

## Dark Obsession 19

### Chapter 19 Words of Warning

EVANGELINE.

"In wh-where?"

She tilted her head, giving me a gentle yet firm look and I looked down, knowing I was caught. "I swear I didn't know he'd be there." I whispered, terrified.

What if she told Zedkiel?

"I assumed as much; you have to realise that you can't do this Evangeline. You are Prince Zedkiel's now and if he found out-"

"Please don't tell anyone," I begged, reaching over and taking her hand.

She shook her head, "Oh honey, I won't, but although I took you to the fragrance store... an Alphas nose is far superior to that of an Omegas."

So she knew... and that was why she took me to the fragrance store...

"You need to shower when you get home, just in case he finds out. When you stepped out..." She looked around the café casually. "I could smell him, and as an Omega, we can tell the difference between an Alphas scent and an ordinary werewolf. If the third prince smells another Alpha on you... things can go bad, fast."

I know that... Goddess I do, I really do...

"He let you out, and if you carry on like this, life can get better. Look, you are alive, he's taken a liking to you, no woman comes out of that room alive.... Just please don't try anything that might upset him. Ok?" She whispered, placing her free hand over mine. "Please?" 4

"Ok." I said, forcing a smile as I picked up my mug. I remembered the prince's ritual and looked up sharply. "Can you tell me about the ritual?" I spoke barely above a whisper, although there only seemed to be humans around. We still had to be careful.

She sighed and nodded reluctantly. "What we speak of remains here..."

I nodded, "I promise."

"Well years ago, everyone thought the Third Prince would be the next Alpha, even though his mother's truth was always a secret. He was clearly the best in everything... but then on the night of his ritual... Instead of the moon glowing down upon us, everything was dark and chaotic. A clear sign that he never should have entered the chamber... after all, he isn't a full Lycan, but the Prince and King still had faith. he'd succeed..."

She seemed to hesitate, and it was obvious she didn't want to have this conversation.

"Please tell me, I need to know since I am stuck with him for life, I want to understand him." I urged her, and she nodded as she sipped her drink.

“Well, there’s not much, but the moon hid away that night. The moon goddess turned her back on him and from that day... He began changing... becoming less human and more beast.”

An ominous silence fell between us, and I wondered what he really was.

“We should really hurry. We need to get back.” Her words signalled the end of the conversation and I knew even if I pushed, I wouldn’t get anything more from her.

I could tell she was regretting even speaking of it. “I won’t tell anyone, I promise Lucia,”

She gave me a small smile and looked a little relieved. “Thank you.”

But despite her warning about Sinclair, I didn’t get rid of the phone. I brought it back to the castle... No matter how hard of a burden it felt like, I couldn’t just get rid of it. When I returned to the prince’s quarters, there was no one there to my relief, and so I quickly went to shower, making sure that any trace of Sinclair was gone from me. Then I got to finding a place to hide the phone...

That proved far more difficult than I thought, what with the prince constantly destroying things I didn’t want him to find it accidentally. So I ended up making a tiny cut in the fabric of the underside of one of the sofas in the lounge and slid it in there.

There, perfect!

Returning to the bedroom, I looked at my shopping. I had purchased some bath and massage oils and I now placed these in the bathroom. I was just bundling my dirty clothes into the wash hamper, deciding to unpack everything, including what I had from before and maybe place to the side of the wardrobe, when the door slammed open making me jump.

Zedkiel stepped inside, drenched in sweat, wearing only a pair of black jeans and boots. His eyes ran over me, before he scanned the room, looking at the bags of clothes. Not saying a word, he entered the bathroom, slamming the door shut behind him.

Wow...

I could get used to the cold ignoring attitude. But I needed to ask him if he was ok with me using a part of the wardrobe. Mustering up my courage, I walked over to the bathroom door, pressing my ear against it.

When I thought I heard the water running, I decided it was safe to knock. At least he wouldn’t open the door and inflict me with that burning glare. “Prince Zedkiel?”

There was a moment’s silence before the door was suddenly pulled open, making me scream when I came face to face with a very naked and wet Zedkiel. I quickly covered my face and turned my back on him. “Did you call me to scream in my face?”

“N-no! I was just going to ask if You didn’t need to come o-out! I just needed to ask if I can use the wardrobe! Just a small section... for my stuff...” I mumbled, my heart thundering.

“That was something stupid to ask. The wardrobe is there, use it.” He growled before the door slammed shut, leaving me alone.

I exhaled in relief. OK Evangeline, make yourself at home.

Home...

I didn't let anything dampen my mood and instead focused on positive thoughts! Positive thoughts!

I walked over to the wardrobe, pulling open the doors. I entered the walk-in closet. On both sides were wardrobes. Right ahead were shelves of shoes and drawers for items. There was enough space and so I began moving the prince's stuff to make better space for mine. Humming a song, I looked at shelves. They weren't very well organised... Zedkiel's clothes were all over the place, like he had rummaged in them to find something.

I know Antonio came to clean up, or someone did to clean up the damage after he broke things, but I don't think anyone really organised stuff in here properly. That or the prince didn't like his stuff touched... but if I put the sweatpants together, his work out tees here.....

I rearranged the stuff, going out into the bedroom and picked up the tablet. There was an app where we could place food orders and other things that needed doing. Although many used mind link it was easier to have it noted so anyone from the kitchen could pick it up. Alistair had added himself and Antonio, so I could contact them if needed. I quickly placed an order for a hot drink for the prince to be brought up since he had just come back from a workout.

Smiling, I looked at the order that read 'delivered.' I felt like I was doing something right. Maybe things will get better...

I turned to the bags that were still left to organise. Alistair had delivered many bags of clothing and I realised most were rather revealing, all in colours I didn't usually wear aside from black. I missed my hoodies...

I stared at the dress I now took out of the bag. It was a halter neck, and it was so short... I looked up when a shadow blocked the doorway. "My prince." I whispered, moving back as his sharp gold-green eyes scanned the closet. My haze dipped to his perfect body,

Oh goddess...

He was absolutely perfect, water droplets trickled down his chest and those killer abs, making his body glisten enticingly. A towel was wrapped dangerously low around his hips and when he stepped closer, I quickly looked away.

"I just arranged the stuff, so it's easier for you to take what you need..." I mumbled.

He placed two fingers under my chin, forcing me to look up at him. "Like I've said, you're not here to clean Cup after me... keep working on that confidence. At least you're able to talk without stuttering."

My cheeks burned under his somewhat of a compliment. "Thank you... I'll try..." I whispered, my gaze dipping down only for me to scrunch my eyes shut when I realised I was staring at the front of his towel.

No Evangeline, do not look there!

I felt him step closer, forcing me to back up against the wardrobe behind me. "I prefer when you look me in the eye, Little Mouse." He whispered huskily. My heart was thundering as I slowly looked up at him through my lashes, biting my lip.

"Yes, Prince Zedkiel..."

"I hate that title. I've already told you that." He said, his eyes suddenly cold.

Nervously, I swallowed. "Then what can I call you?" I asked softly.

"Zedkiel or Zed works." He said, suddenly moving away from me.

I couldn't call him that....

I saw his eyes flash red, and he paused.

Mind linking?

His frown only deepened, and I busied myself with placing the lingerie in the third drawer, the top two were occupied but the bottom two were empty. I almost yelped when Zedkiel reached over, picking up one of the items Lucia had purchased for me. To my horror, it looked even worse than the tiny night dress.

His eyebrow cocked up, and he tilted his head. He was about to speak when I snatched it away from him. and buried it in the drawers. "T-that's not mine..." I lied.

He raised his eyebrow even higher, but said nothing as his eyes glazed over once more.

"Fucking hell. He muttered, grabbing some boxers and sweatpants and leaving the closet.

I wondered what was going on, but I didn't dare ask. I gave him a few moments to get changed before I stepped out of the closet, when I thought it was safe.

A faint knock on the door out in the lounge made my ears perk up.

Oh, that must be Antonio with the drink! I hurried from the bedroom to get it. I opened it and sure enough, there he was, holding a tray with the hot drink and chocolate cake.

"Thank you." I said. He nodded slowly, looking me once over before turning and walking off briskly.

He was an odd one...

I closed the door and carried Zedkiel's coffee to him. He was sitting on the bed, lost in thought, a deep frown on his face. "I brought coffee..." I whispered, suddenly wondering if he would get angry.

His sharp gaze now turned to me. "You seem happier."

I froze, not knowing what to say as I placed the tray down on the bedside table, only for him to take my wrist and pull me onto his lap making me yelp. My heart was thudding as I looked into his eyes. He was waiting for an answer... "I enjoyed the outing..." I mumbled softly. "Thank you for allowing me to spend some money... I have placed your card in the bedside table drawer."

His gaze trailed over me before he nodded slowly. "Do it more often." He said, his cold aura surrounding him once again as he became lost in thought. That sharp, cunning expression was clear in his eyes. He refused to let me move. His grip on my thigh was relaxed but firm.

It didn't scare me so much... almost as if I knew as long as I didn't upset him, he wouldn't kill me....

He downed the scalding coffee, making me stare. When I felt the huge flare of his aura, his anger was back. It was raging around him like an inferno, and I realised he was mind-linking again...

What was going on? I could see from the way his eyes glazed that he was having a long conversation or argument. I slid off his lap, my heart pounding as I wondered what to do with myself. I was about to head out into the lounge when he suddenly threw the cup across the room, letting it shatter into a thousand pieces making me jump in fright.

Standing up, he clenched his fists, turning his burning red eyes on me as he suddenly grabbed my upper arm painfully tight.

"You're attending dinner with me tonight. Dress appropriately and don't embarrass me." He snarled, making me flinch.

I nodded quickly, that fear of him returning full force. All of a sudden, he was cruel again... but I didn't ponder on that much, instead, I was more scared about the dinner that he wanted me to attend. I knew for a fact this was a dinner with the royal family...

And that meant prince Alcazer would be there too after he lost his Luna because of me...

Why did he want me to go?

"Be ready in two hours. Ask Alistair to help you get ready." He snarled before he left the room, and I heard another door slam. He had gone to his office, leaving me feeling utterly panicked!