

## **Dark Obsession 4**

### **Chapter 4. A Ball**

EVANGELINE.

How could I be so stupid? How could I let myself believe he truly could love me? I felt foolish, I am what everyone says, what Celia said. I am a nobody, and I will never be anything to Sinclair other than someone to fill his bed on request.

I took a step back from him, needing some distance so I could think clearly. "B-but do you mean as yours on the side?" I whispered.

His gaze softened, and he sighed, stepping closer and grabbing me by my waist, he pulled me close.

"Of course. I care for you, but we both know you can't be a Luna, or even bear pups. So, you should consider yourself lucky that I will still keep you. No one else will want you, but I still do." He said softly. "I'm sorry if I scared you tonight, Evangeline, I just... you looked beautiful. You're my little omega."

His words stung, and somehow, I felt like the man I admired was vanishing but then why was his gaze so soft?

Maybe I was overreacting...

Deep down I didn't believe that though, I was hurt.

The sound of footsteps approaching came and Sinclair's eyes flashed with irritation before he stepped away from me. I on the other hand felt relieved as Grandmother Philomena came into view.

"Ah there you are, Evangeline! Come, I have a gift for you." Her eyes flickered between us both before she motioned at me to hurry, and for the first time in my life I was thankful to get away from Sinclair.

I followed Grandmother Philomena not even realising I was shaking slightly. I had imagined my first kiss a thousand times, but it wasn't how I had expected it...I never imagined it to be filled with so much

torment. How I had dreamed of kissing Sinclair a thousand times, yet now that I had it hurt worse than the wishful thinking. For so long I wanted him and thought he would love me, I was naive as he didn't love me. He loved the idea of me as his side whore and nothing more because I was an Omega... an object for him to use when he couldn't be bothered to pleasure himself, right?

His apology niggled at my mind and the urge to run to my room filled me.

"Step up!" Grandmother Philomena said curtly.

"Yes, Grandmother Philomena!"

I hurried after her brisk stride until we ended up in the room, I had heard her and Alpha Aeron talking in.

"Right so the gift is, tomorrow evening there is a ball at the Alpha of Alphas castle and of course we are invited. I actually think it would be befitting for you to come, too."

My stomach sank, so soon, they were getting rid of me so soon. I wouldn't even be graced with a chance to say goodbye to the only home I have known. If it was not for the conversation earlier, I wouldn't have been worried... but taking me to a ball on a full moon where all werewolves are more restless and hungrier... I knew it was how they were planning of ridding me from the pack.

"Grandmother, wi-will it be ok if I came? I mean, I'm just an Omega?"

"You will be fine, you will come as my assistant, and you are easy on the eyes. No one will mind. I will have your clothes sent to you, I expect you to be ready at nine in the evening, sharp!" She said, her tone leaving no room for argument.

"Yes ma'am." I replied, lowering my head to her.

"Now off you go, enjoy the party, I shall head to bed."

I turned, pausing, a part of me wanted to ask her what will happen to me now that I was a wolfless omega, but I couldn't gather the courage and instead left the room bidding her goodnight...

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The following day I woke up exhausted, I hadn't slept well, and had tossed and turned all night spending most of the night watching the shadows cast on the roof from my open curtains. I didn't know how I'd face Sinclair after that, would he be angry at me for doing what I did? He has always been so good to me...

I sat up, clutching the duvet to my chest, my bedroom was on the far end of the house and with no direct sunlight it was one of the chillier rooms of the manor. Now I wonder if I was placed over here intentionally so as not to disturb the future Alpha.

Knowing I couldn't stay in bed, I decided to spend the day cleaning after last night's party. What better way to avoid Sinclair than this?

Hours passed, but I didn't stop, making sure I cleaned every window in the mansion aside from Sinclair's and the Alpha's room. I was finally finishing the attic window when my gaze fell on Sinclair, who was in the training grounds behind the Manor gardens. He was shirtless as he trained with one of the warriors.

I watched him, my heart squeezing at what happened last night, and I sighed softly, slowly getting down from the stool I had used to reach the skylight window. I sat down on the stool and dropped the cloth into the bucket, gazing around the attic.

Boxes were piled to the side, as well as some crates and suitcases of things that were never used.

I am going to have to face him at some point.

"EVANGELINE!"

I flinched at Grandmother Philomena's voice and quickly grabbed my bucket and clothes and rushed from the room.

"Y-Yes?!" I called, hurrying down the steps, flinching when I stubbed my toe on the corner of the wall. Pain shot through my toe and foot, and I barely held back the curse I wanted to let fly from my lips.

I hurried around the corner, my feet padding on the wooden floor, before I came to a skidding halt when I saw her climbing the stairs and heading toward me. I slowed my pace, wary after last night.

"There you are," She tutted as she looked over me disapprovingly. I try to flatten out my clothes, wiping the dust, not wanting her to be disappointed in my messy state.

Her frown deepened as she looked at my bare feet and my hair which I knew must have cobwebs in them from the attic. I awkwardly shift my weight from foot to foot, while her lips purse, her disappointment clear.

"Go shower, I have called a beautician to fix you up... You know Evangeline, I have invested a lot of time into your upbringing. You may be an Omega, but you have had the upbringing of a lady, do well to remember that. I don't want you to disappoint me tonight." I dropped my gaze, feeling her words cutting deeper than usual, they stung as she scolded me like I was a naughty child.

"Yes Grandmother." I replied, clutching my bucket tightly.

She sighed as she came over and slapped my shoulder.

"What have I said about slouching?"

"S-Sorry!" I stood up straight, sticking my chin out, fixing my posture and squaring my shoulders.

She nods toward my room. "Better. Now go."

I hastily rush off, unable to stand her judgy eyes – wanting to escape. Grandmother Philomena was never so snappy with me, I wondered if her worries had gotten the better of her. Or was it that I was a disappointment and she was now truly seeing me, seeing an Omega, and not the girl she raised as her granddaughter.

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Three hours had passed, and I never realised just how much it took to just get dressed up. It made no sense how girls did themselves up like this everyday, to me, it seemed like such a waste of time. This was worse than my birthday, a full body wax, which I refused to let the beautician do around my private areas, but knowing how Grandmother Philomena might get upset, I did it myself. It wasn't like I didn't usually do it. Grandmother always made sure I was always presentable.

I had just finished getting dressed in the black dress, with heavy smoky makeup and my hair up in a quiff with the rest left open. Only after that was I finally left alone in my room with grandmother Philomena warning me to stay ready.

I stared in the mirror of my silent room, the ticking of the clock loud in my ears. Almost as if the clock was taunting me, ticking down to my demise.

Tick tock, tick tock, tick tock.

The sound became louder, more intense, and soon the beating of my heart joined it. Each passing second was dragging out longer, but also not long enough as I waited for what came next.

Thud, thud, thud.

My heart began racing, and I knew the panic I was trying to hide from tonight was building. My heart felt like it wanted to leap out my throat, butterflies filled my stomach, making me nauseous, and I could feel a headache building behind the back of my eyes.

I placed my hands to my head, when suddenly a loud knock made my head snap up.

“Come in!” I shouted, my voice sounding shrill.

The door opened and none other than Sinclair stepped inside, he looked incredibly handsome in a black tux. His hair styled perfectly.

He smiled gently. My breath hitched, I was not planning on having to face him so soon. I couldn't bring myself to plaster a fake smile on my face, instead I watched him stop just inside my door.

“Mind if I come in for a moment?” He asked.

He never asked, he didn't need to...

“No, of course not.” I said, he nodded, shutting the door behind him.

A sliver of uncertainty began eating me up inside, but I forced a smile onto my face.

He looked around my room, clasping his hands in front of him before he sighed and took a seat on the bed a few feet away. My room wasn't very big after all.

“Angel, I want to apologise for last night.” He said, his voice guilt-ridden.

I looked at him, confused at the regret in his eyes.

Was it really just a misunderstanding? I don't know...

“You know when the full moon is near how restless we get, especially Alphas. It's not an excuse but... will you forgive me?”

I stood up nervously, playing with the slinky crushed velvet fabric of my black dress as I looked at him.

He was an Alpha, he didn't need to apologise, but he was. That had to mean something... right?

I couldn't help but smile gently at him, suddenly feeling a lot lighter, despite the unrest I felt for tonight.

"Of course I will, you have done so much for me and always taken care of me. One mistake is nothing." I replied, holding my hand out to him.

His eyes lit up and that beautiful smile of his returned.

"Thank you, Angel." He replied appreciatively, raising his own hand and pressing it against mine.

This was something we did since I was a child.

Mine was so much smaller...

Could things go back to how they once were?

"Well, let's go down before grandmother has our heads." He chuckled lightly as he stood up. I peered up at him, remembering grandmother's words from last night about getting rid of me.

"Sinclair... w-will everything be ok tonight?" I asked nervously.

He looked at me confused before smiling confidently.

"Why wouldn't it be? Fear not Angel, I'll be right by your side."

I nodded slowly, but he said that last night. For the first time ever he broke a promise, I just hoped his word was true this time. I couldn't tell him about the conversation that I had overheard, and so, I simply followed him from the room.

However, that feeling of unease only grew.

Why did I feel like something big was going to happen tonight?

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The ball was in full swing when we arrived at the castle of the Alpha of Alphas. My heart was in my mouth when I first set sight on that dark stone castle. Even with the lights and the music, it still held an ominous feeling. Like a predator trying to lure its prey....

"Evangeline. Focus." Grandmother Philomena hissed, swatting my wrist.

I blinked and put a small smile on my face as we walked through the entrance. Yet the more I saw of this castle and the people here, the more out of place I felt.

"Alpha Aeron, Lady Philomena, Alpha Sinclair welcome." The Supreme Alphas Gamma said, bowing his head to the three.

"Hello Wallace." Grandmother Philomena replied. "I have brought... a guest with me."

She motioned to me and the gamma looked at me curiously, his eyes instantly trailing over me.

"Ah... of course." He said before stepping aside and letting us pass.

A guest? She said I'll be going as her assistant.

How strange.

The next hour passed in a blur, Alpha Aeron and Sinclair vanished from sight, and I was stuck with Grandmother Philomena as she met and made small talk with all the important people here.



My! She must have an excellent memory to recall who was who. I of course was made to learn the names of all the important ranked werewolves of every allied pack, but I still didn't recognise half of these. Silence befell the entire room when the announcer stepped forward. Everyone's attention turned to him.

"Announcing the presence of the Alpha of Alphas! Alpha King Ambrose Vilkas and his Queen Danciana Vilkas of the Moonstone Pack!"

The entire court watched in silence as the double doors at the top of the large winding staircase opened. My heart was racing in excitement and fear. This was the man who was the most powerful of all Alphas... our king... and I was about to see him.

The moment the royal couple stepped out, everyone lowered their heads and I quickly followed suit, despite trying to peek through my hair at the tall burly man in a suit which was straining on his arms. His cold eyes scanned the room and my heart thudded when his gaze snapped to me and I quickly ducked my head.

When they had made their way fully down the steps we all rose, and I stole a glance at the Luna; she was stunning with blond hair and large blue eyes. She was tall, elegant and held a strong aura.

"Alpha Prince Chasyn Vilkas and his mate Maryka Vilkas!"

"Alpha Prince Alcazer Vilkas and his mate Odette Huntington!"

I peered up, staring at Celia's sister. She was as beautiful if not more than Celia, but she had a haughty look that wasn't so different from her sisters'. For the princes everyone simply lowered their heads politely for a moment, once they ascended the next prince was announced.

"Alpha Prince Jeremiah Vilkas!"

I looked up curiously, Jeremiah? But he was the fourth prince...

“Alpha Prince Ragnar Vilkas!”

Luna Danciana had four sons, Chasyn, Alcazer, Jeremia and Ragnar.

“Alpha Princes Drystan and Draven Vilkas!”

I peered up as the twins stepped out. The sixth and seventh prince were born to an Omega, the only Omega who was able to birth the Alpha's heirs but in the process she died. My stomach twisted at just the thought of something like that happening.

Once he had made it to the bottom, I saw Supreme Alpha Ambrose frown as he looked to his sons, conversing between the mind-link.

All the princes were absolutely handsome, oozing power and an elegance one could only wish to attain. Each one of them was dressed smartly in tuxes.

The doors at the top shut and I realised the third prince was not going to make an appearance, but I was sure most of us were relieved. He was a monster, no one even knew who or what his mother was, but the rumour was, he wasn't normal...

“Thank you everyone for-” Alpha Ambrose was cut off when the doors at the top of the stairs swung open, banging off the walls, making everyone flinch at the sound, and I felt a wave of power roll through the ballroom.

He was taller than the rest of them, the power that surrounded him was far stronger. He was wearing black pants and a button down shirt with a few buttons left open, and his sleeves were pushed up to his elbows, showing off a tattoo along his left arm.

Even dressed more casually than every other male here, he still made a far louder statement. No, he did more than that, he instilled fear.

Even the way he walked was intimidating with calculated steps, yet he still managed to walk with grace, shoulder's back and head held high, this was a man who didn't win respect he demanded it.

Every fibre of my being wanted me to run the moment I laid eyes on him, however my feet might as well be rooted to the floor, as he prowled into the room.

My heart began to race, and it wasn't because of how handsome the dark skinned man before me was, not his chiselled jaw, full lips or those cold gold-green eyes, but because I recognised him.

"An-announcing-" the announcer stuttered out only to be cut off.

"Zedkiel Vilkas." The prince said in his deep, sinister voice. His tone almost daring anyone to challenge him. Even his siblings dared not stare too long. And those foolish enough to, quickly averted their gaze when his eyes fell on them. As he came closer, descending, everyone was quick to drop their gaze.

Glimpses of fragmented memory I wasn't sure were mine flashed before my eyes. Cold malicious gold green eyes staring at me... The smell of blood, and cold dread washed through me.

Fear enveloped me, and I felt ice-cold as I stared at the man who walked down the stairs, oozing dominance and power. His eyes swept the room and I knew I should drop my gaze, but I was paralysed in fear, my hands trembled, and my breathing halted when his eyes met mine. I was like a deer caught in headlights.

Cold indifference set on his features and he quirked a brow, still I couldn't bring myself to break my gaze. His lips twitched as he turned his gaze away, striding through the place. His aura was menacing and the room so silent you could hear a pin drop.

He was the man who starred in, and haunted, my nightmares.