

## Dark Obsession 9

### Chapter 9 His

EVANGELINE. A squeak left my mouth, and I wondered if perhaps I was a mouse shifter. 2 The prince turned, and I clamped my eyes shut, not wanting to see anything else that might be unforgettable. I shivered when I heard him approach and cracked open one eye, turning my head away as I hurried to the table in his room, and placed the tray down.

Run Evangeline!

Why was he naked anyway?! “Yo-your b-breakfast – eek!” I squeaked when his hand wrapped around my upper arm and yanked me away from the table. I winced at the pain that shot through me, I wasn’t completely better yet. I clamped my eyes shut, staying rigid as he held me, very aware of the heat from his body.

“You’re a strange one.” He muttered so quietly that I wasn’t sure I heard him correctly. “Open your eyes.” He growled, the command in his voice forcing me to oblige.

The fear returned along with that powerful aura, memories of my nightmares returning with vengeance, and I found myself unable to move as I stared into those eyes that were such a beautiful shade

Would my death come soon?

“1-I’m sorry, please forgive me.” I whispered terrified as I lowered my head to him, only for my eyes to fall on his manhood...?

My eyes widened in surprise and horror, and now I realised why no woman lived. If I had thought the men I had accidentally seen were fairly well endowed, then the Alpha was on an entirely new level. I could feel my cheeks burning with embarrassment, realising he wasn’t even turned on. I felt an odd, funny feeling inside and bit my lip. Hearing him scoff I looked up suddenly, and straight into those cold eyes that made all embarrassment fade and be replaced with fear once again. “Don’t forget whose presence you’re in Little Mouse.” His cold, menacing warning came, before he leaned closer, inhaling my scent from my neck. Did I stink? What was he sniffing? Was it the fear? “Yes, my prince.” I replied, trying to calm my beating heart, biting into my lip to stop myself from whimpering in fear. The taste of blood in my mouth told me I had bit down too hard.

Goddess, please leave me alone...

He let go of me suddenly as if I were poison, and I almost stumbled when he shoved me away, luckily missing the table before I fell on top of his breakfast. “Get out!” He snarled. “Y-yes,” I whispered, backing away from him, my heart thundering when I saw his claws elongate. Terror wrapped around me as I hurried to the door, I didn’t know where to go, but anywhere

away from him would work.

“Go to the head Omega and ask her for clothes.” He hissed, and when his gaze fell on me, I saw his eyes were blazing red.

“Yes, Alpha Prince.” I whispered, turning and running from the bedroom. I stumbled over the hem of my sweatpants and rushed to the door that led to the hall, relieved to be away from him.

I flinched when I heard something break, followed by more things crashing to the ground. What had triggered him?

The visions from my nightmare were still hanging at the forefront of my mind, and I slowly made my way towards the kitchen, surely someone there would tell me where to find the head Omega. Right now, thinking about school and wishing for that old life back felt like a dream. I should have been grateful for what I had, instead of wishing the days away... Now, look where I am.

Spotting two omega women walking by, I hurried over and asked for directions, luckily they told me and I wasn't too far. I felt lost in this castle, but anywhere was better than in the prince's quarters.

I couldn't help but think about how his sudden change in behaviour was odd... Was he going feral? Was that how he killed the women, or was it really because of his monster cock? 5

Sighing, I knocked on the door which clearly read – Head Omega Dolores Palmer – on a gold plate on the door.

"Come in!" A brisk voice called, and I opened the door.

What I was expecting to look like an office looked more like a messy design studio at first glance. There were fabrics and racks of clothing to one side, including shelves with boxes that I assumed were footwear. To the left were two large tables with papers and files scattered over them. The wall behind them held many charts.

This room was far too messy to belong to a head Omega... Right? The sound of a ruler hitting the table made me jump, and I turned to look at the tall woman who stood there looking me up and down. "State your name, business, and who you belong to." She snapped, her dark eyes watching me sharply as she picked up a file from one of the messy tables. "Quickly girl!" "E-Evangeline Rose, I belong to the third prince, and he's the one who told me to come for clothes," I said hurriedly, the words sounding weird on my lips as they tumbled out. "Ah, the new one..." She placed the file down with a snap, her eyes running over me. "You have a lot of potential... He has a good eye." She murmured more to herself than to me.

"Position?"

"Position?" I asked, confused. "Yes, are you his maid or bed warmer, I'm assuming you aren't one of his claimed Omegas." She said snidely, "He doesn't really take those." "I'm his majd..." I said, thinking that I had served him breakfast. She raised an eyebrow before clucking her tongue.

"I'm not so sure... I'll have you measure, and then we'll give you a variety of items." She said, jotting something down before taking an empty sheet and motioning me to follow her. "Remove your bottoms."

I obeyed, glad the shirt was long as she began taking my measurements. Her eyebrow shot up as she measured my waist. "A lot curvier and appealing than first appeared. Avoid such frumpy clothes, the prince won't find you appealing." She muttered to herself, making me sigh softly.

I'm just an object.

I didn't move, simply obeying, and when she was done with all her measurements and notes, she pursed her lips. "So, since you seem rather new to the rules and ways of the castle, do you know the rules of the Omegas of the castle and full moons?"

"Full moons? We are to stay home?"

"Yes or more precisely, in your room, you belong to your Alpha now and people will know that, however on full moons your omega scent will be high and extremely enticing to other males." She began, as she began taking out some clothing, but I was far too stressed to watch. Trying to take in everything she was saying instead. "It is an insult to your prince if you ever engage with any other aside from him. Remember that. There are many single men in this palace... Yet no matter how your alpha treats you, you are never to entertain anyone else. Are you listening!"

"Y-yes!" I nodded vigorously.

I didn't want a man, I wanted to go far away, and maybe have a small shop or something where I could live like a human...

She frowned as she looked at my feet, and to my dismay, she began taking some boxes of shoes down as she continued explaining. "Even if you have desires and your Alpha does not want you, that rule is to be followed. Although I doubt that will be the case... hmm I do wish the prince had told you what type of clothing he prefers for you."

What was this? The olden days? In this day and age, it was disgusting that we were still treated like this... Just because we were born different... it wasn't our fault males loved us... We were still beings with dreams of our own.

What were my dreams? I never had any... because all I ever saw was Sinclair...

My chest tightened painfully, and I looked down sadly. "What colour to give you... he doesn't usually have omegas." She mused.

"Red." A deep voice that made my blood run cold came, and we both turned, startled to see the prince standing there, luckily he was fully dressed, but somehow I was extra aware of his chiselled body and the way he filled his shirt out... knowing exactly what he was packing under

Oh my god, not that kind of packing! I meant his muscles, arin muscles! . "Alpha Prince Zedkiel." Dolores bowed her head graciously, but I could smell the fear coming from her. Like everyone back at the ball, she feared him... I shouldn't get too distracted either ... He was a beast, a monster who would kill instantaneously. "Give her the very best, I don't want to see her in anything less than appealing." He said coldly, his eyes on my bare legs.

I pressed my thighs together, tugging at the hem of my shirt, hoping it covered enough.

"The very best." Dolores's attention turned to me before she looked back at the prince. "of course my prince... Your insignia then, in what item would you prefer she wear it, a broach, a necklace or perhaps a-"

"I'll deal with that, just get her the clothes." He snapped coldly before he left, the room suddenly became more breathable, and even Dolores exhaled.

She looked at me and it was as if she were observing me for the first time. "Perhaps, for now, you should wear... these, and in time, I will get what the prince has asked for. We may need to send someone shopping for you..."

"But you have many clothes here." I didn't want to owe them anything.

"The prince has made it clear that he is claiming you."

Claiming me? The words made me uneasy and when she passed me the tiniest red knickers and a bra that I don't think was going to cover much. "These?"

"Yes, the Prince's orders." She said, a flash of an expression I couldn't understand flitted across her face before she snapped her fingers. "Go change." I didn't argue, if it meant he'd let me live... Wearing these clothes wasn't too bad. At least I had clothes that weren't his.

Ten minutes later, I was regretting my positivity. The bra did nothing to hide or hold anything, only pushing my boobs into my face. The red peplum top she gave me was so tight I was sure if I had a glass of water it would burst from the seams, and the trousers she gave me... well let's just say they were so fitted, that the tiny knicker outline could be seen from behind. "Madam, I think these clothes are a few sizes too small." I mumbled as she shoved a box into my arms roughly. The corner jabbed into my arm.

"No. They're not. Now put those on." She commanded, and I didn't bother complaining as I opened the boxes and looked at the black patent heels.

I slipped them on, hoping I didn't have to wear them all through the day. They weren't comfortable at all.

"Dolores I have the latest!" A slim man exclaimed upon entering, from his soft pink pants and his silk shirt to his perfect boots, I knew this man was a lover of fashion.

"What do you mean, Alistair?" Dolores asked sharply.

"The king may be expecting the princes to take brides soon, especially since fated mates are so rare. Do you know what means, my sunshine?"

Sunshine? Dolores was anything but a sunshine. "It means we need to make sure we have the finest clothing and party planners ready just in case." She replied briskly as she sighed, losing her pen onto the file. "Yes, that or..." His gaze fell on me, and he looked me over. "Oh, I like that outfit."

Dolores looked at me as if she had forgotten I was even there. "Move along. I'm sure you haven't eaten. Go to the kitchens and ask for Charlie, he'll help you with the prince's rota and tell you all you need to know. Tell them I told you to get some lunch!"

"Thank you, Madam Dolores." I said lowering my head to her before I hurried out of the room, very aware of my fitted outfit. I wondered what else they were talking about before Alistair trailed off, but the last I heard before the door shut was Alistair whispering.

"No Dolores, no Luna means they are out of the tournament race." The door shut with a resounding thud, echoing off the stone walls, and I frowned as I made my way to the kitchen. The tournament... it sounded like something I had heard of before... wasn't that what Alpha Aeron was discussing a few weeks back?

I just wish I had paid attention... What exactly had he said... I mused, my mouth set in a thoughtful pout. I gasped when it suddenly came back to me. "Oh of course! Because none of the princes had been given the sign to be the next king at their rituals... the Supreme Alpha King would hold a tournament and the winner would take the throne!" I snapped my fingers, proud of myself for remembering.

"Well, well, well, look at the dirty little slut we have here." I froze when none other than Celia's voice came.

I turned to see her with her sister Odette, both wearing similar smirks on their faces. Although Celia's was far uglier. "She's alive." Odette whispered as if it was the most shocking thing in the world.

Then again, I guess it was.

"He probably found her so disgusting he tossed her out, I think I'm right. She doesn't even smell of him!" Celia hissed.

"If he took her, she'd be dead." Odette whispered.

"Excuse me." I said not wanting to entertain them for any longer.

"Hold up, you little bitch, we aren't done." Celia hissed, grabbing my arm, and pushing me against the wall causing pain to rush through my shoulder. I hissed, trying to stop myself from yelping "Just because you're wearing designer brands now doesn't mean you're anything more than someone made to clean up after a real woman." "Celia... she's wearing designer clothing... we shouldn't-"

"Oh Odette, she probably stole them from someone. How dare you!" She slapped me across my face, and to my horror, she grabbed my sleeve from the shoulder and ripped my top violently as she laughed. "See? First Sinclair didn't even want you, now even the prince doesn't!"

That stung...

She slapped me again, and I flinched, as she ripped my top, even more, revealing my breasts." Stop it!" I shouted, covering my breasts as I backed away. I scanned the hall frantically, but I was alone, and there was no one to help me. "Celia..." Odette whispered warningly, her face pale as Celia didn't care, simply slapping me once more.

Suddenly a terrifyingly menacing growl rumbled of the walls as a dangerous aura swirled

around us, and it was almost as if a darkness fell over us. All three of us turned as Odette whimpered, backing away in pure fear. Whilst Celia was frozen in shock and somehow, somehow, for the first time since meeting him, I felt relieved to see him.

Zedkiel.

However, when he spoke, a shiver of terror ran down my spine.

"How dare you touch what's mine." He hissed, his voice shaking with pure rage that made all three of us tremble with fear... 5.