

Divine Smell

Tiara

As I indulged in serving breakfast with other omegas, I took a moment to admire the place. The dining room itself was a sight to behold. Last night when I was here, I was nervous and hadn't paid more attention there, but now I could see very details.

A sprawling expanse with high ceilings adorned by intricate chandeliers that cast a gentle, golden glow across the room. The centerpiece of this lavish space was an enormous dining table, an elegant behemoth that could easily seat a gathering of twenty-six. Its dark mahogany surface gleamed under the soft light, exuding an air of timeless sophistication.

Around this massive table were some smaller ones, where ten to twelve people could sit comfortably. These smaller tables were beautiful too, with fancy designs carved along the edges and really comfortable chairs pulled up to them. The room was lled with excitement, a mix of the grand atmosphere and the soft buzz of conversation.

Then I noticed him and the time stopped still. Sitting at the breakfast table, X leaned in to talk with his dad with a serious expression. I heard murmuring and giggling of the females and found many eyes on him. His presence was enchanting, emitting a charming and dominating aura and effortlessly drawing attention. But he was indifferent and unaffected by the attention he was drawing unknowingly. Perhaps he was used to it.

The rest of his family joined him at the big table and even Gideon.

Slapping my forehead, I went to resume my work.

"Hey, gorgeous," a voice startled me, and I turned to nd Artur gazing at me with an intrigued expression in his eyes. "I feel really bad seeing you working as an omega. If you were with me..." I frowned, and he cleared his throat. "I mean if you were my friend, you'd never have to do it," he whispered, moving closer. I had to take a step back as he was too close to be at a decent distance.

"I am happy working as an omega, and I have no problem with it," I replied. I was about to turn away when he reached out and lightly grabbed the corner of the tray in my hand, halting my movement.

"You don't have to pretend to be happy, sweetheart," he said, his eyes xed on me with a particular intent.

"Your Highness, I genuinely am happy, and if you don't need anything, may I please resume my duties?" I tried to maintain a polite tone, not wanting to create a scene in the crowded breakfast hall.

"Tiara, I was saying..." Arthur's voice trailed off, his sentence left unished as a sudden force pulled him back, causing the tray in my hand to teeter dangerously. But, before it could crash to the oor, a large, strong hand reached out and caught it mid-air.

"What's going on, Arthur?" A low, menacing growl sent shivers down my spine, and Arthur seemed just as startled as I was. There stood X, his red-shot eyes glaring ercely at Arthur, a dangerous aura emanating from him.

Arthur stammered, "Nothing, I was just checking on our new addition to the pack." His face bore a grave expression, but his gaze remained xed on me.

X's voice dropped to a dangerous, almost whispering tone, and he warned, "Don't bother yourself. This extra caring nature could land you in serious trouble." He moved in close to Arthur in the blink of an eye, blocking my view. X was so close, his large frame towering and intimidating that it seemed Arthur had stopped breathing.

"Leave!" X ordered authoritatively, his alpha aura intensifying, forcing everyone in the room to lower their heads in submission. Arthur stepped back instantly and left the room next moment.

X turned his attention to me.

"Are you okay?" he inquired as his eyes softened with concern.

I nodded, taking the tray back from his hand, and then headed to the kitchen to resume my work. Arthur remained conspicuously absent throughout the rest of breakfast.

As I carried out my tasks, I felt X's eyes on me, his intense gaze tracing over me. His gaze continued to follow me as I moved around, making me nervous with an unfamiliar sensation he always provoked in me.

Once breakfast was done, I joined the other omegas in cleaning up. We gathered up the used plates and utensils, their clinks and clatters creating a sort of background rhythm to the fading conversations. Carefully, we organized everything and put the used dishes into the waiting dishwashers.

Having completed my tasks in the dining hall and kitchen, I headed towards the garden, where my daily duties awaited. Strolling through the lounge area, I noticed X sitting in a corner with his laptop. Suddenly, Abigail walked toward him, swaying her hips sensually, and sat on his lap.

A burning sensation surged in my chest. Was that jealousy? But did I even have the right to feel this way?

From the corner of my eye, I stole a glance at them. X's furrowed brows clearly indicated a lack of interest in Abigail's company. The next second, he gripped her waist and moved her beside him on the couch. Abigail's discontent was evident from her expression.

As I walked past them, his head snapped in my direction. His piercing gaze locked onto mine. My heart uttered, and I swiftly averted my eyes, focusing on the path ahead as I continued toward the garden.

The sound of Abigail's discontent whining reached my ears. However, what they did was not my business. So, focusing on the work at hand, I made my way toward the royal garden. Once amidst the tranquil oasis of the garden, I sighed, my breath mingling with the scents of blooming owers and freshly trimmed grass. The gardening tools awaited me. I bent down to pick them up, my ngers barely brushing against the cool surface when time itself seemed to warp.

A blur of motion, a sudden force, and I found myself pulled away from my task, concealed behind the sturdy trunk of a tree. My eyes uttered open wide, my heart racing wildly within my chest. Fear and shock intertwined, leaving my breath ragged as I tried to comprehend what had just transpired. And then, as my gaze met his, the earth stopped spinning.

Bright green eyes, intense and unreadable, stared back at me. The world around us seemed to fade, leaving only his presence. My heart raced in his proximity, his chest heaving as our breaths mingled and increased together.

He was so close, his gaze locked onto my panicked eyes. His muscular arm wrapped possessively around my waist while the other hand rested near my head on the tree trunk. In my attempt to push him away, he remained resolute, unmoving.

"What are you doing, X? Someone... someone might see us," I frowned, exclaiming in a hushed urgency.

"Don't worry," he reassured, "no one can see us here. You're so small, so tiny that I can cover you even with my shadow." His response came with an air of arrogance, his tone almost teasing.

"Why are you even here?" I frowned as my tone unknowingly became complaining. Wasn't he with Abigail? Why had he left her to come here?

"I had been trying to focus on work since morning, but you keep coming into my thoughts, not letting me do it," he smirked, a mischievous glint in his eyes as he explained, his gaze holding mine.

"So, it was my fault?!" I pouted.

His low laughter resonated a deep and alluring sound that caused thousands of goosebumps to erupt on my skin. Oh my God, so the Lycan prince could laugh too, despite barking orders around. Yet his eyes remained locked onto mine as his nger tenderly icked my nose. Leaning slightly closer, he spoke with a newfound seriousness.

"Today is a very important day for me," he confessed, his eyes unwavering as they bore into mine. "I'm about to start my training as the future king, alongside my father. I can't deny it - I'm nervous, stressed even."

"Why?!" I blurted out, confused and unable to hold back my question any longer.

He was born into this role, groomed to be a king. Shouldn't he have known and accepted this responsibility his entire life?

"Being a king of a powerful kingdom isn't a simple task," he began, his words carrying a weight I hadn't fully comprehended before. "It comes with countless responsibilities, risks, and dangers. A single wrong decision could endanger the entire realm. I'm terried, Tiara. What if I can't live up to their expectations?"

Now, I understood the enormity of his situation. Although he was a royal, a prince, he also had fears and doubts. The weight of an entire kingdom rested on his shoulders, and the pressure would be almost suffocating. However, it was something only he could feel, and nobody else could understand. But I didn't know why my heart was restless knowing he was anxious.

"I trust you, X," I whispered softly as I announced with pride. "You won't make decisions that put your people's lives at risk. I know you'll be an incredible king, the most successful and powerful they've ever seen." I told him with all the sincerity in me because I had seen him as very responsible and dutiful toward his kingdom.

His lips curved into a genuine smile, and I was stunned by his bright grin.

"I don't know why, angel, but I want to hear your voice all day, even throughout the night," unexpectedly, he confessed which took me off guard.

Suddenly, his eyes changed color, turning golden. I blinked, confused by what just happened. He leaned in as his face came to rest in the crook of my neck, making me gasp. His lips brushed against my skin and his nose trailed a path, the touch feather-light and electrifying making me close my eyes. My breath caught in my throat as his warm breath danced over my sensitive skin.

"Hmm... you smell so good, angel," he murmured against my skin.

I was again shocked because his voice changed strangely. As he continued his seductive torture on my neck, a moan threatened to escape my lips, and I hastily bit down on my lower lip, a futile attempt to suppress the rising tide of desire that his touch had ignited. I couldn't push him away. Instead, I found my hands clutching his shirt tightly, clinging myself to him.

My heart raced wildly in my chest, each beat echoing unknown feelings.

"Wh...what are you doing?" I managed to moan out, the mixture of fear and a heady sensation coursing through me like a tidal wave, my body losing control.

He remained so close, his presence enveloping me like an enchanting cocoon. I felt that hot stir in my core again that made me surrender to the desire. It always happened when he was near.

"You calm my beast, my restless heart," he growled lowly in a strange voice, his words a mere whisper that brushed against my skin.

"Your smell... You smell divine," he growled again, his voice laced with a deep, primal need.

His words were an intoxicating blend of attery and desire, his hand possessively caressing my curves, while his other arm around my waist prevented me from falling because my knees had become very weak from the sensation he was igniting in me.

"Goddess, I want to bottle your scent and use it as my favorite perfume daily. What magic do you have in you? I can't get enough of you, little fairy." His words with a feral touch were like a spell, weaving around me and ensnaring my senses.