

Dark Obsession 17

Chapter 17 An Omega's Life

EVANGELINE.

He let go of me suddenly, his blazing red eyes returning to normal as he stared at me with such intensity, I could feel my cheeks burning under his gaze. I felt scared, not knowing what was going to come next.

He turned away from me, pushing the files off the desk as he ran his hand over his head and down his face, exhaling sharply. Clearly trying to calm his raging heart.

Did he have a nightmare?

Nervously, I began gathering the files that he had just sent flying to the floor. "Leave them." He hissed.

I froze, looking up at him. "It's ok, it's my fault... I... came in to ask you about lunch but then I shocked you ..." I mumbled.

"Lunch..." He looked at the clock on the wall, frowning.

Something wasn't right...

"No thanks, I'm not hungry." He frowned. His gaze dipped to my neck before lingering on my breasts. I nodded, quickly placing the files on the desk and turned to leave when he spoke, making me stop in my tracks. "Where are you from?"

Sadness washed over me at the thought of the Silver Mountain Pack. Grandmother Philomena... Alpha Aeron... Sinclair... the staff... life as I knew it was gone...

"The Silver Mountain Pack..."

"I meant before they took you in." I should have known he didn't mean that. I turned back to him and shook my head.

"Before that... I don't remember."

"I heard Aeron found you in a village full of dead... you were the only one living... Tell me, how does one child survive a massacre?" He stood up, now circling me slowly. "How did you alone survive? How did you lose your memory? Did you even lose it or is it all simply a façade?"

My head shot up as I stared into those intense eyes of his. For the first time in my life, I felt as if I was being accused. No, not even felt. He was blatantly alleging that I had a hand in what happened back then. I held his gaze, trying to hide my hurt. I couldn't believe he had just said that...

My heart was pounding as I tried to control my emotions while he simply watched me, waiting for an answer. He wasn't even joking...

"I may not be perfect, Prince Zedkiel... but I am no monster. I was ten when that happened." My voice shook and for the first time, not caring about being courteous.

My chest was heaving as I stared up at him, but deep down... I knew it shook me because that was a question I too asked myself. Countless times... No one else had ever questioned that and deep down I never wanted anyone to, but it was a thought that always lingered in my mind. Fuelled by self-doubt, fear, and uncertainty.

How did I alone survive? I know I'm not evil, and I wouldn't dare think of killing anyone, but... "Do I look like a murderer?"

"Not everything that glitters is gold either... Looks can be deceiving, Little Mouse." He murmured, his hand wrapping around my throat. My breath hitched, wondering what he'll do.

I wrapped my hand around his wrist, my heart thumping as I braved myself to speak. "I know I'm just a nobody, but I'm no killer. I promise."

Tilting his head, he applied more pressure for a second, making me gasp, his gaze dipping to my lips before he let go of me. "Maybe..." He wasn't only a heartless monster... he was cruel, too. Our eyes met, but I said nothing. I saw his eyes flash with irritation before he turned his back on me. "Get out."

I didn't need to be told twice. Leaving the room I shut the door behind me with relief.

I am not a monster.

But who was I trying to convince? Him, or myself?

It was late in the afternoon, and I had gone to eat in the omegas dining room. It was almost empty. Only two other Omegas were there. As Zedkiel had ordered, I was wearing a backless dress. I didn't like my skin being on show. He could have branded my arm or wrist, yet he chose a place that was so large. My only consolation was that I didn't have to look at it.

Alistair had coiled my hair up into a braid and bun for me, with strands of my hair framing my face. I sighed, pondering over what Zedkiel had said, the sound of the fork scraping against the plate a little too loud for my liking despite no one seemed concerned.

Luckily, I had come to lunch late, and the place was deserted. There was an open time between 12pm to 4pm so anyone could grab food if needed, as it depended on when you got the chance. I had come just before 4 and managed to grab some leftovers.

"Evangeline!"

I turned to see Lucia walking towards me. After the events of this morning, no one even approached me... I didn't blame them.

"Lucia."

She smiled at me, scanning me over, and looked relieved. "Thank the goddess, you're ok." She murmured in a quiet whisper before she sat down on the seat beside me. "Alistair asked me to take you shopping with me today, of course, after you ask the prince."

Shopping? I would love to get out of here... even if it was just for a few hours. "I'd like that, I... if I'm even allowed."

"You know, life isn't bad here. In fact, we are treated better than many Omegas who live like servants." She said gently. "Us chosen Omegas are treated so well."

I nodded although I didn't believe her. I mean I was living not knowing if I'll even survive a week. His hot and cold moods confused me and his latest accusation.... "Yeah, of course."

She looked at me sympathetically, and I was sure she knew how I was feeling. "I'll ask the prince." I stood up, needing a few moments away, and quickly left her at the table.

"If he agrees! I'll be waiting by the back side door!" She called out after me.

Hurrying back to the room, I wasn't sure he'd allow me... not after me trying to escape. But still... I wanted to ask. So gathering my courage, I entered his quarters. He was still in his office, so I made my way there, knocking lightly on the door.

"What is it?" His cold voice came.

Taking a deep breath, I pushed open the door. He was standing staring at the wall that held maps, notes, and pinned images of what looked like pictures of bloodied, dead bodies. I shuddered, and it took me a

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second to realise that this wasn't there earlier... There was a bookshelf here before, wasn't there?

"What do you want?" He asked, making me blink and turn to him startled.

"I... may I go to the shops with Lucia?" I asked as he walked over to me and circled me as he did earlier.

"Who?"

"Prince Ch-Chasyn's Omega." I explained, my heart thumping when he stopped behind me.

I gasped when he ran his knuckles down my back, tracing his mark. "Do you want to go?"

"Yes, Alistair said I could do with more clothes... and other items... So if I could please go--"

"Fine." His hand suddenly left my back, and he walked over to his desk. Opening the drawer, he took out a black wallet. "Take my card."

I looked up at him as he took out a single card and held it out to me. I hesitated for a moment before slowly taking it from him. Perhaps I could get those oils instead of waiting for Alistair and the online request to get them.

I wished I could earn my own money... I didn't want to rely on him forever. Was this how life was going to be? Me asking him for money every time I needed it?

"The code is 6363." He narrowed his eyes as he observed me intently when I didn't reply. "I'm warning you, Little Omega, if you try to run... I will hunt you down."

I shook my head, "No... I wasn't thinking of leaving. I promised not to run again.... I was just wondering if perhaps I could do something to earn money." I braced myself, readying for his wrath as I squinted my eyes shut, only for silence to greet me. I cracked open an eye, peering at him, my heart thumping, only to find him watching me with a sharp, calculating look.

“Why? When I’m offering you money?”

I looked down for a moment before taking a breath. He hated when I stuttered. “Because I don’t want to mooch off others. When I lived with the Welhavens, I did a lot of extra jobs to earn a little extra...”

“Like what?” He asked, sitting down in his seat, his long legs stretched out in front of him.

Like what? “Well, nothing big, but I tutored some pups, I babysat... and I even worked in the café in the city. centre one summer, too.”

He scoffed. “You’re mine now. You don’t need to do such measly jobs.”

I guess that was a no... “Oh ok....” I turned away, pausing, and looked back at him. “I-I could do something in the palace? Maybe help in the kitchen or library?”

He raised his eyebrow, and I felt a wave of anger roll off him. “You belong to me, Little Mouse, not the castle, and I would prefer it if you remember that.” He growled.

“Yeah... I know... I’m sorry for asking.” I replied quietly. I walked to the door and when I looked back at him, a thought came to my mind. He had claimed me... but did he even know my name?

“Spit it out.” He snarled, making me flinch. I guess I had wasted enough of his time.

“I wanted to say... My name is Evangeline... Evangeline Rose, N-not Little M-mouse or Little Omega...” Why did he call me little? There was nothing little about me.

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He simply smirked coldly but said nothing and so I left the room, hurrying downstairs as I slipped the card into my pocket.

Oh, I should have asked him how much I was allowed to spend! Oh well, I’ll be sensible.

I just hoped Lucia was waiting for me. What if she had left already?

I breathed a sigh of relief when I saw her by the door with two guards.

“You came! Great!”

“Yes.” I responded with a smile.

Maybe I had more than one friend here... Lucia was nice.

It was an hour later, and we were in the town centre. Lucia was shopping, but I realised she wasn’t buying clothes in her own size, but I didn’t ask why or who they were for. I looked at the tag on a few items, with those prices, but none called to me. Nothing was worth that price!

“This would suit you,” Lucia said, holding out a long red dress.

“Backless too...” I murmured, but I didn’t want it. Just being out here in the fresh air was enough, walking along these streets.

What exactly did I even want to buy anyway? Hmm, I couldn’t remember.

Oh, I missed being here... the last time I was here was with Sinclair...

"Ah, I need those nightdresses..." Lucia murmured, pointing to a rather raunchy lingerie store.

Or more like a sex store! Goddess, must I go in there!

Yes, I must because Lucia was pulling me along whilst the guards decided to wait outside, for the first time not following us inside. Thank the goddess for that, at least!

"Lucia sh-shall I stay outside with the guards?" I wasn't sure it was a good idea, after all, outside a shop like this with men? No, no, no!

"No, no, I will pick out an item for you too."

With no room to argue, I was suddenly surrounded by the flimsiest, sexiest lingerie I had ever seen. Just envisioning myself in this stuff was making my face burn. I saw Lucia caress a pale blue slip, a sad gentle smile on her face. "This one's perfect."

I looked at it, realising it was not her size once again and I was unable to stop myself from asking her. "Who are you shopping for?"

She looked up from her basket where she had carefully folded the night slip into. "Oh, Alpha Prince Chasyn's mate."

I stared at her in shock, not expecting that answer. Celia's words about Omegas having sloppy seconds came to the front of my mind and I found myself frowning. I get that I should be ok with that... but it didn't sit right with me. How are Omegas and even chosen Lunas meant to be ok with this?

"Does it hurt?" I asked softly.

She smiled gently and shook her head, but her eyes and face said otherwise. "I'm used to it, when Prince Chasyn found his mate... he stopped being intimate with me because he didn't want to hurt his Luna... but he still visits me, and we talk... he tells me his troubles and I listen... Sometimes he falls asleep in my quarters... This bond we have is far more beautiful than before..."

But you will die alone... without even being able to find your own love. Yearning for a man who will never come to you... His selfish claim tied Lucia to him and now he would just cast her aside? This wasn't the life I wanted...

"Here, now go try this on, I'm sure Prince Zedkiel would love it." She didn't give me a chance to reply, gently nudging me towards the changing room.

"Lucia I really don't think that-"

"Please, for me?"

I couldn't refuse her and when she pushed me into the small cubicle and shut the door, I was about to sigh when I froze, realising that I wasn't alone in here. The shadow of a man merged with mine against the white wall and I spun around, my heart thumping in fear.

But when I laid eyes on the person before me, my heart skipped a beat, unsure of what to think or how to react. A flicker of excitement and happiness rushed through me, yet it was mixed with panic and fear of

being caught.

“Angel.”

“S-Sinclair...” 7