

## Dark Obsession 51

### Chapter 51. Seeing Red

ZEDKIEL.

I don't know what she wants from me. Blistering rage rushes through me and I clench my jaw, my eyes flashing. How dare she...

I'm trying. Trying to show her that I'm on her side, but she can't even share something so simple as what she'll ask the Oracle. I have told her everything! We were meant to be in this together.

I punch the wall, feeling the pain jar up my arm, but I'm far too angry to care. What more do I f\*\*king need to do? I get that I'm not the ideal husband or Alpha... but I've tried, I've tried so f\*\*king hard with her.

I growl, making the guards who stand outside our door flinch.

"A-alpha... if you are to leave, we must accompany you." One of them says bravely. I almost sneer. Dad placed his most trusted and, in his eyes, his bravest and strongest guards here because I doubt anyone much wanted to even do this job. Being around me is something they're all afraid of, and don't trust... just like she doesn't trust me.

She might act like she does and for a short moment I thought the f\*\*king same, but she doesn't trust me. Is it because she almost died? But that wasn't anything to do with me... Well, it did to the extent I'm certain it's me they want out of this race...

1

I run a hand down my face, trying to control myself. I walk down the hall, heading to our quarters. I need to just clear my f\*\*king head.

One of the guards follows and although I know it's f\*\*king protocol for out-of-tournament hours, it irks me. I enter our quarters and head to the bedroom, not caring when he follows, and I go to the small fridge that stands to the side. I cast him a cold glare, and he bows his head.

"Sorry Alpha Zedkiel... I have to follow..."

I grab a bottle of blood ignoring him, although the dark colour of the bottle disguises that its blood I still didn't like him around. Not everyone knows what I am... I head into the bathroom slamming the door shut. behind me. I down the full bottle of blood, leaving it on the sink as I stare in the mirror, my eyes returning to normal.

Did the strange state I saw her in, in the water, have anything to do with what the Shadow Wolf told me in the Chamber of Truth? Should I go down to the chamber again? I know it's not somewhere that you are allowed to return to... Each royal is only allowed to venture down there once, it's said that no one can survive a second period in the chamber but why do I feel there must be some answers there. What's to lose? The worst that will happen is I'll die, and I don't think a cave with some kind of entity possessing it can kill me...

She's my mate, so why does she see me killing her and why did the Wolf say she will be the one to destroy us all?

I need answers and although I will ask the Oracle, but I will also go to the chamber...

Feeling calmer after that drink, the idea of a run is appealing, but I don't want to leave her alone in the castle, not after what's just happened, even if she is f\*\*king p\*\*sing me off.

I strip, deciding to take a shower before I return.

Once I'm done, I wrap a towel around my waist and enter the bedroom. Although I'm calmer, I'm still

irritated with her refusal to share her question for the Oracle with me. It still stung. Maybe I'm just acting like a f\*\*king sore loser...

She's my mate though... mine...

I glare at the guard. "Get out." I snarl. He bows his head and seems to hesitate, and I know he's mind-linking someone. After a moment, he steps out and I pull open my closet. Stepping inside, I pull on some boxers, sweatpants, and a t-shirt.

I need to head back...

Turning, I put on some slippers, heading out of my room when I pause, glancing at my office door.

That phone I found... whose is it? I glance at the slightly ajar door that leads to the hall. The guard is leaning against the wall, but he isn't paying attention to me. Quietly, I slip into my office, going over to my desk drawer. I pull it open and pick the phone up. It's definitely not mine... The way it was inside the sofa, not under it, makes me feel as if someone planted it there.

Was it placed there to spy on me or something? I don't think so... A sudden thought comes to me and my stomach twists.

Is it Evangeline's?

My heart's racing as I switch it on, glancing at the door. If I'm caught with a phone, I'll be kicked from the tournament. I pick up a file to cover the phone, just in case someone does come in, and I look at the screen that's now switched on and loaded with apps. The phone flashes as several messages pop up on the screen.

All the messages are from the same sender. S, that's all it says, I click on the chat and skim through the messages.

"Angel – I miss you, let's meet."

'Angel talk to me.'

'I care for you, only you. I'm going to get you out of there.'

'How can you marry him, Angel?'

"I know I haven't done anything yet, but I promise, just like we discussed, I will get you out of there. I'm already planning a way to help you escape. Soon you won't need to pretend to be ok with him anymore."

"I know you still want me, Angel. 1

My blood runs cold as I stare at the last message.

She had planned to escape with him... I know who these messages were from – Sinclair. There may not be even one reply from Evangeline... but she had this phone. She had planned to escape with his help.

That much is clear... 1

If I was angry before, I don't know what I am feeling now. The inferno of rage and hatred within me is blinding suffocating even.

How dare she...

I stand up, shoving the phone into my pocket before I leave the office and our quarters heading back to our temporary quarters. I see red.

Maybe I should have left her to f\*\*king die.

I hate people like her.

I slam the door open to see the room is empty. My eyes snap to the bathroom door.

Turning, I lock the bedroom door before I walk to the bathroom door. I try the handle, it's unlocked...

Time to get some answers.

I push the door open, my gaze falling on the woman in the shower. She's running her fingers through

her soapy hair; her eyes are closed and soap suds are trailing down her delicious curves. She's a fake... She used her charm to seduce me, her innocent actions to make me feel she was good. She can try to act as f\*\*king innocent as she wants, but in the end, it comes down to the fact that she still met up with Sinclair, somewhere, somehow, and was planning her escape. I approach her and she tenses, realising I'm there. Her heart pounds as she c\*\*cks her eyes open, not wanting the shampoo to get into them. t

"Z-Zedkiel." She whispers, and I'm satisfied when I see the fear in her eyes as she looks me straight in the eye.

"Little Mouse." I say sinisterly before I smirk. "Or should I say Snake?"

Her eyes fill with confusion. What an excellent actress she is....

"What do you m-mean?" She whispers about to wash the soap that's dangerously near her eyes when I grab her arm and push her against the wall.

"Your game is over." I growl, my eyes blazing red.

"Y-You're hurting me, what game?" She whimpers when the soap gets into her eyes but I don't move, not caring that my claws are digging into her upper arms, or that the shampoo is stinging her eyes. The scent of her blood is ever so enticing, and I growl menacingly, grabbing her throat.

"I found it." I whisper dangerously.

"F-found what?" She asks so f\*\*king innocently.

"That phone that your precious Sinclair gave to you." I sneer.

Her face changes, losing all colour as she begins trembling as she shakes her head vigorously. Trying to deny what her face already gave away.

If there was a small part of me trying to justify her innocence, it's now gone... because before me, is a woman who looks the picture of pure guilt.

He's dead.

"N-No Zedkiel, listen to me! That phone – he gave it to me but-"

"So you did meet up with him without my permission?" I snarl. "I'm going to rip him to shreds, and since you want him so f\*\*king much, you can bathe in his flesh and blood. I'll bring you his c\*\*\*\*ss or whatever's f\*\*king remaining of it when I'm done."

Her face changes to one of fear and I know she knows I mean it because I do.

I'm going to kill him and then... then I'll kill her.

I'm done trying to be good.

I will make it f\*\*king rain blood.