Chapter 14

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I strode to the kitchen as fast as I could, even jogging some of the way. Once I got there, I quickly placed the tray where I should.

As I turned back to leave I spotted Alex washing the dishes. He stopped his work the second he caught sight of me.

"Eve!! What the hell happened to you last night?!" he demanded before he walked over to embrace me. "When Bethany told me you didn't return to your chambers I thought the worst." His voice cracked. His breathing was heavy and I could feel his hands tremble. My heart melted at his words.

"I'm so so sorry for worrying you Alex but I'm fine," I said as I rubbed his back soothingly.
It felt so good to be in his warm, comforting embrace. His hugs always made me feel a thousand times better.

However, it wasn't working now. I still had to go back to Him.

"I promise you I'm fine. I thought we agreed on not constantly worrying about each other."

"How can I not?! Especially if you don't return at night!" He admonished me.

"Are you sure you're okay? He didn't do anything to you did he?" he questioned as he inspected my face closely and turned me around a few times.

"Alex stop it! I'm very grateful that I got to see you and I'm especially grateful that I got to receive your signature warm hug but I have to go now. Apparently I'm not done for tonight," I said and ran out before I wasted any more time with Alex.

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I jogged all the way back to his chambers. I had unconsciously spent too much time with Alex.

The closer I came to his door the more fear crept into me.

I didn't know what he wanted or what he was going to make me do. My work was actually done.

Then why couldn't he just let me go?

I finally took a deep breath and knocked on his door.

"Come in."

I closed the door once I entered and gave a light bow while I kept my gaze steadily on my shoes. The atmosphere was chilly. Thank God I still had my cloak on.

I was waiting for his next command, whatever it may be. I just wanted to get this over with. My feet were aching and I couldn't wait to rest.

Just then, I realized how silent the room was. No words came out of his mouth. No movements were made. He just stood there, so still, a few feet away facing me.

I somehow felt naked. I couldn't bear his smoldering gaze. Once again, it made me understand what a deadly predator he was. And that I was probably at the top of his hunting list.

Despite not being able to look him in the eye, I still felt his burning gaze. Seconds past before he took a step forward.

It was such a sudden movement at that moment so I took a step back out of surprise. "You know you can't run. I own you now."

His voice chilled me to the bone.

"Even if you tried, you're no match for my speed," he taunted me as he took another step forward.

Then another and another.

Until we were inches apart. I started trembling as I still couldn't understand what he wanted with me.

"Take off your cloak and hand that thing over." He commanded.

I stood still opening and closing my mouth. No words coming out. It was such a weird thing to ask and I sure as hell did not expect it. Deep down that wasn't the only thing that bothered me.

This cloak that I always wore meant a lot to me. It was the only connection to my past. The only sentimental object I have with me that was also a part of me.

I was wearing it when Alex found me in the forest. It definitely wasn't mine as it was too big for a seven year old. So I assumed it belonged to one of my family members.

The reason why I cherished it with all my heart.

Why does he want my cloak? I'm sure he has many of his own.

"Do I always have to ask you twice for every bloody thing?!" He seethed which meant he was already frustrated and I can't make him loose his temper so I immediately loosened the strings around my collar bone and took off my cloak. A million questions ran across my mind as I gave him my most prized possession.

He on the other hand, carelessly threw it across the room.

Before my eyes could catch where it landed the prince took another step forward so our chests were almost touching. Due to this position, my view was blocked by his broad chest.

I felt a mixture of different emotions at that moment but the emotion that dominated all the others was anger. Pure anger.

He didn't know how much that cloak meant to me. He discarded it like it was some piece of trash.

Why should he care?

He doesn't care about people so what's a cloak to him?

My breathing once again became ragged as he brought his hands close to my face to tuck a strand of hair behind my ear. "Hmmm I see that pathetic piece of cloth means something to you," he said before he forcefully turned me around so that my back was pressed against his front. My eyes welled up on their own accord as more questions formed in my head.

Why were we so useless compared to them?

I felt like a puppet and the Dark Prince controlled all my strings. I couldn't fight back, couldn't talk unless he wanted me to. He could do whatever he wanted with me and I'd have no say. No one could even help.

Now I understood what it's like to be a slave. You don't own yourself. Your body isn't yours anymore.

The Royals could turn you into something so insignificant to the world.

All the mental preparation I had been doing for years did not prepare me for what would happen next.

I felt his hot breath on my ear.

"Take off your dress. Now."

That's when the tears fell. No one has asked so much of me. I thought my dignity was all I could keep.

"I give you a choice." He said smoothly. "Either you do it or I do it for you......which I don't mind," with that he started to reach for my bodice.

"No! Please. I will." My throat clogged up as I begged. Which I wasn't allowed to.

Then with shaky hands I began to undo the strings of my bodice. My fingers couldn't even work properly. As my dress was slowly being removed, the tears kept flowing down my cheeks. Fear consumed me as I didn't know how far he was going to go.

I was thankful that I wore my plain white underdress. It was quite thin and see through but still better than nothing. It was sleeveless and came to my mid thighs. I felt utterly humiliated and low. Never had I showed so much skin in the presence of any man.

Not even Alex.

Once I was done he snatched my dress away and threw that too. Then stood directly in front of me again. I sniffled and tried my best to hold back the tears.

"You do know crying will get you punished right? Would you like to get punished now little one?" he said while he wiped a tear with his thumb. I simply shook my head as more tears poured out. I didn't know what else to do as I have never been in a situation like this.

"Now go prepare a nice warm bath for me."

I closed my eyes for a few moments then hurried to the bathroom. I just wanted to get away from the vampire.

I filled his gigantic bath with warm water. I wouldn't call it a bath as it was more like a small pool.

Only after making sure the temperature was perfect did I put in the liquid soap and certain herbs that had some fragrance in them, while making sure the water was also nice and bubbly.

I also had to make sure there were towels and everything else in standby in case he needed anything at all. All the while I trembled and almost dropped a couple of things. I felt pressured and there was no room for mistakes.

I was in the middle of arranging his shampoo when he casually walked into the bathroom. I quickly finished my task and stood at the side of the bath with a small towel draped over my forearm. My eyes glued on the ground.

Nervousness took over me as I saw pieces of clothing fall. He was undressing himself right in front of me.

Doesn't he have shame? I'm a girl!

I don't think I'll ever get into a more uncomfortable situation in all my life. I was glad I had to look down because he took his time undressing.

Prolonging his every movement. It was as if he wanted me to see him in that state. The more time passed, the more terrified I became.

He then walked over to the bathtub, leisurely stepping in and lowering himself into the warm water. All I wanted to do at that moment was to get the hell out of the bathroom.

Yet again my silent wish did not come true.

I always thought people liked some privacy in this area.

"What are you waiting for? Grab the bath sponge and come here." He said smirking.

Was he really going to go that far?

Was he really going to make me bathe him?

It took me a few seconds to register his words.

Even if my mind refused and adamantly yelled 'I will not do it because I have dignity,' my body was compelled to obey because I knew I couldn't bear the consequences of disobedience at that time.

I grabbed one of the bath sponges from the cabinets above the sink and walked over to him. "I trust you won't disappoint me." He looked towards me with his smirk still plastered on his face.

"You may begin."

As I didn't know where to start I decided to go with his shoulders first. His skin wasn't what I expected it to be. It wasn't pale white. His skin was fair but slightly tanned. I moved behind him, got down to my knees and bent my legs under my thighs. After doing so I soaked the sponge in the warm soapy water and started dragging it across his muscular shoulders. I then started to clean his back and then move on to his left arm. His entire body literally felt as hard as metal. His muscles were solid.

One blow from him and I'd be dead.

As I was stroking his arm with the sponge, I could feel his heated gaze on me and it gave me goosebumps all over again.

It is almost impossible to concentrate on a task when you know you're being watched and scrutinized.

I really wanted to concentrate. I wanted to finish this and go back to my friends but I didn't know what else he was going to ask of me.

Just thinking about India, Bethany and Alex made my eyes water again.

I didn't want to cry in front of the prince again so I controlled the tears that threatened to pour out and continued. My hands shook as I brought the sponge to his chest and torso. He stayed very still as I cleaned him.

Something felt odd. His knuckles. They were white as he gripped onto the edges of the bath. I didn't know why he was gripping them so tightly. He looked really uncomfortable.

Like he didn't want to be here.

I didn't think I did anything wrong. Yet.

The Dark Prince was a big, tall, well-built vampire so from the left side I couldn't comfortably reach across to his right. Plus, the size of his bath didn't help. I had to get up and walk around to the right side of it. I cleaned his right arm and then my movement slowed down after that.

After I was done with his top half, I didn't know what else to do or better yet where else to clean. His legs? Do I reach into the water?

I didn't know anything about bathing another person as I never had to do it before. If it were a child then that would be a different story. This is a grown man. Surely he wouldn't want a stranger touching him everywhere.

I just sat frozen in my spot. My grip on the sponge tightened. I wanted to run but I couldn't. I wanted to say something but I couldn't do that either. Tears of frustration gathered in my eyes. A tear slid down my face and dropped onto his arm before I could stop it.

His head turned towards it. Before he noticed what I had done, I quickly wiped my eyes with the back of my hand. Just when I thought of fulfilling my task by washing his legs, his voice stopped me.

"You may leave."

I ran before he could change his mind.

Once I was back in his room. I hurriedly looked for my dress but to my disappointment it was no where to be seen. I quickly searched high and low but still nothing. Tears blurred my vision for the hundredth time that day but I was determined to not let them out again. I shed enough tears already.

The moment I thought I'd never find it, something else caught my eye at the far corner of the room.

My cloak!

I wasted no time in grabbing it and brought it close to my chest. I still needed my dress. I could ask Ms. Odelle for another but I couldn't walk out of here like this. I could feel a panic attack on it's way.

What do I do?!

"Looking for this, little one?" Came a deep voice. I let out yelp and used my cloak to cover myself more. What I saw made me angry and scared at the same time. He was casually leaning against the entrance of the bathroom wearing only a towel low around his waist. In his hand was where my dress hung loosely.

"I must say, it is quite entertaining to watch you, you know. You are just full of various emotions, you do odd things at times, and not to mention you talk to flowers," he mocked with a slight chuckle. Which sounded more cruel than friendly.

I stood there in shock.

Was he watching me all this time?

The creepy part was that I had no clue.

"Since I made you take off your dress, it's only fair that I put it back where it belongs," he said motioning for me to go to him.

I didn't move.

I stood there hugging my cloak.

"You want this? Well you'll have to come get it." Came his taunting voice. My feet moved with much needed effort as I made my way towards him.

I did whatever he asked so why can't he just give me back my dress?

Once we were inches apart he ordered me to lift my hands up. By then I was already a trembling mess. I still had no way of telling if he'd let me go after this.
While he was putting the dress on me, he took his own sweet time adjusting the bodice and tying the strings at the front. I didn't miss the way his hands lingered on my chest longer than necessary. Or the way his hands trailed all over my petite body as he dressed me.
Once he was done he pulled me towards him and brought his face closer to mine. His breath fanned my face. I stopped breathing completely.

"Whatever happened in this room stays in this room. Nothing goes out. No one is allowed to know including dear old Odelle." He spoke calmly. But if you listened closely, it was a cold warning. From the way he spoke I knew I'd pay a heavy price if I told anyone. "One word to anyone and I will.......well, let's just say you wouldn't want to open that mouth of yours. For your own good. Do you understand?" He questioned. A question that demanded only one answer.

"Yes Your Highness." I whispered, my voice barely audible.

"Good.....now you may leave little one or should I say little flower?" He sounded as if he was asking himself that question.

I didn't care. I turned around and ran out of the room.

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That night, all I remember was silently crying myself to sleep. I had never been touched by any grown man in my entire life and I sure as hell had never been touched like that.

I felt violated and it led to a shameful feeling.

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That's all for now my readers.

Let me know what you think.

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