

## Obsession 139

### Chapter 139

(Book 2) Chapter 60. A Passing  
EVANGELINE.

Danciana and Maryka slowly rise to their feet. From their pale faces, they were not expecting that. I rein in my aura, glancing around. No one moves. I guess I don't need to use my powers. They bow down to my simple commands. They can sense who I am, my presence alone enough.

"You should be ashamed for having your mate thrown in prison and betraying him." I say icily to Maryka. "Hold your tongue unless I ask you to speak"

Her eyes flash, her lips quivering with anger, but she is unable to argue with me.

"These lands once belonged to the Night Shade Pack You are making a mistake Evangeline and remember the King lives. You are not in charge." Danciana says haughtily, but despite her calm exterior, she's terrified. "I am acting on his behalf."

"Oh, I am, and when the King comes forth, only then will I speak to him, as for acting on his behalf? I don't see him submitting to another pack!" I growl.

She flinches, her eyes darting around the room as I advance upon her.

"You, as the King's Luna, should be representing him! Not defying his beliefs."

With each step closer, I also pay attention to those around me, realising that more than half of the men are wearing the crest of the Night Shade Pack.

"She is a traitor... apprehend her!" Danciana shouts, forced to step back.

But no one moves, and I reach her, reaching up I rip the crown that she wears off her head, tossing it onto the throne behind her.

Gasps fill the room and even Danciana is visibly shaking as she realises she can't move, my eyes blazing as they dare her to defy me.

"Luna Evangeline!" Philip exclaims. I glare at the member of the king's court, instantly silencing him.

"Being the goddess sure makes for a boring showdown," Ragnar mutters, and I almost smile.

"Lock the traitors, Danciana and Maryka Vilkas, in the dungeons where they will remain until their sentences are announced!" I growl, my eyes blazing.

There are probably traitors here who do not wish to see me as queen, or some forced or bound to serve the Luna Queen, or should I say Ex-Queen.

"You are making a mistake. YOU FOOLS! SHE'S THE TRAITOR!" Drystan thunders.

"Oh, shut the f\*uc\*k up, you chose the wrong side." Ragnar growls.

"Lock the twin princes up too." I state icily. "Where are the King, the other Princes, the Beta and Kash Donovan?"

"The king is in the hospital wing. The rest of the royal family who disputed the queen, the Beta, Gamma, their families and a few others are being held in the torture dungeons." One of the warriors says, bowing down to me.

I clench my jaw, turning and leaving the hall.

"Ragnar, please find the Beta and the rest, and summon an emergency meeting with those who are in the dungeons. As for the council members who were on your

mother's side... imprison them and then we will set out."

"Sure, and for that, are we travelling in wolf form?" He asks.

I nod. I can't risk using the portal for everyone. I will return first, but before then I needed to see Ambrose.

An unease is filling me, urging me to hurry I head to the hospital wing and soon the king's scent reaches me.

Entering the silent hospital area, I follow my nose until I am at the door to the king's room. Two warriors stand guard at the doors.

"Step aside." I command and they obey immediately, despite their concern. Pushing the door open, I pause when I see the sleeping king. But it is his state that shocks me. He's hooked up to a machine, and he's hooked up to blood. His body is covered in bruises and gashes. Whoever he fought had injured him badly... Anger flares through me.

'He put up a good fight.' Evelyn offers.

'Whoever touched the King or has any information regarding what happened, I want reported to me.' I say through my link, reaching out to every wolf around me.

My heart is thundering as I stare at the king, taking a deep, shaky breath.

He's pale, and his heartbeat is weak. I cross the room, my footsteps echoing in the silent room, and I place a hand on the king's forehead.

His time is near... I can feel him nearing death's door.

I close my eyes, hesitating as I am about to summon my powers. But deep down, I know if I do, I'll be messing with the balance of life and death... He is already teetering on the brink of life and death. This means he now falls under another God... The god of death himself... Hades...

'You can't.' Luna says sorrowfully.

'I know.' I whisper back.

Sighing, I look down at the king. He has seven sons, yet on his deathbed, they can't be here.

'Ragnar... your father is on his deathbed... please come to his side.' I say through the link. 'If you can, bring Alcazer and Chasyn too. Please make haste.'

There's silence, but I know he's heard me.

'Understood. It'll be just Alcazer and I... Chasyn isn't in any position to come.'

Ragnar's simple reply comes. I wonder if my words shook him...

"I'm so sorry." I whisper, looking down at the king, unable to stop the tears that trickle down my cheek.

'Don't cry. Everyone dies' Evelyn offers in her own attempt to comfort me.

I can't help but smile at her words.

'I know, but he was a good king.' I whisper, wishing Zedkiel was here. 'He was one of the rare people who treated Zedkiel like a person and not a monster.'

'Yeah, he was a good Dad...' Evelyn replies as one of my tears splashes onto the king's face.

I wipe it away and just then his eyes flutter open, making me hope that somehow, he will be ok, but I know that is just wishful thinking.

He takes a moment before he recognises me.

'I thought... I was meeting the Moon Goddess.' He says softly, smiling slightly and I can't help but return it with one of my own, even if my heart is breaking inside. His eyes twinkle and I wonder if he knows more.

"It's just Evangeline." I whisper, "Your daughter-in-law."

"I do wish we had more time, but alas... life has its own plans." He says, taking a breath.

I caress his face with one hand. "Your majesty." I whisper, not knowing what else I can say.

His heart rate is dipping and rising, making my nervousness rise. Time is short, hurry Ragnar!

He looks around, his eyes shadowing. "Where... where are the rest?" He asks softly.

"Some of them are coming." I whisper softly.

Does he know what happened? Or if he even remembers it.

"Ah... Zedkiel? Where is he?"

"He isn't here..." I reply, wishing he was.

The look of disappointment on the king's face breaks my heart. We need you, Zedkiel.

"I won't last... you need to take your place... as Supreme Alpha..." His eyes flutter shut and his heartbeat becomes erratic.

"I will. Relax Alpha Ambrose, Ragnar and Alcazer are coming!" I exclaim in a hushed whisper. 'Ragnar, hurry please!' I cry through the link.

"Cut... cut my hand." He murmurs. "I must hand you the title, I know... there's no time for a ceremony... I..." I don't want to but we both know his time is short... with a heavy heart, I make a cut in both of our hands. "I Ambrose Vilkas... the Supreme Alpha of Alphas renounce myself as the King and as the Alpha of the Moonstone Pack. I pass my position to the rightful queen... Evangeline Vilkas to lead this pack to prosperity..." His voice is ragged, as if each word is a struggle for him.

We join hands as he smiles warmly up at me and he nods, encouraging me to speak.

"I, Evangeline Vilkas, accept the power and position of Ruler and Alpha, and vow to always uphold the laws and ethics of the Moonstone Pack"

I feel the shift in power, the snapping of the mind connection to the rest of the pack filling my head. "It is done... take care of them all... I leave the... rest to you..." He murmurs.

"No... wait!" My heart is thumping, and I shake my head

Suddenly, I sense another entity in the room, and I know that it's time for him to go.

My head snaps up as I see the cloaked, hooded figure hovering above the king's body as his soul is tugged from his body, and I close my eyes as I feel Ambrose's life force fade away.

The hooded figure turns to me, and despite being faceless, I know he's watching me.

Neither of us react, before he turns and disappears.

He's taken...

The sound of hurried footsteps approaching, the shouts of alarms of the doctors as the machine goes flat, the steady beep ringing in my ears, but nothing is louder than the thudding of my own heart as I stand there trying to contain my emotions.

"He..." Ragnar's voice comes as the door is thrown open.

Silence follows as everyone realises that their sovereign is gone.

"The king's dead..." One of the doctors whispers, horrified.

"The Alpha... this-