

Dark Obsession 62

Chapter 62. A Revelation

ZEDKIEL

I can't stop watching her. She's gorgeous, beautiful, and today was f**king perfect... She wanted me as much as I f**king wanted her, and she actually handled me pretty well.

I like when she smells of me so strongly... I want the entire world to know that she belongs to me.

She's sitting there now, holding an air around her that no one can match. Her beauty makes everything else look washed out. She's watching me as Kash questions her.

"Why are you worried?"

Her eyes are locked with mine, and as I hold her gaze, those tawny colours orbs of hers flicker, it's so slight and something seems to shift in her but there's something there.

Is it the same as what I saw in the water? It's too fast for me to compare, but I don't think anyone else noticed. Kash definitely didn't.

"I'm worried for Sinclair, of course." Her voice is as soft as always, but there's a spark to it, one I recognise

Her eyes widen in horror, and she frowns. "With an opponent like Zedkiel, he stands no chance." 4

My heart that had begun racing slows a little and I observe her for a second before giving her a small smirk and turning to my opponent. Oh, how I've been f**king waiting for this.

I don't doubt her feelings for me, not after this morning. I look over at the loser in front of me and give him a cold smirk.

I'm ready to kill.

"Let's do this pup." I sneer, rolling my neck.

"Alpha Zedkiel Vilkas versus Alpha Sinclair Welhaven! On go... Three... Two... GO!"

I can draw this out... but what I want is to humiliate him by wrapping this up fast. To show that he holds nothing against me. He's a f**king loser. 1

"Come on, I'll let you land the first hit." I taunt,

His eyes are cold as he clenches his fists before he darts at me. He's fast, and I see the ripple of his aura around him, but he's no match for me.

I grab his fist, not letting the impact throw me back, digging my heels into the ground. I push his hand aside and aim a powerful kick to his stomach, satisfied when it connects, he pushes away as I aim another kick. This time, he manages to block most of it. I didn't give him time to recover, aiming a punch to his left shoulder, before following it up with two more.

He blocks them, and when I see an opening, I aim another powerful kick, this time to his stomach. He throws himself to the ground, aiming a sharp kick at my shin, as he flips backwards and is back on his feet

I step back, dodging his swing before following it with a punch square in the face.

That one is for checking my woman out.

I aim another hit across his jaw, satisfied when blood spurts everywhere. A satisfying crunch telling me I've broken something. Another kick to the knee and I hear something c**ck as he buckles.

Hit after hit, I don't back down, holding myself back just enough to not kill him in one f**king sweep.

"F*ck you." He growls, shoving me back. He launches himself at me, but I turn sharply, slamming my elbow into his neck.

That one's for trying to take her away from me.

I turn back to him, placing my foot on his chest. The urge to kill him almost takes over, but I control

myself.

"Surrender or I won't mind crushing your ribcage right into your f**king spine..." I sneer. He struggles to get up, but I apply a little more pressure, hearing another pleasant c**ck, and he groans in agony. My eyes flash red, as I glare down at him as he roars in rage before he spits out more blood and I apply even more pressure until his face begins changing colour.

"Surrender or die." I challenge him, his eyes are full of resentment, and his heart's thumping loudly. I smirk. confidently when I see the signal that the match is over.

"The winner is Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas! In the fastest battle until now!" I hear cheering and although that match finished too fast, it just shows how much better I am at this than him.

He tries to get up, but he's turning grey. I don't think he realises exactly how much damage I've done.

Removing my foot from his chest, I kneel by his side and lean closer. "That phone you gave her... is of no use. Stop with the f**king texts." I whisper quietly. 1

He tenses before his eyes flash with irritation. I smirk and stand up, turning to my woman who's clapping vigorously. Her breasts are bouncing slightly and they capture my full attention.

I want to taste her all over again and better yet, have those breasts wrapped around my

I wonder if she'll give me a victory f*ck?

d*ck...

"The next round will be between the two winners after a short break! Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas against Alpha Prince Ragnar Vilkas!" 1

Everyone cheers, and Evangeline hurries down from the stand whilst Kash is smirking as he watches us. I know if the mind link was there, he'd be finding this f**king amusing. 1

Music begins playing as everyone starts heading to the snack stand on the far side.

This was all a game to them... a source of entertainment when the enemy is on the move... and a killer in our midst.

"Zed!" Evangeline whispers and I hear Kash catcalling.

D*ck

"Get your woman Alpha!" He shouts, but I don't mind people knowing that I want my woman. I catch her by the waist when she reaches me, not caring that I have blood or dirt on me. I yank her against me, wanting to feel her lush breasts. Bending down, I kiss her deeply. She locks her arms around my neck tightly and kisses me back. When we do part, ignoring the whistling and cheering in the crowd, she looks up at me with concern. The sparks are still coursing through me.

"I promise I didn't mean that part about Sinclair." She whispers.

I frown, there was a pause after her words, but the follow-up wasn't upsetting... Why did she feel the need to tell me that? 45

I'm observing her intently when Sinclair's voice distracts me.

"Get off me! I'm fine! I need to make an announcement!" He growls, shoving the healer away.

"Sinclair!" Aeron warns his son, hurrying onto the field.

"No, there's something that everyone needs to know before you consider him a part of this tournament!" Sinclair shouts, wiping his b**ody nose on the back of his hand. Silence falls and I frown as Evangeline's heart thuds as she too looks on worriedly.

"Sinclair!" Aeron growls, but his son isn't having it.

"You don't need to cause a scene, Sinclair." Evangeline says quietly.

He looks at her coldly before he scoffs. "Do you even know what he is?"

"Yes, Sinclair, now stop it." I warn.

"No, I can't. Does anyone know that one of the potential future kings is a vampire hybrid?!"

My eyes flash as realisation hits me. He's going to f*ck it all up.

"Sinclair!" Dad thunders, his eyes flashing in warning. His alpha aura surging around him.

"No, your majesty! The people should know that your son Zedkiel is half vampire! That we are risking swearing in a King who is part of the ones trying to hunt and kill us, what guarantee do we have that he will not let them take over!" 3

Dad looks pale, and a whisper begins to spread through the crowds and somehow the sky seems to be darker. I don't know what to say... right now something that I always somewhat feared is happening. However, a part of me always wanted this... I hated hiding my identity, but Dad was against it getting out.... It's why I always felt he was ashamed of me. Not that I cared. 4

"Sinclair Welhaven!" Dad roars but the damage is done.

"What have you done?" Aeron hisses, the whispers are growing, the hostility and fear in those watching rising.

"This can't be true..."

"Are the rumours true?"

"Those bodies in the woods..."

"We cannot have a hybrid king..."

"Is that why he's so strong?"

"He has to be banned from the tournament!"

"What if he kills his subjects or worse, drains them of blood...."

The voices are getting deeper, thrumming heavily against my head. The pounding is growing and my Lycan's rage is growing.

"Stop it!"

I blink, coming back to reality, realising it was Evangeline who is speaking. She pulls away from me and walks over to Aeron and Sinclair, "How dare you." She hisses, and to my surprise, she raises her hand and slaps him across the face. D*mn hard.

Abrupt silence falls over us all and Kash comes down towards me, frowning.

"Angel..." Sinclair's eyes flash murderously as he glares at her with hatred and I stride over. No one's looking at her like that on my f**king watch.

"Do not call me that." She says coldly. She's not looking at me, but at the crowds with desperation and anger.

"Remove him!"

"We want answers."

"Your majesty, is this true?"

"How can we accept this?"

The other alphas were rising against Dad, and I know things are about to get messy. They're crowded around him arguing. Only Aeron isn't there as he remains by his son's side.

"Look, I have faith that-"

Dad's cut off and I can tell Chasyn looks worried, whilst Ragnar and Alcazer don't seem too bothered.

"You are pathetic Sinclair." Evangeline says before she turns to the crowds. "You can't simply change your mind on a contestant by one simple revelation! I know who Zedkiel is. He is far from the monster that he is portrayed as! Everyone deserves a fair chance!" 1

"You are not to speak in matters of court Luna Evangeline." Franco warns dangerously.

"As a Luna, I have the right to speak in matters of court." She replies to him, not intimidated, her heart

thumping. 1

She's here, f**king fighting in my defence... It's time I speak up.

"Let's discuss this in court," Dad says.

"No." I say quietly, knowing that everyone heard. Whether with their own ears or from someone with hearing. "Since everyone seems to have an issue, let's talk this out publicly."

There is no way to silence the crowd unless this takes place in front of them, with them hearing all that needs to be said.

"Very well... we will hold a meeting here publicly after the break." Dad says gravely. Our eyes meet and I don't know why he looks so disturbed. His eyes display his turmoil and I wonder if he genuinely wanted me in this competition... That's hard to believe. 3

And if so, why? I'm the f**king odd one out of us all....

"Zed..." Evangeline says, placing a hand on my jaw.

I mask my emotions; I am not about to tell the entire f**king audience that this has messed with me.

"It'll be fine. I have nothing to hide." I say coldly, watching as Aeron places a firm hand on Sinclair's shoulder then he slowly limps towards the exit, seems I broke a few bones.

"Good luck." He sneers, leaning in and whispers. "This is your end, Vampire."

I don't reply, giving him a cold, arrogant smirk.

We'll see about that, but the question is, how did he know? a

Did the Huntingtons know? First Octavius and now Sinclair, through Celia, Sinclair is linked to the Huntingtons. Did she tell Sinclair, or is there more to it? Or worse, is there a traitor amongst my own brothers?

I scan the stands. Drystan and Draven are watching, amused, their usual bored expressions full of subtle amusement. Jeremiah is frowning and looks the spitting image of Dad with the concern on his face. Alcazer isn't giving away his emotions. Ragnar's watching the crowd calculatingly and Chasyn looks angry as he watches Sinclair leave....

But we all know that anyone can put up a façade, who knows what face they are truly wearing behind those masks...

I've always known I'm alone... that I can't trust anyone... but who is the enemy among us? 1

A small slender hand wraps around my bicep and I realise no, I'm not truly alone... I have her.

Our eyes meet, and I notice the glitter of unshed tears in hers. Yeah, as long as I f**king have her, I'll be fine. No matter what comes crashing my way.