

Dark Obsession 41

Chapter 41. Rules

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.

"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 pitch 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."

—

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.

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 this kingdom... So, let's keep that in mind.” Alpha Ambrose's voice is solemn and clear, holding the weight of his words. He looks 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 it 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 c*cks 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 f*ck?" 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.

"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.