

## Dark Obsession 31

### Chapter 31 Rules

#### EVANGELINE.

I stare in the mirror, towelling my wet hair. The sun that shines through the steamy bathroom window really makes my skin glow and highlights the freckles along my nose and cheeks. Zedkiel's words return to me, and my heart skips a beat.

'I wouldn't intentionally hurt you...'

I smile faintly, his words basking me in warmth. I'm glad I told him about my nightmares, and I hope he understands that if I do get jumpy or scared, it's because of those dreams. Everything he had told me last night replays in my mind, and I believe there is a connection between us.

The nightmares and his experience with the Shadow Wolf, a description that fit me perfectly was proof of that connection... but are we dangerous to one another? Sure, he had hurt me, but I saw the sincerity in his eyes. He hadn't meant to.

But there is something that niggles at my mind. Last night he hadn't completed his sentence... there was more to say before he stopped; 'When I step into his life'... at the end of that sentence, there was something he didn't tell me... for what reason, I'm not sure.

I sigh, placing the towel down. I unwrap the one I have around my body and look down at my breast. The bruise was healing fast... I wrap the towel around myself again, looking forward to visiting the oracle. I'm certain she will have some answers...

Last night I dreamt of Zedkiel kissing me and just when he was about to go down on me, I had woken up.

I sigh as I return to the bedroom, my gaze falling to the bed. The side I slept on was rumpled, but the other was completely untouched. Once again, he hadn't slept here... My heart thuds and I furrow my brows, getting lost in my thoughts, remembering the way he had held my hand, guiding me through the darkness. My stomach flutters and I frown. What is this? Am I fickle? Not long ago, I was swooning over Sinclair and now that's just somehow been replaced by the man I want.

Wait, what did I just say... The man I want?

My heart thunders as I realise what I had just thought.

No! I mean I can't, I don't! How can I possibly have feelings for him?

We have to stay away from one another, and then, when this tournament is over, I'll be gone.

I take a shuddering breath, placing a hand on my chest when the door opens and I jump, only to see Zedkiel standing there, a thin layer of sweat covering his shirtless body, wearing nothing but grey sweatpants that emphasise his manhood incredibly well. It was obvious he had just returned from training.

My core clenches and I feel my cheeks burn as I stare at him. My eyes snap to his face, only to realise he's as distracted as I am. His eyes rake over my body in thi

s tiny towel... I clutch the front to me, feeling extremely self-conscious... His eyes flicker red before they return to normal.

He steps into the room; the door shutting behind him and he closes the gap between us, making my heart thump violently. The way he walks oozes dominance and power and there is just something incredibly sexy about that.

What is wrong with me?

I step back, only for him to take hold of my chin, forcing me to look up at him. "If you don't want to tempt me... then don't look at me like that." He growls, his gaze dipping to my lips.

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"I—it isn't that... I just..."

I don't know what to say...

A cold, arrogant smirk crosses his face, and he cocks a brow. "Or is what I said becoming the truth? Do you want me, Evangeline?"

My breasts are heaving, and I can feel my cheeks heating up as I shake my head quickly.

"No. I don't." I say firmly, my eyes fluttering shut when he runs his knuckles down my neck.

"Your body says otherwise." He growls, suddenly grabbing the back of my hair.

I gasp and my eyes fly open when his free arm wraps around my waist, yanking me against him. I can hear his heart thundering, and I bite my lip when I feel him throb against my stomach.

"Zed..." I trail off, feeling lightheaded,

A growl of approval escapes his lips, and I find myself losing my will. There's a part of me that's telling me to move away but I can't... his hand grazes lower, running down my lower back and I press into him, anticipating his touch.

What am I doing?

I gasp when his hand runs over my ass and his lips meet my neck. Delicious sparks of pleasure rush through me and I find myself digging my nails into his biceps. He's taking it slow, almost as if testing my limits. My entire body feels like electric currents are rushing through me, pleasant, electrifying, and

enticing. I don't move, as he slowly kisses my neck again, his hand running over my ass. His tongue flicks out, and he sucks lightly on my skin and when a moan leaves me, he curses, yanking back and kissing my lips hard.

I kiss him back, not sure where my confidence comes from, as I lock my arms around his neck, gripping it tightly as he kisses me. Slowly, the light kissing changes, and he's devouring me. His tongue flicks out, running along my lips before he slips it into my mouth, exploring every inch. He hoists me up, and I gasp when I feel my bare pussy press against his abs. A sizzling current of pleasure rushes through me.

His arm is around me, and his hand rests on my naked ass as he kisses me harder. I'm so aware of his hand there, but... it feels good...

I suck hard on his tongue, making him squeeze my ass before he turns us and places me on the bed. His hands go to my breasts, squeezing them.

Nervousness settles into me, and I tense, pushing him away slightly. What if he loses control... He pulls away, looking into my eyes, his fingers running through my black locks before he slowly gets off the bed. His cold exterior returns and I slowly sit up, clutching the towel to my breasts.

"Get dressed... the tournament rules will be announced after breakfast." He says coldly before he turns and enters the bedroom. The door slams behind him with a violent bang, making me flinch.

I suddenly feel cold.

What am I doing?

'No one wants little, weak, Evangeline... Let me help you.' That voice comes again. (\$

My heart thumps and I look around sharply.

What is that? Why am I hearing it?

I rest my head in my hands for a moment before I get up, deciding to get ready for the day...

Zedkiel has not said a word since then. He didn't even spare me a glance and only when we sat down in the front row of seats, did he place his arm around the back of my seat protectively. I also know why.

The first two rows were the contestants and I see Octavius Huntington, Celia's brother has chosen a woman too, Kara Irisian, the niece of the Alpha of the Night Dust Pack and to my surprise, the Alpha's daughter and Kara's cousin is sitting by Ragnar's side.

The competition is made up of strong women... and all are of Alpha blood apart from me. Dear Goddess, give me the strength I need...

There are other people here to watch and listen as the tournament rules and rounds are explained. I can see Alpha Aeron too and I make sure not to even look at Sinclair, who is sitting right behind me. I can feel his gaze burning into me, but I refuse to give him any of my time, not after what he did last time. 1

"Thank you everyone for attending, I won't waste much time and we will get right into this." Alpha King Ambrose says as he stands at the podium, the huge 100" screen behind him lights up and the words 'The Tournament for the Throne' appear.

"As everyone knows, in exactly three days, the tournament shall commence. The trials and tests will pit the contestants against one another to see who is most fitting for the title of our future rulers. We will have eight couples and there will be a mix of tests. Some, where the Alphas will be pitched against one another, others where the Lunas will face off against one another. Then there will be some whereby you will work together as a couple. Unity, understanding and complimenting one another's personalities

and strengths are vital and, of course, making up for your partner's flaws. Working together to become better and stronger. A couple is one as a whole and I expect to see this among you all. Only a true couple will make it through this tournament." 1

His last words hang in the air as he scans us all, before he turns to the screen where the text is replaced by the eight couples names, and I stare at mine and Zedkiel's... Right above Sinclair's who would have thought such a day would come? I always thought I wanted a life with Sinclair, but not anymore... I'm more than just being a woman for a man's pleasure. 1

I turn, when Zedkiel's hand rests on my shoulder and I realise subconsciously I have leaned into him. Our eyes meet before I slowly move back and give him a small smile. He's still cold and emotionless, but his hand on my arm says differently.

It makes me wonder, what exactly he thinks of me? But I also know that if we are to get past this it's going to have to be me reassuring him of what I'm ok with... because I'm the one giving him mixed signals ... I mean I don't even know what I'm ok with. He doesn't remove his arm, his fingertips brushing my skin tantalisingly.

I know  
that this is just temporary and that in the end, I'll be leaving, but until then we will need to make sure everyone believes we are a couple.

"In three days the first round will consist of battle strategy, each Alpha will be given the chance to express how they would handle a selection of situations, and the result will be based on the answers, the second round, which shall take place on the same day, is between the Lunas. They will be put in a situation where they will have to deal with a certain emergency. Again, they will be judged on their capabilities." Alpha Ambrose continued.

It was glossed over, we aren't being told exactly what kind of situation... I look up at Zedkiel, who is watching his father calculatingly, but he's still calm.

"Each round will be broadcast live, so as to make sure there is no cheating or foul play. This tournament is vital for our future, and I will hope that all contestants and of course the families of those participating remember that this is not a competition for selfish gains but for the betterment of the kingdom... So, let's keep that in mind." Alpha Ambrose's voice is solemn and clear, holding the weight of his words. He looks

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around at all  
of us and his gaze stops on both Zedkiel and I. I move away from his touch, blushing lightly, his father smiles at me before he carries on.

"The tournament will last over a span of a month, and in this month, there will be many rounds and tests. As I have stated earlier, although some will be graded on how they perform, the finals will mean you are pitched against one another, in swordplay, hand-to-hand, survival, speed, strength, intellect and overall leadership skills. Although there will be rules, when i

t comes to winning, you must use everything you possess to make it to the finish line. May the best couple

win. For our kind, our future, and for the title of Alpha of Alphas! May the tournament show us the light!" Alpha Ambrose finished and everyone but Zedkiel rises from their seats and begin to clap. I look down at him, and before I reach for his hand, he cocks a brow but refuses to get up.

I can't force him... I

turn away and just then, to my surprise, he claps slowly, arrogantly even, but at least he does. I smile, feeling happy.

See? He isn't so bad. Everyone just needs to see that.

'Don't you need to see that too?' That sing-

song voice comes back, making my stomach twist. I glance around, but no one is even looking at me.

A member of the court begins handing out a leather bound brochure to the eight contesting couples.

"Rule books." He says, smiling politely as he hands them out and I wait patiently for ours.

He lowers his head and I thank him when he passes me the black leather booklet embossed with silver lettering. I flip it open as I slowly take my seat again.

No sabotaging one another... No hidden weapons are allowed unless given for the match... The marriage must...

My face pales as I stare at the words on the page, my heart thudding, and that makes Zedkiel sit forward and look at the page over my shoulder.

"What is it?" He asks, and I'm very aware of his chest against my shoulder.

"Uhm... it's nothing..." I trail off when his eyes find the line that I had just read.

The marriage must be consummated or will be considered null and void.

He looks up at me, his face and eyes unreadable. Three days... that means we only had two nights to...

My heart thumps and I know they would be able to tell from our scents if we have or haven't done so...

I'm the only omega, and I didn't need a mark. Once we have sex, my scent will change and always hold his, or it would until I have sex with another man. I swallow hard.

How are we going to do this? Goddess, how am I going to do this?

"What the fuck?" I hear Sinclair hiss from behind. I'm not sure what rule upset him, but he stands and leaves with Celia hot on his heels. 1

"Sinclair! Wait!"

"Relax... we'll figure it out." Zedkiel says quietly, and I nod.

But how? How will we figure it out? Because the only way out is to do as the rule book says and consummate our marriage.

Would that be such a bad idea? Well, I don't know, that is, of course, as long as he doesn't lose control and end up killing me. 1