

Dark Obsession 5

Chapter 5. Terrified

EVANGELINE.

“Evangeline!” Grandmother Philomena hissed, stomping my foot, and yanking me from my thoughts.

I blinked, staring at her for a second, before looking around the room fearfully and at the broad back of Zedkiel Vilkas.

I needed to leave.

No one talked to him, each one lowering their head to him as he passed by, he didn’t even bother paying respect to his father. He took a glass of alcohol from a tray as he passed, downing it in one gulp.

“Did you forget your manners, child!” Grandmother muttered, her grip on my arm painfully tight, bringing tears to my eyes as she dug her nails in.

“Y-you’re... it hurts.” I whimpered. Her hard gaze was filled with obvious irritation before she let go. I resisted the urge to rub my arm. “I’m sorry. I just...” I gave up trying to explain through the stutter I seemed to develop.

I couldn’t express how or what he made me feel, it would be an insult to the royal family and everyone nearby would hear it if I told her here.

“No excuses. Are you trying to embarrass us?” She muttered, casting a glance around.

“I’m sorry.” I lowered my head to her but despite my apology my mind was churning with thoughts.

The man from my nightmares was surely him. Was it the future? A premonition of some sort?

Our clothing in the dreams were strange, I was wearing a heavy ball dress, much like those of the past, and he was wearing a tunic and leather pants... The only difference was that the Prince had short hair, and the man in my nightmares had longer hair.

A cold shiver ran down my spine and I shuddered as I found myself looking at the man who was standing against one of the far walls. No one approached him, and the tension surrounding him seemed to ripple violently around the room.

Some instinct told me to hide away from his gaze, maybe if I lie low we may never have to see one another again!

—

Dinner was soon served, a lavish eight-course meal, but I had no appetite. I was seated at a table in the smaller dining room where the staff of the ranked werewolves were seated.

However, I was at a higher table, on a slight dais with five other omegas. They were important, I could see that as all were dressed in extremely fine dresses. I was too preoccupied to wonder who they were though. The sooner this evening was over the better.

“So, who do you belong to? I’m Lucia, by the way.” One of them asked, looking me over.

I turned to her, having been too lost in my thoughts.

“Evangeline... Umm, belong to?” I asked.

A few exchanged looks and the one who had spoken raised an eyebrow.

“Yes, you must belong to one of the princes if you’re at this ball or sitting at our table.” Lucia replied.

Confusion flitted through me. “I came with lady Philomena Welhaven.”

“Ah, a gift, then.” Another woman stated, exchanging looks with Lucia.

“A g-gift?” I asked, my stomach flipping sickeningly as realisation struck. Grandmother Philomena wanted me gone... would she give me to the royal family? But I had no wolf, I could be killed!

“I hope she’s not for Prince Ragnar.” A third woman muttered, hostility lacing her words as she cut a glare my way.

These women were the omegas of the royals, and it was obvious they were held in high regard, I knew most of the princes would have more than one... but it seemed clear only some were favoured.

Luciana leaned closer to the woman next to her, lowering her voice as she cast a worried glance my way. “Maybe she’s for him... but she’s so young.” Lucia whispered anxiously.

The woman tossed her napkin onto the table, nearly making her glass of wine topple over. “Who cares, none survive until the morning.” The rude woman added.

“Hush Nadia.” Lucia scolded.

Nadia simply scoffed. But their conversation had already filled me with dread. My lip quivers and I bite down on the tender flesh, as I fiddle with my fingers.

Wouldn’t last the night... flashes of my nightmares filled my mind again and I tried to regather myself, knowing if I embarrass Grandmother Philomena any more than I have already, she will become angry.

Reaching for my fork, I push the thoughts aside as best I can. However, I could barely hold it properly, the cool metal tapping the plate.

Maybe they are mistaken, I told myself. Grandmother Philomena brought me here as her assistant. Yet she hadn’t treated me as one, instead referring to me as a guest.

That thought sent my stomach plummeting as I wondered if I had done anything that could have angered her over the past few weeks.

Maybe I did something else. Surely it couldn't only be because she was concerned about Sinclair's feelings towards me. If I could just figure it out, I could apologise and make it up to her. Show her how much I appreciated her kindness all these years.

My hands were shaking and the noise of my fork clanging on the expensive china plate made me set it down quickly. Looking up, the women at the table were watching me while Nadia smirked, I placed my hands in my lap trying to still them.

Breathe Evangeline. Breathe.

I was trying to calm myself when the most terrifying, deafening growl I had ever heard made the chandeliers shake. I jumped at the sound, my knee hitting the tabletop beneath the fancy tablecloth.

Silence fell instantly, and a wave of fear spread through the room. Fear so strong I could feel it, like this entity eating up and feeding on the fear that oozed from us all, the energy only growing more potent.

"Sinclair!"

My heart thudded when I heard grandmother's cry. I stood, knocking my chair over. The sound echoed in the room. I was ready to run when Luciana grabbed my arm.

"Don't go. He'll kill you." She whispered, terrified.

"He'll hurt Sinclair." I replied, I didn't care who she meant, my only thought was to make sure Sinclair was ok.

I ran from the hall and through the arch to the brighter-lit dining hall. To my utter horror, I saw none other than Prince Zedkiel pinning Sinclair to the wall, his elongated claws digging into his skin.

Sinclair looked livid as he stared down the Prince, which only seemed to anger Zedkiel more, his grip on his throat tightening as Sinclair's face started to turn purple. Zedkiel's dark, menacing aura swirling around him was so strong, I fought even from this distance to remain standing.

I looked around the room, why was no one helping him! Everyone, even the king, was simply watching as they stood there.

Scanning the room for Alpha Aeron, I felt despair when I saw him just standing there from his position a few seats down from the king. He was tight-lipped with his eyes full of fear.

"Help him!" I whimpered, turning to the nearest man, but he simply ignored me.

"Try that again." Zedkiel growled, his grip tightening.

"Zedkiel!" Supreme Alpha Ambrose called, his face pale as he glared at his son's back.

But the Prince didn't seem to care, from where I stood I could see the cold contemptuous look on his face and when his hand tightened around Sinclair's throat I could see he was enjoying this. A chilling smirk crossed his face.

Panic made me move. "P-please let him go!" I braved running over.

I was terrified, and I felt like I was either going to vomit or pass out. I heard a few gasps, but I was more concerned for Sinclair.

His beautiful eyes turned to me in shock, but it was the gaze of the Prince that terrified me, and I took a step back, nearly tripping over my own feet as any bravado I had left drained out of me.

"P-please." I stuttered, clutching my hands in front of me.

"Angel..." Sinclair murmured, there was something I couldn't decipher in his eyes, but I turned my attention to the Prince, although I was unable to look him in the eyes.

He scoffed, throwing Sinclair mercilessly to the ground and my hands instantly reached for Sinclair wanting to help him, only for Zedkiel's growl to make me jump and stagger back.

Zedkiel bared his teeth at me and I flinched when he turned his attention to me, my heart sinking when he stalked towards me.

Perhaps he'll kill me... maybe the nightmare just depicted my death at his hand, not where it will take place. But if I was to die, at least it was because I had been some use to Sinclair...

I closed my eyes, my heart thumping in my throat.

The moment he roughly gripped my jaw I let out a shaking sob, my eyes flying open in fear. But, where moments earlier there was only white-hot anger it was now mixed with something else.

"Looks like you have a little mouse trying to save you." He sneered, his grip painful.

"Zedkiel..." Alpha Ambrose tried again. "Unhand the woman."

He scoffed and looked over his shoulder at his father, who was now standing. "You want to save her... come and get her father." He challenged tauntingly.

He was mocking the Alpha king... did he fear no one? Yet it was clear they all feared Prince Zedkiel far more, because his father dropped back into his seat.

Tears pricked my eyes, seeing not even the Alpha of Alpha's was willing to take on his own son.

Sinclair got to his feet, trying to approach us but the moment he was close, faster than I could even see, Zedkiel raised his leg kicking him with such force he went smashing into the table behind him, the force knocking it into the table behind. A few startled screams filled the hall as everyone moved quickly and steered clear of the tables.

The Prince looked down at me, for a second I thought he was looking me over, but then he pushed me away, I was certain I had imagined it. The rough shove sent me to the floor. He turned and to my horror headed towards Sinclair who was being helped up by Prince Chasyn.

"Zedkiel, stop." He warned his younger brother. Zedkiel shoved his brother, stalking Sinclair like he was his prey.

"Move, unless you want to share a grave with him, brother." He warned him menacingly.

"Prince Zedkiel." I turned when grandmother Philomena stepped forward.

No grandmother! He might hurt her too!

I quickly got up, wanting to pull her away. He needed someone strong to save him, not her!

"G-grandmo-" She raised her hand, her eyes flashing as she looked at me warningly.

"Enough." She growled at me, a noise I had never heard her make towards me before.

I felt a pang of hurt but said nothing, she was disappointed in me... I had messed up again.

"Prince Zedkiel, if I may?" Grandmother Philomena spoke clearly, no ounce of fear in her voice, no stutter.

Zedkiel stops in his tracks. "My grandson has foolishly insulted you, and on his behalf I apologise to you." She said clearly.

He turned to her and raised one of his brows.

"And how will one apology fix his insult?"

Insult? What did Sinclair do?

“Not an apology... a compensation.” Grandmother continued as I prayed someone came to her side, I didn’t want Zedkiel to hurt her. “A prized possession of the Welhaven family. An omega I raised as my own.”

My heart sank as my head snapped towards her.

No! No, this wasn’t happening! She meant me!

“G-grandmother, pl-please no!” I begged her in a panicked whisper, clutching her arm with shaking hands. I could feel his gaze on me, like a beast before it devours you.

“Behave.” Grandmother Philomena warned, pulling free.

Terror encased me as I looked at Sinclair with tears pooling in my eyes.

Help me...

“Grandmother, I don’t think-” Sinclair looked at me in panic. My heart raced, my breathing shorter as fear writhed through me.

“Do you accept this compensation?” She cut him off, looking at Zedkiel while motioning toward me.

“Mother.” Alpha Aeron said from behind us.

I ran over to him, tugging at his sleeve.

"Please don't give me to him, I'll move to the servant quarters, or I'll leave! I promise I won't be any trouble! Please, Alpha." I begged, my eyes stinging with unshed tears. Alpha Aeron grabbed me, his arm wrapping around my shoulders, his fingers cupping the back of my neck and I leaned into the safety he offered. He squeezes my shoulders as he would his child.

"Son!" Grandmother Philomena's voice cut through the air like a sword. "Do not make matters worse."

They seemed to be exchanging words through the link, before I felt Alpha Aeron stiffen, he slowly rubbed my back and just when I thought all would be ok, he slowly pushed away from me.

No!

I choke, losing his warmth. He looked down at me, sympathy in his eyes, he cupped my cheek softly, but I could tell he wasn't going to argue as he looked away from me.

"Please..." I murmured, my voice sounding so small and broken. His gaze dropped back to mine, his eyes softened and just when he was about to speak, Zedkiel beat him to it.

"Fine, I'll accept the omega as compensation... next time I won't be so merciful. Cross me again... and you will die." His threat wasn't empty, and I knew he would follow up on it.

Sinclair looked angry as he glared at the ground, his chest heaving... but he couldn't do anything...

"A-Alpha..." I pleaded once more, looking at the man who had taken me in, helping raise me as I clutched his sleeve.

Please. Save me once more. Please? Just this once and I would never ask for anything again.

I will do whatever they ask of me.

But when he gently brushed my hands off that were now clutching his suit, what was left of my world came crashing down around me.

"I'm sorry. There is nothing I can do." He said, turning and leaving the hall.

I stood there under the blinding light of that hall, like a deer caught in headlights.

"He'll kill me," I whispered, looking around at the guests, but no one spoke.

Each one stared at me coldly as if I deserved this. Not one offering any form of defence or protection.

I saw Celia smirking from where she stood close to her sister. Grandmother Philomena's cold expression as she shook her head in disappointment at me.

No one cared...

And why should they? I was just an Omega.

"Evangeline." Sinclair was about to approach when Zedkiel blocked his path.

"She belongs to me now, and I don't give you permission to talk to her." He growled, turning he advanced towards me and this time he looked me over a lot slower.

Like a product to use and toss aside.

I shuddered under his gaze, but I had to try to save myself if no one else would.

"C-can I g-go to-to-"

"Speak properly." He snarled, making me whimper in fear.

"C-can I go to ge-get my things tonight. I-I'll c-come in the morning." I whispered.

I needed to run away.

He raised an eyebrow taking hold of the back of my hair, he leaned in taking a deep whiff of my neck. It took everything not to move away from his touch.

"I'm no fool, little mouse. You're mine now."