

Dark Obsession 66

Chapter 66. A Stance

ZEDKIEL.

I look down at her, but I don't react. As much as I want to know what she's done with Evangeline, I refuse to entertain her.

Reacting as I normally would, will only harm Evangeline.

"You like me better, don't you?" She whispers, running her hand up my arm.

"Don't get ahead of yourself." I say calmly as she squeezes my biceps.

It was taking a lot for me to not lose my cool and demand for her to bring Enter title...

Evangeline back because I know she won't and it will only make matters worse, and the last thing I need is for her to react in front of everyone.

"So... you are saying that Prince Zedkiel is the rightful King simply because he's a hybrid? Forgive me, your majesty, but you could have simply bedded a vampire woman for this child. It's not enough."

Darvin sneers.

He's a f*cking a*shole of an Alpha. Each word that leaves his mouth is angering me more and more.

I clench my jaw, and I realise that there is not enough proof to make them believe that anything Dad said refers to me... However, even if it hasn't convinced them, it has opened my eyes to far more.

"His Lycan is the original one. He is Zerachiel! The Oracle herself confirmed this!" Dad states, his eyes flashing. 1

"Convenient that she is no longer around to attest to that." Ragnar remarks lazily. 1

"And Zed has never mentioned his Lycan's name." Draven remarks, watching me with keen interest. "I'm certain his Lycan doesn't even talk to him or maybe I'm just assuming."

I frown. This is dragging out for far too long and with Evangeline in this form, I want to get out of here as soon as possible. "There isn't any need for all of this. The Chamber of Truth never classed me as the rightful... king..."

Frowning, I trail off as I remember the entity from the Chamber.

His appearance.... His words...

"What?! Have you not got anything else to say?" Sinclair sneers. 1

My eyes flash as I glare at him coldly. "You have already numbered your days."

I snarl. "I meant that the chamber never revealed me as king. It didn't show any of us as the next king! So it comes down to this tournament. These tests are made to filter out the incapable from the capable correct? Then tell me, do you not have faith in the tests you have set? I'll

participate... and not all of these tests are physical. Let's see who has the mind and the ability to become a true leader." I reply, prodding the side of my head.

"It's not all about the strength, two rounds and it's made you all insecure?! If a few scared members of the f*cking court and a useless Alpha pup can rattle the very foundations of this tournament, of this alliance and trust between the six

Packs! That should be what we should be afraid of! We have a war coming and everyone is far too f*cking busy with this d*mn tournament! Someone tried to kill my woman! Someone f*cking managed to kill the Oracle! And we are here! Arguing over something that was meant to be the solution to select the finest king, but instead, it's become a means of entertainment! When the enemy is at our door!" My voice rings through the training grounds as I lower my hand, shaking my head. 1

I dislike my frustration at the f*cking reality of our lives showing through, but we have a problem, and these fools are more focused on the f*cking crown.

"Exclude me from this goddess-forsaken tournament, if you so wish, but rest assured, I will demand an army when the time comes to face our enemy. You all can carry on fighting for a title!" 1

My voice rings out, and it's followed by silence.

"Spoken like a true king." Dad murmurs ever so quietly that I almost don't hear.

"So admirable." She whispers, and I look at her. She may appear to be my woman, but it's so clear it isn't her...

It sickens me that I let this woman go down on me... I had been so consumed with her beauty thinking it was

Evangeline, but the fact is, that they are worlds apart and the one beside me is one that I don't want anywhere near me....

"An enemy that is of your blood, Prince Zedkiel." Franco says calmly, but there's a challenge in his eyes. 1

"One I've never met, but if you think just because I'm part vampire that it makes me the enemy, then think what you want ... but remember even our own can betray us... correct?" I ask venomously.

His jaw clenches and I know he understands. How many times have we had traitors from our own packs?

"Then what of all the women that you have killed, and that have been hushed up?" Alcazer asks. His rage is something that I can't understand. How much hatred does he have bottled up towards me? 2

Enough to show so passionately, it seems.

"That is something that I can't argue with. I don't remember how I end up killing them... Yet you know I do not drink them dry. I'm not saying that as an excuse

_" 1

'Fool! I will handle him.' Zerachiel sneers in my mind. 'Hand control to me.' 1

I hesitate, I don't want to but if I want him to trust me... then I need to take that step too.

'Fine.'

I exhale before easing up my control and I feel him surge forward. I'm not sure if it's the smart thing to do, knowing that it isn't Evangeline who is beside me, but I hope he knows that.

'Be careful, she is not our mate.' I murmur.

'She will not offend me.' He says, I wish he wasn't so d*mn cryptic. 2

Everyone seems to realise the change; the sky darkens a little, and the wind

has picked up. 1

"I killed those women." He says, sneering down at Alcazer. 1

Alcazer freezes, staring at us intently. I can tell from the way that Dad is staring at me that they have seen the shift in my aura. Everyone has, there is an odd atmosphere in the sky, and everyone is watching us. Zerachiel places his hand on the stand and I can tell that if people found me intimidating then they would definitely cower before him... Franco and Phillip back away and I don't miss the way Alcazer's hand tenses, his claws coming out. (1)

I can smell the fear in the air.

"You..."

"That's not Zedkiel." Chasyn murmurs.

"Of course, I am not." He says, his words don't sound natural, as if forming them is not the easiest task. "He is nothing compared to me." 4

"Thanks." I frown.

"Those women tried to seduce us. I belong to my mate, and they had no right to touch me. I will kill anything or anyone that hurts my mate in any form... Even Zedkiel." He says and I can feel his rage as he now turns his glares to Evangeline.

I don't get it. He himself was worried I'll hurt her, but the way he's looking at her now, the emotions he is feeling, he's filled with such resentment that I can feel it through every inch of my being. 1

How is he so sure that he's not the one that is a danger to her?

"Zerachiel... correct?" Dad says quietly.

I can feel his heart thunder and I wonder

how much he knows but isn't telling us. Why did he keep this from me?

"I have no time for introductions that you already know the answer to... but I can tell you, the darkness is growing, but not only from where you seek it. Choose your king wisely, because, in the end, this may be the start of our extinction. There are forces who will not wish to see the crown where it belongs... but you must rise above that." (1)

He scans the crowds and sky slowly, and no one dares speak. His gaze finally settles on Evangeline. Her heart is pounding, and her expression is surprisingly soft, but there is anguish and pain in her eyes.

Is she back?

No... Her scent is still the same and from her grip on my arm, the sparks are not as intense as they should be.

"Zerachiel..." She whispers to him, but I can sense his disgust and hatred.

'Do not trigger her.' I warn him.

'I'm not a fool.' He hisses at me.

I relax a little. The last thing I want is for people to turn on Evangeline and somehow link her to the Oracle's death.

That doesn't mean that I'm not intrigued by the change in her. Right now, she looks as innocent and in pain as Evangeline. If it wasn't for the sparks I wonder if I would have even figured it out...

What is the purpose of her putting up this façade?

He doesn't respond to her and before he looks away; I notice the look of hurt in her eyes.

"As I said before, I am the one who killed those women, not Zedkiel, however... whether he becomes king or not, I have no interest in the matter... but he has warned you of the threats that are coming as have I... The rest is up to you.'

Dad sighs, "What more proof do we need than that of a Lycan speaking? From the body of a hybrid? That is proof enough that he is a true Lycan, a powerful one! I stand by my decision to allow Zedkiel to compete for his throne. Who is with me?"

'Do not harm our mate, even if that evil is present.' Zerachiel says to me warningly.

'I won't. You know a lot more than you are letting on. Don't you think we need to work together to figure this out before we make more mistakes?' 1

'You and our mate have already made many mistakes. Perhaps it's better if we let the world end, at least we can be together...' 2

'I don't...' I trail off, feeling him block himself off from me as I'm pushed into the driver's seat once more and I'm back in control of my body.

I look around, wondering how many will side with Dad.

Chasyn is the first to stand, Kash is a fast second, both raising their hands, Jeremiah and the twins follow. Ragnar simply smirks and raises his hand lazily. To my surprise, Philomena Welhaven stands, and her son follows suit, raising his hand. Sinclair glares at his father as my attention goes to the other Alphas, the smart ones raise their hands knowing that if I am to come into power, it would only benefit them to remain in my good books, only the Huntingtons refuse to vote for me to continue alongside Alcazer. 3

The crowds follow hesitantly and although there is a mixed reaction; the majority are willing to give me a chance, a chance I didn't really think I even needed, until now. I have to prove I'm fit for this position.

"Then Zedkiel remains in the games. We will return in a few hours for the final match in this task before we move on to the Luna matches!" Dad calls, dismissing us all.

"Come on," I say to Evangeline or whatever her name is. I take her hand and she seems satisfied with that.

I don't want her here, but at the same time she's possessing my woman's body, and she is my priority.

We return to our quarters, and instantly she pushes me up against the wall with impressive power. "Allow me to please you, just the way you like it." She whispers seductively.

"No..." I say, taking hold of her wrists, "How about we start with you telling me your name?"

"My name..." She snakes her arms forcefully around my neck and looks up at me with eyes that now turn pitch black, a sinister smile crossing her lips. "My name is Evelyn."