

Dark Obsession 23

Chapter 23. Questions

EVANGELINE.

"Please don't!" I scream, tumbling backwards. Something hits the back of my leg making me buckle and I fall onto the enormous bed. I grab onto the deep purple curtains that hung from the canopy of the four-poster bed, the fabric burning my hands as it sears through my grasp as he pushes me flat onto my back.

His eyes are glowing red, and his fangs are out as he grabs me by my throat. His dreadlocks frame his face as he looks at me with emotions that I can't focus on. For a second, it turns too dark and hazy to see anything.

What...

Then I feel it; the blade plunging into my chest.

I cry out as pain tears through me, only for him to pull the blade free, agony

making it harder to breathe. He doesn't stop stabbing it into my stomach. I cry out. "Stop! Stop this! Stop!" I shriek,

choking in pain as tears burn my eyes.

"Too late." He snarls,

"No!" The power in my voice is unrecognisable. I don't think I've ever screamed like that... I feel the terrifying blistering rage and hatred I feel for him swirl around me as I try to fight him off, but he doesn't stop his assault as he continues to plunge the knife into my chest... again and again...

I'm dying. I can feel my life ebbing away. Feeling the pain engulf me, I grapple

weakly at his wrists, both of us are covered in blood. My hands slip from his and I find myself looking into those burning red eyes. Something wet hits my face and I look up at him, only for him to pull back, dropping the knife as he

plunges his hand into my chest.

I scream in pure agony as I jolt upright in bed. My heart drums against my ribcage

and I scan the room, trying to control the terror that is consuming me. I look

around, realising I am in the prince's bedroom, and this was not the same bed.

I'm drenched in sweat, and I feel the ghostly pain linger as I touch my chest

and stomach

I'm ok! Thank the Goddess!

That nightmare...

I place a hand on my forehead, taking
deep breaths. I'm still trembling.

It felt so vivid...

Kicking the blanket off, I stumble out of bed. Glancing out the window; I see it's still early. I make my way towards the

bathroom and turn on the sink tap;

splashing my face with cold water, I stare

at my reflection. For a second, my

reflection distorts, and I feel like I'm

looking at myself covered in blood. I gasp, stumbling back, only for it to return to normal. I let out a shaky breath.

It was Zedkiel... only his hair and clothing were different, but it was him... Why was he killing me? Was this a premonition of what was going to happen soon? When I become his Luna or before then?

I turn the tap off and grab a towel, wiping my face. I place it down as I slowly look

out to the bedroom. An eerie, ominous

feeling washes through me and I

shudder, staring at the bed. Flashes of my

nightmare replay in my head, and I stay frozen in place.

On a bed... he kills me in a bedroom... I

wrap my arms around myself wishing I knew what my dream means, perhaps I

could ask the oracle? But she was for the

royals surely. She won't- wait, I'll be

Luna soon... As Zedkiel's wife, maybe she

would listen to me and offer me advice.

It was what was making me the most

uneasy. The fact that he is the man from

my nightmares that have plagued me for years... I walk to the window and look out, it's foggy, and I know the sun won't make an appearance today.

I can see one or two people walking out in the yard, starting on their day, and I cast my gaze to the mountains, the very same ones I had tried to drive down and escape.

He said my training begins today and if I truly want freedom, then I need to make sure I do my best in whatever training he was going on about. Maybe I'll have an early breakfast and then prepare for the day. I need to be at my best.

Washing up, I brush my teeth before I pick out light blue fitted jeans, which had torn patches in a few places. It was strange to have jeans that were made to look like this instead of my old ones that had torn due to how old they were and

here are people paying to have torn clothes.

I squeeze into them, feeling they are a size too small. Perhaps I need to eat less...

'I like a woman with meat.' My cheeks burn and I pause. Did he actually like me?

I look in the mirror that was on the wall in the walk-in closet staring at myself.

'You will beg for me.' His words ring in my mind.

No, I will not!

There was nothing special about me....

I was wearing my black bra that only makes my boobs look bigger. I slowly zip my jeans up and pull my hair back into a ponytail until Alistair will fix it. I take out a red halter top and put it on, which leaves my back open, just like he ordered.

I sigh before I fix the bedding and quickly message Alistair on the tablet that I will have breakfast, and then come to see him.

He replies instantly, and I smile.

I like him. I leave the quarters, heading to the kitchens for a bite to eat...

I was lucky that the kitchen staff didn't get angry when I asked for food. They were also treating me a little better and not acting like I was a burden, even though the whispers and stares followed.

Was it because everyone knew I was at the dinner last night or because of the huge mark on my back? Gossip travels fast. I know by now everyone probably knows

I'm claimed by the Third Prince.

After eating, I make my way to the head Omega's room, and Alistair gets to work.

Dolores doesn't bother us; I think she was

getting used to me being here. He first styles my hair, then moves on to my face.

"So how was the dinner last night, girl I need deets." Alistair says, making my

cheeks burn as I remember what Zedkiel

did to me last night. My heart begins to thump, and my cheeks get even hotter.

He had... Goddess! That was mortifying! Remembering how it made me feel, I feel an odd sensation between my legs and push the thoughts out of my head.

Alistair chuckles. "Now I get what that glow is! But you don't smell different..."

"N-nothing happened!" I squeak, "You-

you need to help me. I mean, can you please help me?"

That only makes him laugh louder and Dolores huffs. "Keep it down."

"Oh, don't be crabby just because I was right about her." Alistair waves his hand as he pouts down at his eyeshadow

palette.

Dolores simply makes a face as she slowly

comes over. "I hear you were at the dinner last night... any reason?"

I look down, not sure if I was to say

anything, but she wasn't leaving, and I needed Alistair's help. "Well... Prince

Zedkiel wants to make me his Luna... so

it's what-" They gasp, looking at each

other before looking back at me. Alistair looks beyond ecstatic, and Dolores looks

pale.

"Luna! Oh my gosh, I'm talking to a

Luna!" Alistair squeals and I flinch at the

sound.

"Oh, shut up, you fool! She isn't Luna yet. The king won't allow it!" Dolores snaps.

"He didn't refuse." I mumble.

That renders her speechless and Alistair simply smirks. "Yes, Dolores? Anything else you want to say, Sunshine?" 3

She simply purses her lips together, looking displeased.

“Yes, but the prince said my training starts today. I don’t know what he meant. I was h-hoping you could help me.” I ask,

looking at Alistair hopefully.

He puts his palette down and fans his

face. “Ok, I don’t know what kind of

training he can give you, but I’m certain I

can-”

“Alistair...” Dolores tries to pull him back, her eyes flashing. “You need to stay away; our duty is to take care of the

omegas, not focus on one!”

“I am, she is still an omega even if she is to be Luna.” He whispers. I look down, not sure if I did the right thing by asking him. Dolores only seems to be getting angrier.

“I don’t want to cause trouble.” I say and Alistair shakes his head. Coming back over, he begins to apply my makeup.

“Not at all. To be Luna there are certain things you will have to learn to do. Planning and organising is a big one, so you will need to be confident enough to give commands. There’s knowing people

by face and rank and addressing them accordingly. The Prince’s Lunas only have one Luna above them, the queen. Oh, there are other things I must-”

“There you are.” Zedkiel’s growl came. His eyes were blazing as he scans the room. I quickly stand up, my heart thumping when he walks over gripping my arms as he looks me over. His hands run down my bare arms and my hands, making my heart pound before he frowns and lets go of my hands. “Where have you

been?”

I glanced at Alistair, who with Dolores, seem to be cowering in fear at his presence. Only then did I realise his aura swirls around him. I think I am already getting used to it.

“I went to have b-breakfast and thought I’ll get ready for the d-day before my training.” I reply. He seems to calm down, his eyes returning to gold, and a chill runs down my spine as I remember

my nightmare.

“Right...” he mutters, and I look up at

him sharply.

Did he think I had run away?

I glanced at Alistair, thinking this was my chance. “P-pri- Zedkiel.” I correct myself when his eyes narrow, my words making Alistair and Dolores stare at me. “I was asking Alistair here to guide me on what will

help me be the ideal Luna... I know that you will train me but I thought..." I trail off under his cold glare, no longer confident in my plan. I look down, my heart thumping when he folds his arms.

"That's not a bad idea." He says, looking at Alistair, "Then I guess from this day forward you will no longer work for... her." He glances at Dolores, who looks disappointed that the prince doesn't know her name.

"Dolores, your majesty."

Zedkiel ignores her, glancing at Alistair, who looks shocked, not expecting that as he glances at me before turning back to Zedkiel. "M-me? Your majesty."

"Obviously who else." Zedkiel snarls.

But rest assured, if she fails... I will kill you." 2

Alistair gulps, visibly terrified, and I look at him worriedly. "Only if you want to... you don't need to." I whisper bravely. I

glance at Zedkiel and he's watching me calculatingly again.

"N-no I have hopes for you. I knew there was something special about you." He says, smoothing his printed satin shirt. We will get her in tip-top shape, my Prince. You teach her the sword and strength and I will teach her the tricks to be the perfect hostess. I'll show her elegance, confidence, and wit."

"Good." Zedkiel says as Dolores quickly steps forward.

"With all due respect, my prince, Alistair has a job he needs to-" She's cut off when Zedkiel's eyes flash dangerously.

"He works for me now. If my father has

an issue, he can bring it up to me." He growls, making her flinch.

I step forward, placing my hand on Zedkiel's forearm, not wanting him to kill her. "Then shall we continue to our training?" I ask.

His gaze flickers down to my hand on his arm and I quickly move it back, my heart thumping, but to my surprise, he cocks his brow and smirks. "Sure, but maybe

you need to fix that stuff because right now you look like a panda." 2

I look in the mirror that was sitting on the table to see Alistair had only applied dark shadow to one eye. My gaze flicks back to the prince as Alistair chuckles and

says he will fix it right away. But I can't really focus on him because all I can think

of is the prince's words.

Was that his attempt at cracking a joke?

"I'll wait, move faster." He says crossing his arms and I slowly sit down feeling nervous under his intense gaze... but deep down there's a part of me that feels oddly light headed too... 3