this for her. Trying to save her life in the thick of her own pain.

At that moment, whatever was left of her hatred for the daughter of Cone died a flawless death.

Also, at that moment, whatever was left of her resentment for her and the King’s union dissolved and faded away like mist.

Letting go of those last pains, she felt lighter than she has ever felt in years—even lighter than she did when Declan came back.

“Aaah, this feels good.” She breathed out, her voice slurred. This must be the way Lucien felt in this woman’s arms. No wonder he fell heads over heels for her.

“I finally... understand.” She added in a whisper. “I can now go...peacefully.”

“You’re NOT going anyw-here, do you hear me!?” Danika hissed, her voice a cloud of anger and pain. Steering the liquid in the wooden cup a few more times with her forefinger, she turned and faced the dying mistress. “It’s ready.”

Even as she announced, she is already walking gingerly towards Vetta. When she got close, she lowered herself down on the floor in the slowest movements ever, panting out in pain, but she was able to manage it.

Then, she lifted Vetta’s head to her chest again and poured most of the herbal concoction to the stab wound.

She still made sure that the sword remained intact inside the mistress, but she sighed with satisfaction when she saw the liquid making its way into her body through the wound.

“Ouch! Argh...!” Vetta cried out, waves of agonizing pain slamming through her as the liquid entered her body.

“Sorry...so sorry.” Queen Danika kissed her forehead affectionately, rubbing her arm in a soothing manner. Vetta clung to her like a lifeline as she whimpered repeatedly.

Another violent contraction overwhelmed the Queen then. So excruciating, she screamed out so loud, her fingers clutching Vetta’s shoulder.

“S-Sorry...” Her pain distracted Vetta. “Your child w-wants out...badly.”

“I want to p-push so badly...but I...can’t!” Tears streamed down her cheeks as she panted, “Baski...! I have to...wait for Baski...” Pause, “Can’t do...it alone.”

Vetta glanced at her face through heavy-lidded eyes, “You are the...strongest woman...I have ever met. You are what he...needs. A fighter, a healer, a Queen, and a saint...wrapped in one person. You must feel heavy... How do you get around carrying all those weights...?”

The contraction was passing and it’s leaving her very exhausted. Danika smiled through her tears. “I don’t know...what you’re talking about. The only weight...I carry...which is very overwhelming is my child inside...me. My waist is on fire...”

Then, she raised the wooden cup again to Vetta’s mouth. “Here, drink this one...”

Vetta drank obediently, emptying the bitter content before Danika set the cup aside. The Mistress was becoming too weak. It wasn't looking good at all.

New tears filled the Queen's eyes because she knows. But, she kept hugging her to her chest, "You will be fine. You will be fine. You will be fine." She mumbled repeatedly.

"I appreciate that...you're trying to save me...but all this is f-futile. I will di—"

"Don't say that! Don't ever say that!" Tears left her eyes in massive waves because the mistress is indeed dying.

Vetta kept silent, her breathing becoming more shallow. Already, she can feel the numbness of death coming from her legs upwards. "I-I'm sorry...for h-hating you all these while. I-I'm so s-sorry...you didn't deserve it..."

"Please, stop talking. Saved your strength please..." Danika cried.

More tears blurred Vetta's eyes, "Take care of him, Danika." her voice a mere whisper this time around, "Don't ever hu-rt him. Don't ever...stop loving him. My soul... will haunt you...if you ever leave him."

"No, please," Danika shook her head, "I will never leave him. Ever. You...will not die, but if you do...I want your soul to rest in peace." she cried in broken sobs, "I want your soul...to have the peace this world...never gave you."

Vetta's breath made soft shuddering sounds of a car about to halt. Yet, she still managed, "If I happen to make...a good place—which I doubt so much—I will look after him from up there. I will look after his son too."

She paused, "And I'll look after you too. You have...to be alive...so that he can keep being...happy. So that his...son will never lack." She smiled wearily, "Yes, I have...to protect you too..."

Her words touched Danika deeply, making her cry harder. "Oh, Anarieveta... I'm so sorry..."

Vetta's dying heart warmed at those words. Then, she buried her face to Danika's blossom and kissed the pregnant woman's chest.

A k**s of forgiveness. A k**s that says good bye.

"I forgive...you, Danika."

Shuddering breaths, "I...forgive you, Your Highness."

With that, her breath evened out. Her body lost all strength.

Danika started screaming. Her pain is intertwined now. The pain of labor, and the pains of watching death take Anarieveta away. “No, no, no...please...!”

Just then, her door burst open.

King Lucien and Chad hurried inside.

Followed by a crying Baski and a sobbing Sally.

Followed by the Royal Medicine man and troops of his trainees. So many medicine people.

There are two emergencies.

But they are already too late for one.

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Chapter 292

Name:So Quiet. Too Quiet..

Their eyes widened in horror at the sight in Queen Danika’s bedroom. And it was a sight of horror.

A dead man, Coza, laid on the floor at one side of the bedroom. Vetta was cushioned in the arms of a heavily pregnant Queen whose face is bathed in sweat and tears, her eyes held indescribable pain. There was b***d everywhere.

“S-Save her... Please...” Danika cried as they entered the bedroom. Sobs racked her throat.

“Where’s the Medicine man!?” King Lucien barked then as he rushed towards his Queen, “Get to work with your disciples and apprentices! Take the Queen to Baski’s bedroom, now!”

“Yes, Your Highness!” Everywhere exploded into actions. Baski and Sally were crying as they hurried towards the Queen.

“Sorry... So sorry...!” The two women wouldn’t stop crying as they held their Queen who’s still cradling Vetta in her arms. Their cries escalated when they saw the state of the former Mistress.

Just then, another painful contraction seized Danika. So painful, she screamed out in agony.

King Lucien rushed to her, he cradled her shoulders. "Dearling, my dearling..."

"Vetta..." Danika gasped, shaking her head miserably.

"I'll take her, I'll take her," The King said placatingly, "Let me take her, Danika. Allow the Medicine men to take care of you, please," He added when he saw how she was resisting their advances, "Please."

"Okay, okay," she agreed in between painful, anguished pants at his pleadings. Finally, her arms loosened around Vetta.

"Chad." The King ordered.

"Yes, Your Majesty." He rushed forward and lifted the Queen into his arms. When she wrapped her arms around his neck, he hurried out in a gentle but fast run out of the b***d-filled bedroom.

Guilt filled Chad. He'd searched for his wife and Baski all over the Kingdom, but he wasn't able to find them. When he finally met a maid that told him that she saw the women out in the field collecting dry leaves for new herbs, he'd rushed out to the field in search of them, but was held up on the battlefield.

Too many enemies coming on to him at the same time had delayed him.

When they were out of sight, King Lucien finally turned his eyes back to the woman in his arms. Looking all over her teary face and the sword embedded deep into her bloody belly, his heart was too heavy for words.

"Vetta..." His hand caressed her face. She was too still. Too quiet. His hand shook, "Anarieveta..."

Two medicine men hovered over him, staring sadly at the woman he carried. The King looks absolutely devastated.

"What did you do, dammit...!" He hugged her to him then. Tears filled his eyes. Seeing the bástard who laid dead on the floor and how Danika had held her when he entered the bedroom, his head placed bids and pieces together, forming a picture in his head of what happened here.

"Please, Vetta. Don't leave. Not now. You have survived a lot, don't do this! Not now!" He ordered in a raw voice, doing his best to be strong but it was too hard.

The tears wouldn't stop coming. He couldn't stop holding her so tight. This is pain. A painful pain.

"I'm so sorry! I wasn't here. I didn't protect you... I'm so sorry... Please, don't do this." But it's already done. She's gone. He kissed her hair, tears running down his face. Not as silent as the angry thunderclaps in the sky outside.

Then, he felt it. A very tiny twitch of her arm.

He stilled. Jerked back instantly and glanced hard at her.

She was still so still. So very quiet.

But—

"She's breathing..!" One of the medicine men shouted as he rushed forward and knelt down in front of them, "It's shallow. Very tiny breaths, but she's breathing!"

King Lucien pulled away immediately and let both men take a look at her. Let this be true...!

"There are these herbs I see in her wounds... It's eeeh," the man gasps, "Levs-balm! Someone must have used Levs-balm for her wounds, it stopped the bleeding and numb her body, dulling the pain! It saved her life...!"

His Queen. Gratitude and sheer love almost busted from the King. It will be no one else but Danika.

"There's no guarantee that she'll survive—she has lost too much b***d." The other man g*****d sadly.

"Do everything you can." The King's bloodshot eyes met there's, "Do everything you can to save this woman, do you hear me?" His voice heated.

"Loud and clear, Your Majesty!" They bent then and lifted Vetta away from the pool of b***d that's a mix of hers and Coza's.

Relief beat through the King's body in waves. For only a few more seconds.

There is still so much going on.

Vetta is still in so much danger.

Danika's life is in danger.

His son's life is also in danger.

He rose from the bloody floor and hurried out of the bedroom. His destination being Baski's bedroom.

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Chapter 293

Name: The Birth Of The Prince Of Rain.

In Baski's bedroom, Danika laid sprawled on the bed screaming in agonizing pain. After yet another strong push, she panted in heavy exhaustion.

"Push, My Queen, PUSH!" Baski shouted from in-between her spread legs.

"Can't... can't..." Whispers from her overtired body. Queen Danika shook her head from side to side. She has been pushing. Now, she is so tired, she just wants to sleep.

"Danika!" Baski shrieked in worried panic, "You can't give up now, you were doing a good job!"

"My princess, please..." Sally pleaded, holding Danika's hand. She stayed beside the other woman, offering comfort.

"Tired... Tired..." The Queen can only manage, her pain-filled eyes closing, and opening...and closing again.

Kedo, the medicine man, and two of his apprentice joined Baski. Whatever they were doing there was hurting Danika so much. In fact, her whole body is one giant pain that she has no idea where one stopped and the other began.

There was a crowd outside Baski's bedroom. The ministers. The people of Mombana.

They are all waiting for the good news of the birth of the prince, even as they made happy jubilation noises on the victory of Mombana in the sudden war that erupted.

King Lucien walked past them and entered the bedroom. Baski's face was one of relief as they all turned and saw the King.

"My King! Thank the Gods, you're here!" Baski gasped.

He strode towards the Queen whose eyes opened at the sound of the door open. “L-Lucien...” She cried, tears in her eyes as she saw her King.

“Dearling,” He g*****d, taking the spot Sally vacated immediately she saw him. “What is going on?” That curt question was directed to Baski.

“She wouldn’t push...!” The woman began.

“Danika, dearling, you have to help get the baby out.” He said in the gentlest voice ever, his eyes peering down into her tired ones.

“I hurt...” she cried in a tired voice, “He does not...want to come...out. He’s being so...mean to me, Lucien.”

“I’m here now,” he kissed her sweaty forehead, “I’m here now, dearling. He needs help to get out. He needs mama’s help to get out, dearling. Try again, Dani?”

“Okay, okay, okay,” each word is a hot breath from her nose, but her King’s presence has renewed her strength.

She followed Baski and Kedo’s instructions. Pressing down when they asked her to, holding her breath when they asked her to, and pushing when they asked her to. The King was right there, holding her and comforting her.

The cry of the prince filled the air.

Baski carried out a small bundle and raised him in the air with tears of joy spilling from her face. “You did it! Oh, My Queen, you did it...!”

Behind the door, they were jubilation and shouts of joy at the sound of the baby’s loud cry.

While holding his woman, the King’s eyes were transfixed on the baby whose vociferous, piercing shrill was so loud in the air. His eyes tracked Baski’s eyes as she hurried forward and placed the baby in the Queen’s arms.

At the sight of the baby, Danika began weeping like a child. This time, it is tears of indescribable joy. As she held her baby, a great feeling of love watched over her.

“It is worth it. The pains...the aches, everything. He was worth it.” she cried, staring up at the King. “Take a look at our baby, My King.”

The King wasn’t able to speak. He can only caress the baby’s forehead in reverence. The child has the bluest eyes the King has ever seen—even bluer than his.

His child.

His heir.

His prince.

A few minutes later, the King held his baby for the first time. Indeed, it was worth it. The most handsome boy ever born. His heart was filled with so much love for the small bundle that has gone to sleep in his arms.

Tears filled his eyes for the second time today, not caring at all about the people in the bedroom.

It was tears of joy and love. For the first time in over sixteen years, he felt complete.

In Salem, very heavy rain was beating the ground hard. The people of Salem didn't bother to stay in shelter, instead, the people were seen under the rain dancing and singing in happiness.

In the tower of Baski's bedroom, Remeta and Corna were grinning so hard, filled with so much joy. Remeta ran from the bedroom towards Prince Declan's bedroom.

Declan was in bed with his Princess, they were smiling in awe staring out of the window at the furious drumming of the rain and its buzzing sounds. At Remeta's knock, he dressed, rushed to the door, and threw it open.

"The Prince is here! The prince has arrived!" Remeta shouted giddily. She was dancing with the little boy he's heard so much about, named Corna.

Declan didn't dispute them because he's been filled in about their spiritual eyes.
"Really? He brought the rain?"

They nodded vigorously, grinning up at him.

Declan knows how badly his big brother wanted this child. It doesn't matter that his mother is the daughter of Cone. For the child to bless this dry land with heavy rain on his arrival, indeed he must be a blessed heir. He was speechless and happy at the same time

"Send the message to the King, Prince Declan. Let him know our land is wet again!"
Remeta said to him.

Declan is all too happy to send the message. In the minutes that followed, he wrote down the message on a scroll, tied it in waterproof nylon before he strapped it to the messenger bird, and nudged the bird to the direction it should take.

The four of them stood under the rain with huge smiles on their faces as the bird flew away towards Mombana.

King Lucien was very happy when he read the message. His happiness spread towards the others when they read it too.

It's raining in Salem. It is as great a news as the birth of his child. It is as great a news as the news of Vetta's survival.

The people of Mombana have entered Baski's bedroom one after the other to gift the newborn baby.

The crowd was too much that they had to be chased away with the promise to be allowed visitation on the morrow because the Queen and the baby needed rest.

Night descended, the Queen was breastfeeding her child in the cushion of the King's strong arms while he watched with a huge smile on his face that hasn't abated since the birth of his child. They have named him too.

Prince Nikolai Rainier De Leon. That is the name of the prince.

Nikolai, which means 'Victory of the People' because he's indeed the victory of the people of Salem and Mombana.

Rainier, not only because it has the 'rain' on its name but also because it means 'A judgment warrior'. The prince is indeed a warrior who came out on the day of war and victory. As an heir to great thrones, he is a judgment on its own.

As Prince Nikolai nursed, that was when the King gave the Queen the good news of Vetta's survival.

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Read Chapter 294

Chapter 294

As Prince Nikolai nursed, that was when the King gave the Queen the good news of Vetta's survival.

Danika was so happy. Tears of joy returned to her eyes again. So much joy, it was contagious.

She kept thanking the heavens over and over again and immediately she was done breastfeeding, she insisted on going to see Vetta.

No matter how Baski and the others tried to discourage her because of her vulnerable state, she refused adamantly. In the end, the King instructed Chad to carry her to Vetta's bedroom while he stayed with their sleeping baby.

Vetta teared up at the sight of Danika. They were hugging immediately Danika's body touched the bed. They were crying together too.

Vetta was thanking her for saving her life while the Queen is thanking her for being alive. Today has changed Anarieveta's life for the better.

Not only did she see the Queen for who she really is, but she also saw her as the best friend she can ever have, and the best woman the King can ever have. Today, she also saw people's love for her. Baski, Chad, Sally, Dargak, and Zariel have visited her times without number. It was beautiful.

She and Danika spent a lot of time lying together on the bed, talking together...bounding together. Vetta agreed with tears in her eyes to be Prince Nikolai's aunt and godmother, alongside Sally. It made her so happy, she cried. But Danika held her hands consolingly all the while.

They agreed that once she's better, she'll see the Prince, and get to hold him. The former mistress was all too happy. She has so many new reasons to live again.

Few hours after the Queen was taken back to her bedroom to get some much-needed rest, the King visited Vetta too.

He hugged her.

Kissed her forehead.

Scolded her for giving them all a scare.

Thanked her for killing that monster, Coza, for him.

Thanked her for saving Danika, almost giving her life for her and his son.

Thanked her for being alive.

He made her promise that she will never give him a scare like that again. She has no right to die on any of them, he chided her gently.

“I never knew that...so many people will c-care...!” Vetta burst out, new tears trailing down her cheeks.

“We care. We all care.” He palmed her cheek, “Live for us, Anarieveta. I don’t mind if you want to live in the palace. I don’t mind if you want to live as my mistress again—not the intimacies, of course, I do not want that from any other person but my Danika, now. But, I’ll happily give you the title, the power, and the money. I don’t care how you want to live again, but please, live for all of us, Vetta.”

Those words meant the world to her, she hugged his waist because she was standing over her. “Oh yes, I’m going to live for so many reasons, My King. I am Prince Nikolai’s godmother, and I love it so much. Thank you so much, but I don’t want to live in the palace. I don’t want to be a Mistress again.”

She smiled at him, “There’s a whole new world outside the palace, I’m happy to have explored a bit of that life. Now I plan to explore so much more of that life and find myself completely while living this time. Thank you so much for sending me out of the palace, months ago. Thank you for helping me begin the journey of healing and of finding myself again, My King.”

King Lucien cupped her cheeks, his eyes filled with admiration. “I’m so proud of you, Anarieveta.”

Her smile waned a bit then as the thought of everything she did to Danika in the past filled her head.

If she’s going to start over this new life that was gifted to her, she wants to do that with a clear heart. So, she told him everything she did, while crying in remorse.

“I know about it. All of it.” King Lucien surprised her when he dropped that bomb of a statement.

Vetta’s mouth remained open in shock for a few minutes. “H-How did you...?” She managed when she can get her lips to work again.

He shrugged. “After I found out about your infidelity and miscarriage, and sent you to the dungeon. I called your personal maid, Kaya, and threatened her with torture and whippings if she does not tell me the truth about the identity of the man who carried his child.”

Vetta’s jaw dropped. Talia?

“You took her around almost everywhere then, I know she must know something. She told me everything.”

It was a huge pill for Vetta to swallow. Talia had told the King everything?

No wonder the maid looked outrightly guilty whenever she visited her in the dungeon. Talia worked for Coza, so that monster must have known everything she did.

Now it makes sense why Coza never used her sins against Danika to threaten her but instead, he used her guilt for Declan's death to blackmail her. He knows fully well that the King already knows about that one.

"B-But y-you..." Her mouth opened and closed in a futile attempt to ask why he never punished her. Why didn't he hate and forsake her even after finding out?

Pain flashed in his eyes. "Why did you think I kept you in that dungeon for more than two weeks, even when I knew fully well how horrifying dungeons are for you? Why did you think I left you there, even when I know fully well that that place might drive you mad because of what we went through? It was because I found out."

She'd wondered that. Every single day in that godforsaken dungeon.

Does he hate her that much? Does he want to drive her insane? Why will he leave her there knowing fully well what that enclosed confinement means to her? She'd asked herself over and over again in that place.

He continued, "But then, that was what opened my eyes to everything that was happening to you. To the fact that our time of hellish captivity affected you much more than it showed. Then, I remembered Anarieveta. The woman that died over and over again, so that I can live."

Vetta lowered her eyes in shame, tears splashing on the bed. "I am so sorry, so sorry...!" She sobbed.

"I told Danika about Anarieveta. She was so hurt to hear it. She cried for you. For the woman you were. I knew I had to let you out and let you go out there to the world to try and find yourself again." he paused, swallowed, "It was also my way of doing my damnest to let go of the pains of finding out that you connived and slept with Karandy. The pains of finding out that you almost killed my unborn son and my woman."

"I am so so sorry. I will never forgive myself for that." She sniffled, her head still lowered.

But he held her jaw and tipped her head upwards so that their eyes met. "Remembering the girl you were and sending you away helped me to let go. Today, seeing you with Danika, seeing your close brush with death, seeing the woman who saved my woman and son...destroyed the rest of that pain."

He kissed her forehead, "I forgive you, Vetta. I know Danika forgives you. I hope you forgive yourself so that you can keep living for us. We all love you, Anarieveta."

She threw her arms around him again, sobbing opening while he patted her shoulders soothingly. She thanked him over and over again.

Vetta might be crying, but she is happy. Now, she knows how to move on, and even if she has no idea what her future will look like, she knows that it's time she works towards it and figures it out by herself.

And she was ready.

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Chapter 295

In the next three months, a lot happened.

After the war and the birth of the Prince, the people of Mombana practically begged King Lucien to marry their Queen and keep ruling them. The Ministers were most in support of it after they saw the way the King protected their Kingdom, saw the intense love the King and their Queen has for each other, and heard the rumors of the heavy rain in Salem at the birth of the Prince.

They wanted the King and the Prince in any way they can get them. In fact, they practically begged the King to merge their Kingdoms back together again and marry their Queen, if it means that he will keep ruling Mombana.

Of course, the King agreed to it. The Queen was in support of it wholeheartedly. And the people of Salem were also in support of the merge because when both Kingdoms merged together before, they all had a good experience. Most of them made so many friends with the opposite Kingdom, and they are all too happy in the plans that will bring that closeness back together again.

But, as they discussed the merge in the Court, King Lucien tried repeatedly to discuss preparing his brother Declan to be King of Salem in two years time. But Declan has no interest in ruling the Kingdom, and neither does Kamara.

They just wanted to let go of all the duties and burdens that come with the throne. They just want to get married and live a simple life. One day, they told him that in all sincerity.

King Lucien understood the couples and supported them.

Two months ago, Declan and Kamara got married in Salem's church. The crowd that attended was overwhelming, including the people of Mombana and the people of Navia.

It is a standing joke, how much Princess Kamara teased her father repeatedly about being wrong about her 'Callan'. The people of Navia laugh about it, and Kamara does not care. Neither does her father.

King Valendy was very happy that his daughter is not only marrying Royalty, but she's marrying into the powerful Kingdom in all the twelve Kingdoms—No, eleven Kingdoms—because of the merge. He was happy, and it showed on his face all through his daughter's wedding.

His Queen was beside him all through the wedding, and everybody can see the renewed joy in their marriage. They got more closer than they have ever been in so many years, and King Valendy cannot have it another way.

Few days before Kamara's marriage, he stripped Donna of her position as the Mistress and sent her out of the palace, because she whipped a slave so badly and bloodied her back. All because of the frustration that King Valendy no longer finds favor with her.

She didn't know that it'll cost her everything. And when it did, she cried like a baby as she was being thrown off the palace. King Valendy did not bat an eyelash at all. And Queen Izia was all too happy.

After the wedding, Queen Danika remained in Salem with Prince Nikolai. The people love her so much. Even Declan began to warm to her when he saw how good she is...how much the people love her.

Sally fell sick three days after Princess Kamara's wedding. She kept ignoring it, of course, making sure to be there for her Queen and Princess Nikolai whenever they needed her, but one morning, she was unable to rise from the bed because of a very bad fever.

Her husband was so panicked, he rushed out from their house to the palace and called Baski. The older woman hurried back home with him. They were most surprised to find out that Sally is pregnant.

Surprised, and very happy.

"I'm p-pregant...?" Sally gasped, tears filling her eyes.

"Yes! Oh, yes, Sally!" Baski was so elated, the older woman was smiling non-stop.

Chad stared at his wife's belly and his eyes watered. The next thing, they were hugging and kissing with so much joy radiating from them.

When Queen Danika heard about it, it was a different kind of joy. Leaving the palace, she visited Sally and hugged her personal maid so passionately to her chest. They cried and rejoiced together.

Her Sally and her beloved husband are going to have a baby. Everything is alright in the world.

Now, three months after the birth of the Prince, King Lucien sat behind his desk and watched Danika breastfeed his baby. He loves watching her nurse his child, and she knows it.

Although sometimes, he grumbles begrudgingly while giving the Prince a mock glare as he nurses, because he wants to be the one sucking from her.

Prince Nikolai seems to always know his father's plan whenever the King starts giving him that face, because that's the time the Prince feeds and feeds with his other little hand holding the Queen's other breast possessively.

He doesn't let go whenever he is that way, and it makes Danika almost die trying to control her laughter.

Of course, once the baby is asleep, and Baski comes and takes him away to his room, King Lucien leaves everything he's doing and moves to her to get his own share.

Danika always accommodates him with a wicked smile on her face.

That night, he made love to her for the first time since she birthed the Prince and it was wonderful.

It wasn't slow, sensual, or anything. He took her hard and fast like he has always wanted for a long time. It was rough, but oh so sweet, Danika met him halfway. Moaning and straining as he thrust into her tight sheath over and over again.

Her body drew tight like a string, the pleasure burst from her and she came with a scream, her body a shivering mess. He followed right after her, groaning and holding her tight...closer to him.

Afterward, they laid together in a tangled heap. Danika lying with her head to his chest while he caressed her hair.

"I love you so much." King Lucien g*****d.

A smile lit her eyes as usual. She never gets tired of hearing him say that. "I love you too. So so much."

“You’re the best thing that has ever happened to me. And I can’t wait to make you mine, completely.”

Their marriage is delayed because they are building a new palace in the outskirts of Salem. They’ve torn down the border that separates Salem and Mombana, instead, they’re building a very big palace there. They plan their wedding to come on the celebration of the Merge, which will happen in the new palace.

She kissed his chest, running her fingers greedily through his scars. She loves touching him. “I will always be yours. I can’t wait too.”

They made love again. This time, it was slow, unhurried, and sensual.

Sweet, beautiful love that has them moaning and straining in each other’s arms while he takes her in fierce but gentle strokes, gliding into her tight body. They came together, crying out and whispering words of love together.

Thereafter, they heard the cry of their baby from his bedroom which is the next room to the King’s Chambers. Baski, who turned out to be both a nanny and a grandmother to the Prince—and loving the role so much, brought the prince to his mother.

Queen Danika took her baby, who has gone back to sleep in her arms, and laid him on the bed, between her and King. As he slept, they watched him for so long, their eyes filled with love and happiness.

And even after the Queen gave in to exhaustion, the King watched them sleep for a very long time.

His joy is complete.

He is complete.

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As time passed, there came the birth of a powerful Kingdom called Kingdom Avalon. This Kingdom was birthed the day King Lucien and Queen Danika got married.

Kingdom Avalon is a Kingdom formed from the merge of two powerful Kingdoms called Salem and Mombana. Kingdom Avalon is the most powerful Kingdom in all the Eleven Kingdoms.

A Kingdom filled with riches, prosperity, and happiness. Where the people coexist in peace. Where the people's love for their monarch is blatant.

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Chapter 296-Epilogue

Five years later....

It is a happy day in the Palace of Kingdom Avalon, as Kamara and Declan celebrate the birth of their second child, Princess Ainaa.

A huge feast is held in the Court, a lot of people attended too. Sally and her family sat at one side of the round table, a huge smile on her face as she tries to feed solid food to her own second whose her youngest.

Baski, Remeta, and her best friend Corna sat at one side, laughing and talking. Beside them; Haydara, Corna's mother, and her husband Gunther are trying to wipe the oil Raira, Corna's little sister, poured on her clothes.

King Lucien has tried to hold Prince Nikolai repeatedly so he'll stay in his seat on the round table, but the Prince isn't having any of that. Instead, he has snuck out again with Princess Auroria, his cousin. He's best of friends with the princess whose Declan's first daughter.

In the end, King Lucien gave up trying to bring them back to Court, instead, he focused on his heavily pregnant Queen who's smile hasn't dimmed since the beginning of this feast. She placed her head to his shoulder, he only hugged her closer to him, kissing her hair tenderly.

"Ana couldn't come?" She asked, her voice held a hint of sadness.

King Lucien was able to hear her through the loud clatters and happy music because she's so close to him. He shook his head, "Unfortunately, Anarieveta couldn't make it. One of her students fell sick, she had to stay back and take care of her. Merrily Raskin."

"Aaah." Queen Danika nodded her head. That explains everything.

Anarieveta didn't joke when she made the decision of taking back her life. With the help of her best friend, Queen Danika, she got the best scholars in all the Eleven Kingdoms

who educated her. They taught her, schooled her for two years until she passed all the exams, even the most difficult ones.

Anarieveta is one of the greatest scholars in all the eleven kingdoms now. She has a big school where she teaches little children both Slaves, Lowborn and Privileged.

Since the Slave's law was amended four years ago, and a new Slave law was passed, the slaves all over the Kingdoms are no longer treated like animals without feelings, but as humans with their own lives and feelings. They are one with the Lowborn and the Privileged.

Her school is turning out to be the most desired, the most sort-after in all the Kingdoms. And when families from other Kingdoms kept bringing their children to her school from their Kingdoms so far away, she was forced to build boardinghouse inside her school to accommodate all.

She was supposed to be in the palace today, but one of her students has fallen sick, and she couldn't leave the girl, not even to the hands of her qualified scholars and nannies she employed over the years.

She loves all her 'students' greatly—that cannot be disputed—but everyone close to her knows that she has a special love for Merrily Raskin and Aiden Raskin, the children of the powerful nobleman, Gedoni Raskin.

She denies it all the time, of course, but it is just hard NOT to see that love she has for those two children.

"Mama, when is my aunt Ana coming?" Prince Nikolai's small voice dragged the Queen's attention to her son. He stood in front of her with his blond curly hair which Sally packed and styled in the morning already disheveled because he wouldn't stop running his hands on them.

"Your aunt couldn't come today. She is very busy." The Queen smiled at her son.

"Can I go and see her? I miss Aunt Ana." He pouted, looking sad.

She runs her hand through his wavy mass, "Don't worry, your Aunt Sally will take you to meet your Aunt Ana, one of these days."

"Or my uncle Declan!?" He added. Declan who has become Queen Danika's very good friend over the years.

"Of course. Or your Aunt Kamara."

He grinned up at her then, "Will do. Thank you, mama!" Diving for her cheek, he gave her a big smooch. Then, he dove for his father's cheek and did the same thing, before he ran out of Court again, his guards following close behind him.

King Lucien and his Queen laughed as they watched their hyperactive son. Just like his father when he was younger until the greatest tragedy befalls on him, robbed him of his smile and every single shining light he had, driving him straight to the arms of darkness and rage.

Until Danika, King Lucien thought with his heart filled with love. This woman in his arms whose the best thing that has ever happened to him.

His arms clutched her tighter. Already, he can't wait for this party to be over so that he can take his wife and unborn child back to his bed again.

Together, he and Danika will be the best thing that ever happened to their children. No one will ever rob their children of their happiness like Cone did to him.

Funny, how the thought of that Monster Cone no longer fills him with rage or anything at all. In fact, he no longer regrets anything at all and the memories of his captivity were no longer a bad horror for him. Why?

Because if not for that, he wouldn't have Danika now. He wouldn't have his family now. Cone did him a favor.

He will not have his life any other way than it is now.

"I love you." He whispered to Danika's ear, his hand circling her waist.

She sighed and practically melted into him. "I love you too. So so much. Forever."

THE END!

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Chapter 297

FIVE YEARS AFTER MOMBANA'S WAR.

Anarieveta entered her Bed Chambers, her eyes darted to the fire pit which produced heated light into the bedroom, and felt satisfied that the fire hadn't burned out in her absence.

A small figure occupied her king-size bed, the figure moving her body to glance at the door when she entered. Anarieveta smiled at the little girl, walking towards the bed, she lowered herself on it.

“I’ve seen Aiden off. Your father will be here very soon to take you home, okay?” She reassured the little girl.

The sad lines on Merrily Raskin’s small oval face disappeared immediately after her teacher appeared at her doorway. She isn’t feeling so good, but her good teacher tells her that everything will be alright. So, everything will be alright.

“Alright, Miss Ana.” She whispered, her brown eyes staring trustingly at Anarieveta.

Anarieveta couldn’t stop herself from patting the four-year-old’s spiral-shaped curly blond mass. “It might take a little while before Aiden arrives at your place with Teacher Kany. So, your Papa might not be here for a while.”

“I don’t mind, Miss Ana. I like staying here with you.” She whispered, flashing cute dimples at the older woman.

“I like having you here too.” Anarieveta spoke the truth softly to the little girl who doesn’t only brighten up her Chambers but also her lonely life.

Since the first day Merrily Raskin and her seven-year-old big brother, Aiden Raskin was brought to her school two years ago, the little girl stole her heart when she ran up to her at the hall and offered her Candy with a radiant smile on her cherubic beautiful face.

She’d taken the Candy and thanked Merrily. But that day, she acquired two sidekicks who practically follow her around anywhere. That’s Merrily and Aiden. They brightened her world. She enjoyed their company so much, it didn’t take much for them to steal her heart completely.

It was a shocker two years ago when she realized who their father was. Gedoni Raskin.

She’d been shocked to see the powerful nobleman again for the first time in fourteen years. At forty-two years old, he hasn’t changed much. Still the same tall, lithe, and masculine man. Still as handsome as the very devil.

The only difference is his features looked more matured, a few strands of gray hair in his once jet-black hair, and she doubted if he’ll still have that boyish smile he had when he was twenty-three years old.

How come he’s the father of these children? She’d asked herself in shock. Gedony’s wife, Yeaha Raskin died fourteen years old, and he has no child from that marriage. She knows this much because she’s Yeaha’s killer.

King Cone ordered. She killed.

Pushing the age-old pain and guilt away, she focused on Merrily Raskin. The girl is playing with her fingers. Sick brown eyes met hers, "You have a very beautiful fingers, Miss Ana."

"Thank you, Merrily. I think you have beautiful fingers too." She returned with a smile.

"You think so? My Papa says me's beautiful and Aiden's handsome." Her cheeks dimpled again.

"I'm beautiful, not me's beautiful, sweetling." She correctly softly, "And yes, your father is right. You're very beautiful and Aiden is very handsome."

"Thank you, Miss Ana. You're beautiful too. And my Papa says so too."

Against her better judgment, her eyes perked up. "He does?"

Merrily nodded her head repeatedly, "Papa asks me about you all the time, Miss Ana. Papa asks Aiden's too." she lowered her voice as if she's about to reveal a big secret, "I think my Papa likes you, Miss Ana."

Anarieveta's heart fluttered. As always it freaked her out.

The heart she thought will never move or beat for any other man that's not King Lucien has weird since Gedony Raskin came back to her life. It troubles her greatly, making her question herself.

Is it because her heart once beat for him? But it's been so long. That was almost twenty-five years ago.

It doesn't matter that she fell for him when she was barely seven and loved him until she was fifteen years old. It also doesn't matter that he's the man that took her virginity.

It's been twenty-four years, and in that duration, she'd fallen heads over heal for another man.

Now, at thirty-nine years old and after all, she has been through in life, she has resigned to her life as it is.

So, where are these feelings for Gedony Raskin coming from? It's been two years since she first saw him in her school, and yet, she still doesn't have the answer to this question.

Very baffling. Very troubling.

“Why are you frowning so hard, Miss Ana? You thinking 'bout something?” Merrily’s little voice interrupted her.

“Nothing at all, Merrily.”

“You like my Papa too, Miss Ana?” She asked hopefully.

“Uhm... of course, dearling. You are my student, and he is your father. I like him just fine.”

“...’Kay. Will let Papa know you said that.”

“No, Merrily, you can’t—”

“I want to pee, Miss Ana.” She interrupted in that cute tiny voice of hers.

“Oh, okay. Come on, I’ll take you.” Anarieveta rose. Automatically, the little girl spread her arms wide open and she lifted her into her arms.

When she took the girl to the bathroom and positioned her, she waited patiently for Merrily to ease herself even as her head was whirling on the thoughts of Gedoni Raskin.

No. No, there’s no way she’ll do this to herself again, Anarieveta thought with resolve.

Finally, she has control of her life.

Her life is good and beautiful the way it is. Even if it gets a little lonely, but it’s nothing compared to how disastrous it was before when she loved a man that was not meant for her.

There’s no way she will let Gedony Raskin disrupt her life.

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Chapter 298

In the early evening, Gedoni Raskin stood inside her living room with his daughter plastered to his body, his broad shoulder cushioning her head, her small arms wrapped around him.

“Why are you sick, Pumpkin? Don’t be sick, you know Papa doesn’t like that.” He said, tenderly.

“I know, Papa. You get sad when we get sick.” Merrily mumbled against his shoulder, her eyes closed.

“Yeah. Papa loves you two so much, he gets sad when you’re not happy.”

“I am happy, Papa. Miss Ana gave me food and bitter herbs and sang to me. I don’t feel so bad anymore.”

“Oh, guess we have Miss Ana to thank for that,” his eyes found her across the living room and held.

“Yes, Papa. Miss Ana likes me, and I like Miss Ana. Miss Ana likes Aiden too and you too.”

His brows arched, “And me, huh?”

Anarieveta’s hands tightened on her tunic. She averted her eyes.

“Yes. Miss Ana said so.”

Just then, Mrs. Oraine, the Raskin’s housekeeper walked through the house. She strode towards Gedony and took Merrily from him, “Time to go home and rest your little head, angel.”

“...’Kay, Mrs. Oraine.” She clung to the woman.

“Call the medicine man. Have him take a look at her, will you?” Gedony directed towards the older woman.

“Will do, My Lord.” With Merrily secured in her arms, the older woman walked out of the house leaving Anarieveta alone with Gedony Raskin.

Silence descended. Having avoided any private moments alone with the man for the past two years, Anarieveta was uncomfortable.

“Finally, I get you alone.” His deep voice rumbled, his eyes watching her calculatingly. Leaning against the wall, his presence dominated the living room, suddenly making her spacious compartment look so small.

“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” She lied.

“Really now?” Pushing away from the wall, he started towards her, “For the past two years, I’ve been trying to have a proper talk with you but all I get is a few words from you in a public area, before getting redirected to speak with that gray-haired old dunk.”

“Mr. Odin is my assistant and he does a pretty good job at handling the parents, Mr. Raskin.”

“You look beautiful.”

“You flatter me so well, Mr Raskin.”

“You know I do not flatter, Anarieveta. Right from the time you were just a lass, you were always so beautiful. So bright... You lightened everywhere you walked in.”

“That was a long time ago.” Her world went bleak afterward. There is no point thinking about it all,

“Once upon a time, you addressed me as your Master.” He was close to her now. And he hasn’t stopped moving.

“I belonged to your family. But, your father sold me to the Royal family, so, you’re no longer my master.” She responded politely, doing her best not to notice the way he was walking close to her.

“You’re not a slave anymore, instead, you’re the owner of the most sort-after school in Kingdom Avalon. You’re not only free but a successful woman. I’m so glad for you.”

“I am glad for myself too, Mr. Raskin.” Anarieveta couldn’t sit still anymore, so she rose from the chair, but she didn’t step away from him. Can’t give him the impression that she’s running from him, even when she wants to do just that.

He circled her. Slowly. Steadily. Like a predator. “I never liked it when you called me Master, I don’t like it now you call me, Mr. Raskin.” His breath fanned her neck, he whispered to her ear, “You called me, Gedony. Once.”

Her breath hitched.

“You remember...right?”

“That was a long time ago.” She whispered then, “A moment of madness.”

He paused, “You were right. I should never have given in. I wanted you too much, you were barely a woman. I carried the guilt for years.”

“No, don’t. I don’t regret it. Not then, not today.” She turned and faced him. For the first time, she allowed herself to really look at him, “Your father was going to give me to the

Royal Family. You always protected me in your household but in the Palace...I knew it was only a matter of time before the guards..." pausing, she cleared her throat, "...start taking advantage of me. I needed that good memory. Needed someone I c-cared for, to be my first."

"You didn't only care for me then, you loved me," he said gruffly.

"Yes." There's no point denying it.

"When my household came back from vacation and heard about the attack to our Kingdom by King Cone, I was a mess. I couldn't stop thinking about you... What has happened to you?... What is happening to you?"

"That is all in the past. Please, I don't want to think of it." She whispered truthfully.

He paused.

Gave it a thought.

Nodded.

"You're right. So, let's talk about the present." His arms wrapped around her back, successfully caging her in his arms so she wouldn't escape, "Why have you been avoiding me?"

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Chapter 299

"You're right. So, let's talk about the present." His arms wrapped around her back, successfully caging her in his arms so she wouldn't escape, "Why have you been avoiding me?"

"I'm been too busy. I wasn't avoiding you."

"If you're going to lie, at least look me in the eyes while doing that, will you?" He sounded amused.

"Alright. There was nothing to talk about. Mr. Odin makes sure any problem concerning the kids are solved." Shifting uncomfortably in his arms, her eyes darted to the door behind him longingly.

“What about the problem between us?”

“Mr. Raskin—”

He kissed her. Gently. Passionately. Intensely. His lips molded with her perfectly, licking and tasting hers so thoroughly that a m**n tore through Anarieveta’s throat.

Her body flared alive once his lips tasted her. Every part of her that has been asleep for the past five years roared wide awake.

For a moment, she felt sheer panic. Tearing her lips away, he tried to get away from him, “No, please...” She doesn’t want to be that person ever again. That needy, slutty person she was five years ago. That whore.

“Ana...dearling.” His lips searched for hers and found it again.

Anarieveta tried to keep her head, but her body has different thoughts. It was burning for him. With a m**n of surrender, she kissed him back.

Wrapping her arms around his neck, their lips danced together; tasting each other, licking each other. Devouring each other.

Finally, what seemed like an eternity later, Gedony broke the k**s. Foreheads pressed together, they breathed harshly, trying to catch their breaths.

“Heavens,” Gedony let out in a whisper. Twenty-four years have no hold on his feelings for this woman. Turns out that all those times he hated her, his feelings didn’t abate. They only went to sleep. Now, they’re wide awake.

“I hated you,” he blurted out, his breath harsh.

Anarieveta stiffened slightly, her eyes turning sad. “I deserved that. You’re supposed to.”

With a step back, he severed all contact with her, “That night, thirteen years ago...” Paused, “When you ran out of Yeaha’s Chambers, your hands covered in b***d and bawling your eyes out, I knew instantly that something was wrong. I had no chance to be happy that I saw you again after eleven years, I had no chance to rejoice about seeing you after worrying myself sick every day about your life in Slavery.”

Anarieveta lowered her eyes to hide the age-old overriding pain and guilt. She knew this day will come one day. As she ran out of Yeaha’s Chambers thirteen years ago and bumped into Gedoni Raskin, she knew that this confrontation will come one day and she wasn’t wrong. Tonight is the reckoning.

He continued, "I had none of those chances, because you were covered in b***d. I knew instinctively that the b***d doesn't belong to you. When I ran into the bed Chambers and saw Yeaha covered in b***d...dying...I knew what you did."

"Why didn't you have the household guards catch me...?" She asked the question that has bothered her every single day for the past fourteen years. "They could have caught me if they chased... I wasn't far..."

His eyes found hers, "Because I knew you were sent by King Cone. It was his doing. He was the perpetrator."

"He was, but I was the murderer. He ordered, I killed." The pool of sadness in her heart was too heavy, eyes filled with pain and remorse held Gedony's, "I killed your wife. I killed Mistress Yeaha, and I will forever be sorry about that. I am so sorry...so sorry. I know my apologies will never be enough, and I understand if you want to punish me—"

"You didn't kill my wife, Anarieveta."

The words, softly let out, were like a nuclear bomb to her ears, successfully cutting her off mid-sentence.

She looked at him with confused eyes, "W-What? What do you mean?"

Gedony Raskin took a deep breath then, "Our medicine men were able to save Yeaha's life. Her survival was kept a secret so that King Cone will not target her again." he confessed, "Yeaha died a year later from a heart attack. And yes, she forgave you after she was treated because she knows it was King Cone, and you were just a slave following commands... trying to survive."

"S-She didn't hate me?" Tears filled her eyes as she tried to process everything he was saying. She didn't kill Yeaha Raskin... Yeaha Raskin did not die by her hands. "She f-forgave me?" The words were a whisper.

Gedony nodded firmly. "None of us held any grudge, so I think it's time you let that guilt fall away. It's time you forgive yourself for that too. It was one of the reasons I've been trying to get a private moment with you for the past two years. You didn't kill my late wife and she never hated you."

Anarieveta began weeping then.

Gedony Raskin pulled her into his arms, and let her cry. She let it all out for so long, no one knows how much time passed.

What seems like forever later, she raised her head from his shoulders and apologized for wetting his clothes. He waved her off, got her some cloth, and walked her to a chair.

Anarieveta wiped her tears and blew her nose before putting the cloth away. She was seated beside him on the big leather sofa covered with expensive fur.

“Thank you so much, Mr. Raskin. I needed this...” She felt lighter, relieved, and better, knowing she wasn’t Yeaha’s murderer.

He nodded again, his eyes scrutinizing her red face carefully.

“But you said you hated me,” she remembered sadly, “You never forgave me, did you?”

“Oh, I did. I hated you not because of that incident but because you became the King’s Mistress.” He revealed with a lift of his shoulder.

“Oh...” Anarieveta has nothing to say to that, but it was more relieving knowing that Gedony forgave her for what happened.

“Yeah,” Gedony Raskin remembered all those years he was hating on her. She became the King’s Property...so out of reach. And it wasn’t exactly a secret how much she loved King Lucien—he heard the scores over the years.

He was man enough to admit to himself that he was jealous all those years because he wanted Anarieveta to be his, just like she was once upon a time.

But he always consoled himself with the truth. Anarieveta belonged to him first. She loved him first. He was her first in everything.

“It’s getting very late. The road will soon become dangerous. Shouldn’t you be going?” That k**s has opened her up. Her feelings are all over the place, she needed some time alone in the lonely world that has become hers.

“Nope, don’t worry about me, I’ll be fine.” He responded adamantly, instead, he stretched out on the couch, “But, I’m famished.”

“I’m sure Mrs. Oraine will make you something good to eat when you get home.”

“But, I don’t want to eat her food unfortunately, but yours.” A dreamy look crossed his strong features, “I miss your omelets. I want to eat them again.”

Anarieveta’s heart skipped. He still remembers the omelets she made him all those years ago?

“It has been ages I made them, I’m sure I wouldn’t remember how to get around making it again after all these years.”

“You didn’t make them for any other person? You didn’t make them for...King Lucien?” Somehow, he needed to know. The answer matters to him.

“No,” she shook her head, “You were the last. The first too.”

Satisfaction coursed through him. “I know. I was the first indeed.”

Anarieveta has the feeling that he isn't only referring to omelets now and her cheeks heated, which surprised her.

She never blush. She hasn't blushed since King Cone tortured the innocence out of her.

Who would have thought that Gedony can evoke such reaction from her again, after all these years?

Gedony grinned delightfully and in satisfaction when he saw her face change. Obviously, she got his pun.

He was happy. He needed that answer because all the memories of eating her delicious omelets are ones he cherished a lot. It matters that he's the only man she has ever made it for.

“I want to eat them again.” He requested.

“Okay, but I'm not promising perfection.” She agreed, defeated.

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Chapter 300

Several hours later, Anarieveta admitted to herself that she's happy again for the first time in a long time. Genuinely, womanly happy.

He was right there in the kitchen with her when she was making omelets and he found every reason to make her laugh. At first, it was difficult—she doesn't really have a lot to smile about.

But he was always making jokes. And when jokes weren't working much, he told her stories about his children in the past. The stories were so funny, they made her smile. Smile so hard. Laugh.

It didn't take long before she was laughing out loud as he told her tales elaborately.

They ate together. Went out on a walk together. When they got back, they sat in the wooden chairs in the backyard, talking with each other.

It was beautiful. It made Anarieveta so happy.

Gedony hasn't changed in the past twenty-four years. He grew in age, maturity, and accomplishments, but he is still the same funny, witty, carefree, caring, compassionate man he always is to the people he cares about. Does it mean he still cares for her?

By the time they walked back into the house, it was almost midnight. They were holding hands. None of them wants to let go of the other's hand, not even Anarieveta.

Then, they were kissing. Fire licked underneath her skin as her arms wrapped around his neck while he ravished her mouth. This time around, it's not a soft, tender k**s but one filled with hunger and passion. He lifted her, and she pointed him through the short routes to her bedroom.

They undressed in quick motions in between kissing and touching each other. Oh yeah, Gedony Raskin did grow and mature better over the years, Anarieveta thought when her eyes caught his naked form completely.

His perfect naked physical form made her suddenly anxious and insecure about hers because she has scars in most places on her body.

After she'd made her school a success, she'd used a lot of money on herbs and treatments, which minimized and cleared some of her scars on her body. But some of them still remained.

However, Gedony wouldn't have any of that. He undressed her completely while telling her verbally how beautiful she is.

And she is indeed very beautiful to him. He saw scars of course, but he also saw toned skin, voluptuous and so beautiful she took his breath away, just like she did twenty-four years ago.

She was barely a woman the first time they were together, but now, she is all woman. And all beautiful. He told her so.

Anarieveta was able to let go of all the insecurities when she saw the sincerity and stark desire in his eyes. Their lips merged again. They laid down on the bed, he came up above her.

Her knees clasped Gedony's narrow waist, his hands on her, his mouth on her, demanding more. She whimpered deep in her throat.

"Hurry up," she m****d, her entire being on fire.

But instead, he went slower. Kissing all over her body. Suckling her breasts. Touching her intimate parts that are all liquid with desire for him.

He took his time giving her the one thing she has never got from any other man. Not from King Lucien, not from men when she was a 'Whore Slave'.

Foreplay.

He took his time licking and touching all over her body with such expertise that left her crying with emotions and sobbing for more. When she couldn't take it anymore, she begged him to come inside her.

"Please... Gedony, I want y-you inside me." She pleaded, her body stretched with so much desire she's literally burning.

He penetrated her to the hilt then. No more preliminaries, no easing...just pure, primitive possession. He instantly moved in and out. Strong fingers dug into her h**s, moving her to meet his thrusts.

Good Heavens. What is she feeling? Her body wet and willing, she fought to adjust to his penetration...it has been so long for her. Her breath catching painfully in her throat as he plundered to unexplored depths.

The o****m had a life of its own, mercilessly, fiercely bearing down on her and ripping through her entire system. His name filled her head and then there was silence around them when she cried out and stars exploded behind her eyes.

Still, he thrust. "You okay, dearlin'?" His voice rumbled to a tone deep enough to echo along with her every nerve ending.

"Yes." She pushed up into the hard planes of his amazing body. "Do it again." Never did she know that such pleasure like this existed.

With King Lucien, there was no foreplay, he never loved her that way and she was always trying to please him. Always trying to manipulate him to belong to her.

But here, there's no trying to please or manipulate, but pure, unadulterated pleasure from a man that cares for her. It was a new exhilarating experience.

"Do it again." She repeated in a whisper against his neck.

He may have chuckled, tightening his hold, somehow increasing his speed. She could do nothing but hold on for dear life, her legs wrapped around his solid h**s. A painfully sharp desire washed through her again.

The wide girth of him filled her to the point of pain, his mouth hot on her neck. She had no control over the pace, no control over her own body as the next o****m slammed as suddenly as the first.

She bit into the hard flesh of his chest as she rode out the waves. She wouldn't have missed this for the world.

Gedony g****d when her teeth penetrated his flesh. When the waves stopped tearing through her, he reared up and flipped her over onto her hands and knees, pumping his h**s the entire time.

His thrusts increased in speed and strength and her last image of his strong face burned into her memory—the sharp angles set into brutal lines of desire, his thick, dark hair wild around his shoulders.

She gasped as he pushed her shoulders to the bed, one hand moving up to tangle in her hair, the other clenching her h*p as he rode her. Burying her face in the soft quilt, she sobbed his name. “Ge-doooo-niii...!”

A stirring started deep within. It spiraled out into a sensation that stole any breath she might have kept. It strengthened to a pinpoint sharpness. She teetered on a fine edge, fighting against falling over, fighting against the unknown, when, with a fierce twist of his h**s, he forced her over.

She gave a sharp, keening cry as her pleasure spiraled higher and hotter until her world exploded. She could only open her mouth in a silent scream. Intense waves of ecstasy rippled through her.

She came down with a whimper, her eyes shut tight, her body slowing relaxing. He continued to pump in and out. His roar filled her head when a nearly painful release tore through him, echoing throughout her own body, her emotional shields in tatters.

She was sated and filled with exhaustion.

†*****†

Gedony Raskin watched Anarieveta sleep. Her face was so relaxed and beautiful, her eyelash shielding her brown-eyes.

They have been separated so many times in the past by forces he isn't able to control;

His marriage.

Her Slavery.

Her mission by the late King Cone.

Her status as the King's Mistress.

Her love for the King of Avalon.

But they are all in the past. She has been avoiding him and he has no idea if it's because she still has strong feelings for the King, or she has no feelings for him at all anymore, or because she does not want her orderly life disrupted.

Whatever it is, he is not letting her go. Never again.

Anarieveta belonged to him first. She loved him first. She cared for him first. He was her first. In almost everything.

If she could love him before, she can love him again. He will do his best to make sure it happens. He will do his best to make her happy too. He wants her back. He wants to spend the rest of his life with her.

Gedony knows for a fact that she loves Merrily and Aiden very much, and his kids loves her back—she's basically all they talk about for the past two years.

Oh yeah, he wants this woman in his life again. This time, not as a slave, but as his wife.

If she will let him.

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