

## Dark Obsession 16

### Chapter 16 The Ordeal

ZEDKIEL.

She had remained silent, even when I took her back to my room. It was almost as if she was in shock, or too stunned to react. I wasn't sure.

I had seen the hatred in her eyes when she had seen the mark and for a moment I wondered if I did something wrong... but she was mine, and if I wanted to mark her, I could. But it still irked me, her reaction, knowing that she feared and hated me.

I haven't given her a reason to be scared. I haven't ripped her to shreds. She displayed more spunk in front of others- for others. But when it came to me, she was terrified.

"From this day on I want your mark to be seen. Keep your hair up. I want that mark on display." I said coldly, wondering what the Oracle meant by 'we meet again.'

She stared back at me unblinking, once again that intrigued me. How was she able to look me in the eye for that long and not look away? I knew the effect my powers had on people. I knew when people looked away in fear and when it was from my powers...

Back at the ball, I had thought she had been rooted in fear when she had laid eyes on me, because, unlike everyone else, she hadn't lowered her head to me.

"Ok." She said quietly, looking away.

I stepped closer, and she moved back, making my eyes flash dangerously. If she was scared of me, then maybe I should really give her a reason to be terrified. I pinched her chin, snapping her head up towards me. There it was again the stark terror in her eyes.

I didn't know what to say, so I glared into her eyes, seeing them pool with tears and my grip tightened. "Remember, I own you." I snarled, before shoving her away.

"Yes, I won't ever forget that." She whispered.

I looked down at her, and for a moment, she reminded me of something that was broken.

Did I do that? I didn't hurt her... nor did I force her... But then again, I had a talent for hurting people without intentionally meaning it.

"I'll be in my office; you are free to roam the Castle. If anyone says anything to you, make sure you tell me." Not waiting for a reply, I stormed out of the room, slamming the door behind

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Something about her drew me... but it didn't make sense... I unlocked the office door and stepped inside, mulling over the moment when I first touched her.

I know that you find your mate by touch when both parties have shifted... but even though I thought I felt something... It was impossible, I couldn't have felt anything, she didn't have a wolf and neither did it make sense for an Omega to be my mate.

Furthermore, it was practically unheard of for Omegas to have mates, and of course, I wasn't exactly a full Lycan or werewolf. I doubt I had a mate at all.

Pulling the chair out from behind my desk, I dropped into it, looking at the huge pile of reports that awaited me. I switched my computer on, raising an eyebrow at the huge number of incoming emails. Guess people were more confident in sending me a crap load of work via email rather than face-to-face.

Dad liked to give us all work, and with the growing unease and the constant attacks from the rogues, there seemed to be far more to do. We had to make sure we were providing security to the other packs... making sure those living on the edge were safe. Records on deaths, etcetera. I got to work, reading and replying to emails and giving my input when needed. As for the useless emails that were of no need to me, I ignored them. I really had no idea why some of this stuff was allowed to sift into my personal email. Antonio was meant to have this stuff dealt with before it got to me. I didn't like desk work, but it came with the position.

Frowning, I read another useless email and sighed. I couldn't focus, not with my thoughts that kept going to the way My Little Mouse behaved or her appearance.

I wanted her far more than she realised. If she knew the thoughts that went through my mind, she would quiver in fear. One day... and it will be soon... then I will claim that pussy of hers and make her mine completely. I massaged my jaw, my mind going to the way her blood dripped. down her neck.

The way it smelt... the way it tasted...

That was wrong, on so many levels. The hunger for the blood of one of our own species was taboo... I may be a hybrid, but still, I shouldn't be craving her blood... yet I did...

Pushing my thoughts aside, I got to work...

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The Blood Ritual.

Tonight was the night that I would be proclaimed as the heir to the crown. We were all confident that it would be me, and so was I. I was powerful, smart, and the most skilled. I knew my name was upon that throne, unofficially, and today it would become official. It was cold down here, and although we didn't feel the cold much, it now bit into my skin, seeping into my bones. Perhaps it was the pre-ordeal bath to cleanse myself, or just the material wrapped around my waist... either way, I almost shivered because of it.

The door to the Chamber of Sight shut with an ominous thud behind me, and I looked ahead.

The cave was dark, the sound of water silently rippling through it. I looked at the arched roof of the cavern before gazing down at the dark water of the Lake of Truth, running with the blood of our sins... The water looked almost black, but under the moonlight, it would turn blood red...

This was a place that we would only venture into once in our lifetime. The night of our eighteenth birthday... This was where I'd shift. Alone, under the reflection of the moon... A place where all royal alpha heirs come, to take part in the blood ritual.

This Chamber had been beneath the castle for centuries and only ones with royal blood could enter. Something that we must do. It wasn't an option, but a requirement.

I walked over the jagged rocks, seeing the moonlight seeping through at the altar ahead. My silent footsteps were dangerously loud despite how carefully I was treading. Almost as if not wanting to awaken the Chamber.

I could feel its ethereal power... the bodiless entity that seemed to reside in these halls... It felt like the very cave was alive. The chamber would look into my soul...

I knelt down near the river, where the moonlight peered through, hitting the water that would soon turn red, and I waited.

Midnight will be here and not only will I shift but I will be given my destiny. I sliced my hand on one of the sharp rocks, letting my blood pour into the lake as the moon shifted slightly, casting its ray of light down through the gap and onto me and the lake.

It was time.

I looked up at the moon, waiting for it to take on the red hue, hearing the faint chimes of the castle clock ringing twelve. Any moment now...

My heart was thudding in my chest. Even if I wasn't a pure-blooded Lycan, I held confidence in my beliefs and who I was. I was still my father's son, still the most ideal for that crown... still the one who could be the Alpha of Alphas.

The last gong of the bell rang as the clock hit twelve but instead of the moon burning a crimson red – thick, dark clouds shrouded the originally bright moon, taking on a faint red edge, but then, suddenly, the cave became darker.

A sudden gust of growling wind ripped through the Chamber making my head snap up, my eyes flashing red as I scanned my surroundings.

What was going on? This wasn't normal. Something was wrong:

I looked down at the lake, feeling the water begin to ripple faster. Suddenly, a huge black smoke-like wolf appeared in the water's reflection. Its golden eyes stared right back at me. I couldn't move, as if whatever it was, held a fearfully powerful grip upon me.

It was huge, its eyes holding a cunningness far more powerful than that of an Alpha wolf. This wolf was far more... so much more... And when it spoke, its voice echoed in my mind, tearing through my brain with excruciating pain. A voice not made for the mortal ear...

I clutched my head, but the voice came from within.

“The darkness which is beyond the reach of the moonlight will devour every living soul, the filthy blood of the impure is like a poisoned dagger into the heart of the realm. Son of darkness, away from my descendant, heed this omen...”

I doubled over, my hands braced on the floor, the sharp stone was biting into my hands and the smell of blood lingered in the air but I didn't care, nothing beat the pain that I was feeling within.

“When the day comes that you yield to the woman with hair as dark as night, lips the shade of cherry blossoms, with eyes the colour of the bird of night, and skin like milk; when you allow her evil to bleed within you... pay heed, for then, shall you bring doom to the world.” a

His roaring voice made me yell out as pain enveloped me and I could no longer breathe, but then the wind stopped, the moon shone on the ground again, and the reflection of the black shadowy wolf vanished.

My heart was beating violently as I scanned the room, trying to make sense of it all.

Son of darkness?

Wasn't I the one who was meant to continue the royal bloodline? The one fit to be king?

The reality crushed me and my hopes and dreams ruthlessly. I felt that this had been the only

way for me to show the world that I was Lycan enough, to show them I'm just like them... but the truth is I wasn't like my brothers.

I was different. The haunting voice of the black wolf echoed in my mind, 'Son of darkness, away from my descendant...'

Yeah, I was away from the Lycan bloodline. I wasn't a pure-blood but a hybrid, part Lycan, part bloodsucker... born from an enemy... a monster.

“Heed this omen.”

No, maybe this was some sort of mistake. I had never heard of anyone hearing a voice down here. We were just meant to see a vision of our future. What should I do? I couldn't hide it... everyone will know I'm not the chosen one, after all... I didn't bear the mark of the heir...

Father had come out from his Blood Ritual bearing the mark of future supreme Alpha.

I stood up slowly, gazing around the chamber that was now bathed in darkness, refusing to believe it. I wouldn't accept this fate; I would prove to them all that I was more... as for this woman of darkness... There is no way that I'll ever yield to anyone, let alone a mere woman. I'll kill her. Before any woman even tries to become a part of my life, I will make sure to destroy them all.

The darkness in the Chamber began spreading, like a shroud, enveloping me. The fear of the unknown rising within me and making my stomach churn and-

“My Prince!”

My eyes flew open, and I grabbed the woman who was shaking me by the neck, ready to tear her to shreds, my heart ringing shrilly in my ears. I scanned my surroundings realising I was in my office, not the chamber.

Had I fallen asleep?

“M-my Prince, are you ok?” she repeated, making my eyes snap to hers, fear and worry in her innocent eyes.

I was unable to respond, my heart thumping violently as I stared at her, a woman I had already bound to myself... A woman who had already made her way into my life... A woman with hair as dark as night, lips the shade of cherry blossoms... eyes a tawny grey, like that of a night owl and skin... Skin as pale as milk...

“Yo-you’re hurt... ing...” She choked, my hold tightening, and I stared into those eyes.

“Little Mouse...”

The cold chilling realisation hit me and I was certain that she was the woman from the Chamber of Truth.