



Ms. Odelle

## Chapter 7

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**I'll tag more names in the upcoming chapters. Thanks for the support again. Have a great day u guys!!!!** 🌸🌸🌸🌸

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After my first day I got a gist of what was needed to be done.

Thank God I wasn't punished for wasting a perfect meal. Ms. Odelle was kind enough to let that one slide only because it was my first day.

By the next day we all had to wake up ourselves and take care of our own stuff. We did our usual morning routine. Once that was settled, I took whatever cleaning equipment I needed and went straight to his room.

It was somewhere during the afternoon while doing my chores, I noticed a pretty looking vase on one of the shelves. Only part of it was visible due to a small statue that was in front of it. No wonder I missed it yesterday, I thought to myself.

Inside the vase was a single white rose.

I was instantly filled with delight as I saw it but the feeling was only momentary because as I went closer to touch the rose, I saw that it had no life.

The fragile flower was bent downwards, looking sad.

"Oh you poor thing. All alone and abandoned. No one took care of you did they?" I spoke to it while caressing its petals. Must have been a beautiful little thing. But sadly now it's wilted. Maybe I could ask one of the servants who carried out their duties in the gardens to give me fallen or undesired flowers.

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Once I was done for the day I picked up my cleaning equipment and put the wilted rose in my dress pocket.

After arranging everything back in the store room which was close to the servants quarters, I decided to go back to our room. Only then did I recall the flower in my pocket. I walked back over to the trash bin near the store room and as I was about to throw the flower away, a voice stopped me.

"Don't throw it! It's too pretty to be trash." I turned around to see a girl that looked to be around my age. She had brown skin, curly hair and warm brown eyes. She also had a friendly face and was slightly taller than me.

"I know right, but it's wilted so there's nothing else to do." I said.

"It doesn't look wilted to me," she gave me a quizzical look. I then looked at the rose in my hand, and was utterly stupefied.

So shocked that I froze.

No. Way

"No.. It... It can't be.."

The rose between my fingers wasn't wilted at all. As a matter of fact, it was the complete opposite. It looked much more than what an ordinary healthy rose should look like. The white rose which I was holding in my hand looked.....divine.

Its petals were so white and fluffy like the clouds in the sky.

I couldn't stop staring at the flower before my eyes. I know it was the flower from the vase, but at the same time it wasn't.

I must have looked like an alien who has never seen a rose in all my life. I kept twirling it around my fingers and inspected it like the rarest thing on Earth.

"Yeah I told you. Now give it to me. There are vases all over the place. I'll just put it in one," she stretched her hand towards the rose.

"B...bu....but I could have sworn it was...it was..wilted just a moment ago." I stuttered. I mean I'm not blind!! I know what I saw!!

"Maybe you saw another flower," she chuckled. I scrunched up my nose in confusion.

"I'm sorry you just look like a lost puppy. Hey we all had a long day, maybe you were mistaken?" She tried again.

I thought for a second.

"Yeah...maybe." Hell no!

But then there wasn't any explanation so....I had to agree with her.

Have I gone mad?!

I blinked as I heard a clicking sound. The girl was snapping her fingers in front of my face. "Hello? You okay? Do you always worry this much over little things? It's just a flower."

That was dead!

"Anyway, my name is India", she stretched out her right hand. I took her hand "I'm Eve. Ni...Nice to meet you India."

"I already know your name. Actually we all do."

"We? What do you mean we?" Must all my first encounters with people be creepy?

"All the servants of course. You became famous right after you were assigned to him." She explained.

"Oh. Um....I'm really tired so I'm just gonna go to...um...sleep." I didn't have the strength to talk anymore and I wanted to get away. I didn't want to sound rude but I was actually extremely tired.

"You don't talk much do you?" she pestered on.

"Um....sorry I..."

"It's okay. I just wanted to get to know you. You're one of the few here who isn't involved in a clique. I don't do well in groups so..."

"Oh you sure you wanna stick with me? I'm reeeeeeally boring a...."

"Yeah!! Yes I do. I don't mind quiet people. That only means you'll listen to whatever I say!" She chirped.

Okay then.

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India and I had dinner together after cleaning ourselves up. Both of us chose not to talk much. Probably because every part of our body ached.

After eating we washed our own dishes and went straight to our only room. The bedroom.

"So how old are you Eve?" India asked as she spread her blanket out.

"Seventeen. You?"

"Same!" She replied bumping my shoulder. I gave her a smile, happy to see some joy in this unfortunate situation.

"Ohhhh hey!" Came her super excited voice all of a sudden. "Eve meet Bethany. Bethany this is Eve. She doesn't talk much." That wasn't the first thing I wanted people to know about me but whatever.

This Bethany I was introduced to looked to be Chinese mixed. She had gorgeous shiny black hair and olive skin. She introduced herself with a bright smile that was contagious. I couldn't help but return a smile of my own. I learned that she was sixteen years old and worked in the kitchen.

"Wait so you work with Alex?!" I spoke a little too loud.

"Woow chill girl. He your boyfriend?" India asked slightly taken aback by my outburst.

"What? No. He's much more than that." I muttered.

"Hold on, you don't mean the one with the brown hair, blue eyes, extremely good looking, mouth watering, otherworldly unidentified species do you?" Bethany asked hesitantly.

India nudged her while I simply gaped at her choice of words to describe my Alex.

"Beth! They might be involved with each other. If you know what I mean," India made odd facial expressions.

"Not like that! He's more of family to me and I wanna know how he is." I said getting annoyed. Bethany let out a breath of....relief?

I wasn't sure.

Her face looked much brighter if that was possible. "He's doing fine! Just needs to get used to being cooped up indoors. I get bored and depressed. My only friend during the day was my flower."

"Oh, okay then. Is he happy? Does he get along with everyone there?" I asked this because Alex was always a solo person.

"I dunno if he's happy. I mean it's too soon. We were made to be slaves like two days ago. But he is getting along. I have to say he's like you. Not much of a talker." Bethany signed while getting ready for bed. Turns out she was sleeping opposite of me and India.

"Well I guess it's good that you're there Bethany! You never shut up." India teased. I couldn't help but laugh. Both of them were talkative.

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The next few days passed in a blur. We servants were becoming more and more accustomed to our duties, repeating the same thing.

Ever since the incident with the rose, I've tried to put it behind me and accepted India's explanation.

Speaking of her, she actually works in the gardens and ever since that day she promised to make it a point to give me flowers if I wanted any. For now I asked for a single white rose. It was perfect for the vase. Believe it or not, it gave life to the entire room.

Today was exceptionally boring. I know I still had a lot to do but I just couldn't get used to being cooped up indoors. I get bored and depressed. My only friend during the day was my flower.

I named it Flower.

"You know Flower, I really miss the stream where Alex and I always used to go. I miss the way the water would shimmer under the sunlight. I miss the sounds of the birds and the waterfall. And most of all the greenery." I looked at Flower expecting it to say something.

Of course it didn't.

Is this what boredom does to people? I'm talking to a flower!! And it doesn't feel wrong!

Just then I felt a gust of wind blow past me. It lasted only for a second. I was puzzled as I saw that the windows were still closed shut.

Hmm. Odd.

I brushed away the uneasiness and resumed my vacuuming when suddenly the doors burst open. Ms. Odelle barged in, looking disheveled. Her hair was all over the place.

"Madam are you okay?" I asked concerned.

She let out a heavy breath. "I'm good dear. Are you okay?!"

"Me? Why wouldn't I be alright?" I scrunched up my nose, confused and worried by her sudden outburst.

I guess my question startled her. She quickly fixed herself before me. "I just need you to finish up by 7.00 and bring in dinner."

My eyes went wide at that. Her words could only mean one thing.

"Th...the Prince is back?" I whispered

"He's been back for sometime now actually." She was frantically looking around the room as if to see if everything was in order. After a while her eyes finally found mine and that's when I saw the worry in them. The same look she gave me the first time we spoke. When she warned me about him

Only then was I aware of the situation

Oh my Gosh

"He.....he was here wa..wasn't he?" I said under my breath.

"Yes." she answered silently. "I just came to inform you that's all. Remember all that I've said dear," she said before walking out the door.

Something else came to my mind.

The gust of wind just now....

Continue to next part