

Dark Obsession 24

Chapter 24. His Training

EVANGELINE.

Zedkiel gave Alistair some tasks about what he wants him to do with me later, before he led me away. I didn't question where we were going, but now; I wish I did.

I stare at the handsome man before me as he lets the door swing shut behind us, and I look at the huge room before us. There are weight training machines, lifting benches, treadmills, and other equipment. There were three boxing bags to the side and an open area for sparring, too. I don't understand why he waited until Alistair had finished my makeup and hair. All that effort to get dolled up only for him to bring me to an indoor training room. I have the urge to ask him. that very question when he removes his shirt, and my mind goes blank. 4

My heart races as I stare at those delicious abs, the way his body flexes, and my gaze falls on the tattoo on his arm as he tosses his shirt aside and looks at me. "Take your heels off." He commands, and I look down before obeying. I purse my lips, looking at him as he begins to circle me.

"Spit it out." He snarls, making me jump.

"What?" I ask, looking at him with surprise.

"Whatever's on your mind, from this day forward you are not an omega but my fiancé. An equal. And unless you act like it, we won't get through this." He says, walking off to the shelves on the side.

I hesitate before frowning; my freedom is riding on this. I have to do my best and behave fearlessly. I nod to myself before looking at his back, trying not to stare at his ass. I wonder what it feels like... I'm sure it would be hard...

"I'm waiting." He growls, making me blink.

"Uh, I was wondering why you let Alistair do my makeup if you were going to bring me here to train," I state bravely.

He pauses, and my heart skips a beat as

he cranes his neck, looking back at me. So you got sass." I hope I didn't get into trouble... he told me to answer. I stay

silent until he comes back with some

boxing gloves. "Warm up, then put these on. Let's see what you've got." He tosses the gloves at me, and I catch them, placing them aside.

Warm up... just like in Physical Ed at school. I drop onto the floor, wishing I wasn't wearing jeans. I wasted time getting dressed for no reason at all. I am not happy but I can't really blame him, he did say training began in the morning... After a good five minutes of doing my stretches; I stand up, very aware of the prince's gaze on me.

He now steps closer. "Put the gloves on."

I obey as he continues watching me.

"From what I have learned, they will have a match of physical strength between the Lunas. Even if you fail one or two tasks, it's not an issue, but I at least need to prove that you are strong enough to hold some position." He gestures me to come at him. "Attack me. Let's see what you've got." I stare up at him, trying not to pay attention to his sizzling body, in just

those sweatpants... I gulp and he smirks, gripping my chin and forcing me to look up into his gold-green eyes. "We're here to train. You can admire my physique

later." 2

I don't think I have ever blushed deeper. My cheeks burn and I pout. "I wasn't...." I trail off when he raises a brow.

Remembering his command to attack

him, I hesitated. Did he want me to just

attack him? I didn't know much, but I will try my best. I have watched Sinclair long enough to imitate a few moves.

"Come at me." He commands and taking a deep breath, I move forward and punch him with all the might I have, gasping when it connects straight with his stomach. Pain shoots up my arm and I flinch, staggering back.

"Ouch." I whimper, waiting for his anger, but there's nothing. I cradle my poor hand, staring at those abs, why was he so

hard!

He cocks a brow and steps back. "Ok. You

don't even know how to throw a punch." Despite my failure, he didn't seem angry.

"Sorry... I wasn't allowed to train." I mumble, feeling the throbbing pain in my wrist.

He nods. "Did you want to train?" He asks. "Imitate me." His stance shifts and

he punches forward. I check out his

posture trying not to focus on the way his

body looks or the way that ridge of his V disappears into his sweatpants, and I copy him.

"Yes, I did. I always thought it would be

nice if I knew some moves to defend

myself." I say as he throws a combo, I

copy, and he comes behind me. I gasp when he grips my waist, my heart thundering. He nudges my ankle with his foot, fixing my stance.

"Always keep your feet level to your shoulders. Don't keep them so together or you will lose your balance." He commands. I nod trying to focus, but only

when he moves back am I able to focus. I

do as he showed me, and he nods. "So

you do have it in you to learn. Tell me

Little Mouse, do you do better under pressure or fear?"

My heart thuds as he does another two-

move combo and I imitate his move.

Neither."

"Oh yeah? Then how do you expect to learn?"

I frown in concentration, trying my best to get my stance right. "By working hard, not everything is done by fear or force Zedkiel." I reply, freezing when I realise that I just said his name. My heart thuds as he grips my elbow, turning me to face him. I was so lost in trying to do better I

didn't even think! 2

"What did you just say?" His eyes are burning red and my stomach plummets.

"That not everything is achieved by fear or force." My nightmare flashes before my eyes and I try to pull free as fear creeps into me but he refuses to let go.

"After that." He growls, his hand curling
under my chin.

His name...

"Zedkiel..." I whisper. Our eyes lock and
his gaze dips to my lips.

"I like that." He growls before a cold small smirk crosses his face, making my
cheeks burn. 1

Goddess...

He brushes his thumb over my lips before running it down the centre of my neck. If he wants, he could kill me right now... Then we'll do this your way. I am going to push you, Little Mouse and I expect to see results."

"I won't disappoint us." I say quietly and I mean it, because this was important for the both of us...

He nods before he steps back, his eyes hardening as he commands me to work out on one of the punch bags. Saying I needed to build my stamina, and so I did. Using the few combos, he showed me against the punch bag. He left me after a while and began using one of the other boxing bags. His every punch hit the bag,

slamming it back with every punch. The

dust when his hand or leg would make contact with it also sent a promising thud

through the room. I can feel his rage and anger as he channels it all into the bag. 1

He was powerful, and when the bag split through the middle, he swore, stepping back. Looking down at the pile of sand.

"Fucking hell, these are supposed to be reinforced by magic." He mutters.

I definitely don't want to be on the receiving end of that bag! He steps back, breathing hard, his entire body glistening

with a layer of sweat. 1

He had been beating it relentlessly. I couldn't blame the poor bag.

He turns to me. "Now spar with me."

I nod, swallowing hard, as I turn my attention to him. Oh, why is he so distracting?

"Focus Little Mouse, you can-"

'''

The doors opened and we both turn to see Chasyn and Maryka enter. Both in gym wear, and I wondered how ridiculous I looked in here with my makeup and my jeans that made it a little hard to kick in... I bet my make-up is leaking down my face, or worse I look like a real panda! I know I'm sweating! 1

"Zed, Evangeline, what a surprise..."

Chasyn says.

Zedkiel cocks a brow. "Maryka doesn't usually train." He remarks, turning away from the couple.

"I used to, I just got a little relaxed when I became Chasyn's luna. I'm just brushing up for the tournament. I guess you two are doing the same?" Maryka says, looking at me keenly.

I'm an awful person to think this but I don't like her so much, I like Lucia... I know she is the prince's fated mate; I understand that, but I just wish Chasyn

would let Lucia go then. Why is the life of omegas so lonely?

"Everything ok?" Chasyn asks me and I realise I was staring at him.

"Oh, sorry... I was... just thinking." I say, but all eyes are still on me, waiting for me to elaborate. I clear my throat and look at Zedkiel, but he's simply wiping his neck with a small towel. "I was thinking Luna Maryka and I could spar?" I lie, making Chasyn chuckle and Maryka smile.

"You can call her Maryka. You two will be sister-in-laws soon enough." Chasyn says with a smile. 1

Sister-in-laws... I forgot the marriage part...

"Of course! Let's spar!" Maryka exclaims, stepping forward, pulling on her half gloves, In her leggings and a sports bra, her toned figure is well defined that shows even if she didn't train often she was still in shape and fit.

"If Zedkiel doesn't have an issue, of course." Chasyn adds.

"No. Let them spar." Zedkiel replies.

We step apart, and I remove the gloves as Zedkiel takes them from me. Maryka smiles sweetly. "I'll go easy on you."

"Please don't." I reply. I knew I was going to lose, but this would give me a good idea of what I would be up against.

"Ok then." Wow, she agreed fast. I swallow hard, my heart thumping as I wonder if I will be killed if I offend any of them...