

## Dark Obsession 37

### Chapter 37. Vows

#### EVANGELINE.

I stare at Sinclair, unable to hide my hurt, but it isn't because of him but because of the mark that I see on his neck. My gaze goes to the woman next to him. An arrogant smile crosses her face, as she sits right beside him. It's none other than Celia, her hand clutching his arms tightly. So, he was going to participate too, and out of everyone, he chose her to be his Luna?

I shouldn't feel betrayed, but I do.

Sinclair's eyes fill with a mix of emotions that I can't make out.

He wants to take me away to be safe? Whilst he takes a Luna? Why did he even look so shocked? Is it because he wasn't expecting it to be me beside Zedkiel, or is it because he doesn't want me to learn of him having taken Celia as a mate?

His eyes were questioning me, almost accusing. I want to ask if it is the fact that seeing someone who actually has the power to keep me by his side as his Luna, not just his side wh\*re, had gotten to him?

A low growl leaves Zedkiel's lips. "If you want to live, keep your eyes off what belongs to me." He snarls, making the entire room fall silent.

I look up at him, my heart thumping as I realise my own anger and hurt at seeing the duo together had made me feel so bitter... But I remember that I'm here with Zedkiel, and I will help him with his title, then.... I will leave and live my life.

"It's fine Zedkiel, I'm yours." I say softly, looking up at him.

His anger seems to calm a little as he looks me in the eye. For a split second, I think I see something more in his eyes, but this is just an act... one we will both carry out. I lean into him, telling myself he won't bite into me here. I can't even explain this. I feel protected and scared all at the same time.

"Obviously." He replies coldly, his eyes shimmering red.

We walk down the centre between the few rows of chairs, and Celia purses her lips before smirking as she digs her claws into Sinclair's arm.

'Sl\*ppy seconds...' Her words are still fresh in my mind. There is no way I would ever accept that, especially with her as his Luna. There is no future for Sinclair and me, I see that now. I was st\*pid to think there ever could be.

I see Prince Alcazer there with a woman that I know by face. She was at my birthday party.

"Step onto the dais, please." The elder said, bowing to Zedkiel. "Prince Alcazer, Lady Amora, we shall start with you."

I know that name... she is the daughter of the Alpha of the Dark Claw Pack, Lamar Lendorn. Their ceremony and vows began. The mood was solemn, and I see the Alpha look rather smug as his daughter takes her vows.

The elder offers them a pair of rings which they then exchange, and Amora coyly mentions picking out the ring for Alcazer herself. I could tell he wasn't as interested in discussing the rings. He is still hurting from the loss of his mate, but I don't think it was too deep or he wouldn't be here today, right?

I am brought out of my thoughts when the elder announces Alcazer may kiss his bride. He leans forward, pecking her lips for a fleeting second before he moves away, and everyone claps. The elder then turns to

"Let's begin." He says, motioning for us to step forth. Alcazer and Amora step aside as the elder clears his throat. "We now move on to witness the joining of Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas of the Moonstone Pack and Lady Evangeline Rose of the Silver Mountain Pack."

My heart thumps as I look up at Zedkiel who is standing opposite me. I'm glad I have the bouquet in my hand because I wouldn't know what to do with them.

"Do you, Prince Zedkiel, vow to protect, love, and take care of Evangeline Rose in sickness, health, and distress? Do you vow to take her as your lawful mate and wife by the oath of Selene?"

Our eyes meet, and although I know this marriage is just a deal, we are about to take the oath on Selene... That isn't right... We will only be bringing her wrath upon us.

"I do." Zedkiel replies with no hesitation at all.

My heart thuds as the Elder looks at me. I can feel Grandmother Philomena's gaze on me and the other Welhavens, but I refuse to look at them. I force a graceful smile onto my face. As the Elder speaks again.

"And do you, Evangeline Rose, vow to respect, serve and support Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas in sickness and health? Do you vow to take him as your lawful mate and husband by the oath of Selene?" He asks.

"Yes, I do." I reply clearly.

"Then you may mark one another."

Mark? My heart beats violently, knowing that it could kill me. Zedkiel turns to the man, his eyes cold.

"Perhaps you should stand down from your position. I already notified you, we will not be marking one another." Zedkiel says harshly, and I'm sure everyone can hear my pounding heart as all eyes turn to me.

"How can you take a mate and not mark her? How is that even classed as a mate, then?" Alpha Darwin questions.

Zedkiel turns towards him, and I almost see the Alpha shrink in his seat, glancing at Alpha King Ambrose for backup.

"She wears my mark on her back, tying her to me forever. Question me again, pup, and I will rip you to shreds." He snarls, making Darwin go red in the face at the insult, but he's too afraid to argue back.

Zedkiel isn't winning at the vote of the people... I needed to do damage control.

"Alpha Darwin, I don't have a wolf, and because of that, marking me can be dangerous," I say. Darwin's eyes flash as he glances towards Alpha Aeron.

“And why would you choose a woman who lacks a lot, as your Luna?” He taunts.

I feel Zedkiel’s rage and he’s about to go for Alpha Darvin when I cut in front of him, placing my hands on his chest, and shaking my head ever so slightly. Our eyes meet and his red eyes return to their usual gold-

green.

“She does lack a wolf, Alpha Darvin, but Evangeline is competent.” Grandmother Philomena declares, shocking me. I turn, and our eyes meet.

I don’t know how to feel. She had given me away ruthlessly and now she was speaking up for me? Or maybe she is just happy I’m out of Sinclair’s life.

“Fools.” Zedkiel sneers, turning to the elder again. “Get this over with.”

The man gulps as a rustle of whispers rushes through the room, but I don’t bother to look around again.

“We will exchange rings, that is enough.” Zedkiel says, his jaw taut.

The elder looks to Ambrose, who nods at him, and he then turns to the two cream velvet ring boxes that stand open on the table beside him.

“I have my own.” Zedkiel says, reaching into his pocket and takes out a square black suede box. He flips it open, and my heart sk\*ps a beat when I look at the dark silvery black bands, both set with red jewels. So fitting, they match his personality perfectly and they are in my favourite colours too. So different from the ones that sat in the cream boxes, but these were surprisingly far more perfect.

Did he choose them?

“You may exchange rings as a symbol of your unity and your promise to one another.” The Elder says.

Zedkiel takes the double banded ring that is set with tiny red jewels and one large one and holds his hand out to me. I place my hand in his, hearing Sinclair mutter my name, but I don’t look, not at this moment.

This is my moment, the moment I will give myself wholeheartedly to this deal, to my freedom. From today, Evangeline Rose the Omega is gone from today Evangeline Vilkas, Luna to Alpha Zedkiel Vilkas is born... and the key to my freedom will be almost within my grasp.

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He slides the ring onto my finger, my heart racing as I stare down at it. A perfect fit...

“Luna Evangeline, your turn...”

I place my bouquet down and reach over taking the ring from the box. He holds his hand out, his eyes boring into mine. My heart thunders as I remember it all, the way he found me... the way he protected me

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the nightmares... him drinking my blood... that he had hurt me... The good and the bad...

Confusion and turmoil fills me until I push it all away, sliding the ring onto his finger. His fingers curl around mine and he raises my hand to his lips, kissing it. My eyes widen as I blush.

"I pronounce you man and wife. You may kiss the bride."

Zedkiel grips my waist, pulling me close. Our eyes meet and there's no emotion in them, but when he leans down, kissing my lips so softly it's a stark difference compared to how hard his eyes were. I can feel this, it makes every pore on my body tingle. He moves back as everyone claps.

The truth settles in, and we both turn to the guests. My heart is racing, and I take a shuddering breath, realising I am now officially Zedkiel's wife.

Over an hour had passed. After the weddings, both Amora and I were initiated into the Pack. Then we had dinner and I now excuse myself so I can go to the bathroom. I just needed a moment to breathe; I had acted gracefully over dinner and now we are walking around the small hall. I feel Grandmother Philomena watching me several times, but I refused to acknowledge her until now. Zedkiel is talking to some other Alphas and Grandmother Philomena approaches me.

"To think that you would go from an Omega sl\*ve to a Luna..." She smiles slightly, but it doesn't reach her eyes.

"Yes, it seems so." I reply, sipping my wine.

"Hmm..." She says, her lips pursed.

"Excuse me." I say, not wanting to talk to her any longer, not waiting for a reply. I leave the hall.

I can't even explain my own emotions. I have never behaved so coldly and for the first time, I don't feel guilty, and I don't worry about pleasing her. Sighing, I let my shoulders slump and head to the bathroom. Looking at my reflection, I feel as if I don't recognise the woman looking back at me. I fix my makeup, topping up my lipstick and taking a moment to breathe before I step out into the hall. I am halfway back to the hall when suddenly someone grabs my arm, yanking me behind a pillar. A scream almost leaves my lips, but a hand over my mouth cuts me off.

I glare at my captor, only to see Sinclair looking down at me, standing far too close than is appropriate. I push him back, my heart thundering. If Zedkiel finds out, he will lose it!

"What do you want?" I hiss, looking down the hallway.

My curt voice takes him by surprise, and he frowns, raising a hand to my cheek. I instantly smack it away. before he can touch me. "Today is my wedding day Sinclair. Do not overstep your boundaries." My voice is cold and his frown only deepens.

"Angel... I told you I will save you; I know you're feeling upset but I texted and called so many times but did you even turn the-"

“Stop it.” I glance down the hall once again before looking back at him. He’ll never understand me... I had seen the mark on Celia’s neck... he had already chosen his Luna... marked her too... “Look Sinclair, I don’t need saving, I’m happy as Zedkiel’s Luna, he treats me well.”

He scoffs in disbelief. “You’re delusional Angel-”

“Do not call me that, it’s unfair not only to me and Zedkiel but also to your Luna.” I state, walking out from behind the pillar.

“Angel! Listen to me, you’re mine and I told you I’ll take you away-”

“To what Sinclair? A life as your side piece? A side piece with Celia as your mate? The one who treated me the worst at school.” I say bitterly.

“I never knew that.”

“Maybe, but this is a sign. We were never meant to be Sinclair, and you are not the one I needed to save me. I don’t need saving.”

I gather my skirts, ready to return to the hall, when Sinclair grabs my upper arm tightly. The pain of his rough pull makes me whimper as I feel it in my shoulder.

“Don’t be jealous, you know I want-”

“No. I don’t care what you want. I’m married and you will do well to respect that. This is goodbye Sinclair!” I hiss, pulling free from his hold and heading back to the hall. I all but run, not wanting anything to do with

him anymore.

Celia... that disgusted me.

Re-entering the hall, I see Zedkiel’s gaze fall on me. My heart sk\*ps a beat, but it isn’t because of his gaze but the anger that I can see in those eyes. He walks towards me, taking hold of my chin in a painful hold as he leans closer. His thumb brushes the side of my lip and I realise my lipstick was smudged, his warm. breath fanning my ear. “I can smell him...”

Fear envelops me as I turn my head, wanting to clarify that nothing happened, but before I can speak, his grip tightens on my chin but it’s the words that leave his lips that truly hurt. “You really do disgust me.”