

## Dark Obsession 8

### Chapter 8 A New Start

EVANGELINE.

Two nights had passed, and I was in and out of consciousness. Sometimes I struggled and managed to turn over, at other times I wasn't even able to open my eyes. I was alone and there was no one to help me, and I had to crawl to the bathroom when I needed to go. 1

I was exhausted, mentally, and physically, yet I was constantly under his cold gaze. The window was locked, and although I didn't try it, I saw the man who had come to bolt it shut. I remained in the prince's bed, and I was relieved that not once did he sleep in it. I'm sure I was far too dirty and disgusting for him to want to be near. Perhaps without the pretty dress and makeup, he would no longer be interested in me.

I could only pray for that...

It was now the third night that had gone by, and I was finally able to walk to and from the bathroom. I didn't belong here, it was far too luxurious, and I would prefer to be in the Omega quarters regardless. Luckily, the prince was gone since last night. I had just showered when I realised that I had no more clothes,

I needed to ask for some from someone... or perhaps someone could get mine from the Welhaven manor... Was this my life now? Was I resorted to just being a servant of the prince, or worse, a sex slave.

Shuddering in fear, I began cleaning the bathroom, feeling the dull ache of sadness in my heart, still crushing me. Did Grandmother or anyone enquire about me? They must have... Perhaps they weren't allowed to visit me...!

Would they visit me? I was being silly... Why would they? I am just an omega. A foolish one to think I could ever expect more...

I did my best with the cleaning. Obviously, the prince didn't do the cleaning himself so there were no supplies here... I scrubbed away with what little I found, although it wasn't really dirty. Suddenly the bathroom door burst open, making me gasp and jump away from the toilet that I was wiping down.

"I'm sorry." I whispered, terrified of what I may have done to anger him.

My heart was beating violently as I watched him scan the bathroom. Was it because I used the shower without permission? His gaze finally stopped scanning the room and snapped to me. His eyes darkened as they ran over me.

Oh no, the towel... I looked down, clutching it tightly to my chest, realising most of my legs were on display too... I didn't want to tempt him.

Go away, please. He advanced on me, and I moved back until my foot hit the bathtub. "I'm sorry." I repeated, my hands were beginning to shake. Irritation flashed in his eyes as he pinched my chin between his fingers, making me flinch.

It hurt, my entire body was still covered in cuts and bruises... I still wasn't fully healed.

He bent down, glaring coldly at me. "If you dare to run Little Mouse, I will hunt you down and I will kill you." He warned menacingly. Was that why he had rushed in? "I-I won't run.." I promised, knowing that he would stand by his threat.

"Good. What were you doing in here?" He asked, his cold gaze dropping to the cloth in my hand.

"I was cleaning the bathroom." I stated the obvious, hoping he didn't get angry. "I will do my chores..."

He tilted his head, leaning closer, the smell of his minty breath fanned my face as his thumb rubbed over my lip. There was something about his touch that didn't feel pure... Was it the

new were running through his mind? "Your job is to warm my bed and pleasure me, not take care of the chores. You're far too beautiful for that..."

Fear enveloped me like a cloak, and I pulled away, hitting my legs on the bathtub, and falling to the floor, trying not to wince in pain.

Warm his bed.

"P-please no, I don't have a wolf, I'll die." I whispered, hating how weak I was.

He tsked, leaning down and grabbing my hair in a painful grip. "You shouldn't be on your knees unless it's to take my cock in this pretty little mouth of yours. I won't take you by force, Little Mouse. That is not my style... but there will come the day that you will willingly want me, and you won't care if you die in the process."

Never

Our eyes met and for a moment I felt like he was trying to figure out what I was thinking. Then that cold, dangerous aura of his returned. "For now, you can make yourself useful. Go to the kitchens and get me my breakfast." He said coldly, his gaze dipping down.

"Y-yes Alpha Prince. R-right away." I replied with a vigorous nod that made my neck hurt. He paused at the door, looking over me again.

My heart was thundering as his gaze fell on my breasts, and terror returned with a vengeance, My only consolation was that he said he won't force me... Would he uphold that?

He turned away from me and strode to the door. "Put some clothes on, your body is for my eyes only." He snarled, making me jump.

His? The thought alone terrified me. I felt naked under his burning gaze. "I-I don't have any c -clothes..."

"Take something from the wardrobe." He growled before storming out of the bathroom.

"Yes, Alpha Prince," I replied, placing the cloth down and washing my hands quickly before I rushed from the room. He was already at the wardrobe and threw a shirt and sweatpants at me. "Thank you..."

"Change." He commanded, crossing his arms.

Was he planning to watch me? it seemed like it... luckily it wasn't hard to get dressed like this. I quickly pulled the shirt over my head, flinching as pain rushed through my arm and back. I took a steady breath

and put on the sweatpants, they were big, but I happily pulled them up to my waist and rolled them up. Only then did I remove my towel and place it to the side.

His frown deepened and I tried not to show my fear. "I-I'll go get your breakfast, my prince." I said quietly, the more obedient I was the easier it would be to get away from that scorching gaze of his. Even if I was able to at least just move around the castle, that in itself would be plenty.

"Don't try anything." Came his sinister voice, and I found myself nodding before I rushed from the room. It suddenly felt like I could breathe again, and the urge to find the nearest exit nearly overtook me, but I knew I wouldn't get far, I'd be dead before I even reached the castle gates... So instead, I made my way to the lower floor and towards the back of the castle hoping to find the kitchens.

"Oi what are you doing! State your business!" A guard shouted, making me freeze, he came over, his blue eyes watching me sharply. I raised my hands in surrender. "The third prince sent me to get his breakfast," I stated clearly. He relaxed a little looking me over, "You're the Silver Mountain Pack Omega... You're alive." He sounded far too shocked for my liking.

"I might not be for long if you don't let me get to the kitchen." I found myself saying with a weak smile.

He grinned and nodded. "Oh, good point, come, I'll take you there. You may want to go to the Head Omega for some clothes after." He added examining my attire.

"Do you think she can give me some?" I asked, very aware that I wasn't wearing a bra.

He nodded as he led the way down the dark, cold hall. "Oh absolutely, all the omegas must wear the colour and uniform of their Alphas."

I nodded. That made sense... Usually, the Omegas back at the Welhaven manor wore a dark red, and grey pin on their clothes which would consist of simple colours yet with so many princes in one place it made sense for each to have their own colours. "What is the colour of Prince Zedkiel's omegas?" I hoped it was something dull.

When he didn't reply I turned to the kind man curiously. "Uh... I am not sure... He's never had any omegas that have lasted the night."

I stopped dead in my tracks, my heart palpitating. "B-but... What about the staff who clean his quarters?"

"They are not Omegas, it's not very often that an Omega is able to stand in the presence of the Third Prince... or even...umm... Oh, the kitchens! Here! Off you go!" He looked far too relieved as he ushered me inside. Clearly not wanting to continue with this conversation.

At least he had been kind enough to guide me. "Thank you!" I called.

He paused, turning, and giving me a smile, but... it didn't mask the pity in his eyes.

"What do you want here! I'm busy!" A woman growled, glaring at me as she hoisted a large pot of kneaded dough off the counter. Her hair was in a net, and she wore a pair of latex gloves on her hands.

Despite her hostility, her growl didn't scare me, this felt like home. Although the hustle and bustle here was far more than that of the Welhaven Manor, it was a place I knew how to

handle. "Sorry, the third prince wants breakfast, immediately." I said, making her pause, the entire kitchen fell silent, and all eyes were on me.

"It's her!"

"She's the Welhaven's orphan!"

"She's alive..."

The whispers were clear, even when they tried to remain hushed.

The woman who had spoken plonked the bowl down and motioned for someone to step forward, a young man who looked like a warrior, although he wasn't as burly as the standard warrior, being a little smaller in build. "Antonio! Is this true?"

The man, Antonio stepped forward, sizing me up. "The prince does have an Omega..."

"Well go with her! If anything goes wrong, he'll have our heads too." The woman said, looking me over distastefully. "Give her the tray!" I waited, my fingers itching to help, but I didn't really know how things worked here, although I saw many people come in and out of the kitchen. Someone pushed me, irritated as she entered and picked up a tray.

"Watch where you're standing." She muttered, leaving the kitchen. I stepped away from the entrance only to bump into someone else who muttered something irritably as he walked off

Running a hand through my hair, I looked around, trying to process how things worked here, but before I could even observe for long, a tray was shoved into my hands. Containing a thermos of a hot drink, a large mug, a glass, and a full breakfast including bacon, eggs, toast, and cooked tomatoes. A large glass bottle of fresh juice was placed on the tray before she jerked her head, a clear indication she wanted me gone.

Oh, it smelt so good...

I was starving too... I hurried down the hall, with Antonio following on my heels.

"You seem in a rush to get back." He remarked.

"I don't want to be late." I stated, this was normal, just as I'd give grandmother breakfast on the weekends. But despite his tone, I was grateful for his guidance as I got confused several times. Reaching the bedroom, he gave me a wave and walked off, clearly not wanting to be there.

Taking a deep breath, the fear that seemed to have lifted when I left the room returned in full force. I raised my hand and knocked firmly. Not too loud, not too quiet, just the right amount of force behind it.

"Enter." His deep, seductive voice came, even if he was terrifying, there was something about the man inside the room that was appealing. Balancing the tray on one hand, I opened the door and stepped inside, making sure not to spill anything and closed the door quietly after me. "Bring it to my bedroom.

I could smell the prince's scent, which was mixed with the smell of shampoo, a pleasant mix and when I stepped into the bedroom, I froze, my eyes flying open and all colour draining from my face at the sight before me.

He stood there, his broad muscular back was towards me, from those bulging arms to his narrow waist... Every angle of his defined sexy body was on display. The man may be terrifying, but even I knew that he was extremely handsome, right down to his ass buns, and somehow, I couldn't look away, even though my head was screaming at me to unfreeze and turn.

Goddess...

But, if there were an award for the sexiest butt in the world, I think the prince would win hands down, and I could vouch for him, because the Alpha Prince was standing there, completely butt naked.