

## Dark Obsession 50

### Chapter 50. Safe

EVANGELINE.

I don't know what happened but I'm alive; I had really thought I was going to die but Zedkiel saved me. However, his wrath was beyond terrifying. I had woken up to him standing there smelling of blood. His eyes burning red as the King, Chasyn, Alcazer and Ragnar tried to hold him back. I don't know what he wanted to do, but he was in a rage. The healer steps back, looking down at me clearly scared for his life. "I want the entire place turned upside down until I find who did this." Zedkiel now snarls, pulling free from his brother's hold and crossing his arm as he reaches down and grabs my hand, looking down at the bruises on my wrists that were caused by the ropes.

I'm awake but my throat feels raw, and I have a bitter taste in my mouth.

"We will Zedkiel. Now get some rest too. You've had a long day and you need to be up early tomorrow, the results will be announced then." Alpha Ambrose says and Zedkiel scoffs.

"That's all you can think of?"

"This tournament is still important Zed, in fact, it seems to me someone wants you out of the game."

Chasyn says frowning as he looks down at me.

I feel a little self-conscious with all these men crowded around and so I close my eyes.

I can't see them... they aren't here... 1

"I wonder who, though? But is it a surprise? You make enemies faster than a pup soils his diaper."

Ragnar remarks mockingly.

I hear Zedkiel scoff. "I'm not threatened... it just shows they feel I'm a threat... Father, from this day on, I'm placing guards with Evangeline at all times. I'm not risking it."

"Then how do you expect her to participate? Will you always shield her? She needs to be strong if she's to ever be considered as the Queen, Zedkiel." Alcazer says icily.

I hear a low growl, and something slams against the wall making my eyes fly open. He has Alcazer pinned against the wall. Both men are glaring at one another in rage.

"You don't need to tell me what she needs to be to become Queen. She survived down there... she could have f\*\*king died." Zedkiel growls defensively and I feel a warmth flood me. He's always defending me... Now get the f\*\*k out. All of you."

The king glances at me and gives me a small smile.

"Rest well dear." He says before they all turn and leave and I feel I can breathe a little. I didn't even realise how hard it is with so many Alpha auras in one room... Zedkiel locks the bedroom door, his red eyes turning to me.

My heart thumps and I force a smile. "Hi?"

Why did that come out like a question?

He frowns as he sits down on the bed, making it dip as he leans closer, placing the back of his hand against my forehead. My heart s\*\*ps a beat when I feel a strong tingle rush through me. "Do you have a concussion?" He asks, moving his hand back.

Maybe, why did his touch feel so pleasant? I mean, more than before.

"Umm no..." I say forcing my heavy body to sit up. To my surprise, it isn't as difficult as I thought it would be. I guess I'm ok. Thank the Goddess and Zed.

I look down at myself and realise I'm just wearing a shirt, one of Zedkiel's at that.

"What happened? I want to know every little detail from when you left that balcony." He commands.

I nod slowly, trying to shuffle back so I can lean against the headboard when he moves forward, placing

his hands on my thighs. He slides me back so I'm up against the headboard, making me gasp in surprise. He c\*cks a brow and crosses his arms over that gorgeous chest of his, and I look up at his handsome face. My cheeks burn at the memory of what those lips have done to me, and I lower my head to hide my blush.

Why is my mind going there? That was only for this tournament? Right? @

"Well..." I begin, slowly I tell him everything from where to put the clue to being told to go with the guards. How they had told me to change. The woman in the bathroom and then how they took me and gave me a list of commands.

I shudder when I finish telling him how the water kept rising, and no one came... up until I passed out. The only thing I didn't mention was the voice that I heard. He'll think I'm psychotic or crazy.

"You don't remember anything else? Nothing?" He clarifies, I shake my head.

"No." I reply.

"The guards who escorted you had no record or anything suspicious on their records. In fact, they have served the Vilkas family for years, and their families before them. To the point, I think they actually thought they were following the rules of the tournament."

"Did you find them? I can point them out to you." I say quietly.

"They were found dead. Someone else is pulling the strings, yet rest assured, that I will find the one behind this and I will kill them." He promises coldly.

"Some things can be sorted without violence. It's ok, I'm alright. You don't need to do anything." I find myself mumbling.

His eyes blaze and I gasp when he grabs my throat, tightening it, but not to the point I couldn't breathe. My breath hitches when he leans closer. "Some things can be sorted... like a certain Little Mouse running her mouth... yet some things... call for violence and vengeance and I feed off it. So don't tell me it's ok, because it's not. Touch what's mine and I will burn the entire world down." He whispers menacingly, making my heart thump, and I'm not sure if it's from fear or excitement. 3

I don't respond, not knowing what to say. His eyes are still burning red, and I can sense the anger and hunger combined from him.

"Zedkiel... I'll be ok, you're always looking out for me, and I'm sorry. I should have been more careful too. Next time I'll be more vigilant." I say softly.

"Please do..." He says, his gaze lingering on my lips. I swallow hard, making the mistake of looking at his lips before biting my own and turning away. "Look at me."

I look up at him at his command and he's frowning, but says nothing more as he searches my face for something.

"What is it?" I ask curiously.

He seems to struggle before he frowns and lets go of my neck, the moment between us vanishing."

Nothing, I just think we need to figure out what we need to ask the Oracle. I can't wait any longer.

Tomorrow evening the next round begins and before then... I want some answers."

He stands up, turning his back to me, and I can tell he's tense.

"Has your wolf still not awoken?" He asks me, almost sounding angry.

I feel guilty. If I had my wolf, I wouldn't be so incompetent.

"I'm sorry... no."

"Really? Or are you just pretending." He asks, turning and looking at me almost accusingly.

"Why would I lie?" I ask, my heart clenching. He didn't seem to care before if I had a wolf or not, so what happened now?

He closes his eyes, takes a deep breath and touches his forehead with his index and thumb. "I'm not saying that..." He says quietly.

"We can ask two questions... I want you to ask her who you really are, and what you are. Your true identity." He says, making me frown.

No... I want to ask him about the voice in my head... or about Zedkiel's Lycan and what exactly he meant. Wasn't that better? Why does he suddenly want me to ask such an unimportant question?

"Understood?" He asks.

I can't agree...

"N-no. I wanted to ask something else." I mumble bravely.

"What exactly is so important?" He snarls, making me flinch.

"I-I can't say." I reply softly.

His eyes flash and he clenches his fists and I try not to stare when I see the blood dripping onto the floor. He is hurting himself...

"So you will keep secrets from me." He states coldly. His eyes are boring into mine, and I don't remember the last time he's looked at me with that much hatred. "We're meant to be a team."

"For this tournament not-" I cut myself off seeing his anger rising. That came out wrong. "I didn't mean-"

"I understood." He replies icily.

I look down. How do I tell him everything when his Lycan told me not to... what do I do? There is still a chance he might shift and kill me. 1

His canines have elongated, and I can see he's about to shift.

"I'm sorry." I whisper, wrapping my arm around my legs.

"I don't know what more you want me to prove. You're pathetic." He says harshly, before he turns and leaves, slamming the door after him. I flinch, closing my eyes and resting my head against my knees, feeling his words sting painfully.

This isn't how this is meant to go.