

## **Dark Obsession 25**

### **Chapter 25. A Match**

#### **EVANGELINE.**

"Ok then, on three. One... Two... Three!" Chasyn signal goes and in a blink, Maryka darts at me, punching me across the face. I gasp as my head snaps to the side, feeling the jarring pain in my neck and cheeks as I stumble back.

Zedkiel snarls, about to step forward. At the same time Chasyn does, his eyes widening in alarm and fear for his Luna. "It's fine. We're fine. Please." I whisper to Zedkiel, the taste of

blood in my mouth. My heart thumps loudly and I look at the brunette. A competitive glint in her eyes.

Of course, there will be... they will all want to win...

"Let them go at it, it will help Evangeline." Chasyn murmurs, walking around to his brother. I have a feeling it's to stop him in case he tries something against Maryka. Zedkiel's eyes narrow but he says nothing, his eyes burning red...

I focus on Maryka, thinking she went straight for the face.

"Are there any rules?" I ask.

"None." Zedkiel replies coldly.

I nod and look at Maryka, who had an expression that I recognise pretty well on her face. The look of someone who doesn't really like me but is pretending for others... It was disappointing but I didn't let it show on my face. I need to focus on winning and doing my best. All I need to do is just bring her to her knees and keep her there.

She launches herself at me again, and this time I duck. Moving aside, I stumble back as she spins. on the ball of her feet. She's lithe and fast, wasting no time in between attacks. I keep ducking and she becomes increasingly frustrated.

"Fight!" She exclaims.

I will... when you're tired...

I scan the room, an idea occurring to me, move to the left, her leg connects with my

and I

chest, and I stagger back, the breath knocked from me. I gasp as I try to regain myself only for her to punch me again.

This time I block my head, feeling the jarring pain shoot up my arm as her punch connected with them. She yanks my hair back and I throw a clumsy punch of my own. She catches my fist, twisting it around, and pushes me to the ground.

I gasp when I land with a thump on my ass before she shoves me back. My head connects with the ground, and I can feel Zedkiel's anger rising. I was disappointing him.... 1

She raises her fist, ready to punch me again, and I realise we are just a few feet away from one of the large weight training machines. I roll over as she lunges at me and I catch her with my feet, which connect with her stomach. Grabbing her arms, I push all my force into it, banking on this.

Dear Goddess, I hope I don't overdo it.

I push all of my force into my feet, throwing her over myself and straight into the machinery behind us. I flinch when I hear the clang of the machine and the pained whimper that comes from her before her body lands on the floor. I spin around, getting up as she growls staggering to her feet.

"That was low."

"There are no rules," I reply, glancing at the machine behind her once again. She runs at me, and I do the same, but instead of attacking her, I jump, grabbing onto the top bar of the machine and swinging my leg up straight at her jaw.

She tries to block, but she doesn't expect it and my knee connects straight with her face. She falls and I drop to the ground, stumbling as I turn to look at the woman on the floor.

My heart is thumping loudly in my ear. The adrenaline rushes through me. My head hurt from when she pulled my hair and my entire body was bruised from her kicks and punches.

"She wins." Zedkiel says, his voice holding a hint of surprise.

"Maryka..." Chasyn makes his way over to her. She's still on the floor, slowly getting up and I look at Zedkiel, who is watching me with keen interest.

"I'm sorry. Are you alright?" I whisper, holding my hand out to her. She smacks it away and I back off, only for Zedkiel to place a hand on my shoulder. I flinch, feeling the pain in my shoulder. She had done a lot more damage and I wouldn't heal. 1

“Hold your ground.” He says firmly, looking down at the woman who, to my horror, is bleeding from her nose. “You shouldn’t be a

sore loser. You were happy to spar and attack

her, yet the moment you got hurt, you get

offended? I hate fake people, Maryka. Consider this a warning. Stay away from my woman unless it’s completely necessary.” He snarls venomously. 5

Chasyn looks up sharply. “Zedkiel... they can-”

“Nothing. You two have helped enough. Let’s go, Evangeline.” He grabs his shirt, taking hold of my wrist as he pulls me towards the door. I bite back a whimper as pain rushes through my aching arm. But my heart is thumping for another reason... He called me by my name... 3

“Thank you for sparring with me.” I say, trying to give Chasyn and Maryka a smile, but I don’t manage it, as Zedkiel yanks me from the room.

“You’re resilient, that might work.” He mutters. I don’t reply, still shaken from that fight.

I had fought back, and I actually won... the adrenaline was pumping through me and for the first time I feel proud of myself and a giggle

escapes me.

Zedkiel’s gaze snaps sharply to mine, staring at me, but I don’t say anything thinking just one thought.

That was actually pretty fun. I think this

tournament might not be completely hopeless. I will do my best to win, to win my freedom and to win Zedkiel the crown he wishes for...

We got this.

“I think we could both use a bath after that training.” He says coldly.

My stomach flutters as I stare at him.

“B-bath?” I squeak.

He stops, turns, and yanks me into his arms. Pulling me against him, my heart pounds faster when his free hand slips under my shirt. I whimper when he presses against one of my bruises. He leans in, his scent invading my

senses.

“Yes... a bath. Together. Is there a problem, Little Mouse?” He purrs dangerously, his lips brushing my ear, making a whimper leave mine. 21

I shake my head, although my heart thumps violently, and he slowly moves back, brushing a few strands of my messy hair off my face.

“Then let’s go.” He smirks, baring those predator-like teeth at me, and I notice that his canines, despite him not having part-shifted, were extremely sharp...