

BENEATH HER DARKNESS: The Alpha's Little Demon

BENEATH HER DARKNESS: The Alpha's Little Demon Chapter 6

006 – Mr. A*shole

LUCY.

My eyes locked with the darkest blue eyes I had ever seen in my whole life and I felt my whole world stop spinning. His eyes were mesmerizing, and despite the frown on his face, he looked like a god, frowning at me, making my core throb all at once at the fierceness in his face.

“Move...” A female hissed behind me, pushing me forward, and I just realized I had stopped dancing. I jolted out of my reverie, my eyes darting around the stage at the other females, trying to figure out where we were in the dance.

My heart was thudding loudly. I had never, in the life of me, lost focus, even in a time of danger, but seeing this man, in a split second, all my senses went out the window.

My cheeks burned, not out of

embarrassment but because I didn't like

the way that the attention was all on me now since I was just standing, not knowing what part we were dancing to.

Until another Omega danced her way through me and took my hand, swaying it with her before she twirled me around, whispering softly in the air, but I could hear her loud and clear. “Just move

around and dance...”

And I did.

Soon, I fell back into rhythm, but my eyes kept searching for the man, which made me lose my focus. But he was nowhere

near where I saw him, and not anywhere

in the audience seats.

I didn't know if I was disappointed or

relieved. At least he could not distract me

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anymore.

The crowd applauded, combined with hoots and whistles as the music stopped as we exited the stage and the host announced the bidding would start in a few minutes.

I was Omega Number 10.

Nine Omegas before me.

I didn't really care who would buy me tonight. I was planning to escape anyway and move somewhere south, but seeing those eyes, I was wondering if he would

bid for an Omega. Because I knew deep inside, I was hoping he would bid for me.

Maybe it wouldn't be that bad.

The backstage was in complete chaos. And I just remained in one place, leaning my back against the wall as I tilted my head up to the ceiling before I closed my

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eyes,

I told Olivia that if the backstage was busy, no one might notice us and that we could escape. But she didn't want to go with me. But now that she's not part of this anymore, putting my actions into a plan shouldn't be hard.

But part of me wanted to stay – for dark blue eyes.

"Come here!" My eyes snapped open when I heard Cora's voice.

Her hand grabbed my wrist, pulling me somewhere until we reached a vanity table where my make-up was done earlier. She

sat me on the chair and spoke with the female there. "Run another makeup on her, make sure this one is not visible."

She was pointing at my jaw, making me check myself out in the mirror.

Oh, Goddess. A bruise was starting to

show. And because I didn't have a wolf and my demon power was suppressed, I

would heal as humans do. Slow and

painful.

I stayed still as the female worked on my

face. All the while, I kept my ears open, trying to hear the events on the stage.

There were already four Omegas that were sold. And the fifth one came back to the backstage just now. A blanket was wrapped around her and she was crying hysterically.

My heart clenched in pain as the other Omegas went around her and hugged her. They were asking her what happened. My hands coiled into tight fists as I listened

to her in agony.

No one was bidding for her. And one of the bidders taunted that she needed to

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strip off her clothes before a bid would

come. She was forced to take off one

piece of clothing, but no one was still

bidding for her, so the stripping

continued.

It was when she was standing fully

naked, her body shaking from crying, in front of them that the bid started coming.

I hated my demon blood, but my loathing for the men in this auditorium kept

growing.

With the scheme they played with this Omega, I was sure they would be doing it for everyone. I was so tempted to burn this whole place down and save the females, but after that, where would I take them, especially if my father appeared out of nowhere?

I would never take them to the underworld. And I knew the process

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would just repeat itself if I couldn't protect them completely.

I found myself thinking about dark blue eyes. Was he part of the crowd taunting her to strip? Disgust filled my body at the thought of me desiring him.

He was just like them.

"Lucy! You're next."

Carol called to me from the other side of the room, and I stood up from my seat, tilting my head up. I had nothing to be scared off, but I remember, I needed to act like a meek Omega. So I dropped my gaze down and clasped my hands together while having an internal monologue with myself.

I was not new to being naked. At sixteen, my father brought me to a place where demons were during rituals for an orgy. I didn't participate. But he made me watch for hours.

He wanted to awaken my sexuality. And it did.

I was not naive. I could strip anywhere if they wanted me to, and it wouldn't shame me. But the females here, they

were violating them.

I closed my eyes and held my necklace, reminding myself to memorize the faces of the men in front of me. One day I

would come back for them.

Lucy, don't let their evilness get to you.

Save your soul.

A part of me was trying to fight the

darkness.

I entered the stage, and I was led to the propped-up part of the stage. There were six big screens where the bid would be shown. One on my back, the other on my

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front, and two each on the sides where

the men were seated.

I tilted my head up, high enough to look at the crowd seated in front of me, but not

too high as an Omega usually would. I swallowed as I let my eyes gaze roamed around, looking for the blue eyes I saw

earlier.

But he was nowhere.

"Omega Number Ten. Just turned

eighteen two months ago..." The speaker announced it and I wanted to roll my eyes.

You mean two years and a half ago? But I restrained myself from showing any

emotions at all.

"... orphaned, raised in the Shallow Ridge Orphanage."

“Turned around, Omega.” I stopped my hands from balling as I slowly turned my
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back to them. I was thankful that my wrap –around skirt was there to keep my ass away from their eyes. But I knew soon it would be gone.”

“Back to the front...”

I

turned around again, facing them, and this time, I saw a man already standing from his seat. He must be around twenty five, give or take. He had his arms crossed against his chest before one hand went to his chin as he stared directly at me.

I saw him checking me out while I was dancing earlier when my eyes were trying to find dark blue eyes.

And I was sure he would bid for me.

“The bidding starts now...”

The clock began ticking, but no one was bidding. I had no idea how it would go until I saw some of them checking the

tablet in their hands. This man looking at

me didn’t have anything in his hand, and think I knew what he was planning to do.

“Strip!” The same man bellowed, and his deep baritone voice sent a shiver down my spine. He was good-looking, I wouldn’t deny that, but he disgusted me.

The crowd of men began whispering as another followed him. “Strip, are you deaf?”

I tried to stop my body from shaking. When I said stripping was nothing to me, I meant it. But a part of me didn’t want to strip in front of these pigs.”

“Omega Number Ten, you are asked to strip...” The speaker spoke, and with my hands shaking, I reached for the rope of my wraparound skirt.

My heart was thudding loudly as my

hands sweated.

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Just take it off. I told myself, and as I was about to entangle it, the screen in front of me flashed..

10,000 – Don't strip.

My hands let go of the rope of my skirt as

I let out a breath!

“Who the fuck is that?” The man who was eyeing me bellowed as his body turned around and was looking for the man who had bid for me.

But the bidding was anonymous. You could only guess who was pressing on their tablet.

I stopped myself from smiling as I looked at the value. 10,000 was way too low. The other Omegas started with 50,000. But I didn't mind.

I was grateful to my bidder.

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The bidding clock was ticking... and the bidding started to come.

20,000

30,000

50,000

75,000

I saw the man who asked me to strip grab the tablet from his seat and start typing on it.

200,000

What the fuck? My shoulders slumped, knowing no one would bid for me now. And I swear I would go with anyone except him.

300,000

My eyes widened as my heart thudded loudly. I began scanning the auditorium again. With dimmed lights, it was harder to see them, but I was hoping to catch a glimpse of whoever was bidding for me.

The bastard started typing again.

350,000

500,000

The last number was not from Mr.

Asshole because he cursed when it went on the screen.

“This is interesting. We’ve reached half a million. Do you want her to strip?” The speaker, who was nowhere, asked the crowd, and they all chanted yes.

500,000 – Force her to strip once more

and I will blow your face. 1

Words were added to the 500, 000 bid on the screen, and I couldn’t stop a smile from gracing my lips. Whoever my bidder

is, I think I liked him already.

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The speaker didn't say anything.

550,000

I think it's the asshole. He was the only one who was still pressing his fingers on the tablet.

700,000

Please, Goddess, please. Don't let the asshole bid more.

800,000

Shit!

1,000,000

My eyes widened at the exact moment a door opened on the second floor above the auditorium seat, directly in front of me. Someone came out, but it was too dark that I couldn't see him, but my heart began thudding loudly.

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Could he be part of the bidders or was he the organizer? The man crossed the open corridor and soon was gone from my sight.

"Who the fuck are you? Come on, give it to me!" Mr. Asshole sounded frustrated before he put out another bid.

1,050,000

Then there was nothing. My eyes watered as I looked at Mr. Asshole, who had a smug smirk on his face while he looked around trying to find the other bidder while the timer was ticking down.

30 seconds, and he would own me.

I was already making my plans on how to escape once I got back to the backstage when a sudden sound of footsteps on a carpeted floor reached my ears. Despite the noise around the auditorium, the

footsteps sounded so clear.

My eyes tilted toward the direction of the footstep and I almost had my jaw drop open if I was not able to restrain myself. Dark Blue Eyes was approaching.