

## Dark Obsession 69

Chapter 69. Fighting Back

EVANGELINE.

I'm disappointing him...

'Yes, you are disappointing him. Let me take over. I'll rip that b\*tch to shreds. If you weren't so useless, she wouldn't have gotten so free!' Evelyn hisses.

My eyes p\*ickle with tears, but I refuse to let them fall. Celia chuckles.

"Awe, are you going to cry? Evangeline the crybaby." She sneers. "Can't take a few punches." 1

Enter title...

I'm not crying because of that, I'm not a crybaby! I'm failing him. I am useless.

I can't think like that. I have to do better!

"Now, to put you down like Alpha Aeron should have the night they found you!"

Celia sneers. "Useless Omega, and now I'll show you your place... Beneath me!" Her voice grows louder, and I turn my head to see her blurry figure stalking toward me.

I grab her foot, and her eyes widen. Yanking it hard as I roll over, I bring her toppling down; she lets out a surprised shriek, but I've had enough.

Getting to my feet, Celia does at the same time; she swings at me, but I block it.

She's getting angrier, and she is no longer keeping her voice low, almost as if she's forgotten that there are hundreds of people watching us. Her perfect reputation isn't so perfect anymore.

"Just forfeit. You aren't worthy. You're nothing but a bed toy! You're made to clean up after a Luna, not become one! Not even Alpha Aeron wanted you or Philomena because they knew you were useless!" Celia growls before lunging at me. At the last second, I sidestep, and she hits the dirt.

"It's funny... Sinclair didn't seem to think

Are you hurting knowing you're his second choice!" I retort coldly, my own rage is on the brink of release. My heart thundering in rage.

"He only wanted your body, not you!" Celia snarls, and I waste no time pouncing on her.

All she can do is insult me...

We roll on the ground exchanging hits and I don't know how I'm keeping up with her, but somehow I am.

Celia screams in frustration. "You would never have been his Luna. He knew it! But still, Philomena made sure of it when she tossed you aside. She knew you would never be worthy of being his Luna!"

She throws me to the ground, and I can

taste dirt in my mouth. I get up, turning to the arrogant woman before me.

I will win this! I will be the better person!  
I feel a surge of strength I didn't even  
know I possess, rise inside of me and I  
run at her, my eyes widen at the speed  
that I'm in front of her at, faster than I  
expected to be.

A ripple of gasps rush through the crowds follows.

Celia's eyes widen in shock and  
confusion. I take the chance to punch her across the face, gasping when she goes flying  
across the pitch. Murmurs erupt from the spectators, but I'm focused on winning this. I  
walk over to her, and somehow; I feel stronger.

I hear Evelyn's chuckle, but I can't feel the darkness... and she isn't pushing to  
come out. So, what is this? 4

She tries to clamber away, stumbling and falling to the ground. As I'm on top of her  
again, my knee jams into her back. I lift her head by her hair, and she screams, clutching  
my hands as I crane her neck  
back.

"Remind me to send her a thank-you card because you're right; I was never meant to be  
Luna. I was meant to be

Queen!" I snarl quietly, slamming her face into the ground. 10

Celia yells in rage, rolling, and I lose my balance. She then grabs my leg, and I twist to  
kick her when she grabs my thigh, letting her claws slip from her fingertips and into my  
leg; I cry out at the piercing pain as she tries to climb on top of me. Lifting my other foot, I  
kick her in the shoulder, shoving her off before getting to my feet.

"You will never be anything more than a pathetic, useless w\*ore!" She yells as I punch  
her again.

"I'm not a w\*ore or a s\*ut, I am not trash and nor do you have any right to insult or bully  
me. I have never done anything to you, Celia."

The anger I'm feeling or the  
determination not to disappoint Zedkiel seems to be fuelling me. Either way, there's fear  
in her eyes as she stares at

1.

"Let go of me!" She spits. "Do not touch me!"

"I won't hit someone when they're down." I say, pulling her to her feet and then releasing  
her, and she s\*aggers away from me.

She's lost it. I can see the manic deranged rage in her eyes as she stands there  
looking like a mess.

"You b\*tch!" She growls, lunging at me. I block her kick and knock her hand aside. I  
crouch, ready to hit her when my vision blurs and what feels like a memory, flashes in  
my mind. But if it's a memory, it's something I can't recall...

It's snowing... I'm in a forest... and I'm wearing a white gown as I spin around in a  
fighting stance. My eyes flutter shut, and I find myself imitating the vision. The moment I  
do a full 360 spin, I place my hand on the ground, using it as leverage to kick Celia  
thrice, each one connecting hard, the first to her hip, the second to her knee and the

third, to her chest. She gasps as she coughs up blood before she snarls, shifting into her huge wolf.

Gasps escape the crowd as she launches herself at me, and I see a flash of movement from the stands, but I'm faster. Spinning around, I raise my hand, prepared for the jarring pain and a few broken bones but when my hand connects with her wolf's chest, it doesn't come, save the strain in my joints there's nothing but a powerful surge of violent energy that rips through the air and beneath our feet as Celia's wolf is thrown to the ground and she is forced to shift back, her body lying there unconscious and naked.

Seems like she undressed herself for the crowds. 5

My heart is thumping as I stare at my hand that is still raised in front of me before strong arms wrap around me and I'm pulled against the thumping chest of my prince.

"You did it..." He whispers, caressing my hair as he holds me tight.

"E...Lu..." Philip stutters and the King rises from his seat.

"Luna Evangeline Vilkas, daughter of Selene... wins..." He murmurs.

The spectators stand and cheer loudly and I feel dizzy. I don't know how I won but... I look at the king from the gap in Zedkiel's arms. Certainly, we women are called daughters of Selene... but why do I feel that he meant it literally? The king surely knows more than he lets on, that is for sure.

I am still unable to process the possibility that I – a mere omega could be anything more than just that. 2

"You won, congratulations." Zedkiel says, bringing me back to reality, and I tilt my head, looking up at him.

"I didn't want to disappoint you." I say softly. I feel happy at the pride in his eyes.

He frowns, brushing a strand of my hair

that had come loose. "You wouldn't have disappointed me even if you lost, but I f\*cking hated seeing you get hurt."

He cares for me, from the start he always looked out for me...

"I love you." I blurt out as I fling my arms around his neck. 5

For the first time ever, I think I surprised him. His eyes widen as he grabs my waist by reflex, his heart racing as he holds me tight.

I won against Celia; I won the fight but... I realise that I've lost my heart, and I don't care, because I want him to have it.

He grips the side of my face, pulling me back and kisses me hard. We don't care for the blinding lights, the cheers, the gasps or that we are making out in a very unroyal manner in the middle of the fighting grounds. He lifts me up, his hands resting on my a\*s, and I instantly lock my legs around his waist as he continues to kiss me.

I hear Grandmother Philomena's voice,

How unladylike!" (12

But I don't really care because he's my mate, my husband, my love. I'm not doing anything to be ashamed of.

I tighten my arms around his neck as I deepen the kiss, unable to wipe the smile from my lips as he kisses me so good...

I'm in heaven.