

Dark Obsession 56

Chapter 56. Alpha VS Alpha

EVANGELINE.

The lights are like glittering blurred orbs that dance around the stadium that is prepared for the matches in the outdoor training grounds of the Castle. Where once stood an open ground, now contained stands that can seat many, and the stands are full. In the centre is a square ring, where the matches will take place. They have emblazoned the symbols of each pack on banners that hang around the stands and on streamers that cross over the stands. With the most prominent banner being that of the Royal family's Pack.

I watch through my own eyes, but it doesn't feel normal, and I know why it's like this. I'm not in charge. It's like I'm locked away behind a window. My heart still hurts from what happened earlier. Zed's words after he allowed whatever that voice in my head was, to pleasure him, keeps replaying in my mind.

Don't think about it, Evangeline." I whisper, feeling my eyes sting with tears again.

"Oh, stop wallowing. I'm doing you a favour Evangeline, you saw how Zedkiel prefers me over you. This is better for us.' Her voice sneers. 1

No, it isn't.

But I don't argue. Being in here, I can feel her anger and it's immense. There's an evil to it...

The Oracle...

I shudder at the last memory I have of her, before the darkness inside of me took over.

I'm scared too... after all, what Zarachiel told me... I shiver at the thought, but before I can even delve into my own mind where I'm trapped, the first round is announced.

"This is going to be fun." She says, looking at Amora.

The woman smiles back hesitantly and I- She looks out across the stands, before she focuses on the eight men who are going to be participating. Each one holds power, although there's a vast difference between them. Zedkiel is something entirely different, the power and dominance that he effortlessly displays, demands respect and submission. They're all in either shorts or sweatpants. A few of them are wearing tops too, but I pay attention to Zedkiel. He's one of the few without a shirt.

'I actually prefer the bold Evangeline.' "

His words pain my heart.

I close my mind from her and curl up within myself. It hurt a lot, and I know she wants that, but I refuse to give her that satisfaction. Nor will I allow her to take my body... all I ever wanted is to be free... and my body was the one thing that is mine...

She can't have it. She won't. 2

I will take back control and I will remember what the oracle told me... is she ok? I don't remember what happened. She had pushed me away and everything went dark...

Fear rushes up my spine at the blood I had seen on my hands when I was given access to my eyes after that period of darkness in the Oracle's office, and I fear what may have happened.

Is she ok? I need to get out there, take control and check on the Oracle!

I need to tell Zedkiel everything before it's too late! Then next time when she takes over, he'll know...

But will he care? After all, he prefers her and what she can do for him. She allowed me to watch her give Zedkiel a b**wjob, let me see and hear how he enjoyed it. I feel the sadness inside crushing me once more, but I fight back the tears.

I am not weak! I can't afford to be!

The screen flashes, and Chasyn's face lights up half the screen with his name underneath. Moments

later, Amar Lendorn of the Dark Claw Pack flashes up next to him on the screen.

“Alpha Prince Chasyn Vilkas of The Moonstone Pack versus Amar Lendorn of The Dark Claw Pack!”

Both men make their way to the centre of the ring as everyone cheers before settling down for the match.

I’m calm as I watch them, wondering who Zedkiel will be paired with. Each one of them may be strong. but I don’t think any can really be a match for Zedkiel. I have sensed the unease from them around him, the way they all stayed out of his way, and I have seen his power and anger first hand. Zedkiel is not someone to mess with.

I’m not worried about him, right? I know he can take care of himself, but somehow, I’m still worrying, it makes no sense!

I feel the walls around me weaken ever so slightly, but I don’t do anything, waiting for her to relax. She currently seems to be gazing down at the match with keen interest, and I can feel Zedkiel watching her. She turns her head and blows him a kiss; he smirks and my heart squeezes.

She makes him happy... 3

But there’s something not right about her. She’s dark....

I stay still, not caring for the match much as she becomes absorbed with the match. Chuckling when Chasyn rips through Amar’s arm and I hear something break. She chuckles, and I realise the barriers around me are weaker now and that’s when I push forward, with courage and determination I never knew I had.

She gasps and I feel her rage as she clings to the stand rail in front of us. Her aura growing, but it’s only for a few seconds, and I manage to win, pushing her back into the darkest part of my mind. 1

I bite my lip as my nails split and break under the force that they’re digging into the rail. My entire body is

chest. tense, and then I’m suddenly back in control. I let out a shaky breath, placing a hand on my

She can never take control again! I have to find a way to get rid of her!

Her scream of rage rips through my head and I clutch it, fighting the ringing in my mind, my eyes stinging from the pain.

‘Stop!’ I shout at her.

‘You will pay!’ She screams back, before I push her deeper into my mind. It isn’t easy. The dark energy that surrounds her is pushing against mine, which somehow feels light and soothing. It’s strange because I don’t have any aura... So what is this?

“Are you alright?” Maryka asks, dragging her attention away from her husband.

I nod “It’s just extremely violent, isn’t it?” I whisper shakily.

“Yes.” She replies, her face pained as she looks at Chasyn. I glance around and notice even Lucia’s there, her eyes are glistening with unshed tears, she too is staring at the Alpha she loves and I slowly turn back to Maryka.

Two women who love him dearly... his fated and the woman he claimed and cast aside...

Why is life so unfair?

‘I prefer the bold Evangeline.’

I can’t seem to get those words out of my head.

My lips quiver and I hate myself for it. This is why he didn’t like me, because I’m weak...

But why do I care right? I’m aiming for my freedom, nothing more.

“He will never want you. You heard him, one little taste of me and he’s over you.” I hear her faint voice, it ignites a wave of anger inside of me, and I squash her away.

I will not let her get to me!

I need to learn to hide my own emotions and thoughts from her...

"Chasyn Vilkas wins!" The referee booms, and I look at the screen, where his name is emblazoned across it.

Looking back at the two men, I see Amar out cold on the ground and for the first time, since I've met him, Chasyn is not smiling, but staring emotionlessly at the man on the floor. He is, after all, the firstborn of the Alpha King...

Both men are escorted off the field and then the blood and torn clothes are cleared out for the next round.

"Chasyn!" Maryka runs to him, and Amar's mate also hurries after them.

I look back at Zedkiel, and his eyes are on me. I smile gently and his gaze softens before he gives me a slight smile back, just as Ragnar slaps his shoulder and says something to him quietly.

He turns away as both chuckle and I find myself blushing, thinking he looks so handsome....

The screen flashes and my heart thumps when Zedkiel's image appears on the board. He looks up at it, his eyes sharp as he awaits his opponent to be announced. I'm waiting too with bated breath, and when Celia's brother Octavius Huntington appears on the screen, my stomach twists.

Octavius lost his sister to Zedkiel...

A ripple of unease flits through the grounds, but Octavius doesn't seem worried. In fact, he's calm, despite the unsettling feeling that spreads through the crowds.

I don't like that calmness... I know that there are no rules, no large weapons are allowed, but anything hidden on the body is. After all, everyone is in it to win it, and many will use secret trump cards up their sleeves.

A hushed murmur ripples through the crowds and I know the rumours that Zedkiel had killed Odette had slipped out, and now people are once again muttering and whispering about it.

I feel bad for her family. It was because of me that all of that had happened.

They are announced, and Zedkiel heads towards the arena, waking with the dominance and power he always holds around him.

"Good Luck Zed." I whisper, not caring if he'll hear me.

He pauses, and looks back at me sharply. A small frown crosses his face before he gives me a small nod, and he walks into the centre of the area, making me smile softly.

He did hear me.

I'm nervous, although I keep telling myself he's perfectly capable of handling this fight.

I see Octavius give his father a nod, before he slips on some half fingered gloves and enters the ring.

"Three... two... FIGHT!"

Silence falls as everyone awaits with bated breath for one of the two to make the first move. Zedkiel is the first to strike, and it's not a light touch. He isn't even assessing Octavius. That kick was meant to hurt. Octavius blocks, but the power behind him throws him across the ground.

A few gasps ripple through the crowd, but Zedkiel is in front of Octavius in a flash again. He instantly raises his hands to defend himself, but to my complete surprise he hits Zedkiel in the chest with both palms, a slight puff of dust leaves the gloves, as Zedkiel stumbles back slightly.

I frown, it was an odd choice of attack...

Octavius flinches as he massages his wrist and struggles to get to his feet.

They continue to fight although Octavius plays more defence, but I don't think he has a choice, considering Zedkiel isn't giving him a chance. When he throws Octavius across the ground once more,

but this time, splatters of blood fly everywhere making me flinch.

Goddess...

Zedkiel turns his back and just then, Octavius lets out a menacing roar and I can see the hatred in his eyes as he lunges at Zedkiel's back. I jump to my feet when I see the flash of a blade in his hand.

"Zed!" I gasp in horror.

Zedkiel turns, grabbing him by the neck and slamming him onto the ground with a sickening crunch.

The crowd goes deadly silent as we all stare at the unmoving body of Octavius Huntington on the floor.

A few people rush forward to check on him.

"He's alive! Let's take him to a healer! Now!" I breathe a sigh of relief as everyone claps and cheers.

"Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas wins!"

Another round of roars and cheers ensue, and I clap too, happy that it's over. Zedkiel turns and I frown when I see him s**gger slightly and wipe his mouth.

He pauses, looking down at his hand, and I stare in horror when I see the blood that mars his hand...

How is that possible? Octavius didn't last one solid hit...