

## Obsession 130

### Chapter 130

(Book 2) Chapter 51. From Her Past  
ZEDKIEL.

A few hours have passed, and we are in a side drawing room. It's dimly lit but no one really cares, we have been served blood and there was some food just for Evangeline.

The blood itself is tasty, and it gives me the strength I really needed after that battle with Vadam.

Zeina has wanted to talk to me, and so far her questions have felt extremely mediocre, as if she's slowly trying to assess how much I would be ok with.

Asking how Evangeline and I met, what Evangeline wore at our wedding and other simple questions. We had told her how Evangeline was the werewolf queen; their rightful ruler and she had been rather impressed.

Every time I tried to direct the conversation to more serious conversations, she would simply say we deserved at least a few hours of calmness after the defeat of Vadam.

Ziahra had been here with us, however, a short while ago she had been called out regarding something in the surrounding woods.

But she still hadn't returned after saying she'll be back shortly.

The atmosphere is beginning to make me uneasy.

Where is she...

"What's taking her so long?" I ask.

"My mind connection does not work, not until the poisons used on me are officially rejected from my body." Zeina says, "However, I'm certain she's fine, or someone would have come to report."

"I hope so," I reply quietly. "Is there anyone in this area who would infiltrate the premises?"

"No, the closest would be the northern werewolf pack, but they keep to themselves," Zeina says. "Or so I'm told."

The news of the king's return was something that had spread through the castle and beyond.

The king...

It feels strange, knowing that they mean me. After all, right now I don't feel like a king, not until I do what I need to.

This curse, the safety of these people, and of course to smoothen things out between our people and... 'Yes, these are also our people.' Zerachiel grumbles. 'Hmm, we need to avert this war.' I say quietly.

"I think I'm going to go check up on Ziahra," Evangeline says suddenly.

"Why? Is everything fine?" I ask.

She nods, but again I feel she's hiding something from us.

'Why would she hide anything from you? Unless she's planning something we wouldn't like.' Zerachiel adds.

I frown.

'She isn't? I growl.

"I don't think you should go. If she needs help, she will relay that through her mind link." I say to Evangeline.

"I agree with Zedkiel. You are the werewolf queen. You need to remain within the palace, just in case." Zeina says, pouring herself another glass of blood.

It's obvious she had been deprived of it, and I can see the subtle changes that have occurred in the few hours since she has been out of her prison.

A few high ranked vampires had been summoned and were commanded to release those in imprisonment, too. There were many vampires living in the forest around here, but many had been confined to imprisonment if they dared to defy Vadam. Evangeline is by my side, but there's a look in her eyes that almost looks like guilt or regret, and I wonder what's on her mind.

'Is everything alright?' I ask her quietly as I run my fingers through her hair. We are both seated on the sofa opposite Zeina.

'Yes? She says with a gentle smile.

She's lying... but I don't know why she would...

Is there something I didn't know?

"You've grown from the baby I never knew I would ever see again," Zeina says, making us both turn towards her.

She looks tired, and you can see she's seen hard times, but beyond that, she's a beautiful woman.

I may not admit it, but growing up I wondered what she'd look like, what she was like. I often wondered why she wasn't around, because unlike my twin brother's omega mother, my mother was alive. O

Obviously, once I realised that I was a hybrid, it all made sense, but it did not stop me from wondering.

She doesn't disappoint. She's strong and doesn't seem to be shallow. I always imagined having a mother who would take no nonsense, and although the time has passed for me to call her mother or for us to build that relationship, at least she is nothing like Danciana.

"Well, I wasn't going to stay a pup forever." I say, my hands on Evangeline's waist as I look over at the woman.

She nods, "No, of course not... I'm glad he treated you well... I was scared that your Lycan father may end up killing our child." She says, her eyes hollow as she stares at the ground.

I cock a brow. "If he was so bad, then why did you even give me away?" I ask, trying to hide my irritation. That is not what I was expecting.

"If I kept you... you were as good as dead. None of the High Lords would have allowed it... but you are a fighter." She says and for the first time, I see a small smile grace her face.

I raise an eyebrow, trying to lighten the odd atmosphere that filled the room when our eyes met.

"For someone who seems to hate Lycans, you were fine to get down with one." I remark, making Zerachiel snicker.

Evangeline's eyes widen as she looks at me, poking those gorgeous eyes out at me as she elbows me, scolding me with those gorgeous eyes.

'It's a genuine question.' I say through the link, and I smirk, seeing the hint of a smile on her face as her cheeks flush lightly.

I turn back to Zeina, who looks completely indifferent as she raises an eyebrow in return.

"Call it what you may. I'm a vampire. I shut off my emotions so I could gain my freedom and it worked. That doesn't mean I trusted him."

I look at her sharply, feeling a wave of unease flutter through me.

"What does that mean? Shut off your emotions?" 'Vampires can shut off their emotions, it's almost like a switch... So, in a way, she was forced?'

Zerachiel sounds angry and I'm surprised he even is, considering he's a Lycan.

'She is still the woman who brought us into this world.' He growls in irritation. 'Stop analysing everything.'

I internally roll my eyes.

It's somehow become a damn habit; I'm not doing it intentionally.

"You mean to tell me; you did what you did to survive?" I ask Zeina, becoming serious once again.

"It's in the past. All I mean to say is, I was afraid you'd be dead by now. Yet you survived, married a beautiful and powerful woman, and you have come to take your throne. There is nothing more I could have hoped for." She says quietly.

Her hard gaze seems to soften slightly as she looks at me.

"I may have been in confinement for years, but I know what has been going on. There is a war brewing..."

"And what is your take on that?" I ask quietly.

She shakes her head, looking between both Evangeline and me.

"You are the true king. What you deem fit is what we shall abide by. We, Vampires, will never

question your true command. We are but weapons at your disposal. War is sometimes imminent, but if it can be avoided, then why not take that option? But if we are to fight, all you need to do is give us the command."

"Vadam is dead, there will be no war. His attempt to destroy the werewolves will not go through." I say firmly, standing up.

Zeina looked confused for a moment before she frowns and slowly rises to her feet.

"Zedkiel... this war was never started with Vadam..."

I look at her sharply as Evangeline stands up. "Then who?" she asks in her soft voice.

Zeina looks at us both, as if struggling with something inside, before she looks away and sighs heavily.

"It's the werewolves who tried to kill us all."