

# The Alpha King's Hated Slave

## Chapter 6

### Chapter 6

SOMEWHERE IN SALEM

"Get the big bowl, Sally dear." The older woman's voice came from the sitting room.

"Coming, Mrs Menah." Sally carried the big bowl to the living room, and the older woman took it gratefully.

"Come, join us eat." Mrs Menah gave her a kind smile.

"In a minute, Mrs Menah." Sally went back to the kitchen. She sat down on the small chair there, her eyes looking around, taking in her surrounding.

She's been here for a few days over one week. This good old couples she was giving to is the kindest of people. They treats her right, as if she's a member of their family, when she's only their helping hand.

She's no longer a slave, but a help. Now, she gets paid for during the simplest things. This is the best life ever for a girl that was born a slave. She's supposed to be happy.

But she's not. Not at all.

She can't stop remembering her Princess. Her Princess Danika. The King took her in as his slave. She can still remember vividly, her princess being collared.

Sally can't imagine Princess Danika being anybody's slave. She tries to picture her princess working the mines or taking orders from people, and she just couldn't.

Princess Danika wasn't trained like that, and she'll be having the hardest of time. It hurts Sally a lot.

She is a slave, but the Princess always treated her right. The only person she knows is Princess Danika. Sally hurts most because she knows her princess can't survive alone without her.

She has always done everything for Princess Danika and she did them happily.

She can't live daily here knowing that her Princess is out there suffering so hard. She just can't.

## IN THE PALACE

Danika hurried to her room in a flash. She bathed and changed clothes. There were only slave clothes in her room, packed by Baski.

Ugly plain short skirts and half-cut leather tops that reveals a lot of breasts. She knows she can't go with her slave uniform too.

Taking a shallow breath of resignation, she put on one of it. No way does she need another pain or punishment. She'll avoid it all if she can.

And what other way to avoid it than to be a true obedience slave?

But, only a week as a Slave, doesn't make a royalty used to being a slave.

She was two minutes late when she appeared in front of King Lucien, and he was almost breathing fire in anger.

He stalked towards her. "I. Said. Five. Minutes." He g\*\*\*\*\*d angrily.

"I—I—"

"Kneel."

She has never knelt for any man before. She hesitated.

The hesitation cost her. His hands went to her collared-neck and he pulled the chains so hard, she cried out from the pain.

Tears burned her eyes and her knees sank to the ground. She stared up with burning eyes, fiercely and rebelliously.

"Do you take pleasure in being punished, Danika?" Voice low and deadly, he continued, "It's still early days, and you're Pure-Breed. Surely, pain hasn't become your friend yet?"

He leaned down, still holding tight the chains of her collar. Holding her eyes, his finger trailed the chain.....until it caressed the small red button at the edge of it.

Rebellion fled and terror took over. She froze, "P-Please, don't press it, m-master. I'm sorry, I'm sorry. Don't press it, please...!"

He didn't blink an eye. "When I tell you to kneel, you kneel immediately. If I say fly, you fly, Danika. If I say die, you cease breathing. Am I making myself clear?"

"Yes, m-master."

He caressed the button and stared at her with clear hate. "Next time you disobey me....I'll punish you severely."

"Y-Yes master." Danika knows that when that button is pressed, her collar will discharge massive electric shock through her body. It hurts severely.

Every slave's greatest fear is the collar-shock....and masters that carry it's remote control everywhere.

"You be in your best slave behaviour in the court, Danika. Do not disgrace me." His cold voice chilled her. The way he calls her name like a venom.

It reminded her where they were going to. She pressed her knees deeper to the floor and glanced at his scarred face with pleading eyes. "Can I n-not be introduced, master?"

His lips twitched in an smirk so cold, they chilled her. "You father introduced slaves almost everyday, princess. I was introduced twice."

Twice!? She can't imagine that suffering at all. She lowered her head in defeat."Yes, master."

He walked out of the room without a backwa

rd glance. She followed him meekly, fearing the faith that awaited her at the court.

She knows the courts very well.

"THE KING HAS ARRIVED!" Chad, his personal bodyguard announced.

The commotions in the air ceased and the door opened. Lucien strode inside with all the bearings of the king surrounding him like a cloak.

Danika swept her eyes around and noticed three Kings. Three Kings.

She closed her eyes in shame and defeat. Is what she went through last night what she'll go through from three different men? It's unimaginable.

Everyone stood up for him, except the kings of the three kingdom that visited. Lucien took his seat on the throne.

Danika sat down on the ground beside him and placed her head on his lap....just like every other slave and their slave owners in the building

"Wow....isn't she a thing of beauty?" King Philip, the king of Gordon g\*\*\*\*\*d as he stared at Danika so lustfully, Danika shrank closer to Lucien.

“I was about to say the same thing. She looks so beautiful...” King Moreh, the king of Ijijt grunted beside him.

The both king are in their late forties, and just staring at Danika, they started spotting an e\*\*\*\*\*n which they didn't even try to hide.

Danika bit back a whimper at the sight, glaring openly at both kings, unable to stop the stare.

One of the Kings stood up, the third king named King George. “Privileged people of England! We have gathered here today for the Introduction of the slave of the King Of Salem!”

He looked around with a smile. “This is the first slave King Lucien is introducing, and she's probably the last! She's one woman that has the beauty of seven women.”

They chorused their agreement, all eyes on Danika And King Lucien who's face remained as stoic as ever.

“Rai!” King George called.

“Yes, Master.” His slave said effortlessly with an easy smile on her face.

“Get on the table and dance for us, let's start the day.” he faced the crowd, “Rai is a very good dancer.”

They hailed him and applauded happily. Rai got from the ground, her black collar glistening, the chains formed a knot on her waist.

Music suddenly erupted the place. She climbed on the big round table at the center of the room, and started dancing.

Everyone clapped and cheered her on. Most of them staring at the dancer. But the two kings, King Philip and King Moreh kept their eyes on Danika.

Danika didn't know she was clutching Lucien's garment until he stared loathingly to where her hand clutched him.

Danika released her hand quickly. “Sorry, Master.”

He looked away from her and watched the events emotionlessly.

When the dance ended, King George stood up again to start another activity, but king Phillip beat him to it. He stood up and announced,

“Privileged people all over the country, let’s start what we came here for. It is tradition that every slave of a king must be introduced and recognized amongst kings and men of privileged status as the King’s Slave! This makes this slave special because she belongs to the king!”

“Yes!” They chorused in agreement.

The king nodded and continued, “I have twelve personal slaves. King Moreh has six, king George has five. Today, King Lucien is taking a first slave as his personal slave and she’ll be recognized amongst kings!”

Danika stared around the happy people, saw the happiness in the eyes of the slaves of other kings, the lust in the eyes of men and the jealousy in the eyes of slaves of noble men who aren’t king.

Jealousy? These women want to be in her shoes? Just because kings will be drawing their s\*\*\*\* pleasures from her body, they’re jealous?

Danika cringed inwardly. The world of slaves is a strange world to her. This isn’t the world she’s used.

“Now, we’ll invite the slave to the center of the Royal Court.” King Phillip announced.

Danika rose up and walked to the center. She stood staring into space. She refused to stare at their lustful faces and she refused to stare at the ground like some kind of wimp.

The king walked closer to her and circled her like some kind of prey. He raised his hand and caressed her waist. Her belly. The sides of her breasts. Her collar.

Then, he turned towards the throne and smiled. “I’ll be the first to sample her. Here. Now.”

The others cheered, clapped and chorus.

Danika closed her eyes and tried to detach her mind from her environment.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 7

The crowd cheered King Phillip on as he announced that he wanted to take Danika first.

Danika swallowed down the panic and humiliation she's feeling and tried to detach herself from the present.

When the king started playing with the strap of her flimsy top, she wanted to scream 'No' but the words caught on her throat and couldn't get past it. She took steps backwards without knowing that she moved.

His displeasure showed on his face. His hand shot out to her chain-collar and he dragged her back. "Behave." he commanded curtly.

Danika nodded, not wanting more punishment to befall her.

He let go of her straps, but instead, he dipped his hand under her short skirt. He caressed her underwear, and Danika felt like vomiting.

"Get the clothes outta the way, Phillip. We've got to see." Moreh grunted, toying with the collar of his own slave who melted into him.

Danika kept reminding herself not to react to this. To detach herself from this. It won't end well if she disobeys or puts up a fight! It won't be good for her at all! She has to endure—

Phillip's hand went to her leather top and yanked hard on it, the material tore completely and her breasts spilled out.

Danika cried out, her hands shot out impulsively and grabbed the both of them, trying to hide them from view. The king hated such response from her and slapped her arm hard.

"Leave it!" He ordered.

She released her arms and tears filling her eyes. She lowered her head, so this people won't see what they're doing to her.

Danika wondered whatever made her think that she can survive this intact.

This particular experience...being used for s\*\*\*\*l pleasure by three different men in the middle of a mini crowd, will break her.

Pretend it's not happening, Danika. Pretend it's not happening, she told herself.

"Holy creeps..." King Moreh g\*\*\*\*\*d, "She's a beauty."

"I know, right?" Phillip was feeling excited, he reached for her skirt to remove it, but Danika felt fear and mortification.

She told herself not to reach for her clothes! But she found her two hands grabbing the flimsy skirt and holding onto it, shivering in tears.

“What kind of slave are you training, Lucien?” Phillip asked, his displeasure and puzzlement apparent through his voice.

Lucien said nothing, but Danika could feel his eyes on her back. She couldn't bring herself to look at him or anybody. Her blurry eyes just pinned at the floor.

“Here, let me take that.” Phillip was saying as he walked out of Danika's view and she wondered what he's going to take and—

An electric shock so massive ran all over Danika's body, she cried out as the pain shook her whole body, her knees gave out and she fell to the ground. She jerked twice.

Holding her collar's remote button, he walked towards her and dragged her to her feet. He yanked her to her feet and tore the clothes from her body.

'Woos' and 'Aaahs' echoes all around them.

The men were in approval, most of them were already getting a blowjob from their slaves while watching the scene.

It's always normal in the Royal Court, even in her father's. Always a place for s\*\*\*\*l pleasures and orgies instead of decisions making. That is why her father never allowed her to come to court.

Most of the privileged family's slaves rose from the ground and began undressing like it's the most natural thing in the world. M\*\*\*\*s rose in the air and Danika's blurry eyes followed the sound of it to a master f\*\*\*\*\*g his slave at one side of the room.

Followed by several m\*\*\*\*s, and sounds of spanking. All seems to be in enjoyment, several s\*\*\*\*l plays taking place in the room.

Detach yourself from here, Danika. Pretend you're at your palace. In your room. Pretend as if Sally is telling you some funny stories.

Phillip shoved a finger into her. She gave no reaction. It's as if her mind has succeeded in distached itself from her surrounding.

Might be the help of the shock she just got from her collar.

He had her spread on the big center table in the middle of the room, and he fingered her roughly while his slave sucks his d'ck deep into her mouth, moaning in pleasure.

“F\*\*k, it's so tight in here.” Phillip grunted, pushing another finger inside her.

It hurts so much, her body still bruised from last night's ordeal with the king. Her body hasn't recovered from the collar shock so she couldn't react. Tears left her eyes like water from the ocean.

Hands caressed her breasts. Her eyes mindlessly followed to hand to see it's owner. King Moreh was lustfully fumbling her breasts while his slave sucks him off too.

Danika closed her eyes and tried to think of a world that was once hers. A world that no longer belongs to her.

She tried to remember her mother, but the image was very blurry, and not because of her tears. Her mother died when she was just five.

She tried to remember the worst days of her life before she became a slave, and she remembered the days her father forced her to oversee slave tortures, just to make her strong.

She remembered that one session..... King Lucien's torture session.

King Lucien.

Her eyes found Lucien still sitting on his throne, saying nothing. Doing nothing. His eyes were on her.

Their eyes met and held together. There was no expression to his face.

No hate. No revulsion. No pleasure at what is happening to her. Nothing.

But his eyes were pinned on her and somehow, his non-pleasure gave her a little hope.

Danika made an impulsive panic-filled decision then, to send him a message. A plea.

Please.... Danika's teary eyes implored his.

Please....save me from here.

I'll do anything you want.... Everything.

You can f\*\*k me anyhow you want.... Do anything you want.

Just...save me...from these....people.

Danika implored him in her mind, her eyes holding all the emotions as these people played with her body.

She knows he's the only one that can save her, even though she doesn't deserve it.

She remembered clearly, his torture session she was forced to oversee and guilt watched over her. She can never get that particular image out of her head.

It's the first time she saw him and the first time, he saw her...

She was suddenly jerked back to her reality when she felt a big nudge on her womanhood.

She started twisting and struggling mindlessly when she noticed that King Phillip was trying to penetrate her.

"No...no..." Her voice was barely heard amidst all the s\*\*\*\*l commotions. She twisted with all her might, the hands on her breast tightened with bruising strength as if to still her struggles.

"That's enough." Lucien didn't shout or even raise his voice, but everywhere stilled immediately, even Phillip who was trying to f\*\*k her.

Tears of gratitude spilled from Danika's eyes because she suddenly felt safe from all this. She didn't understand the ridiculous feeling but it was there.

She rose from the table and ran towards him, she hid behind his back, clutching his kingly garment tight.

She doesn't care that this man is her captor. She doesn't care that he's the reason she's here in this place. She doesn't care that she's breaking all the rules of Master and Slave. She doesn't care that he's going to punish her for this later. She doesn't care that he hates her deeply.

All that matters is that he's saving her from this. From these vultures that wants to devour her.

"What's the meaning of this." Phillip's face was flushed red with anger.

Lucien got up from his throne and made his way towards them. "I said to keep things at a minimum."

Phillip scoffed. "We all knows that means 'not more than 6 people f\*\*\*\*\*g her' or 'not to f\*\*k her a\*s.' Surely, it doesn't mean that no one will f\*\*k her!?"

"That's exactly what I meant." he stated matter-of-factly. But Danika has the feeling that he's lying...for her.

"That's a lie! That is not what you meant, we all know how much you hate her and when we heard she's your new slave, it got us in anticipation." he picked his lips eagerly,

“We’ve waited for so long to f\*\*k Cone’s daughter and it’s her introduction as a King’s Slave, we have a right to f\*\*k her!”

Almost ten men nodded their head in support, even as they played with their own slaves.

Danika’s hand tightened and she pressed more closer to his back as if she wanted to dissappear into him. She whimpered, feeling overwhelmed.

“King Phillip.” Lucien called in a low deadly voice.

“Yes?”

“You have more than twelve personal slaves. On their Introduction, did I f\*\*k any of them?”

“No. But that’s because you weren’t there.”

“You’re right, I wasn’t there.”

“That’s right! And that’s because you were enslaved...by HER FATHER! Her family!”

Lucien stiffened and Danika knew she has lost this battle. He’ll throw her to them now and let them devour her like wolves. He’ll watch and laugh with them.

The silence stretched and Phillip was smiling triumphantly, seeing victory within grasp.

Then, Lucien started close to Phillip. Danika’s hand on him only tightened and she kept walking behind him, his big muscled body shielding her from the world.

Lucien stared at Phillip and all the expectant faces of the others. He didn’t shout when he began in a low but authoritative cold voice...

“She is my slave. The King’s Slave. I own her. I give her out when I want to, and not before, to whom I want to and not to whom demands. She’s my property. My possession. I claimed her. She is mine.”

Gasps of people filled the air.

With that, he turned towards the door and walked right through it in that measured charismatic strides filled with authority and power.

Of course, Danika was still pressed behind him, clutching him tightly, sheilding her nakedness with his big body and matching his steps.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## Chapter 8

Danika kept clutching and following him as they walked out of the Royal Court, until he got to his chambers and walked into it.

Alone with her, he locked the door. Turned and faced her, more formidable than ever.

“Thank you so much f—” She began.

“To the table. Do not lie on it. Just give me your back.” He commanded in a curt voice, his expressionless darker than ever.

Danika did what he said, her body shaking with the adrenaline of what almost happened in the court...what he saved her from.

She was all too grateful to do what he asked. She held the table with trembling hands and closed her eyes.

He came up behind her and worked her finger into her experimentally. He frowned harder because she's not wet, not even from all the erotic plays in the Royal Court.

Danika doesn't know where he produced the liquid she felt him sticking into her, coating himself with. He never removed his clothes, and she's facing away from him, she couldn't see his e\*\*\*\*\*n or any part of him.

He started pushing into her, stretching her. She gritted her teeth and tightened her hands on the table.

Then, he pulled back and shoved all the way into her, going very deep all at once and bottoming out completely. Danika cried out when her body hurt badly and she clawed on the table.

He covered her with his body, and started plunging into her in earnest. The table rattled and her body shook with the force of his thrusts.

One hand pressing down on her h\*\*s, the other one curled into her hair and she closed her eyes, mentally preparing herself for the pain that'll come when he yanks at her hair.

But he didn't. He held her curls tight without pulling, as his body plummeted hers, taking her in hard, deep strokes.

He left her hair and snaked his hand to her breast. He squeezed hard, tweaking her nipple and holding them in a grip that was almost painful....almost.

He angled his thrusts, taking deeper strokes inside her. He didn't make a sound, only her cries were heard....and the sound of skin slapping skin.

He was restraining himself again. She can't see it but she can feel it.

Danika didn't know how the pain started abating as he continued. It still hurts of course, but not as much as the night before.

Instead, she started feeling.....she doesn't know what she felt at all.

It confused and scared her.

But before she could begin to figure out what was wrong with her, he pulled out completely and turned away from her. Picked up a fabric from his wardrobe and threw towards her.

"Get out." He barked at her.

It's just like last night all over again. He didn't finish, Danika realised as she wrapped the fabric around herself.

Still, she never forgot to thank him. "Thank you so much.....about the court."

"I didn't do you any favor." He snarled, and turned away. "Don't thank me and get out."

Just then, his door opened and a woman entered like she owns the place. The woman was beautiful, and she dressed up too.

Danika doesn't know this woman, but the loathing that emitted the woman's face as she stared at her was enough to make her cringe.

This woman....whoever she is....hates her very very very well.

Then, the woman stared at King Lucien and faked a smile. "I knew you'll be needing me, and that's why I'm here."

The woman walked right past her and went towards the table she, Danika, just came out from. She pulled her clothes up and the king unbuckled himself, pulled back his phallus and entered the woman with it.

"You're welcomed to watch." The woman drawled with a smile filled with loathing.

Danika shook her head. Done dressing, with her heads up, she walked out of the chambers.

Outside it, she leaned against the wall, her breaths erratic. Her emotions so jumbled up they confused her.

He helped her and yet, he doesn't want her thanks. He'll have s€x with her but he wouldn't finish with her.

The king prefers to finish with his mistress but not with her? Then, why does he take her body at all? Is it just to hurt her or is there another reason?

Not giving herself time to dwell on it, she started away from his chamber to her room, wincing inaudibly with each step.

Suddenly, she was so tired. Tired both physically and emotionally. She has gone through so much in one day.

She laid down on the bed and forced herself to sleep.

Vetta was breathing hard, sweat pouring from her body. She tingled in places, and she hurts in places too. Sweet, sweet pain.

She laid languidly on the table and watched Lucien arrange himself.

You'd think they never had a mind-blowing s€x just now. He doesn't look like a man who just used her body in every dirty way possible.

Vetta too, might be feeling tired from the marathon, but she's very angry. She'd heard of the incident in the Royal Court.

"Why didn't you let her get 'introduced'?" She asked the question that's been pricking her and making her restless.

"She wasn't ready." He stated, going to his work chair to take a seat on it.

"What!? None of us was ready when we were introduced! None of us!" She did her best to keep her anger in check.

Lucien just stared at her with an arched brow. "Are you saying something, Vetta?"

Vetta bit her lips hard. "No, my king."

Vetta felt like pulling her hair all out in frustration. Talking to him is like moving a brick wall.

She took her time arranging her clothes. What gets to her the most is the way he announced her as 'His' to the Royal Court. He has never made such announcement about her!

"You can't think about her as human if you want to get revenge on her, my king. Her father never thought of us as that!" She let out.

He opened the drawer of the table and withdrew new scrolls. He spread them out on the table.

"I-I'm just thinking that you're being too soft on her." She pushed on.

"She was overwhelmed, you weren't there. You didn't see her." He didn't spare her a glance.

"You should be happy about that! Celebrate victory when she's in that state! That's what revenge is all about, am I wrong?"

He finally looked at her. "I was in her age when I was enslaved. I know what it feels like to feel overwhelmed by such crowd and forced to do such deed."

"I also know what's like to—"

"You have no idea what's like, Vetta." He stated firmly, "You were born a slave, you grew up knowing slavery, you knew no other life and it's just easier for you because you're a low-breed since birth."

Vetta felt like he'd slapped her with those blunt statement. But that's just Lucien. He doesn't talk much, but he never pulls punches with words either.

He continued, "She was royalty. She doesn't know a life like this until a week ago, and she wasn't a whore pure-breed, I took her virginity on this bed last night. So, it was overwhelming and she wasn't ready."

His eyes dismissed her, and he palmed his writing-feather and inked it.

A virgin? Danika was Royalty and she, Vetta, was born a slave!?

Vetta took deep breaths to keep her anger in check and swallow the words she wanted to scream at him.

"She isn't ready now, does it mean you'll agree introduce her again another time? You know the kings will demand for it?"

Lucien shrugged and started writing.

She needed vocal answers, dammit! “My king—“

“Get out, Vetta.” Softly spoken command, but deadly when delayed.

Vetta started out for the door, practical spitting fire. She stopped at the door and turned,

“Don’t forget, My King. Don’t forget what you went through. What your people went through. What we went through. Don’t forget the death of your parents. Your pregnant little sister. Don’t forget Declan, my king. Don’t forget the things they made us do. Don’t forget Chad. Don’t forget little Remeta or Baski.”

She opened the door, “Don’t forget who’s the enemy. Who’s the daughter of the enemy, like you were the son of your father. You didn’t deserve what was done to you, and so it’s fair.”

“The day you start pushing yourself in her shoes before you do anything, is the day you start failing yourself and your revenge.”

She waited for him to support her words and express his anger.

When silence met her, she turned and stared at him. He was still writing.

“You won’t say anything!?” She fumed.

He raised cold and angry eyes at her. “Get. Out.” He didn’t shout. He never needs to.

She matched out in anger and rage. She decided, that it’s time to get her own first revenge.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc..), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## **Chapter 9**

“Someone wants to see you, Your Highness.” Chad announced, coming into Lucien’s room.

He was tying up the imperial letters he’s finished writing. He looked up to Chad, “Who is it?”

Chad shifted uncomfortably. "She refused to leave. We've tried everything possible to get the girl to go but she refused, saying she must see the King. She's adamant and very persistent."

"Mmh..." Lucien rubbed his jaw in thought and frowned. Then, he got up and took strides towards the door, "Let me see who this girl is."

Chad followed him and together, they walked through the big halls of the Royal Palace towards the entrance of it.

Servants and maids bowed to him as he passed, and some threw out their greetings respectively.

Once he entered the hallway that led to the entrance, he heard the commotion. The guards forcing a girl to leave and the girl putting up a fight while pleading desperately that she wants to see the king.

"Leave her alone." Lucien ordered as he got closer.

The guard let go of the girl immediately and she dropped to the ground. "Good day, My King. Oh, thank you so much for giving a peasant like me a little bit of your time, thank you so much, My Lord."

Lucien stared at the girl. She looks familiar but he couldn't place her. She looks twenty...or twenty-one, give or take.

"Who are you? Why do you request an audience with me?" He asked.

The girl looked really nervous but she bravely lowered her head again. "My name is S-Sally, Your Majesty. I used to be a personal m-maid to the f-former Princess Danika."

It finally clicked....where he knew her from.

He remembered the girl clearly, the day he strode towards Danika and collared her as his. The day they took back their lands and Mombana too.

He also remembered vividly, giving orders to place the girl at a good home to work as a help.

"Is there anything I can do for you, Sally?" He asked, staring down at the girl.

"Please, Your Highness, I want to w-work here." She placed her palms together and rubbed them vigorously in desperate pleas, "Please grant my request, please your highness!"

Lucien scowled. "Do they treat you wrong? Your new home?"

“No, no, no.” She shook her head vigorously. “They’re the kindest of people, My Lord.”

“I’m afraid that I don’t understand you?”

“I want to be a p-palace slave, My King.”

He cocked his head to the side, “Why? You’re a help now. Why would you want to be a slave again?”

“It’s w-what I’ve been, all my life, Your Majesty! Please, let me be a palace slave! Please.....! I’ll do anything...! Please!” She pleaded so passionately.

Lucien isn’t dumb. He knows that the girl wants to be close to her former mistress, wants to be with her. He turned and stared at Chad.

The man had a little smile on his face before he dipped his head in acknowledgment.

Chad did the same for him. Always did the same. But, the truth is that he isn’t sure if he wants to do such favors to Danika.

He doesn’t want to do her such favors. Period.

He stared at the girl without saying a word for long seconds. “You’re no longer a slave, Sally. Why don’t you try living a normal life first?”

Tears filled Sally’s eyes immediately she saw that her request is about to be denied. She forgot kneeling and laid down on the ground, her hands clamped together.

“Please, My King! Please.....! Please.....!” She shook her head, “I don’t want to live normal, please!” She started crying earnestly.

Her princess is probably having a very hard time out here alone. Princess Danika is proud and royal, and people must hate her because of her father.

Sally is worried sick how her princess is coping without her. She always did the smallest of things for her so happily and she always made her smile. Is her princess still alive?

“Oh, please....your highness! Please!” she sobbed.

Lucien turned away. “Go home, Sally. Go and live a normal life.”



✿✿ Three Hours Later ✿✿

Danika was working mines again. She did her best to avoid Karandy, or taking personal instructions from him, or staying in privacy with him.

She did what the others did. When they hit the ground with hammers, she did the same. When they cleared the sands, she did the same. When they sweep, she do the same.

Of course, she doesn't blend in. Would easily stand out in a crowd of slaves, because of the bearing of a princess surrounding her like an invisible cloak.

Her shoulders high. Her chins lifted. Not a single smile on her beautiful face. Her blond hair not dirty or messy, but sparking and shinning, well arranged. Her uniform well-pressed.

She wished Sally was here. Sally who made her smile always. Sally who always tells her stories.

Another hour passed she heard new hurried footsteps in front of the tunnel. "Where's the King's Slave?"

She dropped the broomstick when she heard Baski's voice. In measured steps, she walked out of the tunnel.

"The king will require your presence in five minutes. DO NOT keep him waiting." She said in that usual curt tone and walked away.

Danika started following when Karandy called her. "See me for a minute, Slave."

She doesn't want to. She wants to quickly hurry after Baski. But she also, do not want another punishment or slap from the Slave Trainer.

She followed him to the little quarters where he stays to oversea works at the mines. She was happy that it's an open space too, but he managed to get her to a dark corner.

"What about what we discussed?" He g\*\*\*\*\*d maliciously.

"What we discussed?" Danika feigned ignorance.

"About you letting me f\*\*k you, whenever or however I want." He said, bluntly.

"Oh, that? I haven't had the chance to think about it, and you said I should think about it." She bit her lips, "Can I get another chance to think about it?"

Anger darkened Karandy's eyes. His hand shot out and he grabbed hold of her hair. He gripped it in his arms and yanked on it, forcing her closer to him.

"Do you think me a fool?" He asked, angrily.

Danika just stared at him.

He snaked his hand into her underthings, trying to touch her womanhood. When he caressed her, she showed no reaction. Instead, she but the insides of her lips in revulsion.

Saying nothing. Doing nothing.

He yanked her hair harder and she only glared at him defiantly.

“I’ll deal with you if you don’t give me what I want, you whore.” He snarled.

“I said, I’ll think about it.” She answered simply.

Karandy let go of her in frustration when he wasn’t getting the reaction he wanted from her. He already took a risk when he slapped her yesterday.

No one touches a King’s Slave anyhow without authorization from the king. The King’s Slaves are always special and needs special treatment.

He’d prepared himself yesterday to be summoned by the king to explain the hand imprint on her cheek. He’d prepared him for the lies he’ll spill about how stubborn and superior Danika was being and he had to handle her.

Of course, he was also prepared to finish his pleas with the fact that she hasn’t been introduced as a King’s Slave yesterday. Thankfully, the King hated her too much not to care about the hand imprint.

But now, he fisted his hands to keep from smacking her. She has been introduced now and if the king summons him, he will be punished severely.

“I’ll need an answer tomorrow, Danika! You’d better be giving me a positive response!” He whirled around and started out in anger, trying to hide his heavy arousal from view.

Guess, he’ll have to find a dirty randow slave to f\*\*k. The true one he wants to sample remains out of reach. Well, only for today!

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.

## **Chapter 10**

Danika arrived at the King’s Chambers at exactly five minutes. She knocked, and at the voiced approval of the King, she entered.

As usual, he sat behind the desk scribbling down on a scroll. He didn't spare her a glance when she entered.

"Kneel." He inked the tip of his feathers.

Danika's knees sank to the ground and her head lowered.

"Come here."

She walked on her knees towards him. When she got besides him, her knees were hurting a little. But she's determined to be good.

He raised the written scroll and dropped it gently aside. He picked up a fresh one, "Strip."

Her hands shot out in front of her and she started undoing the buttons of the uniform. She took them one after the other until finally, it all came undone.

She lifted the clothes from her head and dropped it to the ground. Her underthings followed too.

When she became naked in front of him, she lowered her head awaitingly.

Finally, he stared at her. His eyes took her in but only for a fleeting second. If he's surprised that she's being so obedient and so slave-ly, his face didn't show that.

It remained a cold, emotionless pit.

He handed her a blank scroll, a bottle of ink and two feathers. "You can write, am I right?"

"Yes, Master."

"You can read too."

It wasn't a question but she answered nonetheless. "Yes, Master."

He gave her another book, a full textbook. "Open to the thirteenth chapter. There's a letter to the Patriarchs in London. Read, and interpret it to the scroll."

"Yes, Master."

Dutifully, she went about the work. She read, interpreted in her mind, and wrote down on the scroll.

She hasn't been giving an order to stop kneeling, and so, like every slave she knelt while performing the assignment, waiting patiently for him to give a reverse order.

It took long before coming. She lost count of the minutes she knelt while writing. When the curt command came, her knees were hurting bad.

"Thank you, Master." She said dutifully, sinking to the ground around her, she continued writing.

She has always loved reading and writing. Only a few women in their time can read and write. Women who aren't slaves have no business with reading and writing. They keep homes and sew clothes and trade.

But she loved it. She has a whole library in her bedroom when she was still in Mombana.

She forced herself to stop thinking of those times. There is no need rehearsing the past. She has to remind herself that she's no longer a princess but a slave.

The hours went by unawares, while they wrote in silence. When she was done, she raised it up. "I'm done, Master."

She knelt and raised the scroll, he took it and examined quietly. Maybe, he expected some mistakes and mishaps.

His brows shot up when he was met with eccurecy. It's the first reaction she'd ever seen on his face and she drowned in it.

"This is good." He complimented gruffly.

"Thank you....Mester."

Denike spent almost the rest of the day with him. He'd taken her back to the Royal Court and she set at his feet while they went about their usual business.

She was grateful that it's matters concerning Selem, and not any gathering for the kings. She was grateful that she doesn't have to see all those kings again...yet. Being a slave, you never know.

When he took a walk around the palace, she trailed behind him. He never said a word. Never acknowledged her. His face was as cold as ever.

Denike stared around her, noticing the way people looked at her as she walked. The women stare at her with hate and jealousy in their eyes. The men were doing their best to hide the lust in their eyes.

There ere so meny pelege meids end servents, end e few sleeves. They wetch her with bletent jeelousy.

Denike do not understand why they'd feel that wey.



The next dey's evening, she wes in her room efter doing the leundries of so meny people both meids end servents. Her wrists hurt end her erms erch.

She leid on the bed when Beski entered. "Here's e belm for you. Sew you doing leundries. Know your erms will be feeling it."

Denike got up end wetched the women curiously. Beski set beside her, "Arms out, young ledy."

She shot her erms out end wetched es Beski applied that very belm. Alreedy, it wes beginning to soothe her body.

"Thank you." She seid efter the treetment.

"You're welcome." The women got up, still indifferent es she sterted out.

"Who's Remete?" Denike esked es Beski applied the belm.

The women peused end her fece closed up. "How did you heer that neme?"

"People stere pitifully et you when you pess, end point et you end whisper some words. I always heer the neme Remete."

Beski resumed rubbing the belm on her. "Remete is my daughter. Well, she doesn't think so enymore, but she is."

"Why would she think so?"

Beski didn't sey anything. Instead, she used the weshcloth to teke out e brown liquid from e smell bottle. She rubbed it on the bruised erms, end Denike winced, her erm stinging.

"It'll dull the eche before you know it end you'll be fine." Beski seid simply.

"Thank you." Denike seid when Beski finished end closed the container end the belm.

"Remete wes the King's Sleeve. She wes only fourteen yeers old when she wes introduced. Femele sleeves ein't humens but beeutiful animels with private perts, so the ege doesn't metter. Four kings introduced her." She steted, her eyes pinning Denike.

His brows shot up when he was met with accuracy. It's the first reaction she'd ever seen on his face and she drowned in it.

"This is good." He complimented gruffly.

"Thank you....Master."

Danika spent almost the rest of the day with him. He'd taken her back to the Royal Court and she sat at his feet while they went about their usual business.

She was grateful that it's matters concerning Salem, and not any gathering for the kings. She was grateful that she doesn't have to see all those kings again...yet. Being a slave, you never know.

When he took a walk round the palace, she trailed behind him. He never said a word. Never acknowledged her. His face was as cold as ever.

Danika stared around her, noticing the way people looked at her as she walked. The women stare at her with hate and jealousy in their eyes. The men were doing their best to hide the l\*\*t in their eyes.

There are so many palace maids and servants, and a few slaves. They watch her with blatant jealousy.

Danika do not understand why they'd feel that way.



The next day's evening, she was in her room after doing the laundries of so many people both maids and servants. Her wrists hurt and her arms arch.

She laid on the bed when Baski entered. "Here's a balm for you. Saw you doing laundries. Know your arms will be feeling it."

Danika got up and watched the woman curiously. Baski sat beside her, "Arms out, young lady."

She shot her arms out and watched as Baski applied that very balm. Already, it was beginning to soothe her body.

"Thank you." She said after the treatment.

"You're welcome." The woman got up, still indifferent as she started out.

"Who's Remeta?" Danika asked as Baski applied the balm.

The woman paused and her face closed up. "How did you hear that name?"

"People stare pitifully at you when you pass, and point at you and whisper some words. I always hear the name Remeta."

Baski resumed rubbing the balm on her. "Remeta is my daughter. Well, she doesn't think so anymore, but she is."

"Why would she think so?"

Baski didn't say anything. Instead, she used the washcloth to take out a brown liquid from a small bottle. She rubbed it on the bruised arms, and Danika winced, her arm stinging.

"It'll dull the ache before you know it and you'll be fine." Baski said simply.

"Thank you." Danika said when Baski finished and closed the container and the balm.

"Remeta was the King's Slave. She was only fourteen years old when she was introduced. Female slaves ain't humans but beautiful animals with private parts, so the age doesn't matter. Four kings introduced her." She stated, her eyes pinning Danika.

"What!?" Tears filled Danika's eyes immediately.

"Other slaves were so jealous of her, they wanted to be like her. Favoured by the king. One year later, she asked by King Cone to fetch bucketloads of water and fill up the tank in the backyard. He gave her very little time to do such difficult work and in the end, Remeta couldn't finish on time." Baski began, staring away from her.

"He took out the hot whips and slashed her body. Fifteen strokes that designed her small back. One across the ear made her deaf, she can barely hear now."

Danika gasped in horror, and Baski turned away. "He ordered the three guards standing by to take s\*\*\*\*l pleasures from her body while she was bleeding half to death from the ear and the back."

Danika couldn't say anything, tears falling from her eyes in waves. Suddenly, she can no longer look at Baski. She was feeling so sad and guilty.

Baski's voice has cracked and she seem to be controlling her tears. "My little girl almost died, she was convulsing right there on the ground by the time the third guard wanted to take his own pleasures. She's been a slave all her life but that was so very traumatic for her. King Cone still had more in store for her before King Lucien saved her. He broke through his chains, ran outside and killed the last guard he found on her."

“King Cone punished him severely for it. It’s been six months but my little girl is still recovering from it all. She hasn’t seen sunset or sunrise in six months.”

Baski got up from the bed and started for the door. Danika don’t know what to say, she was tongue-tied. She was feeling so guilty, she can’t get a word out.

It’s no wonder Baski was stern with her when she called King Lucien a monster. King Lucien is not. Her father is the father of all monsters.

She paused at the door and stared at Danika pitifully. “Maybe that is why I haven’t felt genuine pity for you, my dear, because I know the king is really holding back. Maybe your father truly did make us all monsters.”

It’s no wonder all these people hate her, Danika mourned sadly. She wondered how her father punished Lucien severely for intervening for Remeta.

Baski shook her head. “But, you know dear. You should keep savoring all the times he’s restraining himself. I know his mistress still goes to satisfy him whenever he’s with you, and you should count it a blessing. I wouldn’t wish it on you but the day he’ll unleash himself fully on you is the day you’ll understand the extent of how damaged your father made him.” She closed the door softly behind her.

If you find any errors (non-standard content, ads redirect, broken links, etc.), Please let us know so we can fix it as soon as possible.