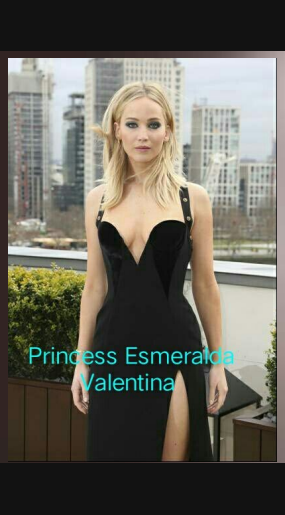

Chapter 36

Hellooooooooo lovely readers!!!! Here's another chapter for you guys. Do lemme know what you think.

Have a wonderful day ahead my readers!!!

God bless you always. Muahhh.

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Third Person's POV

There were soft knocks on the door. The girl could hear them but she did not react to it. Her mind and body simply would not allow it. She felt numb and emotionless, not wanting and not being able to feel much.

Still she heard the door open and felt a presence walk in. This person carried an aura of power and pride, but also warmth.

It wasn't Him

That much she knew.

So she did not immediately still. This person walked towards the bed and took a seat on the chair beside it.

"Aren't you a beautiful little creature," the person said softly. Its was a woman. A powerful woman, with authority. The girl became cautious but the feeling only lasted for a couple of seconds. After that her mind went blank again, not caring about anything around her.

The woman then reached forward to tuck a strand of hair behind the girl's ear. That gesture was enough to make Eve move away from the woman. She couldn't feel much yet she knew she didn't like the woman's touch. Powerful women were dangerous.

"Whatever I say will not reverse the clock or undo whatever has happened. One of the only things I can say is that I am sorry you went through that, dear girl. I'm sorry you had to experience all that you have."

Eve remained unmoving, staring blankly at her lap.

Queen Charlotte let out a sigh. The girl was obviously still extremely traumatized and she feared her as well. It was odd that she feared her yet she seemed okay with her son. Out of everyone else.

I'll just have to ask Phoenix later, Queen Charlotte thought.

"You don't have to fear me, young one. I would never hurt you," came her soft and assuring voice. Eve did not seem to care.

She felt nothing.

Nothing but thorns constantly piercing her tender heart.

Before Queen Charlotte could say anything further, the doors burst open.

"What are you doing here?!" He raised his cold, authoritative voice.

"I just came to see her Phoenix," his mother said calmly, unaffected by his brooding stance.

"You are not allowed to come in here without permission!!! Why are you here?!"

"And why can't I visit the girl?"

"Leave. Now."

"Phoenix..."

"Now!!"

The Queen stared into her son's eyes for a few moments. Then she nodded and walked out the doors.

Prince Phoenix was always a private person. He didn't like it when there were uninvited people in his sanctuary. It didn't matter who they were. It was only natural for him to yell and chase anyone out of his room. This time however, he didn't think how his yelling would effect his Little Flower.

The second he realized that, he turned towards the bed. His heart stopped when he didn't find her laying on it.

He sped around the bed to find her scooting away from where she had fallen.

"Damn it. Come here," he said regretfully and tried to hold her. She flinched and backed away from him.

She was suddenly feeling trapped. Just as she was in the cell. His anger and yelling brought her back to the dungeons. All she could see were flashes of what happened. The guards burning her skin, Esther's sinister smile, Henri's eyes filled with hatred, and most of all, the guards laughing at her cruelly when she begged for them to stop. She felt her insides being torn apart. Her heart being ripped out of her chest. Her soul was being tormented in a deep sea of pure misery and there was no way out.

She was being dragged back to the cold, dark cage.

When she opened her eyes, she saw the Dark Prince closing in on her.

The combination of her flashbacks and the Prince made her pale.

She let out a heart wrenching scream and blocked both her ears with her hands. She kept shaking her head and screaming. "Hey!! Look at me!" the Prince tried to calm her down.

She screamed louder. Tears flowed down her cheeks and she trembled with fear. Without wasting time, he decided to repeat his action from the other day.

He pulled her to his chest and hugged her tight. "Nobody's going to hurt you like that again. I've told you this before and I'll tell you again. You. Are. Safe. Now." He whispered into her ear and didn't let go of her.

A few minutes passed and she calmed down. She was suddenly back to her emotionless self again. It was like, her panicking never happened at all.

The Prince slightly pulled away only to see her frozen state. Her eyes were once again hollow and her lips were set in a thin line. He lifted her up and laid her down on the bed again. Then he pulled the comforter over her lap. It was already late evening.

He ordered Odelle to watch over her and went to his private room. He needed some time for himself. Prince Phoenix also hoped his brother would not be there to invade his privacy.

The Prince sat out on the balcony, delighting himself in the cool evening breeze. It brought about a sense of calmness to his heavily troubled mind.

Will she ever come out of it?

Does she remember everything?

What else could he do to make it better?

Did she fear him that much? Does she still hate him?

All these thoughts plagued his mind. He just wanted her to get well. He wanted her to feel, to move about, to live again. He knew it was going to take more time but he couldn't bear to see her hurt. He spent around half an hour outside and then he stood up and got ready to leave.

Right before he stepped foot inside his room, there was a knock on the door.

Fuck it!!

"Go away Angel!!"

The knocking was done again.

"Get the...."

"It's me Phoenix," came his mother's voice from the other side.

"You are not allowed inside this room as well!"

There was silence for a few seconds before she spoke.

"Very well."

"Thank y-" before he could finish he heard a flapping noise behind him, out the balcony. He wanted to roll his eyes.

He sighed and looked back. As expected, his mother flew up to the balcony with her glass like wings. They were breathtaking to the eye of any being. It never ceased to amaze him, even after all these years. Queen Charlotte didn't miss the look of awe on her son's face. The same look he gave her every single time he saw her fly. Ever since he was a toddler.

He used to ask her why he didn't have wings like hers and that's when she would say he had something far greater than wings and she would carry him up to the sky. Once they were high enough, to Phoenix's liking, she would throw him in the air and catch him. He would laugh his heart out.

The echo of his laughter could be heard from a mile away. This brought back happy memories which made her eyes watery. Just then, she stopped herself from thinking too much and decided to concentrate on how to go about this conversation.

She landed gracefully on the balcony floor. The flapping of her extensive wings made a strong wind which messed up the Prince's hair. Her wings were both dazzling and elegant against the night sky and he couldn't stop staring at them.

"Well, I'm technically not in your room." This made him stop his admiration for the Queen.

"Congratulations mother," he bit back.

"Why are you so angry right now?"

"Doesn't matter, have you eaten?"

The Queen raised her brow at her son's attempt to change the topic. Again. He always did that. Centuries had passed and he's still doing it. Every time he was too uncomfortable to let something out, he would be like this. He would immediately lash out and walk away and when he cooled himself he never talked about what made him angry in the first place.

"How long are you going to stare at me?"

"Until you say something. Why were you angry? Because I went into your chambers without your permission? Is that it?"

"Yes that's it. Can we go now? This is also my private room."

"Oh, is it now? How many private rooms do you have?"

"A thousand!! Enough with the questions."

"No!! Tell me what's wrong! And tell me why you're hiding her from everyone!"

"Nothing's wrong mother and I can hide her if I want to!"

"Nothing's wrong." The Queen scoffed. "Same answer I've been listening to ever since you were thirteen," she muttered under her breath.

"Excuse me?"

"You Phoenix! Always hiding away. Hiding your feelings. Hiding your pain."

"What pain?!! Where are you going with this? Can we just drop the subject and fucking leave?!"

"Watch your language with me."

"Seriously?"

"Yes!! Seriously!!"

"What do you want me to say?!!"

"Well, as a start, you can tell me who the girl is to you!! Obviously you care a lot about her. I've never seen you like that Phoenix and I'm your mother. I would like to know more. When I saw the two of you in the gardens, that shocked the crap out of me! The way you held her, the way you looked at her. It's what I've always dreamed for you," she said the last part slowly. She then looked at her son in the eye and cleared her throat. "So yes, you can start with the girl."

"Nothing much to say." He sighed irritably.

"How about her name?"

"Are we really doing this right now?!! You're really going to make me do this?!"

"Yes." The queen answered blankly. He stared at her in disbelief. "Go on, her name." She gracefully took a seat at the small breakfast table on the balcony.

"Name," he scoffed. "If I answer you, will you stop your interrogation mother?"

"No, I don't think so." She casually answered, smiling sweetly at him.

He let out a heavy breath before taking a seat opposite his Queen mother. She seemed extremely determined that night. He knew he couldn't chase her away again.

"Her name," he thought for a moment. "Her name?" he muttered. He was acting like it was the hardest question in the world.

"Yes, Phoenix her name! You refuse to even tell me that?"

"Not really, it's just......her name..."

"Oh, dear Lord!" the Queen was shocked. "You don't know?!"

"I don't rememberI don't call her by her real name so...."

"You seriously don't know her name?!"

Her reply was only a blank look plastered on her son's face.

Well, then, what do you call her?"

There was a small smile playing on his lips as he recalled why he chose that name for her.

"Little Flower......because she looks like one. She even talks to flowers."

The Queen leaned forward and rested her face on her propped up arms. She was giving full attention to her son now.

"What is she like?" Queen Charlotte asked softly.

"Sunshine." His small smile dropped.

She wasn't so bright now.

He wanted her to come back.

"I've ruined her mother."

"Why do you say that myValentine?"

His eyes shot up to the Queen. It's been so many long years since he heard that nickname. The name brought him back to when he was just a boy.

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"Mother?"

"Yes, dear?"

"What's a valentine? Why do I see people passing around flowers and sweets in some parts of the Kingdom?"

"Hmmm, who are they giving those gifts to?"

"I mostly see boys and men give their ladies these things and call them their valentine. Why valentine?! It feels like they're coming for me!!! They can't do that!!"

His mother laughed at his adorable angry face. She tapped his nose and made the six year old prince sit on her lap.

"Valentine's Day is a celebration of romantic love."

"What's that??" the young prince asked wide eyed.

"A sacred love shared between a couple. Like those men and women you had seen."

"Why is it a secret? It's not a secret. They're all quite open about it."

"Sacred. Meaning, it's something valuable. More valuable than all the riches in the world. It's regarded with great respect," the Queen whispered.

"Wow."

"Mhmmm. That's why they say valentine. It means someone you love or someone you would want to have a romantic relationship with. That person should be very important in their partner's life."

"Will I be in a romantic relationship too? I'm already a Valentine..." the Prince asked in horror.

"That's not for you right now brave Prince. Your time has not come."

"You mean it will?!!" he asked in shock.

"Of course it will. You will one day grow up and find your own valentine."

"But I'm 'The Valentine'."

"Yes, yes. I mean find a girl to love."

"Ewwww!" he jumped off his mother's lap and faced her. "I don't ever want one!!"

"Why not?" the Queen frowned. "You'll both love each other wholeheartedly and-"

"Slobber each others faces?!! Nuh uh! I've seen so many people do that today. It's disgusting!" the young prince shivered.

The Queen gave him a hearty laugh.

"Okay, let's see what you have to say about that in a few years."

"You know what mother? I love you. You are extremely important in my life and you're very valuable to me. So my love for you is secret, like your love for me. That means you're my valentine!!" the prince said excitedly with sweet innocence radiating off of him.

"What?? Oh, my dear son, I cannot be your valentine. That title is for someone else who will come into your life later. Hopefully, much, much later." Queen Charlotte said.

"No!!! You will be my valentine. You will, you will. Say it mother. I don't like any of the other girls. They're all so annoying!!" the young Prince whined.

"Okay, okay. I'll be your very special valentine and you shall be mine."

"Yesss!!"

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"Why do you think you ruined her?" her voice brought him back to reality. He blinked a couple of times to get his head straight.

"I hurt her. I didn't know how to deal with her so I hurt her. I blew out the light in her even before they did."

"I'm sure you did not ruin her. Stop this Phoenix." The prince glared at his mother. He knew she didn't want to believe that he could do something so horrible.

"Yes I did!! You have no idea how I treated her so stop acting like you know everything!!"

"Oh but I do. I might not know what you did but I do know you, my son," Queen Charlotte said with all seriousness. "You might have made mistakes. Stupid mistakes that got her hurt in ways I do not know. Maybe you were horrible towards her.

However, if you have even the slightest feeling of regret, it means you know what you did was wrong and that's one step in the right direction," she looked at him. The same innocent eyes stared back at her. Like they did centuries ago.

"I did hurt her. A lot."

"I know and I won't say that I'm not disappointed because a man should never, everhurt a woman. As much as I don't like it I can't help but understand that you also tried to fix it. You tried to become better. Unfortunately, they took her before you could fully show her your inner self. Phoenix I know you may have treated her horribly without understanding how delicate she was but listen to me. This isn't over-"

"I wish I acted differently with her."

"Me too my Valentine but it can only remain nothing but a wish. One truth about being an immortal. We have all the time in the world but none of us in this world can ever go back in time." The Queen smiled. "There's only forward. I'm not going to say what you should have done, I'm sure you're more than aware of that. So I will say this. You have some challenging days in front of you."

The queen sighed when she gazed upon his sardonic eyes. They were full of pain and guilt. She wanted to say that everything would be alright but she couldn't look him in the eye and lie.

"The thing is, you have strong feelings towards her and you had no idea how to express them. So you may have acted like a fool. Maybe you nearly destroyed your chances but you managed to see what you were doing before it was too late and you tried so many things to mend it. It matters my son. She'll at least remember that and one day, hopefully she'll forgive you."

"How do you know all this?"

"I have my ways."

The prince scoffed and turned away. "She's terrified of me. I gave her many reasons to be."

"That's not how is seemed earlier today."

"I wish it could always be like that but it can't. It won't."

"I see the same boy I saw four hundred and sixteen years ago."

Prince Phoenix could no longer look at his mother.

"You remember that day? Your powers were growing stronger and stronger. At one point you lost control over them. You were only eleven and I was pregnant with Zenas at the time."

"Don't go there."

"I have to. You were angry about something that day. You had an argument with another boy or so I heard. You were yelling and telling me all about it. I tried to calm you down once I saw your eyes change color. I wanted to hug you and you pushed me away."

"Stop it."

"But you didn't just push me away. You had no idea you were using your powers. You had no idea they were bonded with your emotions. The force of your push sent me flying across the room and I hit my head against the wall.

The first thought was of the life inside of me. I didn't care about my bleeding head. I hugged my belly. That's when your father rushed in. He ran towards me and demanded answers from you. I kept saying it wasn't your fault but you ran away. You ran away and refused to face us. You locked yourself up in your chambers for about two weeks."

"I thought I killed him. I thought I killed Zenas," the Dark Prince muttered.

"Of course you didn't. The moment after my head healed itself, I looked everywhere for you. Both your father and I. We knew you didn't mean any of it Phoenix. We were never angry, we just wanted to find you and tell you everything was alright. You didn't give us that chance. You refused to see us. You would cast your powers on the doors to prevent us from seeing you. You didn't let anyone in.

Then that was it. There was a distance after that day," Queen Charlotte said sardonically.

"You tried to hide yourself so much that you got lost inside of you. Trapped within the very darkness you created.

There's so much love, hidden behind your walls. I've seen it. Especially after your Esmie was born."

The Prince looked up at the night sky. He tried to block out her words but everything she said brought back different memories.

"I remember, whenever she cried in the middle of the night, either me or your father would rush to her and hold her. It would be your father most of the time. On one particular night, the crying suddenly stopped before he reached her room. He heard movements and soundly peeked into her room, careful not to make any sudden movements.

He saw you carrying your baby sister in your arms, rocking her back and forth, then putting her to sleep. He was so moved with what he saw."

"I never knew you guys were aware of that," the Prince said uncomfortably.

"So the next time Esmeralda cried, we just waited. Her crying wouldn't last very long, because of you," the Queen smiled. "You did the same with Timothy too."

"You knew that too."

"Yes, it was my favorite thing to watch. All my other children are blessed to have you as an older brother, Phoenix. You are so much more than what you think you are.

Stopped beating yourself up and don't repeat the same mistake. Stop putting up walls around you. Only then can you fully open up to your Little Flower.

I can see that you're already learning so much. She's definitely changed you." The Queen winked.

"You like her?"

"Is that the only thing you learned from my long speech?" he simply shrugged.

"Of course I do but she's terrified of me now."

"Terrified of you?" the Prince scoffed again.

"Yes. She moved away when I tried to tuck a strand of hair behind her ear."

"Odd."

"Speaking of her, here's the other reason why I wanted to talk to you." Prince Phoenix raised his brow and looked at his mother skeptically.

"You said she talks to flowers?" the Prince nodded with a soft smile. "Why do you think she does that?"

"I don't know. Why is that important?"

"You've never wondered why?"

"Sometimes."

"How often are the flowers changed? Do you notice anything odd about them. Like they way they wilt or how long they remain fresh?"

"Come to the point mother. What are you trying to say? Are you trying to find some sort of a connection?"

"I'm not trying to find it. I'm just asking if you have noticed it. There is a connection Phoenix. If you haven't noticed anything, it means you were too blind to see it."

"What the heck? You've lost me now!"

"I bet recently, the flowers in your chambers are constantly wilting in a short period of time."

"They....are....."

"She's the reason."

"Say I understand whatever you're saying, where are you going with this exactly?"

"She needs the flowers to be there right? She must have them in the room no matter what."

"She would give importance to the roses but she's not so demanding."

"Of course she isn't, but still she needs them. The girl is the reason why the flowers are wilting so fast and when she's happy they would last very long. What does it say to you?"

"You're telling me she's not human," the Prince spoke coldly all of a sudden.

"She has fae blood running through her veins."

"You.....you can't be so sure. Maybe someone else is doing it. She's normal!" the Queen only shook her head.

"I know my kind, son." She whispered. The Queen did not understand why he was so disappointed to hear the news.

"No," he buried his head in his hands.

"Are you angry because she's a fae creature?" he only shook his head.

"You wanted her to be human?" Queen Charlotte tried again.

"I...guess."

His mother thought about his reply.

"May I ask why?"

"Because she's so......normal. She's just an ordinary girl. Pure, innocent and sweet. I like that about her. Something about her being human gave me a sense of peace. I don't know how to explain it."

"You don't have to and I'm sorry to say this but she's anything but ordinary."

"This is too much to take in. You can't just drop this on me now. What do I do?! How do I go about this?! Does she know who she is?!! What she is?!"

"Phoenix! Breathe. We'll take it slow. Very slow. She most probably doesn't know anything about herself."

"Maybe I should ask Alexander about this."

"Why him?"

"He's her brother."

"They're blood related?" the Queen asked, genuinely surprised.

"Yes...." the prince trailed off as he started to think. "He didn't know she was his biological sister," he mumbled to himself. "He even refused to believe me at first and I don't think he has accepted it yet. They both didn't know."

This was news to Queen Charlotte. Apparently the girl has a sibling. Things were starting to get a little complex.

"How old is he?"

"They say he's older." He knew what his mother was thinking about. There was no way.

"They died a long time ago mother. It can't be."

"But it starting to appear that way. What else do you expect me to make of this?"

"She may be fae-"

"She is a fae creature, Phoenix." The Queen said sternly.

"Fine," he threw his hands up. "I'll go talk to her brother again and find out what he knows. In the meantime I just want her to recover. I'm not going to talk about what she actually is. Like you said, we'll take it slow."

"Okay. We'll take things slow but I have a strong feeling about her. Why don't you invite her brother to dinner tomorrow? We'll talk to him then."

"Okay but remember what I said earlier, mother. They died a long time ago. There is no-"

"It can't hurt to have a little hope son."

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Prince Phoenix's POV

I walked back to my room with mixed feelings.

She's not human?

She's fae.

My Little Flower is a fae creature?

I was initially disturbed by the news but the more I thought about it, the more suitable it was. Everything. Her small frame, her love for the flowers, her innocence, it suited her but it still left an unsettling feeling in me. Maybe it was just too big a surprise.

I was still thinking as I got closer to my chambers. The nearer I came to the doors, the higher my temper rose up. I could hear voices coming from inside. One of them were talking to my Little Flower. There was no reply from her of course but what the fuck were these people doing in my chambers?!!

What has gotten into them?!!

I quietly opened the door to reveal my brother and his stupid blonde servant. I swear that guy was getting on my nerves.

I didn't want to scare my girl again so I had to control my anger which was painstaking to do so.

"Both of you, Get. Out." I growled.

"I thought you said he went out!!" the servant scolded my brother.

The servantscolded my Princeof a brother.

"I didn't know he'd be back this fast, human!!! Let's go!!" Angel yelled back. I had enough of these two morons.

"Get out, now!" I stalked towards Blondie.

"Whoa, whoa, she's watching. You don't wanna scare her. Plus, she really loves me so killing me will make you look even worse than you already are," he said not looking at me in the eye.

"Do you value your life? Even a little?" I grabbed his collar and dragged him to the door.

"I do, I do, I do. Why do you always have to choke me?! Sorry but I just want more time with her!"

"Your time with her was yesterday."

"But I wasn't free yesterday."

"I am seconds away from ripping you apart. So shut that mouth of yours and walk away," I gritted my teeth and ran my hands through my hair.

"Can I come tomorrow, Your Highness?"

"Now you want to ask for permission?!!" We were outside my chambers now. "You were not supposed to be in there!! I will have both you idiots whipped!!"

"What? This was his idea," Blondie pointed to my gaping brother.

"Get out of my sight. If this happens again, I'll make the two of you regret it. I mean it this time. Both of you will be punished severely if I ever find you in my chambers without my permission," I warned them before turning towards the door. They were still arguing when I closed the doors.

"My idea was waaaaaay better little brat!"

"No it wasn't!! It was stupid!! You wanted to climb up the window!" I wanted to roll my eyes at what they were saying.

"Yeah that way we could've escaped easily when we heard him come in!!"

"You wouldn't be able to hear him come in, dumb human!"

"That's why I have you!"

"Even I did not hear him this time!"

"Concentrate next time!!"

They were actually thinking of getting in again

"Yeah climb through the window and I'll enjoy watching my brother push you out through that same window!! Why are you so...

"Smart?....

Their voices faded as they walked away.

There was finally peace and quiet.

My Little Flower was still looking at the closed doors. I guess she was listening to their meaningless conversation too.

"Is the blonde one always like that?" She turned towards me slowly but that was it.

I walked towards her and sat beside her on the bed.

"What did you eat?" she continued to stare at her lap. I then cupped her face and made her look up. She closed her eyes for a brief moment before opening them again.

"What did you eat for dinner?" her eyes them trailed towards the tray on the oval table.

Her first response.

I kissed the tip of her nose and forehead before laying her down.

"Tomorrow we'll go to the gardens again. We'll spend a little more time there."

Her eyes brightened for a split second. I almost missed it.

"You like the gardens huh? Well, here's the deal. Whenever you feel like going out, just tell me and I'll take you."

She stared in my direction for a long time. Somehow, I knew she was surprised at what I said.

"Sleep now."

Tomorrow I planned to spend the morning with her. Later, I will go to the dungeons and continue where I left off.

After that, I will have to order Alexander to come for dinner. Maybe I'll take my Little Flower too.

It's going to be a long and tiring day tomorrow.

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Prince Phoenix's POV

Taking her to the gardens that morning was definitely worth it. Finally, there was some color on her face. She didn't do anything except look around in amazement and take everything in.

She looked radiant under the Sun. I just kept staring at her, mesmerized by her beauty. I didn't speak much to her. I just kept her company. I could see that she felt more relaxed here.

She didn't have any stress lines on her forehead. There was no fear in her eyes. They even looked a little brighter.

About an hour and a half later, her eyes began to droop. Her body began to sway to the left and not long after, she went limp.

I caught her before she fell on the trimmed grass. I thought she had fainted but actually, she just fell asleep.

"I need to talk to the doctors about this." I muttered before carrying her in my arms.

I took her back to my chambers and simply let her sleep.

Once I ordered Odelle to look after her, I went straight to the dungeons.

Some of my soldiers were already ordered to meet me there.

This was going to be thrilling.

I knew I was going to enjoy this.

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That's all for now guys.

Share your 💬💬💬💬.

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Continue to next part