

Dark Obsession 67

Chapter 67. Laying Out Plans

ZEDKIEL.

"Evelyn..." She's getting closer and I stare into her eyes, hoping somehow Evangeline can see me.

Fight it Little Mouse...

"The matches will start soon. I need to prepare."

I remove her arms from around me, only to feel her anger flare up.

Enter title...

"There's nothing to prepare. Do I disgust you?"

"I'm not doing this right now." I say firmly.

"Then when! When she regains control! I know you want me gone!" She hisses and I feel the darkness wrap around her.

I turn sharply, my eyes flashing as I feel Zerachiel's own rage rising. "Do not test me, Evelyn." I snarl.

"You are meant for me too! We were both mated to Zerachiel – to you! Yet each time he chooses her and you... you just want me dead!"

Guess that façade is over.

I look at her coldly. "You killed the Oracle, correct? You killed the village and Evangeline's family, correct?" I snarl, grabbing her by her neck.

She glares at me with anger and rage.

"I did what I needed to!" She hisses. "

Evangeline is weak. I can be the queen you deserve!"

"Evangeline is the only one who will be my queen." I sneer, slamming her against the wall.

Remember, she's Evangeline...

I clench my jaw, wishing things weren't so complicated.

"We will always be one, you want her, then you have to have me... kill me, kill her... we can keep doing this, every lifetime Zerachiel every time... Let's fall in love... let's rip each other's hearts out.... And like every rebirth... you will kill me... saving this planet over Evangeline... Does she really believe you are her hero?! You are nothing but a killer!"

"Evangeline." I say clearly, trying to control the anger that swirls inside of me. Her words are hitting a nerve. "Fight her, you are stronger, this is your body... Take control, I want you." Who knows if my words will reach her, but I had to try. She lets out a menacing growl and I'm slammed against the far wall of the bedroom, the black whips of her power slashing long g*shes across my chest.

F*ck, she's powerful.

My eyes flash, and Zerachiel's rage burns around me like an inferno. "Stop!" He thunders and she hesitates. Stopping mid- step as he takes control.

“Zerachiel...” Her eyes are conflicted once more.

“Stand down.” He snarls.

I c*ck a brow, it’s impressive how he seems to have some kind of hold on her, why else would she hesitate when she is ready to tear me apart?

She looks down and I feel his anger dissipate as he stands up and goes over to her pulling her into his arms.

I feel confused. I had felt his hatred and rage earlier...

Her heart pounds as she melts into his touch and then I feel the shift, the spark that tells me Evangeline is back. She gasps as she looks up at us, her heart thumping, and I push Zerachiel away, tugging her head back and kissing her hard.

Thank g*d, she’s ok... 7

“Alpha Prince Zedkiel Vilkas wins!”

The crowd cheers, once again far too invested in the entertainment that this game has become. Have they forgotten the issues from earlier? How shallow-minded are these people? I look down at Ragnar, he put up a good fight, but he just isn’t at my level...

We’re both breathing hard, and we are both

pretty b*oody and bruised thanks to him refusing to admit defeat. Even now his eyes still hold that challenging glint and frustration that he lost.

“You did pretty well.” I say, holding out my hand to him.

He smacks it away before gripping onto my hand and wrist and allows me to pull him up.

He s*aggers, cursing under his breath as he leans against my shoulder.

“You did well.” I say.

“Not good enough.” He replies as the

healers come to assist him and he moves

back. Our eyes meet before he turns. He stumbles, almost falling, but the two healers grab hold of him, helping him to the side.

Time feels like it’s passing by fast... these meaningless games... Evelyn was surfacing more and more... What if tonight, when the Luna matches began, she resurfaces? If she uses her abilities, there’s a high chance that anyone who has seen the Oracle’s quarters will connect the dots...

I just have to make sure Evangeline does not lose control and if she does, to somehow get her out of there.

Hours pass and I now watch Evangeline get ready for the matches. I’m stretched out on the bed, whilst she h*oks her corset over her fitted black top, the corset only emphasising

her hourglass figure. My eyes raking over her a*s, Alistair had given her the outfit, and I was a little jealous that other men will see her in that outfit. Black top, black wet-look leggings that cling to her deliciously. I wouldn’t mind worshipping that a*s...

We had put in two hours of training earlier, trying to give her last-minute pointers. I just wish we had more time. With everything going on it had been a lot harder to get much training in. I just hope her instincts help her.

She looks at me through the mirror,

blushing coyly as she now begins to run a

comb through her long hair.

"Are you nervous?" I ask, as I stand up and walk over to her, placing my hands on her hips from behind as I kiss her neck. Her heart pounds and she bites her lips, leaning into me.

"A little... I just want to win and at the same time make sure I don't end up locked in my own mind. She's taking over with ease and I don't know how to prevent it." She sighs.

"You'll be fine. You did well against Maryka, and hopefully, there's no foul play at work. I'll be watching carefully." I murmur huskily.

She sighs and nods. "Zed... the scriptures...

Are we- I mean me and her... are we reborn to be doomed? Will we die again?" She's unable to hide the sorrow in her voice, and I wrap my arms around her.

"I don't think we can keep doing this... a time will come when it will simply become too late... but I won't let it get to that, we need to find out where we went wrong in our past lives, get the facts laid out before us and then think of a way to break this forsaken curse." I say determinedly.

She nods thoughtfully. "Even if it's between the tournament trials, we have to make time before time runs out. We are having one round of match

tomorrow, but wh

today and then through

need to make a list of

things we need to do, starting with studying

those scriptures, asking the King about all he knows and Grandmother Philomena. I

feel that she knows more. You need to talk to Zerachiel, or... maybe I should." She

exhales, leaning back against me and I'm

momentarily distracted as I stare in the mirror, thinking we look good together.

I smirk and she raises an eyebrow. "What are you thinking?"

"Well, aside from how I think the Chamber

of Truth has a part in all of this... I was

thinking how good you look against me." I

say, wrapping my hand around her milky

throat.

"We do..." She whispers. Her breasts rise and fall and the urge to turn her and pin her to that bed tempts me but she has a match to go to soon enough... "I recognise that look... if I win, maybe you can do whatever is going through that mind of yours." She whispers as she blushes, and I smirk.

"Oh, I plan to." I growl huskily, pulling her

chin up and kissing her plump lips.

I release her after a few moments and she sits down on the bed, slipping on her boots.

"The Chamber of Truth... Do you think we could perhaps go down there? I know I'm not a royal, but if I'm part of those scriptures, maybe something will come of it, and perhaps there will be answers."

I nod. She had, after all, felt the energy when we were above the chamber.

"I think so, especially since what I saw was a Shadow Wolf... What if the Chamber is Raziel? No one has ever mentioned seeing a wolf but I have... and his words 'Son of Darkness, away from my descendant...' I always felt he meant my vampire side... but I don't think so anymore...

))

"That makes sense, then we do need to go there immediately."

frowning slightly.

e looks up at me,

"Sounds like a plan, tonight, once the first rounds are over and everyone turns in for the night... we'll go down there, I don't think we should waste any time, not after what Kash and Zerachiel have both said earlier today." I reply, giving her a hand and pulling her off the bed.

She nods. "I think that may be best, but will we be able to sneak out? Hasn't security become tighter?"

"Leave that to me." I say before we leave our room.

It will not be the easiest thing to do, but with a little assistance, I'm sure we'll be able to sneak out.

I frown as we head down, a sudden thought making unease creep into my mind. Maybe I am being paranoid, but aren't the rules a little excessive?

No mind link making

Under the watch of

us f*cking isolated...

of the time...s for the majority

are boxed in by rules that

won't usually hold us... We are kept safely away from the real world... I think that is a question I will ask Dad too... Whose plan was that? 1

Stepping out into the grounds again, I look at the other seven Lunas. All seven are seasoned fighters, and I wonder why didn't Philomena let Evangeline participate in physical training since she had taught her everything else? (1

It's night now and the lights are on, illuminating the grounds.

I spot the elderly Welhaven, and our eyes meet. She's stoic, her face emotionless and I agree, she is someone we need to talk to as well...

"Alright, this is it..." I say quietly, taking hold of Evangeline's elbow and turning her to face me. She blushes, and I know it's because there's plenty of eyes on us, but I couldn't care less. I lean down, my lips

brushing her ear. "Remember what we

covered in training and follow your instincts. You'll be fine."

She nods as an icy wind blows around us and

I lean down, pressing my lips against hers, ignoring the eyes I feel on us. I move back

and she looks up at me, her eyes full of concern and nervousness.

“Good Luck Little Mouse, you got this.” I say, smirking slightly as I force myself to let go of her and back away. I step into the front row of the stands.

She breaks eye contact with me and walks to the other seven women, stopping beside Maryka as she greets them. I don’t miss the confident smirk Maryka gives her and wonder if any of them realise they are pretty foolish to underestimate her... 5

“We will now begin the Luna Matches and for the first round we have....” All eyes turn to the screen as the images start flashing before it stops and one face lights up half the screen. “Luna Celia Welhaven of the Silver Mountain Pack! Versus...”

The second side images flash and I c*ck a brow when none other than my own woman’s face flashes on the screen. 1

“Luna Evangeline Vilkas of the Moonstone Pack!”

Cheers erupt and I see both women look at one another. I smirk coldly. It’s high time Evangeline got the revenge she deserves... 2

I see Celia sneer at her and hear Evangeline’s thumping heart.

Both women make their way into the middle, and I grip the edge of the stand, focusing on my woman. 1

You got this...

Game on.