

# Chapter 11

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**This is a very short chapter.**

**But it's an update!!!!**

**So enjoy and don't forget to comment. Love you guys** ♡♡♡

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My hand froze midway. My mind went completely blank. Did I imagine it or..

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"I said did I ask you to leave?" the voice came again, louder this time. From the other side of the room. It was deep, filled with power and supremacy. It demanded respect and obedience. I shivered just by listening to it. I knew deep in my guts that I'll never be able to refuse to that voice.

No matter what it demands.

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Although I knew I was assigned to him I was never prepared for an actual encounter. As I was witnessing the blood filled incident earlier today, I was terrified. Without me even realizing, my breathing became uneven. It was suddenly very hard to get air into my lungs.

However at the same time, I knew I had to suck it up and do my work the best I can right now and not get killed immediately. The least I could do now is to not piss him off.

So I slowly turned around.

"N...no Your Highness, you did not." I kept my head bowed as I let the words out.

"Dinner will not set up itself now will it?" Prince Phoenix sneered.

Like he knew I messed up.

"N...no Your Highness." I scrambled over to the table and began to set things up. I arranged his plate in front of his seat and poured the red metallic liquid into his chalice. As I was doing what was supposed to be done I waited on him a few feet away still keeping my head bowed, in case he needed anything else.

Even though I had my head down I could feel his heated gaze burning holes in my head.

The whole time, there were only the sounds of culinary items scrapping against each other. I immediately started cleaning the table once he was finished.

The Prince?

He just simply sat there no doubt staring and calculating my every move. I have never felt so exposed. To make things worse, I couldn't stop thinking about what happened to Robbie that morning and if I would get a similar punishment.

How I wished my hands would stop trembling.

From what I could see, and from what I saw earlier, Prince Phoenix Valentine was a tall Pure Blood Vampire. Taller than a few others I've seen in my short time here. His legs were long, fit and muscular and so were his arms. His biceps showed clearly through the tight fabric he wore at the moment. His shoulders were broad. Even if he's the strongest creature alive, I'm sure he still spent a lot of time training. Not to mention he has both vampiric and fae powers. I did not want to find out what he could do with his strong physique. From my peripheral vision I could only see half his face. He had a very sharp jawline and high cheekbones. His lips were shut, pressed together in a tight line. He sat there so still, facing my direction giving nothing away. Like a predator watching it's prey.

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Honestly, I wasn't admiring. I needed see what I had to deal with if anything goes wrong. In conclusion, nothing should ever go wrong.

I actually only wanted to observe his hands in case he decided to lash out and kill me. Then at least I would know and be prepared to die.

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There was also some sort of unexplainable heat radiating off of him then.

Was he angry? Did I do something wrong?

Only time would tell.

Or did I accidentally step on his toes?!

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No. No it can't be.

I picked up my speed and finished my cleaning. Then I stood there because I didn't know if I was allowed to leave. I kept fidgeting until I heard a rough voice.

"You may leave."

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I gave a small bow before I strode right to the door. On my way, I suddenly remembered the white rose in my pocket.

If I kept it till tomorrow the poor thing would surely wilt. Flower has already been in my dark gloomy pocket for a very long time. My care for the rose overpowered my fear of the Dark Prince.

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I changed my direction and went over to the small table where I kept the vase. Luckily there was enough water in it. I took out Flower delicately and put it in the vase.

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Then I strode out the room in a blink of an eye.

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Only when I was absolutely sure I was far away from his room did I manage to breathe properly. Thankfully dinner was the last chore of the day.

As I walked back to my quarters the heat that radiated off of him still lingered on me. I could still feel it and it wasn't pleasant at all.

It felt like a warning.

Like the worst had yet to come.

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Like a kind of darkness that consumes your emotions.

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That night was darker than ever.

I didn't feel like talking to anyone and went straight to bed.

Too much had happened today.

Just too much.

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**Your thoughts on the Dark Prince?**

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☹️🙄🙄

Continue to next part