

Dark Obsession 57

Chapter 57 Acting Fast

EVANGELINE. He clenches his fist, squaring his shoulder as he looks around before he heads out towards the exit. Ignoring the crowds,

I quickly climb down from the stands and hurry after him.

“Zed!” I call as I run to keep up with him, trying my best not to bump into anyone.

Is he alright?

‘You’re pathetic.’ Her voice comes in my head, but I refuse to listen to her.

I catch up to him, but he’s walking away without even so much of a glance towards me.

“Alpha Zedkiel, will you not stay for the next two rounds?” Someone asks, but he ignores them as well.

“Zedkiel...” I whisper in concern when I finally catch up to him.

He’s frowning as he stares ahead, but I can see the beads of sweat on his forehead. I’m uncertain if it’s from the match or from the pain that I’m certain he’s in.

We reach the doors to the castle, and he strides inside and towards our temporary quarters.

I don’t call him again, knowing that he isn’t going to reply, but I can smell the blood now.

Once we’re inside our room, he heads to the bathroom but before he can shut the door; I stop him. “Let me help.” I offer, squeezing through the door.

“I’m fine. It’ll heal.” He says quietly before he coughs again, bringing up dark blood.

“Did he somehow poison you?” I tilt my head; it makes no sense...

The cuts on Zedkiel were light. Even if they were poisoned, it shouldn’t have been possible from such small cuts to have such an immense effect on him.

“I don’t know, he barely landed a hit.” He replies h***sely, coughing up more blood.

“You need to see a healer!” I say, panic filling me.

He shakes his head and I quickly look around for the first aid kit.

“No, I’ll be fine.”

Grabbing a towel, I wipe his mouth, concerned as I stare at the dark blood stain. “It’s poison...” I say, glaring at the dark black-red blood.

“It’ll heal.” He says, lowering his head as he takes deep breaths.

I sniff the cloth, but I can’t sense any wolfsbane from it. He coughs violently, and I drop to my knees in front of him.

“Zed... is-is it possible that maybe you’ve been poisoned by something that is dangerous to vampires?” I ask, the sudden thought that has come to mind. I’ve studied poisons. Grandmother Philomena made me

study herbs extensively and said all women who are not in combat should know about them. She said it is far more important for us to know how to heal. Although I always wanted to learn to fight, right now I'm extremely grateful to all she had taught me.

He lifts his head up, looking into my eyes, and my heart skips a beat, seeing his eyes are blood red.

"Maybe... but it's impossible for him to have known what I am." 5

I look him over when I suddenly remember the dust that I had seen coming from the gloves. I look down at Zedkiel's chest, placing my hand gently on his skin. Parts of his skin are burning up and I can feel the heat radiating off him.

He groans and moves back, gripping my wrist.

It must hurt him.

"Wait here! I'm going to get some antidote." I stand up, but he refuses to let go of my wrist. "Zed... I-I need to go..."

We can't waste time!

"They're back..." He whispers, looking down at my hand, confusing me.

Pulling free, I rinse the towel under cool water before I wipe it over his chest and arms, hoping that if anything remained on him, this would wipe it off. Once satisfied, I cup his face, his lips are parted, and his fangs are showing, but he's still as handsome as ever.

"I'll be back. Hold on." I say softly before I rush from the room. I may not know who to go to, but I know the one person I feel I can surely trust. The King. I'm certain that he is someone who will willingly help his

son.

I just need to request the correct herbs that will help him. I'm sure the castle will have them.

I leave the room and turn to the guards. "Can you please mind-link the Alpha King? I must speak to him. urgently."

My heart's thumping as I watch him mind link after giving me a nod. These men were chosen by Zedkiel and if he trusts them, then so do I.

"The King is coming; he's asking if everything is ok? We can pass a message."

"No, I'll wait for him." I say with a nod, crossing my arms as I look down the hallway, feeling useless standing here.

After a few moments, I glance at the door. Should I go inside and check if Zedkiel is ok?

I'm about to open the door when I hear footsteps and turn to see Alpha Ambrose approaching.

"Is everything ok Evangeline dear?" He asks in concern.

"I... I need some herbs." I say, glancing sideways at the guards.

"Which ones?" Alpha Ambrose asks.

"May we walk?" I ask, not wanting the guards to overhear.

Alpha Ambrose glances at the men before motioning for me to fall into step beside him. I oblige, and once we are out of hearing range; I stop and glance down the hallway.

"Zedkiel was poisoned and it's not silver or wolfsbane... it's something else... something that is targeting his... other side," I whisper urgently. "I need some herbs to give him to fix this."

He's frowning as he stares at me in surprise. "You know." He murmurs quietly.

And I realise what he means.

"He's my husband, of course, I know..." I say urgently, feeling worried as the minutes tick by.

There's something in his eyes that I can't make out before he smiles faintly.

"I'm proud of you both." I'm uncertain exactly what he's proud of but I simply give a small bow of my head. "Please, can you help me get the herbs that I'll need." I plead.

I'm terrified for Zedkiel.

He nods. "Do you know what herbs you are looking for? I'm not one who has worked with herbs to heal vampires and it isn't something I wish to ask anyone."

"Yes, I think so." I say. He nods.

"Excellent. We can head to the greenhouse." He leads the way, and I can see the concern on his face.

Vampires... it's the first time hearing the word out loud by the king, for the most part, I feel as if everyone wishes to keep Zedkiel's truth a secret.

"Well, when you have a hybrid son, it's something I would have thought you may have looked into." I say, hoping I sound polite. But what if something happened to Zedkiel and no one is able to do anything because they don't know or care enough to find out what he needs... "There are three poisons that are the most commonly used against vampires and going by how Zedkiel was coughing up dark blood I think it's vervain."

"You are correct... I will simply escort you, I'm glad you know exactly what you are doing."

I'm unsure about exactly... but I am certain I have a good idea.

We cross through the courtyards heading to the far end.

"Grandmother Philomena made sure I was well educated in such matters." I explain when the guards outside the entrance to the vast greenhouse unlock the door and allow us to enter. 1

Ok... here I go...

I quickly begin looking around at the vast range of herbs and plants. Lately, I feel as if my sense of smell is stronger. I step away and head to the back. My greatest bet is that it is Vervain that was used and to treat that I will use a variety of herbs, when mixed together it can slow the poison. 2

"Philomena indeed was strict with her education. My sister always used to say Philomena was very determined to make her learn it all when it came to knowledge." He chuckles.

I never knew the king had a sister.

"I see, she isn't wrong. Grandmother Philomena is one with great knowledge. I never knew your majesty has a sister." I say as I pick up a small tray and pick out a branch of monkswood.

"Had a sister, she passed years ago." Alpha Ambrose corrects solemnly. 4

"Oh, I'm sorry."

He shakes his head. "No need to be." He looks at his hands and I remain silent. Although I want to know more about her, I'm too stressed out about Zedkiel. I grab the last of what I need, collecting a small pestle and mortar before turning to the king.

"I think I have everything." He nods and, coming over, places a cloth on top of the tray to hide what we are taking. "Thank you, your majesty."

"Not at all, dear." He smiles at me before he leads the way out. (1

Getting back to our quarters, he doesn't come inside simply saying to keep him updated via one of the guards before he leaves. Entering the bedroom, I lock the door behind me.

"Zedkiel," I call, hurrying to the bathroom.

My heart squeezes to see he's still sitting there, doubled over in obvious pain.

I place the tray on the ground before I begin breaking some of the herbs into the mortar and crushing them.

"Do you have any idea what you're doing?" He asks h***sely.

I look up and nod. After a few moments, I have the paste prepared, scooping some up with my fingers. I begin spreading it on his skin where it's burning to the touch and looks slightly bruised.

He hisses and moves back. "Careful woman."

I raise an eyebrow, "Hold still, it's going to sting a little, but it should help."

"I doubt you know what you're doing." He retorts, moving back once again.

I frown as I glare at him. "Stop being fussy. We've already wasted enough time! Now please behave."

"Behave?" He asks with a raised eyebrow, and I don't miss the amusement in his eyes.

I pout. He doesn't understand how worried I am. This isn't a time for jokes or games!

"Yes..." I reply softly, brushing my fingers over his skin as I apply the paste. "I think there was definitely something on Octavius's gloves. The bruising is exactly where he struck you."

He nods but doesn't reply and I can feel him watching me silently, his head tilted slightly. I feel my cheeks burn up and once again I remember what he had said...

He preferred her...

"Aren't you angry at him for poisoning you?" I ask.

"No."

How strange, I don't even get why he is so calm....

I finish applying the balm and move back. Getting up, I rinse my hands before taking some gauze from the first aid box.

"C-can I wrap this around you?" I ask, blushing when our eyes meet.

He smirks and c*cks a brow.

"Say please."

Goddess, this isn't the time for this!

I blush before I take a deep breath. "Please," I reply, reminding myself he's the patient.

He smirks, and I can't deny how handsome he looks before he sits up straight and lifts his arm. For a moment I admire his body that I'm certain would rival a g*d's.

I smile faintly, wrapping the bandage around him. Once it's done, he exhales and runs a hand down his head.

"How do you feel?" I ask, tucking the end of the bandage in.

"Good... were you worried?"

I look up slowly, my heart s**pping a beat. "Of course, I was..." I say softly. My heart thumps and I look down before braving my next words. "I know you don't like me when I'm my normal self."

He cuts me off by placing a finger to my lips, his other arm snaking around my waist as he pulls me closer, and I kneel between his legs. His lips meet my neck and I close my eyes as sparks of pleasure dance along my skin, making me shiver.

"I was wrong... I rather you be yourself, the Evangeline I fell for." He says huskily. 7

My heart hammers as I let those words sink in and I know this is my chance! To tell him everything.

"I... There's something..." I trail off, the words getting stuck in my throat. I frown as I try again, but nothing comes out. I'm beginning to worry but Zedkiel doesn't seem bothered, kissing me softly and as much as I want to enjoy his touch, to tell that entity in my head that he wants me, I know I can't delay sharing this vital information with him. What if she manages to take control again?

"Zed there's something I need to tell you." I try again. He slowly moves back, his hands still caressing my waist, and he c*cks a brow.

"What is it?"

7-"

"You didn't congratulate me on my win." He states. "Guess I'll just take my reward myself."

My eyes fly open when he presses his lips against mine, kissing me passionately. A soft moan leaves my lips and I find myself kissing him back. I can feel her clawing at my mind, but I refuse to let her take control. As much as I want to kiss him for longer, I need to tell him about her.

"You can't just take anything you want and call it an award." I whisper breathlessly before becoming serious. "Zedkiel, listen."

He c*cks a brow. But before I can even speak, there's a banging on the door. He stands up, pulling me with him, and we both make our way to the bedroom. He pulls the bedroom door open to reveal one of the guards standing there looking pale..

"There's been a calamity! The king demands the audience of everyone within the palace in the grand hall!" The guard says.

"This is why I f**king hate the no mind link rule." Zedkiel mutters, "What's happened?"

"The Oracle. She's dead."

I gasp, horror consuming me, and I back away from the door, shaking my head in denial.

"No..."

The guard nods. "It's true." He whispers, Zedkiel nods and shuts the door just as I collapse to my knees, fear enveloping me.

What have I done?

"There goes our answers." Zedkiel growls in frustration.

I look up at him, terrified. I have to tell him, no matter the consequences, I have to!

Summoning every ounce of courage I can muster, I take a shaky breath, my thumping heart loud in my ears.

"I-I did it Zedkiel. I killed her."