

## Dark Obsession 27

### Chapter 27. Regret

#### EVANGELINE.

My mind is hazy, the pleasure makes me drunk. He took my nipple in his mouth, licking it sensually, making my pussy pulsate with pleasure once more. But then he sinks his teeth into me, the sharp pain making me cry out.

This...

My heart pounds violently as his canines go deeper until he draws blood from my areola. I grip his shoulders; the pain becomes unbearable and I try to push

him back. I feel the sharp pull of pleasure

and pain as he sucks on my nipple.

"Zedkiel..." I whisper, whimpering when I see blood spilling down my breast and into the water. Fear envelops me as

realisation slaps me in the face.

He is drinking my blood...

Moments of him drawing my blood and licking it away fills my mind and when I

look down at the man who holds me in a

death grip, I realise exactly what Zedkiel

1. He is not only a Lycan but also a

vampire, a hybrid. My stomach churns as terror grasps me into its claws. I was in the hold of a vampire!

"Zedkiel!" I shout, panic flitting through me as I muster all my strength and manage to rip him off me. I sob, feeling his teeth tear through my skin as I

scramble out of the tub. My knee hits the

ground as I cover my mouth, tears

spilling down my cheeks. I clutch my

bloody breast, staring at the man- no

monster, who licks his lips. His glowing red eyes turn to me, burning into me like a predator, and I back away.

Is this how they all die? Because he loses

control?

I believe it now. His eyes flicker, and I see the familiar green-gold, but I didn't wait. I ran from the bathroom, blood spilling down my hand. I move my hand from my bleeding breast, my lips quivering when I

see the torn skin.

I can't do this! I can't stay here! I will die!

Blinded by fear I can feel my panic rising. I run to the wardrobe, sobbing as I quickly pull on one of his loose grey T-shirts. I'm just grabbing some pants

when I hear him enter the bedroom and I

freeze.

How will I escape?

"Evangeline!"

His voice sends a shiver through me, and I pray he can't hear me. I scan the small area, backing away and pressing myself against the clothes. I hope he thinks I

have left.

Omegas are silent... Omegas are unnoticeable, Omegas are-

His shadow looms in the open entrance to the closet. I gasp, my body shaking. I see him look me over, his heart is racing and his gaze falls to my right breast, the blood soaking the shirt, and I see his eyes glimmer red.

I whimper as I cower away from him as he advances, squeezing my eyes shut. "Please go away."

He stops in his tracks, water still

dripping from his naked body, and I don't understand how I even let myself get so close to him. I was so foolish.

"Let me see." He commands. I can feel

his aura, like an entity of its own. It filled

the tiny space, making it harder to

breathe.

"Please go." I beg, my entire body

shaking.

He frowns deeply, his eyes stuck on my bloody breast. He clenches his jaw reaching for me.

"Leave me alone!" I shout, "Stay away

from me!"

He freezes and although I know I  
shouldn't be angering a monster; I didn't care; I was going to die anyway if he came  
closer.

He clenches his jaw before he turns, grabbing some pants and walks out. I hear a door slam and I fall to  
my knees,

sobbing. I curl up, burying my head into my knees. I feel so alone...

Hours had passed, but I didn't move. I know if I ran, he would give chase. I pondered over calling  
someone for help,

but I fear he'll do something to them too. I had only heard one door shut. I don't know if he is in the  
lounge or if he has left

I wipe my tears away, the pain in my breast still throbbing. I look down, I need to clean this up and  
bandage it. It will take some time to heal. I stand up and try not to feel sorry for myself. Rummaging  
around, I find a white shirt I can use for

makeshift bandages.

Leaving the closet cautiously, I return to the bathroom, spotting the blood that stained the floor. The  
bath was still full of water, only now it is coloured pink. The coppery smell fills my nose, and I feel  
sick.

I can't wait for the day I'm free of him... I

know he can go back on his words and

not let me go, but I was certain he

wouldn't break his promise. I don't know how or why, but I can feel he isn't the type to lie... I am stupid  
to even have that trust in him. Did he even deserve to be king? Someone as dangerous as him?

Shaking my head, I feel guilty for thinking that, aside from this, he's not done anything for me to  
question him becoming king. That isn't my problem though and I will go through with this deal, and do  
my best, but I'm not going to let him near me. Not anymore. I'm

certain he wants this crown more than

anything, and if he wants it, then he'd have to stay away from me. A part of me reminds myself that I'm  
just an Omega. He owns me... but I also know he needs me, and I will use that to protect myself.

Locking the bathroom door, I feel a little better, although deep down I know if he wants, he can rip this  
door off its hinges and kill me within seconds. I pull the plug out in the tub, watching the water drain  
away. I turn, spotting the blood that had dripped from my breast when I left. The deep red splotches on  
the floor make my mind flash with images.

Blood... Fire... and Snow?

I grip my head as splitting pain rips through it, and I fall to my knees. My heart thumps as I hear someone calling

'Evangeline... Evangeline?' A sing-song voice came.

My head hurts, I feel the pressure building and I scream in agony as needle-like pain erupts in my head, making my vision darken.

A young girl's laughter fills my ears, one that promises mirth and humour until it changes to shrieks of agony.

'Evangeline! Help me! Evangeline!' It's that same voice, only this time it's anguished and terrified.

Get out of my head! Stop!

But the pain only gets worse.

Stop...

I groan as my vision darkens... I can't breathe...

"Evangeline!" that's a man's voice... It sounds familiar... I think I hear something splintering and a crashing sound, but I'm not sure... and I finally succumb to the darkness...

ZEDKIEL.

Over a week later.

That night, I messed up.

For a fleeting moment, I saw her relax and rather than run from me, she had embraced our closeness. Until I fucked it

all up and ripped through her flesh. I don't remember what exactly happened. I just know that the urge to taste her blood consumed me and I had bitten into her.

Then I remember her torn flesh and  
blood dripping down her breast as she stood across the bathroom.  
But it was the look in her eyes that got to

The fear... the fear of the beast before her.  
The same fear I see in the eyes of  
everyone else...

I found her screaming on the bathroom  
floor and then she had lost  
consciousness, probably due to the blood  
loss. I wonder how much I had drunk and  
although I hated it; it rejuvenated me like  
none other ever could and I wanted more.  
So much fucking more and I know I can't.  
I had carried her to the bed and bandaged  
her up before I had wiped her clean, hoping she'd be ok.  
When she awoke the following morning,  
her words still replayed in my mind as  
she stared ahead, refusing to look at me.

"I will help you win this tournament, but I need you to promise me that you will stay away from me."  
There was no fear or worry in her voice. It was emotionless  
and hard...

Like always, I fucked it all up.

I had agreed and since then I only meet her for her physical training even then Alistair or someone is  
always there. She's improving, but at the same time, I feel as  
if she's become closed off. Alistair  
handles the rest, and it was for the better.

The only issue is, today was the day of our wedding if you can call it that. It will just be a short ceremony  
in front of the

Alpha families and the high court. But it

meant that we would have to act like a  
couple, something that is rather hard  
when your wife fears you... I wasn't the  
only one to take a woman through an arranged marriage, but we should at least show we had an  
understanding between

I look in the mirror, fixing the white  
collar of my shirt.

"You look absolutely handsome, Alpha."

Alistair says, holding out my jacket.

I cock a brow but say nothing, as I allow him to help me into it. Somehow, he had become someone who  
was always around

and now held the title of our assistant.

Dad had been surprised when I said I had chosen him to help Evangeline and he

had offered me to take an advisor of the

court, but I refused. Plus, she is comfortable around Alistair, he's the

only one who receives her smiles these days and if it wasn't for me knowing for certain that he didn't  
see her in the same

way that I did, he would be dead by now.

"Is she ready?" I ask, fastening one of  
the buttons on my black jacket.

His smile grows as he admires me, "Yes  
she is, and she looks as beautiful as you  
do handsome."

I cast him a frosty glare before turning away. "Then tell her to come out. Did you  
let her know that we are to at least act  
like a couple?"

"I did... but maybe if the prince can  
himself..." He trails off when my eyes  
flash red as I glare at him through the

mirror.

He may not know exactly what happened or what terms we were on, but the tension between us was clear. I avoided

her, and we barely talked but right now, knowing we are about to face all the people in power... I realise it may have been a fucking mistake...

"Evangeline! Ah, I'll go get her." He hurries off and I frown, fixing the cuff of my jacket.

I don't know why I even agreed to this...

but I had to, if I wanted to prove that I deserve that crown. Alcazer had selected

a Luna too and had married her just two days ago. I didn't attend, nor do I care who she is. I'll scope out Evangeline's competition today. Ragnar would be taking his oaths with his chosen Luna today alongside us. Both of my brothers had selected their women at the ball. I knew both were of Alpha blood. 1

Although Dad had hoped that the rest of his sons would also compete, it didn't look to be the case with just four of us, as well as the other Alphas' sons. That made the contestants stand at eight. Two were still to marry, but they were going to get married soon. It should be pretty easy, but I didn't trust anyone not to try to sabotage the others.

The sound of footsteps approaching came and I looked to the door of the bedroom to see Evangeline step out. My heart thuds in my chest as I stare at her. I

wasn't expecting her to look so....

"Doesn't she look utterly ravishing my prince?" Alistair says, spreading her dress around her.

Yeah. She did. She isn't looking at me though, her gaze on the ground. She's wearing an off-shoulder blood-red dress

that is completely covered in 3D roses and a very deep plunging neckline that shows off her breasts. My gaze lingers and I wonder if she's healed fully...

A wave of guilt rushes through me, but I

refuse to delve into it as I slowly look up at her face. Her skin is glowing, her lips are painted a deep red, and her hair is pulled up in an elegant bun. In her gloved hands, she holds a bouquet of flowers.

"Leave us." I say to Alistair, not missing the thudding of her heart as Alistair nods and leaves the room. I close the gap

between us, stopping a few feet away when she tenses. "I won't hurt you... at

least you should know you will be safe in front of others... but as long as their eyes are on us, we need to act like a couple. Two days ago Alcazer took a wife, and today we'll meet Ragnar's too. You need to assess them, watch them, and make sure you don't feel threatened by any of them."

"Understood." She says confidently and gracefully.

"You are their equal. There is not one person you need to fear as long as I am by your side."

Our eyes meet and I know what she's thinking...

She fears me, more than anyone else...

Looking away, I slowly hold my arm out to her. She steps forward taking a deep breath before slipping her hand into the crook of my arm. I'm aware of her

breasts pressing against my elbow and

once again the urge to ask her if she's ok

overcomes me but I don't. I look down at

her, admiring her one final time. Today she will be initiated into the pack too, meaning I would smell her blood... It is going to be difficult. 1

We head out of our quarters and down to the hall. This wasn't a grand wedding, and despite the slight décor around the

pillars at the entrance of the hall, there

was nothing more. The severity of what was riding on this, clear in my mind. The guards at the door lower their heads before opening the doors.

"Announcing Alpha Prince Zedkiel

Vilkas, and his bride to be Lady Evangeline Rose."

They're all here, the Alphas of the other packs, their families, and heirs. I see the Welhavens all turn sharply, shock and

surprise on their faces. I had made sure father didn't announce to anyone prior

who my Luna was to be, and it was

obvious they hadn't known. 1

My eyes fall on the Alpha pup, I can hear his racing heart, the way he's frowning, his blazing eyes, as he stares at Evangeline with a look of jealousy and possessiveness. Then I make the mistake of looking at her, only to find she's



looking right back at him. Her eyes are full of sadness and that cuts through me, unleashing the raging inferno of anger

from within me.

My eyes flash as a low growl leaves my lips, and the bastard's eyes snap to mine.

"If

you want to live, keep your eyes off what belongs to me." I snarl, making the entire room go deadly silent.