

Dark Obsession 14

Chapter 14 A Ribbon

EVANGELINE.

Lucia stepped forward. "Welcome, Evangeline." She smiled gently, but there it was again, the sympathy and fear I was getting so used to seeing...

"She's not officially claimed, Alistair?" A red-head woman asked. One thing they all had in common was their beauty. Even the few male omegas were handsome. Oh, I didn't fit here either! They were all far prettier than I was. 1

"Since Prince Vilkas hasn't had an Omega before, you must, of course, know we need to prepare the piece of jewellery. These things take time, Sophia."

Another woman with curly brown hair stepped forward, looking me over. "Then we should all proceed with caution... After all, who knows who will suffer the repercussions of upsetting her?"

"Katy... don't do this." Alistair warned.

She nodded, looking away. "I am the one who sees how broken Prince Alcazer is.

I looked up sharply. She was his... I needed to learn who was who. I quickly noted her clothing. She was wearing a pretty coral dress but the beaded bracelet on her arm didn't match, with the inch wide charm, in gold and olive green. Was that his colour?

I glanced over at Nadia, remembering her mentioning Prince Ragnar. This time I noticed the pendant around her neck, a long gold chain with the large diamond shaped plate at the end containing a symbol in white.

"Well, I'll leave you here and I will be sure to inform the Third Prince that you are here." Alistair said, "Lucia my darling, will you be so kind as to help her a little? I understand she isn't Alpha Prince Chasyn's, but she has no one..."

Lucia nodded without hesitation. "Absolutely Alistair, leave her with me,"

"You should perhaps ask your prince first before taking on charity cases." Nadia remarked, tossing her tumbling black hair over her shoulder.

Lucia shook her head, taking hold of my wrist and tugging me forward. "He won't mind." She responded confidently.

Alistair gave me a small smile before casting a glance around and moved back. "Take care. I'll see you in the morning!"

"Thank you." Watching him leave made my heart plummet. I felt like I had walked into a lair full of danger.

On any other occasion one would be worried that Zedkiel had no other omega, after all we all knew why, but in this case it was a relief as I didn't want to compete with anyone... although I wished he had someone else to distract him and forgot about me.

Oh goddess! I couldn't make up my mind. I just didn't want trouble. I shouldn't even wish such ill will on anyone!

Alistair left, and I glanced around the room, taking in the large room properly. It was like a pack house living room. Several clusters of sofas, bookshelves. A large TV, and a few other bits

and bobs, were scattered around the room and if I wasn't so stressed or worried, I would have found it rather relaxing. Especially in comparison to Zedkiel's quarters.

"Anything regarding the Third Prince is an omen." Someone muttered but was quickly hushed. "Come, let's

let's go sit over there. I will answer your questions." Lucia offered, and I nodded, following her to the farthest corner of the room. I felt relieved when everyone got back to whatever they were doing.

"Thank you." I smiled at the kind woman.

"Do you have any questions?" Lucia asked gently.

The mention of the omen moments earlier made me look at her sharply. "Can you tell me about the Prince's Blood Ritual?"

Her face paled, and she scanned the room. "We mustn't talk of such things here." She whispered; her voice was so faint I barely heard as she took hold of my wrist.

"Then somewhere else? Or later?" I asked. I needed to know what exactly was Zedkiel's prophecy?

"If you promise not to ever mention it." She murmured, scanning the room, her breasts heaving.

"I promise. I won't."

She nodded. "But not now, not today." She whispered just as Nadia stalked over, crossing her arms.

I stood up nervously, looking at her. "What are you staring at?" Nadia asked, sneering at me. "Nadia." Lucia warned gently.

Not wanting her to make enemies because of me, I quickly spoke up. "Just taking a look around at the place and people I will probably be spending a lot of time around."

She let out a laugh, and a few others smirked or chuckled. "Yeah... do you know why you aren't claimed yet? Because I don't think he intends to keep you." Nadia whispered, leaning in.

My heart skipped a beat, and I slowly placed a hand on her shoulder and moved her back. We were all Omega... I could speak up to them. "I don't think that's your decision to make." I said quietly, making all eyes turn to me.

Sneering, Nadia moved back, shoving my hand off her. "Look at that, she's not even a part of this pack yet or even claimed and she's acting all high and mighty."

"Like Alistair explained, these things take time." I replied, frowning slightly.

She laughed, stepping closer. "You know, you were a terrified little thing at the ball the other night... What happened? Did the Prince letting you live for a few days give you the courage to speak back? At least wait until you wear his mark!" She waved her necklace in front of my face, forcing me to step back before it hit my face.

"Nadia please." Lucia tried again.

"No, let her be this brave once she's bearing his mark, not when she is nothing!" She sneered, snatching the ribbon that Alistair had tied around my neck and ripping it off. Suddenly, her smirk vanished, making me confused. It took me a moment before I realised why.

I could feel it too, a powerful aura that was seeping into the room. Instantly she paled and stepped back, her heart thumping with fear as we all turned towards the open doors. The Omegas splitting to make way for whomever it was.

The approaching footsteps were slow... calculated and somehow every time they touched the floor, that quiet sound made my heart thump with fear. I wasn't the only one, as several omegas stepped back and Lucia's hold on me tightened slightly. I knew this aura... although every time it came before me, it affected me all over again.

"Th-the Third Prince." Lucia whispered, looking at Nadia with fear in her eyes.

He pushed the doors open wide, and I wondered if it was something he just had to do. The double doors had been opened wide enough, yet he seemed to enjoy the violent slam and the way everyone jumped. His eyes honed in on me and I barely registered my surroundings, watching his eyes rake over me slowly.

So consumed by his gaze, I didn't even realise every other Omega had lowered their head to him, but he ignored them. His eyes stuck on me. He advanced towards me, until he stopped in front of me, his eyes darkening when they fell to my neck.

I could still feel the sting from when Nadia had snatched the ribbon from my neck. He suddenly grabbed my neck, brushing his thumb over it, and I bit my lip, trying not to cry out. His touch made it sting worse.

"How many do I need to kill before you realise no one is to touch what's mine?" His voice was low and husky, filled with a barely controlled rage as his eyes snapped to Nadia, who was still holding the ribbon limply in her hands.

The look to kill was burning in Zedkiel's eyes, and my heart clenched in fear.

Not again.

Zedkiel had barely let go of me when I quickly jumped in front of Nadia. "P-please don't! Nothing happened." I whispered, my heart beating so violently I felt like I was about to faint. His eyes flashed red, his nostril flaring, and he grabbed my arm, yanking me away from her. I bit down on my lip, feeling the strain in my shoulder, and I almost tumbled to the ground when he let go of me. He grabbed Nadia by the jaw, and I saw the fear in her eyes as he snatched the ribbon from her hand.

"This time... I will let you live. Remember, your pathetic life only exists because she allowed it. ... Next time I won't mind throwing your dead body at Ragnar's feet." He hissed. He let go of her neck, and I felt

relieved, but it only lasted a second. In a flash, he had the ribbon around her neck, tying it tightly around her neck. She began choking, and he stepped back. "Let that be a fucking lesson." 2

Turning, he grabbed my wrist, dragging me from the room. I looked over my shoulder as Nadia felt to knees clawing at her neck and then she was no longer in view as he dragged me down the hall. My heart was thumping violently, but I dared not speak, not wanting him to take his anger out on me.

He didn't let go of me dragging me through the halls; I was running to keep up with his long strides.

Where were we going?

I didn't know, but I had to keep going.

It was a good while later, and I realised we were going beneath the castle. Was he going to lock me in the dungeons?

He paused, and I almost crashed into him, clamping a hand over my mouth, fear enveloping

1.

Did I do something wrong?

"You have the courage to speak up to her, yet you can barely stand in my presence? Where's that courage gone?" He growled, suddenly slamming me into the wall. I groaned as pain shot up my back. "Answer me!" He thundered, slamming his hands into the stone walls making me flinch.

Was he really asking me that? She was an Omega... "You-you are a-"

"Stop stuttering!" He hissed, crashing his hand into the wall again.

I nodded, taking a shuddering breath. "I'm sorry... I..." I took another breath trying to calm down. "She's an Omega, you are an Alpha... I can't speak back to you, My Prince." I whimpered. His perfectly thick brow arched, and he tangled his hand in my hair, the other hand gripping my waist and yanking me against him. "Is that so?" His sudden calm voice made my stomach flutter with nerves. He pressed himself against me harder, making me hyper aware of every ridge and curve of his hard body. I could hear my heart beating in my ears, smell his scent...

"Y-yes..." I whispered, unable to take the intensity of his gaze.

"Then it's time you learned to speak up... or I swear, Little Omega, I will punish you..." Before I could even reply, he leaned in and his lips brushing against mine...