

# BENEATH HER DARKNESS: The Alpha's Little Demon

## BENEATH HER DARKNESS: The Alpha's Little Demon Chapter 5

### 005 – Dark Blue Eyes

LUCY.

“Wear that.” A female gave me a paper bag and my eyes darted to it for a while before they went around the room.

I was sharing a small room with nine other Omegas, and they were also handed paper bags. The others were excited as they chattered and compared the clothes they got — skimpy ones.

I closed my eyes as I steadied my breathing. Why did I not run away in the last five days? Why did I think it would be easier to escape when a pack already owned me?

Among the nine females I was sharing a room with, only one shared the same sentiment as me. We didn't want to be part of this feast. The others were too excited. They said they had nothing to lose, so it was better to lose everything to an Alpha or a rich man.

I wondered what they thought about mates because they never seemed to care about it. Whereas I would do everything just to be given a chance to find mine.

“What are you two waiting for?” The older female named Cora, who gave the paper bag to me, shifted her glaring eyes between me and Olivia. “Do you want me to call Cesar to put on those clothes for you?”

I rolled my eyes before I looked at Olivia, nodding my head at her, and she let out a deep sigh before we both rummaged through the inside of the bag.

My mouth twitched into a frown as I slowly lifted up the gold, shiny bra that I was sure was a size or two smaller than my breasts. I knew the dance they made us practice for days was too seductive, but I never really dwelled on the clothes we would wear, if these were even called clothes.

I tilted my head to look at Olivia, who was mirroring the exact expression on my face.

“Move! Don't act like a princess here. Or I will push you both on the stage without any clothes on!”

My hands coiled into tight fists. I really wanted to punch this female in the face already.

“Put it on, Lucy. And let's just hope the person who will buy us just needs a house helper.”

My hand went to the hem of my shirt and pulled it off my body before I unclasped my bra and tossed them both inside the paper bag where the sexy outfit was before I took it all out.

“If they only needed house helpers, they would never go here and spend money. I was pretty sure they came here to kill our pussies, like what I’ve been telling you for days. We should have run away.” I told her the moment Cora, that awful-grumpy female who was scolding us, left the room.

“You know, I can’t do that or my family will receive the wrath.”

“Your family sucks. How could they sell you?”

“When you have nothing to eat and four younger siblings just keep crying the whole day, then you will want to sell yourself.”

“If I had nothing to eat, I would never reproduce and make my kids suffer.”

Olivia remained quiet and just slipped on her sexy outfit. Unlike mine, hers was colored blue and had long beads that somehow covered her midriff. I only have a bra and thongs, but thank Goddess it had a wrap-around skirt, which I was pretty sure would be taken off soon.

“Sorry if I was harsh...” I let out a sigh before wrapping the skirt around my waist.

“You’re right. But then what can I do now?” She sat down and dropped her gaze to the floor.

I let out another sigh and curled a finger under her chin, tilting her head up to look at me. “You will go out there and kill that dance. And by the Goddess’ grace, your mate is somewhere out there. And if not, I wish to the Goddess your buyer is a handsome man who will be worth looking at as he takes you every night...”

“Or every hour...” She added, and we both giggled, making the others in the room roll their eyes at us.

“Ignore them,” Olivia said, and I just turned my back on them.

If I wasn’t suppressing my demon side, they’d be burning in hell now. But I shouldn’t let my rage take over me. These Omegas were the least of my problems.

“Should we fix our hair?” I asked Olivia as I stood in front of the mirror. I gathered my hair all together and tried to raise it all up only to see the roots showing their true color – strawberry blonde hair that kept getting darker every year, that it was almost fiery red now. I only had one box of hair coloring left and I hoped whoever bought me would

allow me to buy my personal stuff because I had no intention of showing my hair to the world.

I had never encountered an Omega with red hair. But of course, my interactions with other shifters were limited, but it was better to be careful than to raise doubts.

“Cora said earlier that someone would do our hair and makeup. But I don’t think you need any make-up, Lucy. You’re beautiful already.”

“You too. But I hope they put ugly makeup on us so no one buys us.”

Olivia was not able to answer when the door swung open, and Cesar, the burly man with an ugly, dirty beard, came in.

“Line up here and let me see your clothes.”

All the females scampered on their feet and placed themselves on the line while Olivia took my hand and walked with me to the end of it.

“Take that off!” Cesar bellowed, and my head snapped up to look at him. He was looking at me, making my brows furrow.

“What?” I looked down at my clothes and checked if I wore the outfit wrong.

“Your necklace.”

“No.” My hand grabbed the opal stone hanging from my neck as I shook my head.

He took one step forward in my direction and aimed to grab the necklace when I swatted his hand away. He was taken aback by my action, and the next thing I knew, his hand flew and hit my jaw, making my body fall down to the cold floor with a loud thud. I was not even able to get up when Cesar crouched down beside me and gripped my jaw tightly, which was painful.

“Who the fuck told you to disobey and disrespect me?”

Soon I heard footsteps rushing in, and Cora’s voice stopped me from answering him, but I kept trying to pry his fingers away from my jaw.

“What’s happening here?” I saw Cora’s eyes widen as she rushed to where we were before he slapped Cesar’s back. “Take your hands off her!”

Cesar growled before letting go of my face, and I slumped my body on the ground as I kept the pain at bay by holding my mouth open.

“What have you done, you bastard? They will kill us if her face ends up with bruises! Let me look at that?” She looked concerned, but I knew she was just scared. “Oh, Goddess! Come here, Bruno. Take her to the makeup room and you,” as she pointed to another man. “Get some ice!”

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Olivia was separated from me, and with almost fifty Omegas around, I had no idea where she had been taken. But since we rehearsed the dance together, I was hoping we would be on the stage at the same time.

My eyes glanced at the wall clock overhead. It was already ten minutes when the host opened the event, and I could already hear his voice coming from the main floor where the stage was set up. He was stating all the rules. And no matter how much I wanted to pay attention, my eyes kept looking around.

The building screamed elegance. I have never seen or touched fine furniture like the ones around here. It only meant one thing: the people here could really afford to spend their money on us. And I thought that was sickening.

The door leading backstage opened and the noise became louder.

Applause.

What was happening? Only then did I realize that the females were being ushered into a line. Was it time already? But where was Olivia?

“Lucy!”

I turned my head around and saw Olivia approaching, a wide smile on her face. My eyes widened as I looked at her clothes. She was now wearing regular jeans and a shirt.

“What happened?” I asked, baffled by her clothes.

Her eyes watered as she threw her arms around me. “Your prayers for me... they came true.”

“What do you mean?”

“Mr. Zaxton, the organizer of this event, his son is here to check on the event.” She swallowed, and I kept nodding, wanting her to hurry up because I was already on the line, and I was sure we’d be entering the backstage soon. “He’s my mate.”

My mouth dropped open as my heart warmed for her. At least she was getting out of this shithole.

“Oh, Goddess! Isn’t that amazing?” I was really happy for her.

She kept nodding her head. “I pray the same thing for you...”

“Go now...” Her words were cut by Cora, who was pushing me to follow the female in front of me, making me lose grip of Olivia’s hands.

“...that your mate is here, and that he will save you...” She said those words before I was ushered backstage.

My heart clenched in pain, knowing that I would never find him tonight. A wolfless female like me would never find her mate.

But I was happy for Olivia. And I wasn’t losing hope for myself. I just needed to strengthen my wolf blood and my wolf. One day, she will come out when she’s ready. Until then, I just needed to hold on to my sanity.

I held my necklace as I followed the line of females as we made our way across the backstage, heading for the main stage. It was worth getting slapped by Cesar. No one bothered to ask me to take off my necklace after that.

The crowd started to get noisier – that kind of noise from chattering and slow applause, which the elites usually exhibit, not the rowdy and loud hoots you get from regular concerts and events.

I knew it was time. My hands started to sweat, which was not a natural occurrence even when I was nervous, which I was feeling right now. And I felt my stomach churning.

What was happening? Was this a bad omen? I could take anything as long as it was not about my father.

The whole stage lit up, and I found myself in the center of the stage with the rest of the females all around me. And then the music began to play.

I closed my eyes so as to not look at the crowd in front of us as my body began to sway to the rhythm of the music.

Sway. Sway slowly. Down. Sway.

The applause got louder, the curses flew around. Little by little, the ways of the elite were forgotten as they slowly turned into rowdy comments and loud hoots as the dance got sexier and more provocative.

I opened my eyes at the exact moment I had to turn and move from my position, and the moment I did, my eyes locked with the darkest blue eyes I had ever seen in my whole life.

