

Dark Obsession 12

Chapter 12 A Massage

EVANGELINE.

I don't know how long I stared at him, but when his eyes simmered red, I knew I couldn't test him any further and slowly inched closer to the bathtub. Now more than ever wishing there was some bubble bath available. What if I saw his monster?

Then I needed to keep my eyes closed!

I inched nearer and kneeled behind his head on the floor, thinking this was perfect! He couldn't even see me from here. But it was only a few moments later that I realised I couldn't reach properly from here, and I slowly got up again.

Should I sit on the edge of the tub?

No never!

"I don't have all day, Little Mouse," He snarled, making me flinch, my hands instantly going to his shoulders.

"S-sorry!"

Pouting I began massaging his shoulders, unsure if I was doing this correctly, but when a low groan left his lips, I got my answer. My heart thundered, I guess I was doing it correctly.

Goddess... how long did I have to do this?

He tilted his head back, and I moved away just before his head almost touched my breasts. Suddenly he reached up grabbing the back of my head making me squeak in fear as he yanked me closer, "I didn't say you could move."

"Y-yes." I whispered, trying not to tremble as I massaged his shoulders. To my utter dismay, I could see he was hard, and he didn't seem to care that I could see. Did he have no shame? That scary thing... I shuddered inwardly.

He closed his eyes, his hand running down my neck, my stomach fluttered when his fingers ran down my arm, making my entire body tingle. "Don't stop." His voice came, and I realised I had stopped massaging him.

"Yes, my prince." I whispered as I continued, my eyes fixed on his defined muscles.

"I hate that title."

Then what do I call you?

I remained silent, daring not to question him. Instead, I found myself observing the beauty of the deadly man before me. If we forgot about how unhinged he was, you could see he was perfection, from his smooth brown skin to the firmness of his muscles everywhere. He was toned, unlike me!

Was it because he worked out so much? He was blessed with incredible features too, those lips looked soft, his nose firm and strong, and behind those thick lashes, that I only noticed now, were eyes of a stunning colour.

But... this was the man from my nightmares... Why was he killing me?

Mulling over my thoughts, I continued massaging him, making sure to target all the knots I could feel. This was something that Grandmother Philomena made me do often enough, and I was good at it. Seeing his eyes were still closed, I slowly sat down on the edge of the tub, twisting my body, so I couldn't target his trapezius better.

There was something about that nightmare... I just wish I remembered more than being stabbed to death. I shivered at the pain I always felt in my nightmares; it felt so real...

Sighing softly, I pressed my thumb into a certain area, rubbing in circles to ease the tension in him. I looked down, gazing into those gold-green eyes that were watching me. They were like gems, so clear and deep...

So beautiful from this angle, I could see the flecks of gold and green blending into one another ... such intense eyes...

Eyes that were looking at me?

My own flew open wide as I jerked back, my heart thumping as I realised the prince was staring into my eyes intently.

"My patience is wearing thin, Little Omega." He growled, "I was enjoying that massage, but your constant squealing like a pig is becoming irritating." 3

Pig?

I was offended, there was nothing about me that was piglike! Just because my skin wasn't so perfect, and yes, I turned pink at times but it did not mean I was a pig! If I was a pig, then he was a bulldog or a rottweiler!

"I wonder what goes through that mind of yours..." He murmured his expression cold as he glared at me. Oh, I could never share my thoughts! I didn't dare give him the chance to warn me once again and quickly got back to massaging him. "Wash my back."

It took me several seconds to comprehend what he had just said, my heart thumping as I hesitantly reached for the bottle of body wash, squirting a bit of it onto the sponge. "C-could you move forward, please?" I asked hesitantly.

He didn't reply, but he sat forward, and I tucked one knee up on the tub, making it easier to reach him and began sponging his back. I made sure I was thorough and firm, pretending I was washing a rug or something.

Scrub, scrub, scrub... I hummed in my head.

If he thought this was going to be something sensual, he was wrong. He was a dirty mat that needed a good clean! Soon he will realise that I am not the perfect sensual little omega minx he probably wanted, I was a good cleaner, nothing more! 2

He raised his arm, and I added more body wash to the sponge before I began working on his arms. His eyes were on my breasts now, and I realised that the faster I was scrubbing, the more they were moving. I slowed down, trying not to move so much, yet I wanted this over and done with fast! His eyes kept flickering from red to gold-green and when I finished wiping down his neck and was about to move back, he grabbed hold of my wrist, and in one swift movement, he yanked me into the tub.

A shriek left my lips as water splashed everywhere, and I grabbed onto his arm and the edge of the bathtub, my heart pounding as a huge wave of water splashed in my face, drenching me.

His strong arms wrapped around me, and I whimpered in fear.

He said he won't force me, he said he won't force me. I kept repeating in my head, trying to fight the fear that was beginning to encase me in its prison.

Chanting my mantra, I stayed stiff in his arms, but when he shifted position, pulling me right between his legs and his manhood poked my ass I began panicking all over again.

His lips grazed my neck, his hand running down my stomach. "You know Little Omega... the urge to devour you is only growing... the more you try to run... the more exciting this game of chase becomes." He whispered dangerously in my ear, as his hand began travelling lower, his fingers brushing the hem of my panties.

I bit my lip, my entire body on edge, but there was something else... something dark and dirty inside of me that was somehow enjoying the way his cock was pressing against me. This shouldn't feel good... The way his fingers were inching closer and closer to my pussy, why did this feel so... exciting?

My heart continued to pound but when his hand brushed the flimsy fabric right between my legs, rubbing my pussy, I couldn't help but whimper, as a tantalising ripple of pleasure

washed through me as soon as he had touched me. He removed his hand, instead, taking the sponge that was floating in the bath and running it across my neck, removing the small smears of blood that had remained.

"Now get out, before I make you wash the rest of me." He growled venomously, his aura suddenly darkening.

Confusion and relief flitted through me, and I quickly climbed out, feeling shaky, feeling his eyes searing into me. I ran from the bathroom, brushing the wet locks of my hair, and shut the door, taking a deep breath as I leaned against it for a few moments to collect myself.

Was this going to be my life from here on?

I wish... I sighed, there was no point in wishing for anything when this was my life now. I quickly hurried to the bags that had been delivered earlier and rummaging around, I took out a bralette and tiny panty-like shorts and changed. Praying he still considered this lingerie.

Knowing he'd be out soon, I quickly got to cleaning up the mess he had made. The room wasn't overly full of items, but he still seemed to find things to throw and break. This time it was the books that he had taken off the shelf and the couch and table. His hot and cold attitude was alarming, but I needed to be smart and simply hide away from him... The table was far heavier than I had thought.

After I was done, I quickly got into bed, making sure to stay right on the edge, focusing on breathing steadily. When the door slammed open, I was prepared and remained unmoving as he got dressed. For a second, I wondered if my being in bed was the right thing to do, he hadn't said... Did he still want me in bed?

Oh well, it was too late....

I could hear him moving around, the rustle of clothes as he got dressed, and then the sound of heavier footsteps. Did he put some shoes on? When the bedroom door shut, and I heard the faint sound of the door leading out open and shut, I breathed a sigh of relief. He was gone.