

## **Dark Obsession 15**

### **Chapter 15 Claimed**

EVANGELINE.

I could barely breathe not knowing what to do. His touch made my body react, I didn't want him, yet my body enjoyed this. It felt good but I wasn't sure what I was feeling.

The taste of his mouth was enticing, the feel of his plump full lips dominating mine. The way his body was moulded against mine...

When he sucked on my lower lip slightly, I wondered what would happen if I kissed him back?

Would he display my head on a pitchfork in front of the castle? Or worse, see it as an invitation to take things further?

Before I could even decide, he suddenly moved back, his blazing red eyes full of anger once more as he grabbed my wrist, yanking me down the hall. We passed a few people, but they kept their heads down, moving out of our way swiftly.

I was getting whiplash from his behaviour... My lips still tingled from his touch and my heart felt funny. Was this what Josie meant, that things can just physically be fun. That you didn't need to tie emotion to feel pleasure... I didn't understand that...

We made our way down two further flights of stairs until we looked to be in some sort of stone tunnel. At one point the tunnels split in two, Zedkiel turned left, yet my gaze lingered on the right tunnel.

What was down there? I didn't get to mull over that for long. He soon came to an abrupt stop outside a dark wooden door, and I felt relieved, taking a moment to catch my breath.

Unlike most doors in the castle, this one was plain, even old, you could say. The doorknob was large and made of a dull iron. Perhaps that's because this part of the castle wasn't used. To my surprise, for the first time since I had met him instead of slamming the door open, he raised his hand and knocked.

To whom did the room belong?

The door creaked open, and my heart sped up as I peered into the room.

The floor was dark wood, and there was an ethereal feel here, the room was bathed in the dim light of lamps, there was no window in here and many areas of the room were cast in shadows

This place felt oddly familiar... A flash from a memory long ago filled my mind and then it hit me: I've been here before. Grandmother Philomena had brought me here!

My eyes widened as he stepped inside, pushing the door wider, a door that seemed to have opened by itself.

I knew who this room belonged to.

I could remember the dark floors, the way this room looked with the same ornate stained- glass lamps, the beads... the embroidered cushions... but I couldn't remember her....

Now I could see her sitting in the corner, only the top of her head showing from the back of the rocking chair she was sitting in. Her hands clutched the armrests, her back was to us. The only sound save my thumping heart was the creaking of the chair, as she slowly rocked back

and forth and the faint crackling of the fire in the hearth.

He had brought me to the Oracle.

The door shut behind me with a sharp snap, making me almost jump out of my skin. My heart was thumping so loudly that I felt like everyone in the castle would hear it.

"We meet again." A whispery voice came.

"Again?" Zedkiel asked sharply.

She was silent for a moment. "Of course..." She stood up, and when she turned, I found myself looking at a woman who seemed to be in her early thirties, but surely, she was far older? Her pure white hair was tied back, and her eyes were dark as she stared at me intently.

Zedkiel didn't push it, instead, he looked down at me. "I'm claiming this Omega as mine. You create the amulets that they wear, but I have a different plan for her."

Different plan?

Oh, that didn't sound pleasant. My stomach twisted with nerves.

"When things are done, they cannot be undone, Alpha Zedkiel Vilkas."

He frowned, "I know."

The Oracle smiled, raising her jewel-clad hands, and walked over to the table. "Your request?"

"You already know, but if you wish for me to entertain you, then fine. I want to brand her with my mark."

Brand me?

Unease filled me as the Oracle looked over her shoulder. "Only a mate should wear the mark of her mate upon her body, Prince Vilkas... a fated mate. To give a claimed Omega your mark, by bite or magic, is the same thing. What will happen if the day comes when you meet your mate, and another woman wears your mark?"

"That's none of your business. Do as I have asked." He snarled.

"I demand an answer." She whispered.

Zedkiel frowned coldly. "Mates no longer exist... one in thousands. Only the lucky will find their mates... I only know of a few in my lifetime who have ever found their fated mate. Let's not hold petty discussions."

She smiled, but it held no emotion. "As you wish, I am bound to serve the royal bloodline." Her voice sounded heavy, but I might have imagined it because it was gone when she spoke again. "Very well, as you command, where would you like to brand her?" 1

“Her back, a place that will, from this day, remain on display.” He said coldly, and I gasped when he grabbed my shoulder, turning me and tearing the back of my dress completely. I wrapped my arms around myself, my heart beating hard as fear enveloped me when he pushed me towards the table.

Branded? Meaning not just a charm... I knew I’d never be able to remove it... but on my body? Did this mean I would forever be his?

Tears stung my eyes – I barely comprehended what the Oracle was whispering, as the fire in the hearth blazed high. I gasped when she placed a shimmering silver tool in the fire.

They were going to brand me like an animal. I turned to the prince, hoping he’d change his mind. “Must you do this?” I whispered pleadingly, praying for some compassion from him, but his gaze remained cold.

“Take it and imprint her where you wish. Your mark will adorn her... and then you must carve your name with the blade.”

“No, please no!” I begged, panic suddenly enveloping me.

My nightmares, blood, death, and pain, all swirled around me like a hurricane, and I was caught in the middle. A piercing scream left my lips when he suddenly grabbed me by the back of my hair, forcing me to bend over the table.

“Calm down, the world needs to know who you belong to.” He whispered in my ear. “It won’t hurt for long.”

From the corner of my mind, I tried to comprehend his words.

Was he trying to soothe me? Was it just me, or had his voice been softer?

I don’t know. I don’t care!

Tears streamed down my face, as I watched him remove the metal from the fire, my cheek pressed against the table, glaring into the burning flames. I closed my eyes, thinking of Sinclair. 2

I miss you...

Why were things so complicated?

The moment the burning hot metal touched my back, a shriek of agonising pain ripped through me, and I gripped the table with everything I had. My nails splintered as I dug them into the wood. My head felt like it was going to burst and electrocuting jolts of pain spread from where he was branding me.

“It is done.” The Oracle’s voice came, but it felt so distant. He held me in place refusing to let me fall to the ground despite my legs already having given way.

Tears streamed down my cheeks; I was powerless against his strength anyway... I whimpered when the metal was removed, the dull pain easing rather fast. I couldn’t even bring myself to relax, still gulping for air. I felt like I was drowning, but before I could even gather myself, I saw the Oracle hand Zedkiel a knife made of the same silver as the metal they had branded me with.

Her eyes met mine, and she tilted her head, watching me as if I was something intriguing. Zedkiel stepped forward, and I scrunched my eyes shut. I didn't want to do this.... Terrified of the pain that was to come, I gritted my teeth, preparing myself. He placed his hand firmly on the back of my neck, and I whimpered when I felt the sharp sting as the knife cut into me. I heard him growl, his heart thundering as he carved his name into my back. The pain was unbearable, but I didn't scream again.

I bet they wanted to hurt me, but I wouldn't give them that satisfaction.

They didn't care...

The pain was growing, burning through me. Silent sobs wracked my body, the pain in my back so severe I could no longer comprehend it.

Please stop...

"There, now the entire fucking castle won't touch her." He snarled like the monster he was letting go of my neck as he backed away. I fell to the ground, weakly covering my chest, but I felt... defeated. He turned his back on me, his shoulders heaving as he tried to control his breathing before he turned back to me with blazing red eyes. He crouched down beside me. You will be safe from them all." He said, brushing strands of my hair back.

No, I won't, but no one here is worse than you. I hate you.

I looked at him, trying to control the hatred I felt inside as he continued to run his fingers through my hair. "You cut your hair..."

I ignored him, hatred coursing through me.

The Oracle smiled faintly. "A rather intriguing mark..." She mused, moving the silver he had used aside as she picked up a large mirror and it was then I realised the metal he had used was completely blank from underneath.

"It suits her." He said with a cold smirk. "Don't you agree Little Mouse?" He gripped my hair, forcing me to look over my shoulder at the mark that tarnished my skin. My skin wasn't burned, nor was it red, almost as if nothing had happened. But I'd remember that pain...

The mark itself was at least six or seven inches long, and an inch or two wide, most of it was in a shimmering gold, whilst there was a black crescent moon and a star with a few small details in it and there right in the centre was the name.

Zedkiel Vilkas.

A cold reminder that I was his. Forever.