

The Princess's Revenge Chapter 6 Read Online

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Valencia's POV

But then Nella spoke up, her voice small. "I'll help." She wiped the flour from her hands and moved toward the large iron kettles hanging over the fire. "We'll all help."

One by one, the other slaves nodded and began moving. They exchanged worried glances, clearly uncomfortable with the situation but more afraid of what might happen if they refused.

Elijah stood rigid for a long moment, his fists clenched at his sides. Finally, he spat on the floor near my feet. "Fine. But this isn't over, Valencia. Whatever game you're playing, whatever lies you've told that Alpha—it'll all come crashing down. And when it does, I'll be there to watch you suffer."

He turned and grabbed one of the large wooden buckets from the corner, slamming it down on the counter with enough force to make everyone jump.

I ignored him and focused on the task at hand. My hands shook as I helped Nella and the others gather the wooden buckets we'd need to carry the water upstairs.

"Fill them halfway," I instructed quietly. "Any fuller and we won't be able to carry them up three flights of stairs."

As the others worked the pumps and transferred hot water from the kettles to the buckets, I let my eyes wander across the kitchen. My gaze landed on a small wooden box sitting on the shelf near the herb garden by the window.

I moved closer, drawn by a memory from years ago. Before I became a slave,, my adoptive mother had taught me about herbs. She'd shown me which ones were good for healing, which ones could be made into teas, which ones could soothe aches and pains.

I opened the box carefully. Inside, dried herbs lay in neat bundles—thyme, lavender. And there, in the corner, exactly what I'd hoped to find: sprigs of dried mint and rosemary.

My fingers trembled as I took a small handful of each, tucking them quickly into the pocket of my torn dress. The scent of mint immediately rose up, sharp and clean.

"What are you doing?" Nella whispered, suddenly at my elbow.

"Just... something to make the bath better," I said quietly. "Mint and rosemary help with muscle aches."

Nella's eyes widened slightly with understanding, then she nodded. "Smart. Luna Kestrel always demanded mint in her baths after long days." Her expression turned sad. "Poor woman. She's lost everything now."

I didn't respond. I didn't feel any sympathy or sadness for it.

"Water's ready," Elijah announced gruffly, shouldering past me to grab two buckets. "Let's get this over with."

The journey back up to the third floor was torture. Each bucket of hot water weighed at least twenty pounds, and I had to carry two—one in each hand. My arms screamed in protest. My shoulders burned. The wounds on my back pulled and stretched with every step.

By the time we reached the third floor, sweat dripped down my face. My vision swam with exhaustion and pain.

Alpha Logan's door loomed ahead.

I knocked hesitantly. "Alpha Logan? We have the water for your bath."

"Enter," came his deep voice from inside.

I pushed open the door with my shoulder, struggling not to spill the buckets. The others filed in behind me, their eyes downcast respectfully.

The bathtub sat behind a decorative screen in the corner of the room. It was large enough for a man of Alpha Logan's size, made of dark wood reinforced with iron bands.

Alpha Logan stood by the window, his back to us as he gazed out at the darkening landscape. He'd removed his cloak but still wore the black robe he'd taken from the dead priest. In the fading light, his silhouette was imposing.

The other slaves finished pouring their water and quickly filed out, bowing respectfully on their way. Nella shot me one last worried glance before she disappeared through the door.

I reached into my pocket and pulled out the herbs. Moving quietly to the tub, I sprinkled the mint and rosemary into the steaming water. The fresh, clean scent immediately filled the air, cutting through the mustiness of the castle.

I turned to leave, my task complete.

"What are those?"

Alpha Logan's voice stopped me mid-step. I turned back slowly to find him watching me, those gray eyes fixed on the herbs floating in his bathwater.

"Mint and rosemary, Alpha," I said, keeping my voice steady despite my nervousness. "The mint helps with muscle soreness and clears the mind. Rosemary is good for circulation and healing small wounds. After a battle, I thought..." I trailed off, suddenly uncertain. Had I overstepped? Made an assumption I shouldn't have?

He didn't respond immediately. Just continued to stare at the herbs, his expression unreadable.

Then, without any warning or preamble, he reached up and began unfastening the robe.

Panic shot through me like lightning. My eyes flew wide as the fabric started to slip from his shoulders.

I immediately spun around, my face burned. My heart pounded so hard I thought it might burst from my chest. What was happening? What was I supposed to do?

"Alpha," I managed, my voice coming out higher than normal. "Do you... do you need anything else?"

The question hung in the air. Behind me, I heard the whisper of fabric falling to the floor.

"Stay."

The single word sent a chill down my spine.

My throat went dry. "Stay?" I repeated weakly, still facing the door, my hands clenched into fists at my sides.

"You heard me."

My heart sank into my stomach like a stone dropped in deep water. I had no idea what he wanted from me, what he expected. The unknown terrified me more than any beating ever had.

Behind me, I heard his footsteps—bare feet on stone—moving toward the tub. Then came the sound of water being displaced as he stepped in.

A low, deep groan escaped his lips.

The sound did something strange to me. Heat flooded through my body, pooling low in my belly in a way I didn't understand and definitely didn't want to examine. My face burned even hotter. I pressed my palms against my flushed cheeks, trying to cool them.

What was wrong with me? I'd been prepared to die just hours ago, and now I was standing in a room with a naked Alpha, having inexplicable reactions to the sounds he made.

"Come here."

The command came softly—his voice seemed slightly more relaxed than before.

But the words sent a jolt of pure terror through my entire body. Every muscle tensed. My breath caught in my throat. My mind raced with possibilities, each one worse than the last.

What did he want? Why did I need to be closer?

I hesitated for several long seconds, my feet seemingly rooted to the cold stone floor. But his authority was absolute, and despite my confusion and racing pulse, I found myself taking small, reluctant steps toward the tub.

My heart felt like it might burst from my chest with each step closer. I tried desperately not to look at his nude body. Being faced with a man's nakedness, I had no idea what to do.

Alpha Logan's voice came again, emotionless. "Massage me."

"Alpha?" I looked up at him in surprise.

Alpha Logan turned around in the tub, resting his head against the edge and placing his hands on the rim. He didn't bother to repeat his command.

Despite my inner hesitation, my feet moved obediently to stand behind him. I began massaging his broad shoulders with trembling fingers.

I tried to focus on the task while controlling the turmoil inside me. I knew what kind of man he was. In an instant, he could decide to end my life.

As I continued the massage, I felt his muscles finally begin to relax. This gave me a small sense of relax. I moved to his left arm, using my limited experience to properly work each muscle.

When I gathered courage to glance at his face, I saw his eyes were closed as if he had fallen asleep. This allowed me to breathe a little easier.

I turned to his other arm, skillfully kneading his bicep. Was the water still warm enough? I wondered, glancing down at the water's surface.

That's when I saw it.

Alpha Logan's cock was fully erect.

My hands froze on his arm. My breath caught in my throat. I quickly looked away, my face burning with embarrassment. My hands shook as I tried to continue the massage.

"Keep going," Alpha Logan's voice was rough.

I forced my hands to move again, but I could barely concentrate. The image was burned into my mind. I had never seen a man aroused before today. The size of his cock was intimidating and confusing.

"Lower," he commanded.

My hands stilled again. "Alpha?"

"My back."

Relief flooded through me. I moved my hands down to work the muscles between his shoulder blades. But I couldn't stop my eyes from drifting down to the water again.

He was still hard.

"You're trembling," Alpha Logan observed without opening his eyes.

"I'm sorry, Alpha. I'm trying my best."

The silence fell over us. I thought about how just hours ago I had been tied to that stone pillar, waiting for death. He had saved me, brought me here. I still couldn't understand why he had helped me.

"Why did you save me, sir?" I asked, my voice barely above a whisper.

Alpha Logan's eyes opened. He turned his head to look at me over his shoulder. His gray eyes studied my face.

My heart hammered against my ribs. I quickly looked away, taking a step back. The air in the room felt thick.

"Come here," he commanded, his voice authoritative.

I had no choice but to obey. My legs felt unsteady as I approached the tub again, keeping my eyes fixed on the stone floor.

"Continue the massage."

My face burned. I forced my trembling fingers to reach out. I could feel he was still just staring at me.

Without any warning, his hand moved. It slid under my dress. I gasped, stepping back. "A...Alpha," I said, my voice shaky. I tried to twist away, but he grabbed my wrist.

"Don't move," he said, his tone hard.

I froze. My breath stopped. His fingers pushed higher, touching my underwear. "Alpha, What are you doing?" I whispered, but he didn't answer. His hand kept going, brushing against me in a way that made my skin burn. I'd never felt anything like this. No one had ever touched me there. My body started to react. I could feel myself getting wet, and it made me sick with embarrassment.

"A...Alpha, please," I said, trying to protest, but my voice broke. I couldn't finish the sentence.

"Are you a virgin?" he asked. His voice was calm.

I couldn't look at him. My cheeks were on fire, and I knew he could tell. He didn't need me to say it. His fingers moved deeper, past my underwear, and I grabbed the edge of the bathtub to hold myself up. My legs were shaking. I bit my lip, trying to stay quiet, but a small sound came out—a moan.

He didn't stop. His fingers went in and out, slow at first, then faster. I couldn't control myself. My breathing got loud, and my hands gripped the tub harder. "Please," I said again, but it was weak. I wanted him to stop, but the words wouldn't come out right. Instead, my body kept responding. I felt a heat growing inside me, something strange and strong.

"You like this?" he said, his voice steady.

His calm voice made me feel like a little pet being toyed with by him. I had never been touched by a man before, and now my fluids were trickling down my thighs. Why, after fifteen years of purity, was my body reacting to this man's touch?!

Wetness ran down my leg, and I couldn't hide it. He added another finger, and I couldn't hold back. A loud moan escaped, and I covered my mouth with my hand. It didn't help. He kept going, his thumb pressing on a spot that made me shake even more.

"Alpha, please," I said, my voice breaking. I wanted to beg him to stop, but my voice was no longer under my control. Instead, I could only moan and gasp loudly. I felt a flame spreading from my private parts to my stomach, overwhelming me with unbearable new sensations.

A knock came at the door. "Alpha?"