

## Dark Obsession 46

### Chapter 46\*\*\* First Round

ZEDKIEL.

This feels good... I wrap my arms tighter around the woman I'm holding in my arms, and she laughs softly, a sound that sounds oddly familiar...

"I missed you." She whispers, placing her hand over mine and guiding it to her breast. "Did you miss me? My Prince?"

I frown slightly, my eyes feeling too heavy to open.

Missed me? Who is she?

Who cares... As long as I can enjoy her.....

I squeeze her breast, placing soft kisses along her neck. Her intoxicating scent lulling me into a sense of security. A soft moan escapes her and then a shriek makes my eyes fly open, and I see Evangeline jump from the bed, dragging the duvet with her.

F\*ck, was I just feeling her up in her sleep?

I don't let any emotion show on my face as she stares at me with wide eyes, her heart thumping and her cheeks flush a gorgeous shade of pink.

"What are you doing?" She asks with a frown.

"Sleeping." I say, placing my arms under my head. Sleeping after sex is pretty neat, rather than waking up to a dead body shredded and thrown around the room... It's been years since I've experienced this... and this was by far the best I can remember...

Her gaze shifts to my h\*rd-on, thanks to her taking the duvet off the bed. I'm naked. She quickly looks around before she hurries to the wardrobe and takes out a pair of sweatpants.

"P-put them on. I don't want to see it." She says in a flustered whisper, making my eyebrow shoot up.

"What? You seemed to enjoy it when it was inside of you." I retort, sitting up and slipping the pants on.

She doesn't reply, and I glance back at her to see her pouting. I smirk slightly, thinking she looks f\*\*king fine standing there and holding the duvet to her. I think she doesn't realise there's a mirror right behind her that is giving me the perfect view of her a\*s... One I want to grab and f\*ck.

"Get in bed." I command as she grabs a shirt from the drawer and she nods, but she first slips my shirt on before shuffling back to the bed and fixing the duvet. She sits on the bed gingerly and gazes out at the rising sun. Her expression is serious, and I inhale deeply. Her scent has changed. It's mixed with mine, and that in itself makes me feel even more possessive

"What's on your mind?" I ask her.

She looks at me and shakes her head, wincing slightly as she gets under the duvet. She's obviously still sore from last night. I yank her into my arms, and she looks up at me, her heart s\*\*pping a beat.

"If I want to hold my wife, I can." I say coldly.

For a moment I feel like she wants to say something, probably refuse me, but she doesn't. Instead, she allows me to place her head on my arm and pull her against my chest. It's light outside and although I know we need to prep for tomorrow... This tranquil calmness is... beautiful....

I close my eyes and after a few moments, she relaxes into my hold, although she keeps wriggling against c\*ck. I don't think she realises that's just f\*cking turning me on all over again. She finally seems to

my

relax once my d\*ck is pressed against her thigh.

We are both still, and my breathing is steady. I'm nearly falling asleep again, when I hear her sigh softly.

"Zed?"

My heart races when she calls me that and I look down at her, but she's staring at my chest, a frown on her face.

"Hmm?"

"You're a hybrid, correct?" She asks.

"Yeah."

She nods slightly, biting on her bottom lip. "So your Lycan... is it him who thirsts for blood or you?"

"Me." She nods again, but I feel like there's something else on her mind, something she isn't quite able to say. "Why do you ask?"

She sighs softly and shakes her head. "Just... I once read that the most powerful Lycans can converse through their human to others. Can any of your family do that?"

I frown, a sliver of irritation rushing through me, forget talking to others... mine hasn't even talked to me...

"Not to others. I don't think there has been anyone in our family with a Lycan that can converse with others for centuries. The last that was rumoured to be able to do so, was around seven hundred years ago at the minimum." I reply.

"I see... Yes, I read something similar." She says softly.

I wonder what made her ask that... it just felt... strange. Random even. I don't push it though, instead, closing my eyes.

"Sleep. We have a long day ahead of us tomorrow." I say.

"Yes..." She says nothing more after that, and soon she's fast asleep.

Her breathing is soft and steady, her head tilted back on my arm, and I caress her hair slowly. My gaze dips to her breasts that are pressed against my chest, wondering why was I so drawn to her?

Yes, she's beautiful, ravishing, and a complete sex doll... one I just needed to break into the life of sin and pleasure... but there's more...

I push the thoughts away, wanting to just close my eyes for a few moments...

The first day of the tournament. I can tell it's become something for all the pack members to watch as if this was some sort of game to be won. I guess it is, and only the best will make it. I'm ready to take that title, ready to show them that the throne belongs to me.

The first round is with the eight of us seated around a table with members of the court. Some sort of discussion? Or strategic questioning? I wasn't exactly sure, but I knew it is going to be a breeze.

When we had arrived last night, I saw the screens along the pack grounds and around the palace grounds. displaying our names, heights, ranks, and a complete f\*cking profile of all the contending couples. We were assigned quarters that were shut off from certain parts of the castle, and from here on out, we had to abide by certain rules.

No phones or internet being the most important. Second, everyone was given a potion, something to block our mind links but not harm us. Now I f\*cking know how Evangeline feels.

I glance at the cameras set around the room, ready for this test to be displayed for the spectators... I can see Evangeline standing there with the other Lunas on the balcony above us, but she stands out from them all.

She's graceful, and holds this different kind of air around her... or maybe it's just the fact I'm becoming obsessed with her... Her hair is braided, a few strands framing her face. She's wearing a high-neck halter top, which is tucked into her leather pants.

Our eyes meet and her words from last night ring in my head.

(FLASHBACK)

"Zedkiel... may I ask a favour?"

"What is it?" I ask her.

She looks down before taking a deep breath. "I'm your Luna now. Must I always wear clothes that show my branding?"

I look at her, realising what she means. I had claimed her as one would an Omega... commanding her to always have her back on show, like an Omega...

"No... you may cover as you wish. Everyone knows we are mated now, there's no need." I reply coldly, turning my back on her.

She shouldn't have had to ask me that, I should have told her... she isn't my plaything... but my Luna.... Don't get me wrong, I plan to play with her and there will be a time she'll be begging for my c\*ck, but she's so much more than that, and she has the right to wear whatever she wants.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

Was branding her on the skin a step too far? 1

I can't change the past, so no point in crying over it. I look around the table smirking when the pup Sinclair takes his assigned seat opposite me. He's been tight-lipped since he saw Evangeline this morning. My scent must be oozing off her.

He looks up, seeing me watching him, and I smirk coldly.

If I want you dead pup, no one can stop me.

He's lucky he doesn't say anything as Dad and four of the court members enter, taking their seats.

We all turn towards them. Chasyn is on my left, with Ragnar on my right.

"Let us begin." Dad says, motioning to the four men.

The first stands up and introduces himself and the other three. I already know who they are. Philip, Franco, Cole, and Raoul. All four are members of the high court.

"We will start this tournament with something fairly easy... It's just a little game of strategy. Each of you is given a similar scenario written in the file in front of you, and you are to explain exactly how you would overcome the situation. Let's just say this one is a written test..." Raoul says, smiling..

He never smiles.

"You may begin, the faster you find a logical solution to the scenario, well... it will help your rating for the first round. Although no one will be eliminated so soon, remember if you and your Lunas are unable to hold high marks per round, it will ultimately make you lose your place in the tournament." He continues.

"Any questions?" Philip asks.

No one speaks and I look at the paper. I hate f\*cking paperwork...

Chasyn is frowning, Ragnar seems irked, and the blockhead does prefer physical fights. Alcazer looks determined as for the other four... who cares. I'll throw them out of this tournament first.

"You may begin." Raoul says, and everyone flips open their files.

I do the same but slower, my gaze going up to the balcony where Evangeline had been a short while earlier, but she's no longer there.

I frown deeply, glancing at Dad.

She better be ok... Weren't they meant to be there for the duration of this first round?

None of the Lunas are there. The entire balcony is empty, and I didn't even hear them leave. I try to ignore

my concern and focus on the rustling of papers around me. Looking down at the file, I flip through the booklet. It's a strategy paper, asking mediocre battle questions that every guard in this d\*mn place would know...

I glance at Raoul, who is watching Alcazer and Ragnar, that snake-like smirk of his lingering on his face.

Something isn't right...

Looking around the table, I see everyone is flitting through the papers fast.

"Won't you start Prince Zedkiel?" Franco asks. "Time is ticking."

I don't respond, glancing back at the papers. I scan through them slower, wondering if there's something more in them. This is far too easy. Is this tournament a joke?

The last section irks me as it portrays a situation where your Luna is taken hostage. I glance up suddenly, staring at the empty balcony, then back at Raoul, who is still smiling...

He doesn't smile unless s\*it's going downwards... and that is when I suddenly realise this isn't the test.

My heart races as I begin flicking through the paper, unease filling me, and I stand up.

"Where is she?" I snarl. Everyone at the table glances up but a few of them return to their paper, including Ragnar clearly not bothered and not wanting to lose time.

"I have no idea what you mean, Prince Zedkiel... your chance to win this round is in your hands." Raoul says, glancing at the paper I'm holding.

I look down at the papers... so there's a clue in here.... somewhere...

I need to save Evangeline.

My heart thunders and, not waiting for an answer, I storm to the door.

"Zedkiel! What are you doing?" Chasyn asks worriedly.

Clearly someone doesn't want me to lose so soon.

I look at him, wishing I can tell him. There's no rule we can't state things... correct?

"I'm going to go look for my woman. If any of you had brains you would have realised this is a f\*\*king trainee's test paper," I say, with those words I turn and leave the hall, letting the double doors slam behind me with a bang.

My anger is bristling inside of me, as I break into a run trying to trace her scent. I should have been told if they were to use our Lunas like this, she isn't like the others. She doesn't have a wolf.

If they've hurt her in any f\*\*king way... I will kill them.