Helloooooooo readers, here's another chapter for you. It's been long I know. Anyway hope you guys enjoy and freely let me know

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what you think.

Here's a special shoutout to:

2.Martine from Jamaica

3.Zuhairah from Brunei

4.Abigail from Nigeria

Darussalam

1.Rafoncel from The Philippines

Chapter 18

5.Filipa Vilhena from Portugal 6.Hema from Malaysia 7.Reshay from The US 8.Heba from Syria 9.Jakob Dillsworth from The US 10.Michel from Mexico I am soooooo happy to know some of you. Thanks for the comments about yourselves.	ਕੌਰ ਕਿ ਕਿ ਕਿ ਕੌਰ
I was awake. I knew I was awake. I just couldn't open my eyes or move my body. I tried harder to pry my eyes open but the killer headache was making it impossible.  A er some more time of me motivating my brain to li up my eyelids, it finally worked. I unconsciously whimpered from the terrible pain. It wasn't only my head. It was like my whole body was on fire. Every muscle felt like they were tearing apart. I could feel myself starting to sweat from the pain. Another groan escaped my lips. I tried to concentrate on something particular just to forget about how I was feeling at the moment. Anything. I looked upwards to the ceiling. It was high and huge, with unique paintings here and there. My eyes took in its beauty.  Wait! Paintings?  I never realised how comfortable or warm the surrounding was. That's when it hit me. I wasn't back at the quarters. I immediately tried to get up but my body wasn't working with me. Not only that, another wave of painful discomfort washed over me.  I groaned loudly. It was too much. However, the need to get out of this place was stronger. I used all the strength I could muster and pulled myself up. I barely moved before a strong wing blew passed and a heavy hand pushed me down.  "Don't you dare."  I'd know that cold commanding voice anywhere.	a <sup>t</sup>
Please let it all be a dream.  I slowly looked to my right and there he was. I didn't look him in the eye. A er what I witnessed last night, I'm never going to do it again. I knew he was probably glaring at me with those lethal orbs.  There was nothing I could do anyway. Plus the pain was still intense so I laid down and didn't dare move. He too sat in a chair right beside the bed. His form never faced anywhere else but me. Shortly a er, there was a knock on the door.  "Come in."  A fairly tall, middle aged man walked in carrying a tray with one hand. His face didn't show much emotion. He seemed stern but could be friendly. I didn't know what to think about him yet. He looked around before his eyes landed on the small table near the bed. He walked over to where it was and put the tray on it. Then he carried the table, placing it on my side of the bed.	
"That would be all for now Percival." The man bowed.  "Yes Your Highness. However, I came here with a message. His Grace King Caelestinus would like to speak to you."  "Now? Really? Can't he wait?"  "It seemed important Your Highness. Something to do with a Lady Essy? Erin?what was it?" He rubbed his chin as he cracked his mind Both of them spoke as if I was invisible. I actually preferred it that way.  "Esther?" the prince spoke with bored tone.  "Yes! That's the name Your Highness," Mr. Percival answered enthusiastically.  "Great. So you won't be leaving any time soon. Not until I get back."  "Yes Your Highness."  "Make sure that tray is empty when I get back. She is to eat all of it."	් ේ ස්
He commanded and le in a blur.  Only a er that did Mr. Percival decide to look at me. He o ered me a smile then proceeded to open the tray revealing what was supposed to be my breakfast. First of all, I didn't expect it to be for me. And second, it was way too much.  There were slices of bread, bacon strips, cheese, butter, a few kinds of fruit, salad and juice. "It's too much sir." His smile dropped a fraction.  "Try to eat my dear. The prince will not be pleased if there's any le overs," he said urging me to eat. It seemed like the prince would not be pleased with himif there were le overs. So I tried to eat as much as possible.  I really tried. There was still a slice of bread and salad le. My stomach simply couldn't take any more. "I can't sir. I'm too full." I said looking at Mr.Percival.  "Eat slowly. I'm sure you can finish it. Plus, it's not always that you get food like this," he tried encouraging me. I stared blankly at the tray. If	đ <sup>†</sup>
I eat I'd throw up. Then there would be puke all over the mattress.  Eww.  I heard Mr.Percival let out a heavy breath. "You're not going to finish i are you?" I shook my head not looking at him. I didn't need a disappointed look now.  "I'm guessing you are Eve? Eve Kheelan?" He suddenly asked. I looked at him and gave him a light nod. He continued to look at me. Almost trying to figure out my darkest secrets.  As if I had anything to hide.  It was uncomfortable though.  "Sorry I've just never been in this situation. You know, caring for a servant because the prince tells me to. It's more peculiar that he commanded this. He's never done this before my dear. You must be special." He said eyeing me.  I ignored the fact that he called me special. There was nothing to feel special about. Not in my situation. "Never done what sir?" I asked	t d'
picking on my salad.  "Ordered to care of a person like this. A servant at that. It's unheard of."  "Maybe he just doesn't want me to die yet." I pointed out. Mr.Percival let out a hearty laugh. "He didn't even want a personal servant! Now look at where we are." He chuckled. "I don't know what you're doing but he must be fond of you." I spit out the juice I was drinking and started to choke on it.  Fond?! Special?! What was wrong with this man?!!  Mr. Percival immediately rushed over and began hitting my back.  "There there, breathe. Our prince will not be pleased if you die under my watch," he paused for a while and waited for me to calm down.  "Was it something I said?"  "If you do not mind me asking, how long have you been working here sir?"	
"You can call me Mr.Percival. I've been working here for close to two hundred years." I must have looked like a fish out of water right a er he said that. I expected him to laugh or something a erwards but he remained passive. He wasn't kidding.  "Twtwo hundred? How oold are you?" I needed to know more as couldn't contain my curiosity. "Just slightly over two hundred years old. Two hundred and thirty five in a month," he casually said.  "Hhow?" I whispered.  "Hmmm, well let's just say the Royals liked me and had problems letting me go. So, they turned me a hundred and ninety five years ago." He shrugged.  "Oh."  "You sure you can't eat? Another mouth would be nice my dear." I didn't want him to feel bad so I forced a small amount of salad into	d <sup>*</sup>
my mouth. "That's all I can manage Mr.Percival."  "Very well, finish your juice."  "What do you work as?"  "I'm the head of the male servants just as Ms.Odelle is head of the female servants. I may seem nice and chatty now but I'm not the same during working hours. No more questions Ms. Curious, drink up."	đ
"Yes sir."  "Oh I have one though. What made you spit out your drink?" He looked at me confused.  "Well, you used the word fond and special. I don't think I'm either of them in the princes' eyes," I looked at my lap. My mood suddenly dropped thinking about what happened to my once bright and colorful life. "Quite the opposite actually." I felt the familiar burn at the back of my eyes. I quickly shook my head and drank the juice.  I wondered why Mr. Percival was so quiet. When I looked up, I and saw him blankly staring at me. I waved my hand in front of his face.  "You see my dear, I know it's been hard bu" He's words were cut short by a loud bang. I jumped in fright.  Hewalked in, seeming to be pissed o . "Your Highness, everything alright?" Mr.Percival daringly asked. This man has guts.  "Not in the mood Percival!! And why the fuck is that tray not empty?!!" he shouted. I always thought the Dark Prince could not get scarier. Wrong again.  "The girl's stomach can only take so much Your Highness. She tried."	
"Leave."  That was when I had to mentally say goodbye to my new friend.  For now I hope.  Once the door was shut so did my lighter mood. I was once again consumed by the oh so familiar fear. I fisted my hands in the sheets, staring at my lap, having a mental argument between staying put and running for the door.  "Why the hell didn't you finish the meal?!" He raised his voice. I winced before replying.  "IIcouldn't eat all of it Your Highness." I spoke so ly and carefully hoping he wouldn't kill me there and then. My grip on the sheets tightened.	a <sup>t</sup>
"I don't care how long it takes! You will finish it." He spoke with such force that no being would dare to argue. I've never heard him sound like that. This sudden change made me wonder what his father, what the king had told him earlier.  I had no other choice but to force feed myself. If I refuse, I'll be punished. If I eat, I'll puke and be punished all the same. So, I made sure I was going to eat slowly and not upset my already weakening stomach. With a shaky hand I took a small amount of salad and put it in my mouth. I took my time chewing it. Anything would be better than me throwing up all over the place.  I could feel his burning gaze the whole time I ate. "You need to eat. You're all skin and bones," he suddenly spoke. I slowly turned and looked at his direction. He had seated himself beside the bed again.  Why do you care?! You're the reason anyway!!  I wanted to yell.  Instead I focused on digesting my meal. It took me another fi een	ď
minutes to finish my meal. He made sure it was empty. I thanked God I didn't throw up everything. Right a er eating, I started to arrange everything back on the tray. Just as I was going to get up, the tray was ripped away from me. "Who said you could leave?"  "II must get back to wwork Your Highness."  Please let me leave.  "Hmmm you always seem to forget who's in charge here and who owns you now." He pushed the table with the tray aside and sat closer to me. I immediately scooted back a little. "Like that's going to help," he said sounding amused. My breath hitched.  "Now, since you already ate, you will be sent to the servants' quarters and you will rest, sleep. Resume your duties tomorrow. If I am told you did otherwise you will be severely punished by me personally and I swear I will make it hurt. Badly." He said it all in one breath. Like nothing.  What would everyone think if I went back andslept the whole	
day? All the unnecessary questions would arise.  "Your H" before I could finish he grabbed both my arms and made me face him. I looked down at once. He then shook me. "Did you just try todefy me?" there was an animalistic growl coming from the back of his throat. His voice sounded so terrifying at that moment, I trembled "Nno Your Highness. II'm so sorry." I barely got the words out. "Remember what I'm capable of and never forget! Wasn't last night enough for you?!" I nodded frantically. Tears welled up in my eyes.  "Now. Be a good girl and repeat what I said."  I took a deep breath trying to stop myself from shaking too much. "II am to go back to the servants' quarters andrrest the whole day. Tthen resume my duties tomorrow." I finished. His grip on my arms tightened. I knew there was going to be fresh bruises.  "Or?"  "Oor I will be punished by you personally Your Highness."	কৈ কৈ কৈ
"You forgot the part where I'll make it hurt. Badly." He finished. I remained silent afraid to let out another word. What he did next was just weird. He places both his hands on the sides of my head. At first, I didn't move as I couldn't guess what he was trying to do.  So I turned my head a little. "Do. Not. Move. Or else." That was enough to make me stop. What scared me more was that his fingers were starting to heat up. Seconds later they were really hot. "Itit hurts Your Highness."  "Clear your mind," came his voice. I tried to do what he said but before anything, everything went black. With me collapsing on the bed. Before I completely blacked out, I heard three words.  "My little flower."	ਰੰ ਰੰ
Kyle's POV  "Anything else Your Highness?" I asked the brat standing in front of me. Prince Timothy Angel had golden hair and bright baby blue eyes. He was good looking and extremely good with words. One of his many tactics to get whatever he wants. Everyone should understand that they must never fall for his charms or words. He was a devil inside. A spoilt brat.  "Nothing more servant! You may sit down on that chair." Came his irritating, squeaky voice. I swear I was already getting a migraine. "I	d d
said sit there!" Why did he raise his voice? Because I was two fucking seconds late!!!  "Yes my prince." I gritted out as I sat on the bloody chair in his room which was too damn big for him. "Now you will tell me how I look in all these coats and give your honest comments about them. Do you understand servant?"  What. The. Fuck?!  "Okay Your Highness." What the hell was wrong with this kid slash monster? This monster kid?! Can't he be normal and go play outsit or something?!  He was already dressed in a pair of black slacks and a white long sleeved shirt. He decided to put on a navy blue coat first. Once he adjusted it he turned to look at me. "Well?"  "It looks good." What else was I supposed to say?	් ස්° de ස්
"Good? Why?"  Eerggh for fuck's sake.  "Well I can't say much cuz I can't compare it with anything else." I looked at him in the eye. Screw the law saying we couldn't look them in the eye. This one was half my height. Was I supposed to look up?!  "Hmm. I guess you're right servant," he said picking up the next coat which was red.  "This goes well with your skin Your Highness." It really did.  "Really? Okay, I'll keep this one aside." He finally stopped a er trying out a thousand di erent coats. Okay maybe not a thousand but it felt like it because I needed to comment on every single one.  That's how my second day went. Once dinner was done. I went straight to the kitchen. I needed to vent out my frustration on someone. And I had the perfect person.	ਰਿ ਰਿ ਰਿ ਰਿ
"Oh the pain!"  "You just have to adjust and be more patient. He's a kid. A Royal Pure Blood but still a kid."  "You are not helping Alex!" I sighed frustrated with him. Actually with all of them. What the heck happened to my life?!  "What's all the argument about?" just then an chinese looking girl came out of nowhere. She literally just appeared.  "Who are you?" I asked annoyed.  "I'm Bethany but you can call me Beth. I work here, in the kitchen.	ď
You must be new, what's your name?" she stretched out her hand. "UmKyle."  "Welcome to the slave world Kyle," she said beaming. What the hell is wrong with all these people?! Was it the e ects of working here?  "Whatever Bessie. I'll just go talk to Eve. She's way better at listening."  "Eve?! You've met her?" Alex was suddenly all ears. Typical.  "Yeah. Saw her last night. She looked horrible by the way."  "That's why she wouldn't see me," he muttered angrily while he punched the table hard. His whole demeanor changed in a second.  Then his eyes shot to mine. "Why didn't you tell me?!! Why didn't you tell me you saw her?!!" he yelled all of a sudden. My eyes turned to the girl and saw that she looked nervous and scared. Like she knew something.  "Whhhow?Whoaaaa! What the hell man?! Why am I being	a
yelled at?!" This Bessie girl rushed between us trying to keep the situation quiet. I totally forgot that we weren't supposed to be loud or even talking. "Alexander calm down," she spoke so ly while holding his arm. "Kyle is new. He doesn't know anything. Don't yell at him." Alright, now I like this girl.  "And maybe Eve just wants some time alone to deal with this new situation. She'll come see you soon I promise. It's just too much for her and worrying you is the last thing she wants."  "That's why I'm mad Beth! If it's too much she should've come to see me!" Beth. That's her name.  I couldn't take it anymore. "Can someone please explain to me what's going on?"  "Eve is the personal servant of Prince Phoenix Valentine, Kyle."  Once Alex said that, my chest constricted. The Dark Prince? Personal servant? Eve? Our Eve?!	ď
I felt really down and extremely worried about Eve's safety. "I heard they don't last long. How did she cope up all this time?" I asked to no one in particular.  "Eve is strong. That's how. She's handling it." Bessie replied curtly.  "No wonder she looked skinny and lifeless," I whispered to myself. Apparently, it didn't go unheard.  "What?! I have to see her! How could she meet Kyle and not me?!"  Alex was enraged again. I understood. Eve was his family. Well, we all were but she is someone he took care of. The girl he practically raised. "Alex, Alex. Calm down I'll bring her tomorrow. Just calm down okay. She's going to be fine." This Bessie girl was really doing a good job with Alex. She then hugged him to calm his nerves.  We were all quiet for some time. Lost in our own thoughts, thinking about the future we may or may not live to see. I didn't know how much time passed before we heard footsteps. I turned around and was greeted by a very beautiful site.  Henri was walking towards us. The most gorgeous girl I'll ever meet. Even if she was dressed in that horrible uniform, she could still pull it o . She still looked as beautiful as ever. Once she got to where we	a් a්
were she immediately hugged Alex.  "Alex! We missed you so much and I missed you a little extra!" She was so happy. Alex just smiled while hugging her back.  "I missed you too Henri." She then turned around. "Hey Kyle."  No hug for me?  "Stop staring at me like that Kyle!"  "What? I can't help it." She blushed at my words.  "Ohhh and who's this?" Bessie asked. Henri gave a sweet smile and they introduced themselves.  "Oh so you and Alex work in the kitchen huh?" Henri confirmed while taking a seat beside me.  "Yeah. How about you?"  "Castle grounds. Tiring as hell." Henri let out a yawn. Which was cute. "Alex are you okay?"	a⁴ a¹
"P no he's not! He, well actually we are worried about Eve. She looked a little sick. Working for the Dark Prince is not easy I guess." Henri just looked at me. Then she turned to Alex and gently took his hand.  "Alex, Eve is going to be okay. She's strong and you can't worry too much anymore. We're all servants and anything can happen at anytime. We have to be prepared." She spoke carefully. She was threading on thin ice. I could see that Alex didn't like what she said. Her words may irk but it was the truth.  "Henri where do you sleep? I didn't see you last night." Bessie asked.  "Oh, I had to take care of one of the Royals. I slept o in the chair. I'll be in the quarters tonight." Bessie beamed. Again.	්ත ්ත
"So Kyle and Henri, how do you know Eve? Mutual friends?" Henri and I both looked at Alex.  "Oh right, I forgot to introduce them Beth. Beth meet my other family members, Henri and Kyle."  "What?!" Beth yelped.  "Yeah Alex is sort of our brother not by blood but we lived together in the same house long enough to define ourselves as one family." I explained. "But we aren't related just so you know," Henri added quickly.  "But still! Couldn't you open your mouth just now?!" Bessie elbowed him in the rib. Ouch.  "It's late. We should head to the quarters before someone sees us."  "Too late for that kids."	ਰ ਰੈ
"Mr. Percival." Alex immediately stood up like a soldier. "We were just leaving."  "Any idea what time is it?" He asked sternly. Sheesh  "Ten sir." This Percival guy nodded at Alex's reply. You all should have been in your quarters by nine thirty. I'll let this slide. Just this once.  Next time there will be consequences."  I swear that guy is plain creepy. But he's e ective. Because right a er he said that we scurried and le. Not before I kissed Henri making her	a
go red. ################################## So what do you think?	ā <sup>3</sup>