

## Dark Obsession 54

### Chapter 54 The Right Question

#### EVANGELINE.

Here we are, standing side by side like nothing happened last night. But that's only what the outside world thinks because I can feel the walls that Zedkiel has put up around himself.

My mate... The man I once dreamt about and waited for, the man I was hoping would find me, and claim me before reality opened my eyes. However, not once did I expect that man to be Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas. Yet... isn't that what he has done?

He's claimed me, protected me and made it clear I'm his... but then why are there so many conflicts and misunderstandings between us? 2

I once thought the mate bond was beautiful. You find your own fairy tale story when your mate steps into your life and you live happily ever after, but it's not...

Glancing sideways, I peer up at the handsome man beside me. A man who oozes power and dominance. I never expected someone like him to be my mate... I always thought it would be someone of low rank, maybe a lesser guard at most. But Zedkiel...

His eyes are hard and cold, and he is so much more than me. I'm just a lowly Omega by comparison...

He hasn't treated me like that though, sure he's been harsh and lost his temper, but he's the only one who defied all and actually defended me.

His sharp jewel-like eyes snap down, locking his gaze with mine, and I swallow nervously, remembering how he stormed out last night. He raises an eyebrow questioningly, and I quickly look away.

"Without further distractions, let's take a look at the scores for the first round of the tournament!" High court member Cole's voice booms over the speakerphone.

My heart sk\*\*s a beat, and I turn to look at the screen above us. The eight couples' images flash on the screen. As the numbers next to them begin spinning.

How did we do?

I'm nervous as I watch, wondering how I did on my part...

Come on... Come on....

Chasyn and Maryka's result pops up 7.1 beneath it. There's a breakdown of their pointers and I see it's Maryka's clue that left them rather low on their average. My stomach twists as I wait patiently for mine.

Sinclair and Celia... 6.8... Amar and Vienna, one of the couples that were married before the contest, are at

8.4.

I grip onto Zedkiel's arm, not even realising I have done so until I feel him tense, but I don't let go, noticing Sinclair's eyes on me. Ignoring him, I stare at the screen flashing beside our names. 9.4.2

A few of the couples look at us, and I let out a breath of relief. That is a good number!

"We did it!" I whisper to Zedkiel, who simply glances at me before looking back at the screen.

The rest show up, but I'm no longer that concerned knowing we have done well. When the final numbers come to a halt. I realise we are the highest with Amar and Vienna second.

"Congratulations to you all." Franco says. "Last night, a serious life-threatening situation took place and I know that we have all heard about it. All we would like to say is, stay vigilant and stay safe."

Alpha King Ambrose steps forward and gives Franco a nod and I try to ignore all the looks that I can feel on me. "Furthermore, if I find out that anyone who is part of this contest or anyone acting on their behalf is behind this, rest assured they will be expelled from the tournament immediately and punished severely." A silence follows, and the king continues after a couple of moments. "Thank you and congratulations to you all. Tonight's match will be one that I'm certain we will all enjoy. Hand-to-hand combat between the Alphas!"

Claps and cheering break out behind us and I hear Zedkiel mutter 'foolish' and I can't disagree. Do they realise the winner of this contest shall take the throne? Is this really a wise way to choose? We need a king who cares for his people, one who will be best for the kingdom. Is this tournament really going to prove that? Is this contest just to please the people, when we need to choose a king, not a champion...

I keep my thoughts to myself as the eight alphas look at one another. The rules and time for the matches for the evening are announced and the excitement builds. The opponents will be paired randomly tonight. "Prepare to eat dirt." Zedkiel says, turning and walking out. I follow, trying not to run but still trying to keep up. "You don't need to follow me."

I freeze at the coldness in his tone, but after what I said to him last night, I can't blame him. I need to apologise for that.

"Zedkiel... about last night... I didn't mean what I said. I don't even know why I said it." I whisper softly.

"Yet you said it, but you're not wrong. I am basically a cold, heartless monster." He sneers, walking off. "Stay away from me."

I sigh softly but don't follow him. I need to go to see the Oracle, and if Zedkiel needs space, then I'll give it to him. Until tonight, when I'll be here to support him.

Glancing around the hall, I head down the hall toward the Oracle's quarters. It's time I got those answers.

I reach the Oracle's room soon enough, however, with every step I take, I begin to doubt myself strongly.

"You'll regret it." That voice again.

"No. I won't, and I know what I'm going to ask." I say coldly.

I knock on the door lightly, taking a deep breath.

'Turn around!'

“No.”

I can feel the pull from inside of me, the determination that she wants me to turn back.

‘No, I actually have something very important to ask her.’ I say with determination.

“You need to listen to me Evangeline, you owe me!” She hisses.

‘No, I don’t.’ I reply, knocking again.

Please answer...

‘Don’t trust her. She isn’t who you think she is. I’m trying to look out for you, heed my warning.’ She whispers menacingly.

“Enter” The Oracle’s voice comes, and it takes all my willpower to reach for the handle and open the door. Almost as if some force is trying to stop me.

I have so many questions I want to ask the Oracle but right now the one that seems to scream at me is what is the voice in my head? What am I? Isn’t that what Zedkiel wanted me to ask?

Suddenly I wish he was here. I feel so alone and the unease that is eating up at me is becoming suffocating.

The Oracle is standing there, her long hair open, and she looks almost... pale...

“So you have come.” She says, her eyes boring into mine.

“Were you not expecting me?” I ask, shutting the door behind me.

My head is hurting, and a dull ache is beginning to form at the nape of my neck.

“I came to ask you my one question.” I say, unable to walk closer. Something is stopping me.

She observes me silently, and I feel as if she’s looking into my soul.

“There’s something inside of me...” I begin, knowing this sounds crazy.

“What is your question?” She asks, not bothered about what I just said.

My question.

‘Let’s leave.’ The voice comes again, but beyond the anger, I can feel a glimmer of panic. 1

The question...

I close my eyes, trying to think of everything I knew, what Zarachiel has said... of Zedkiel killing me... Zarachiel hating him for killing me. The darkness within me, the darkness that I truly believe, starts with that voice that makes me feel uneasy. Zedkiel’s ordeal. Who I am, and where do I come from... The mystery of my past and I suddenly realise what my question is.

It may not be the one that will give me all the answers, but I believe it’s the right one....

“H-how do...”

'What are you about to ask?!' The voice hisses.

Can't she hear my thoughts?

I try to close my mind off, hoping I'm doing the right thing.

"You have your question... just remember every truth comes at a price."

I nod slowly, determined that my question is the right one..

"How do I stop history repeating itself by breaking this curse of whatever it is that is casting its shadow upon us?" I whisper h\*\*\*ly, suddenly feeling a painful tear through my head. I clutch it, crumbling to my knees, but I continue to fight. I'm so close to getting some answers, I can't let anyone stop me from getting the answers I seek! 1

"She's awakening." The Oracle murmurs. "But I applaud you for asking the right question."

My heart thunders and I know by 'she', she means the voice in my head who is fighting so hard to take control of me, but I refuse to let her. With desperation and determination, I force myself to listen to the Oracle.

"Go back to where it all began. Do not run from the Gemini Bane, for only then do you have a chance. You are a curse and a blessing, and only one may survive. To break the centuries-old calamity, learn who you truly are. When that answer comes before you, only then can you rise from the earth and take your true place. Pay for the Goddess's crime and the cycle shall end, but remember... you must do so before the stars align or your time shall come to an end."

Her words resonate in my mind, and I'm suddenly being ferociously pulled from my body.

A scream of panic leaves my lips as I feel darkness enclosing around me.

ORACLE.

Evangeline stiffens when I stop speaking, her head hanging and I turn away, I know what's happening.

"There. You have your answer." I say emotionlessly.

"I do... but that was supposed to be a secret between us, was it not?" Evangeline says sinisterly as she stands up.

I turn slowly, feeling the mass of darkness surrounding her and gaze into her eyes, which are pure black.

She isn't Evangeline though, and the truth makes my stomach churn. I have never felt emotions for so long... It's foreign. But something about the woman before me instils fear. Masking the fear that is making my heart thump. I know I am no match for her... but I was commanded to keep an eye on her. For the moment, she shows signs of the moon. And I saw it that day when she was brought to me as a child.

She is the one.

"Not this time, this time I care not about your threats." I say, readying myself.

“Do you have faith in her this time?” She whispers, closing the gap between us. Her two onyx pits hold such darkness...

“Only the mother goddess knows.” 1

“Yet you throw your life away.” She hisses and a flare of darkness wraps around me.

For the greater good..

I don't cower in fear but look her challengingly square in the eye, because I believe I have made the right choice.

“Do your worst.” I hiss with confidence, my own eyes glowing as I raise my hands...