

Dark Obsession 7

Chapter 7 The Third Prince

ZEDKIEL.

I gazed down at the woman who had tried to disobey me... "What's wrong with her?" I asked the healer coldly, as he finished tending to her as she lay in my bed,

"She needs time to heal, that's all, my prince."

She had actually tried to escape me, yet she was foolish to think she could.

A naïve fool, one I should have killed by now for her disobedience... but somehow, I hadn't. Not yet anyway... She was pleasing to the eye, as an omega should be... From the curves of her body to those eyes full of an innocence I wished to destroy, but there was something else that set her apart from all I had seen before... I ran my knuckles down her smooth cheek, the dusting of freckles on her nose and cheeks only adding to her allure. I wasn't lying when I said I wanted her begging for my cock

This feeling... When I had touched her out there, I had felt it, almost as if something were pulling me to her, and her scent only made my sense of smell heightened. A fool might question if it was perhaps the rare fated mate bond, which is almost non-existent in today's day and age, but it was also something I don't think I'd ever have.

Only a mere handful found their mates, and above that... If somehow, I did have a mate, why would it be a lowly omega?

I pulled the sheets down slightly, admiring her breasts. Why did she entice me more than the women I had?

Perhaps this hunger for her was because of who she was. What better way to torment someone than to take the woman that the bastard Sinclair wanted for himself. I could tell she was currently untouched since omegas would carry the scent of the man they were claimed by, and she was still pure...

I'll change that, I will soon make her mine and watch the bastard burn with jealousy. If he wanted, I'd allow him to watch the show.

I sneered coldly, twisting a strand of her black locks around my finger and tugging on it.

A flare of anger rushed through me as I turned my gaze upon the healer, who cowered before

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I frowned, my cold eyes boring into him. "Time? It was a crash, why isn't she healing faster?" He lowered his head, joining his hands in front of him. "She needs a lot of rest; she doesn't seem to have her wolf, or she'd be healing already, my prince." My eyes blazed, and a vicious snarl left my lips as I grabbed the fool by the scruff of his neck. "She is eighteen, her owners made that clear." I hissed. "Y-yes m-my prince! However, it seems she just hasn't shifted! Or has no w-wolf! Forgive me, my prince, I have done my best!" I heard the slight change in her heartbeat and dropped him. "Get out!" I snarled.

He flinched, clambering to his feet, the smell of fear coating the air as he all but ran to the door.

My eyes snapped to the woman on the bed. Despite the change in her heartbeat, she didn't move.

When the door to my quarters shut after him, I looked down at the woman closely, as she pretended to sleep. Tilting my head, I placed my knee on the bed; still, she didn't move, but the moment I took hold of her jaw, her eyes flew open.

Her erratic heartbeat was rising; it was almost amusing to see how terrified she was. Oh, how fun it is to hunt the terrified. She tried to move, only to whimper at the pain.

Ah, that was a sound I was going to enjoy hearing...

It will come... and she'll be moaning my name and begging for more. I never saw the charm of a meek little obedient omega before, but now... it was looking extremely appealing.

Slowly, I brushed my thumb over her soft, plump lips, making her breath hitch, her lips quivering under my touch. How soft they were... Almost as if the slightest pressure would split it open and make her bleed.

I looked into her eyes, my own expression cold and calculating, "I don't follow or care for many rules in life, little Omega, but the few I have, I expect them to be obeyed." I tightened my hold on her jaw, knowing I was hurting her. "Try to run again, and you won't survive."

Her eyes brimmed with tears, pure despair filling them before she nodded slowly. She blinked, trying to fight her tears, her thick lashes caressing her cheeks as she tried to control herself, but she failed, and her tears trickled down her cheeks. "Am I clear?" I asked icily

Her eyes fluttered open as she looked at me, fear swirling around her as she nodded once more. "Y-yes."

"Glad we're on the same page." I let go of her, even if she tried, she was far too weak to run.

She had several broken bones, multiple fractures, and had dislocated her leg completely. She

respond, trying her best not to cry, something she was failing at miserably. She struggled to sit up. My gaze dipped to her breasts for a moment before I turned my attention back to her useless struggle.

She gave up after a moment, the tears streaming down her cheeks. "P-please let me go." She whispered.

A menacing growl left my lips as I turned, grabbing her by the jaw again, only for her to flinch. "If I hear those words from you again, I will kill you. I'm a monster, remember that, and just like all those rumours, I'm sure you have heard... I won't hesitate to end your pathetic life." I hissed, she whimpered, nodding slowly, and I shoved her head to the side, letting go of her. "Your owners didn't want you, you're simply collateral, and if you dare defy me, I will not only kill you but the entire Welhaven family." Her eyes widened with horror as she shook her head, her heart pounding violently.

"Please no! I'm sorry! I won't run, don't hurt them!"

She seemed to care far more for those who discarded her than they had for her.

I was done with this conversation. Turning away, I stormed out of the room and headed out of my quarters for a little air that was not clouded with her scent. Her rejection was only adding to the burning

furnace within me. The truth was, there was something about her that intrigued me from the moment she was unable to look away from me, unlike everyone there at the ball she didn't even lower her head in respect. But her eyes had held fear just like the rest of them.

Fools.

I walked through the dark stone walls of the castle, my footsteps echoing in the silence.

Sinclair Welhaven... His arrogance from dinner flashed through my mind, making my anger only rise. I wouldn't mind tearing him to shreds for his disrespect.

(FLASHBACK – EARLIER AT DINNER)

"It's a pleasure to dine with the heirs to the throne, and I'm sure whoever is chosen to be king will be deserving." Sinclair remarked.

Ragnar smirked, "Of course."

The table I was seated at held the future Alphas to all six packs, save the Night Dust pack, which was still without an Alpha heir.

"There are rumours saying it will be put to the people, a contest of some sort?" Darvin Flint, future Alpha of the Moonshine pack added.

"Then, may the best man win." Sinclair declared raising his glass.

"To the future, and rightful ruler." Chasyn added, raising his glass,

I scoffed, refusing to join in their petty toast.

If it was going to go to the people, then they could easily be bought.

"Will you not join us, Prince Zedkiel?" Sinclair remarked.

Raising my eyebrow, I downed my glass and placed it down. I ignored him, but it was obvious he wasn't going to let the conversation go, because even after they clinked their glasses, drinking to their petty toasts his eyes remained on me.

He put his glass down and chuckled lightly. "I understand the topic must be hard for you, Prince Zedkiel, when the majority assumed you would be given the sign of future ruler in the Chamber of Sight. It's a shame it wasn't so, but alas, we can't change these divine decisions. The one most fit will be king."

Blistering anger festered inside of me, and my grip on the glass tightened, shattering it. Startling the women at the table. I clenched my fist, letting the glass shards cut into my palm.

A tense silence followed as Jeremiah warned Sinclair to fall silent, but the damage had been done.

He mentioned my Blood Ritual...

The Vilkas family were not werewolves but Lycans, and as alpha heirs, all sons of the king are made to take part in a blood ritual on the night of our eighteenth birthday. A ritual that takes place within the Chamber of Sight, a place located deep beneath the castle, and only the royals may enter, anyone else who steps foot in it ends up dead. Within the Chamber was an opening

that showed the moon shining down upon the Lake of Truth. There, we were shown our future path, a path only we knew of and one that we were encouraged to keep to ourselves.

However, when the next king is chosen, the moon's glow brightens, bathing the city in white light for a few moments... The king had expected I'd be the next chosen one because despite what I was, I was the strongest. Yet the night of my ritual...

Scoffing, I didn't pay him any attention while watching my hand heal; only after that did I turn to the man who dared mock me...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

"Zedkiel." I was brought from my thoughts by the booming voice of my father, a man who held a lot of power, yet he was still beneath me in terms of true strength. Slowing down, I looked at my father, raising an eyebrow. A response that clearly agitated him. "Zedkiel, what you did today... was dangerous."

The sound of approaching footsteps made him go silent, and the three Omegas bowed their heads as they hurried past, holding bundles of laundry. That was the one thing that irked me about omegas, they weren't easily noticeable. Apart from her, her scent was delectable, as sweet as I'm sure she'd taste... "Zedkiel, are you listening to me!" Ambrose growled in a desperate hiss, as he cast a glance down the hall.

I cocked my brow and slipped my hands into my pockets. "I am, although if you keep blabbering, I'll move on. Whatever you want to say, get it over with."

He exhaled sharply, his eyes flashing as he spoke in an irritated whisper. "If anyone learns what you are, they will want you gone. Do not draw attention to yourself."

"I'm already different, and I get unwanted attention without trying or wanting it." I growled back "Who do you fear? We are the Lycans, a race superior to them all. They can do no harm to us. As for me, why should I worry about those outsiders when the threat from within might just be greater."

As expected, his face fell and a look of concern and denial replaced it. "That's not true, Zedkiel; your family cares for you. It's you who are pushing them away!"

A fool. Blind in the name of bonds and family. He didn't see the snakes at court or those from his own blood.

"I don't need sarnily, respect, or status. Nor do I care about being accepted. I'm feared, and that is more than enough." Turning on my heels, I walked off, the hunger within me growing. The urge to rip them all apart was seeping through my pores.

"Zedkiel... Where are you going, what have I said -"

"I know what I'm doing." I snarled warningly and he fell silent as I headed to the exit, the beast within me needing to be unleashed...