

Chapter 8: Deep, Deep, Darkness

MYRA

I remember running in the dark, scared out of my mind.

I was fifteen, looking for a place to hide.

I tried a door. It opened, leading into someone's office. Instantly, I rushed to the closet, sat inside, closing the door on myself.

I remember my heart beating like it would come out of my chest.

I remember footsteps. Sure, steady ones like the stalking of a predator. They stopped outside the door.

I remember holding my breath, praying and hoping they don't find me.

The door opened, the steps venturing in. Tears fell out of my eyes silently as I hugged my knees to my chest.

The footsteps stopped and for a moment, there was silence and darkness. Deep, deep, darkness.

Suddenly the closet door was yanked open, revealing a tall, muscular man illuminated by the moonlight.

"There you are." He smiled, revealing razor sharp teeth and a terrifying scream tore out of my throat.

I sat up, drenched in sweat, my heart hammering.

It took a few moments to realize I was back at Carmen's house, on her couch and not at the orphanage. I took in a few deep breaths, my hand automatically moving to the scar at the back of my neck.

Just when my heart began to settle, my phone rang, making me flinch.

I picked it, not recognizing the number.

"Hello?"

"Why didn't you tell me your room got broken into?" came the deep, bass voice that I don't think I'd ever forget in my life.

"Your Highness?" My surprise slipped through my voice. "How did you get my number?"

"That doesn't matter. Answer my question."

"I.. I ran a hand through my hair, fumbling for what to say. "I don't know. I didn't think it was something you'd care about."

There was a pause.

"We both had an agreement yesterday, Myra." He enunciated my name in a way that made my core pulse again. "That means everything that happens in your life is now my concern. Got it?"

I huffed out a breath. "Got it."

"Now give me names."

I frowned. "Names of who?"

He let out an exasperated sigh. "Names of those who trashed your room, Mee-ra."

I blinked in surprise. "Oh, I don't know. They were gone before I got there. So I don't know who did it."

Just then, someone knocked and my heart jolted again.

I wasn't expecting anyone and Carmen wasn't home. So who was that? Have my enemies have found me here again?

"Hold on," I said, dropping the phone on the table before rushing to grab the bat weapon. The knock came again. "Who is it?"

"It's me. Alejandro."

I heaved a sigh of relief. "What do you want?"

"Chill sweetheart. I forgot my socks."

Rolling my eyes, I sighed and opened the door for him. "Be fast about it. She's not home."

"You're a darling." Alejandro blew me a kiss before waltzing into the room. Seconds later he came out but before he left through the door, he brought out some cash from his back pocket and pressed it into my hand. "Our little secret." He winked and then he was gone.

I stood open-mouthed, staring at money that could keep me going for the next few weeks.

"Are you there?"

I jumped, suddenly realizing I kept Locke waiting. I had assumed I was going to get attacked and had left the call on speaker, in case I needed his help.

Locking the door firmly, I rushed back to the phone.

"I'm here."

"Who's that guy?"

I paused, my brows furrowing. "None of your business."

"You cheating on me, already?"

"Oh please, don't flatter yourself. We're not in a real relationship, remember?"

Locke chuckled darkly, making goosebumps erupt from my skin. "You know what, little brat. I have to revise our agreement. The rules will henceforth ban you from having any intimate partner aside from me."

My face heated in anger. "You can't do that. I don't belong to you."

"That's where you're wrong, Mee-ra. You're already mine." He said and then the call ended.

I stared at my phone in disbelief, awed by his audacity but then something else caught my attention. I noticed my nipples were hard and erect, my panties.... soaked.

"What the fuck is happening?" I muttered to myself, confused as to why the Prince's arrogance was turning me on. As if hearing my question, my phone beeped with a notification and when I read it, it finally dawned on me why my body was misbehaving.

Once a she-wolf turns eighteen, she begins to have heat cycles twice a year. Unfortunately, my heat tracker just informed me my heat was around the corner.

I flopped back onto the couch, groaning into my pillow. With my upcoming test and meeting with the Helsing and the Elders today, the last thing I wanted was to battle whorish desires for an arrogant asshole.

I sat up again, making a decision. After the meeting today, I have to stay away from Locke Helsing as much as possible. All he needs is me proving he's potent and that's it! We pretend to be mates for a while until he gets the throne. We don't need to see or spend time together, so yeah!

I can do this. I can stay away from the Prince!

Hours later, I was done with my test, feeling good about how I did.

Next class was my favorite of all.

Combat and Weaponry.

Here, I was able to pick up on a few survival skills and considering the path I was treading on, I'd need all the help I could get.

Strutting into the combat hall with my bag hanging from one shoulder, I immediately noticed a shift in the atmosphere. The students had gathered in clusters, talking excitedly. Passing a group, I overheard their conversation.

"I heard he's really hot too!"

I frowned, wondering who they were talking about.

I was in the midst of wearing my combat boots, when the doors flung open and I heard the footsteps of my combat teacher.

I didn't bother looking up.

"Settle down, everyone!" His chalk British voice commanded. From the corner of my eyes, I saw everyone form long neat rows.

Standing up, I joined the nearest line at the back, sending yet another text to Mason.

"As you all know, we have a new teacher. He will be taking you all on special combat tactics. A round of applause for the Crown Prince, His Highness, Locke Helsing."

Instantly, my head snapped up, and when my eyes clashed with Locke's green ones, I found a cold smile in them, as if he were playing a twisted game.

An involuntary groan came out from deep within my spirit just as my wolf stirred in desire.

Now, how the hell am I supposed to avoid this arrogant Prince?