

## Dark Obsession 59

### Chapter 59. A Message

ZEDKIEL.

"Did you find anything at all?" Chasyn asks me as I remove the nails and lift the Oracle's body to the ground, looking around I yank the charred tablecloth off and cover her body. 2

"Not yet." I say, staring down at the Oracle's body, I sniff the air, letting the smell of blood fill my nose. There are two different smells mixed in... I lean down, sniffing the blood. It's not Evangeline's blood. Relief floods me, and I stand up.

I don't know why she thinks she killed her, but I plan to find out who it really belongs to, but this blood is not Evangeline's. I've tasted hers, smelt hers... this one is nowhere near hers.

"Don't touch anything in here." I hear Chasyn command some of the men. I slowly walk through the room, trying to visualise what may have happened.

The runes and the burns are the Oracle's doing, her magic draws from herself and that around her. I know that much. I frown as I crouch down looking at the marks on the floor.

There are no claw marks, no torn clothes... This isn't a werewolf or a witch... I've studied all kinds of species and magic, but this was a battle of a different kind of magic...

I wipe a bit of the blood and taste it, hearing Chasyn groan from the doorway.

"Don't do that." He mutters, grossed out.

"Don't look then." I reply coldly, frowning as I scan the floor slowly once more before walking back to the Oracle and looking at her hands, her entire body is covered in blood... but I can smell some other blood on her too and I lift one of her hands, before examining it closer. There's someone else's blood on her hands and behind her nails...

Frowning, I pause. It's definitely not the same as the one on the floor.

I hear footsteps, and Chasyn enters, shutting the door behind him.

"What is it, Zed?"

"There's blood from two different people here. As we already know, a scuffle took place. This is something that forensics can figure out... I don't know how long it will take to get some answers but I can pinpoint that blood if I smell it again." I say, pointing at the Oracle's neck that isn't covered by the tablecloth. "The blood on the ground is the Oracle's..."

"D\*mn..."

Standing up, I walk over to the table, picking up one of the bloodstained iron nails. Taking a sniff, I pause, looking down at it.

Her opponent had bled very little... I burn the smell into my mind and turn to Chasyn.

"It's not a werewolf."

"Yeah, no one thinks so." He mutters, looking uncomfortable.

"Oh yeah, I'm the one everyone suspects, right?"

Chasyn looks up and although I keep my face emotionless, I cannot deny that it angers me. "It's not like that Zed..."

"Like I f\*\*king care. Anyone who did this would have been covered in blood, or at least have some blood stains on them. I haven't been anywhere long enough to shower or change." I murmur, looking towards the window.

"If there's magic used... there may not have been much blood spread onto the killer, aside from when they nailed her into the wall." Chasyn says grimly. Standing up he goes over to one of the shelves that contained vials and bottles of potions. Most have been destroyed in the apparent struggle that took

place here, or should I say duel. "Have you noticed there is also no scent here? Remember the potion that removes scent that we used to steal as a child?"

I look up sharply.

"You mean the one you used to use?" I ask, going over to him as he crouches down and grabs part of a shattered bottle.

"Well, unlike you I didn't want to be caught, and she never complained about us asking for some..." Chasyn sighs gravely and I'm about to wonder who knew exactly what the Oracle had here... Not everyone knew she kept a selection of spells and potions.

"There's a chance this bottle broke accidentally," I say.

"Possible, but it's safe to say we should be careful. Besides, the rest of the bottles seem to have shattered from force, but this one... it's broken like it just dropped a short distance, and it's uncorked."

He had a point, and I nod. He pauses, and I know he's being mind linked,

"What is it?" I ask, irritated with this no mind link policy.

"Dad wants to see us again, seems the other Alphas learned of what's happened so he has filled them in. I don't see the point for this to have been told to all." He replies, massaging his temples.

F\*\*king hell. I didn't see the point either.

"How did they even find out?" I ask icily, my eyes slowly scanning the walls, trying to see if there are any clues

here that I may have missed.

"One of the Lunas." Chasyn replies.

"This entire tournament has been nothing but f\*\*king bad luck and they say I'm bad luck." I sneer humourlessly.

"I agree... Lunas were chosen in haste... the only one of these rushed marriages that even feels like a real marriage is yours and Evangeline's."

I look at him, wondering why he had that irritating smirk on his face.

"I claimed her before the tournament even began."

"Indeed, and Lucia can't stop talking about her when I see her either." He adds.

I frown, remembering that phone that Sinclair had given her on a shopping trip with Lucia. "You still have an attachment to her, although you're mated to Maryka. Correct? How is that even possible when your fated is with you?"

Chasyn shoves his hands into his pocket and fishes out his phone before he begins taking pictures of the room.

An Alpha has a duty to his people; our Lunas must be confident and powerful. And marking an Omega... that's not going to make us stronger. Omegas are treasures for us to claim, gems to enjoy and to treat with love, but they are gentle by nature and far weaker than an Alpha or high-rank she-wolf. No offence to Evangeline, she is, in my eyes, your greatest downfall to that crown."

Tilting my head, I shake it. "If that's the case an Alpha wouldn't ever be fated to an Omega, then why does that happen?"

"My point exactly. Never in history has anyone had a fated Omega mate." He reminds me, but I'm mated to an Omega. "Hence why I think you should have kept her as your Omega and taken a Luna of warrior blood at the least. It's obvious you can control yourself if you want. She's alive after all, you can still do that, an Omega can never be a Luna."

Anger flares through me and I glare at him coldly. Even if she is my fated mate or chosen, she would have still been my Luna. I try to stay calm, knowing I will unleash my wrath if I speak now.

I follow the trails and marks on the floor as I slowly circle the Oracle's dead body.

"You're wrong, about her, about me, about this f\*\*king tournament. If we win, it's because I have her. The thing is Chasyn, I never planned to make Evangeline my Luna, but my Queen. She may be an Omega, but she has the quality to become a true Queen. Mark my words." I say icily, looking up at him as I slowly roll the Oracle's dead body over.

His face changes into one of surprise before he smiles. "You love her." He says, he sounds more awed than anything, and I ignore him.

Love?

Does that even exist?

I don't plan to tell anyone that she's my fated mate, not whilst this tournament is ongoing. I didn't trust it and so ignore the fool.

All thoughts are wiped from my head when I stare at the Oracle's back.

"What the..."

"What is it?" Chasyn asks, hurrying over.

I stare at her back that is embedded with a message. I can recognise the Oracle's markings anywhere... but it's the message that makes my stomach twist.

'Through time, the curse becomes stronger... destroy the curse of the Gemini and end the war within yourself. You are both each other's blessing and curse. Return to the place of your greatest fear, for he holds the key.

It's for me. I know it is.

"What are you looking at?" He asks, staring at her back in confusion.

He can't see it... That only strengthens the fact that that was a final message for me from her.

Did that mean whatever happened here is linked to us?

"Let's head out of here..." I say, standing up. He nods, glancing back at the body in confusion before we both exit the room...

Ten minutes later, I'm in the hall again as Dad paces nervously.

"Did you find anything?" Dad asks, looking at the images that Chasyn had taken.

"Wasn't a werewolf," I say coldly, knowing that won't help my case.

"This is a horror scene." Dad murmurs tossing the phone down in agitation as Aeron steps over to him, frowning as he stares down at the phone, looking at the images that Chasyn had taken.

I don't miss the slight change in his heartbeat before he steps back.

"That's... disturbing."

If he didn't look around with that glimmer of nervousness in his eyes, I would have let it slide but... He knows something....

I drown the others out, focusing on him.

"Zedkiel... if you saw this person somewhere else, would you recognise them?"

He means would I be able to pinpoint them by their blood? I nod, but I'm more distracted by the silence and unease that Aeron is emitting as the other Alphas all input their opinions. He keeps looking at the door and he's restless....

What is he hiding?

"How will he be able to? I think we need capable trackers or someone who excels in this skill, Supreme Alpha..." Jasper of the Wolf Arrow Pack is saying.

He doesn't know what I am after all...

I don't wait for Dad's reply before heading to the entrance. My eyes meet Aeron and for a moment we

simply stare at one another before I jerk my head to the hallway, demanding he follows.

He gives a small nod, but I can see the nervousness in his eyes.

Stepping outside, I lean against a pillar waiting for him. He comes out after a few minutes and closes the door behind him.

"What was that about?" I ask.

"Excuse me?" He asks with an expression of concern.

I c\*ck a brow.

"Don't play dumb. I mean the reaction when you saw those pictures. Almost as if you know something."

He shakes his head, but I know I'm onto something.

"Speak or we go back in there. The choice is yours."

He glances around and sighs when I refuse to drop it. "Can we at least talk somewhere else?"

I nod and walk to the nearest room. Opening it, I look around, making sure it's empty before I step inside and he follows. He's nervous to be alone with me, but as long as he doesn't try something s\*\*pid, nothing will happen.

"Spill." I say icily

He sighs heavily. "Back when I found Evangeline.... the village that she was walking through... contained similar scenes but it was all burned down so nothing was left to show but I still remember it. Maybe. whatever did that back then is back, maybe it's Evangeline that it wants."

His fear is strong, and I can see the concern he has for her, but I'm unable to think straight. A different kind of fear is making me sick to the stomach.

Does this- does this mean she did somehow do this? That she was telling the truth?

I refuse to believe she's capable of this... but the more I learn, the harder it's getting to hold on to that adamanace.

Who exactly are you, Evangeline? What is our connection?