

Obsession 76

Chapter 76. Foreboding

EVANGELINE.

He knotted me. 1

We were both so caught up last night that neither of us realised until we had come down from our high, both far too consumed by the other's confession... but when we had realised, it wasn't I who had held fear in their eyes. It was him.

"I'm sorry... f*ck, those words aren't going to make this all ok... I never should have lost control..." The regret in them, the fear that something will happen to me, I heard the violent thudding of his heart.

I

His words replay in my mind, the memory of how worried he had been, and I had been adamant for him not to regret even a minute of the precious moments we had shared.

I smile softly.

Somehow, I knew I could take it. Maybe when I was just Evangeline, the useless wolf-less omega, I feared that it would cost me my life... but I knew it would do nothing to me, save maybe getting me pregnant.

The thought makes my stomach flutter and I place my hand on my stomach. With everything going on, that in itself is a terrifying thought...

But I don't regret what happened. We became one, fully... the only thing left was for us to mark one. another.

I can feel the light and warmth of the winter morning sun bask upon my skin, and I slowly open my eyes. Zedkiel's fast asleep, his arms around me. We're both naked, but at some point, he's wiped me down. Most of the blood is gone and despite the sex, I feel pretty much ok. Just a dull ache remains.

Last night was different, so special...

I look over at him, smiling softly and reminiscing about our story... somehow from fearing him and trying to run from him, we ended up falling for one another. Even in this situation with everything going on, we found love.

I turn towards him slightly, and his eyes open, instantly finding me. He runs his fingers through my hair, kissing my forehead softly.

"Morning." He murmurs, his voice deeper than usual, thick from sleep.

"Good morning." I reply softly, as I reach up and kiss his lips.

"How are you feeling?" He asks.

I nod, "Great."

"Good..." There's something more he wants to say, but refrains as he kisses me softly before he gets out of bed. "I'll run us a bath."

I blush as he walks in all his glory towards the bathroom. Have I ever mentioned how s*xy his butt is?

He stops at the door, smirking at me for a second before he disappears inside.

I roll onto my stomach, blushing as I curl up, clutching the bedding to me.

I love him.

It's a while later and we are outside, the entire castle is covered in a heavy blanket of snow. Last night, whilst we slept, nature was busy painting its canvas pure white. I love snow, I always have... and although I know it was snowing when I was found... it never triggered me since I don't remember any of it save the flashes I have had here and there.

I'm in a long-sleeved red top with black pants and boots. My hair is up in a small quiff with the rest tied

in a ponytail.

I look up at the sky, my palm raised in front of me as s**wflakes fall steadily, several landing on my hand.

"You're enjoying the weather?" Zedkiel asks me, wrapping his muscular arms around me. He looks incredible, in black pants, a white shirt and a brown jacket.

I lean into him and nod. "Very much, it just looks so beautiful..."

'If only you knew.' Evelyn's voice murmurs coldly in my mind.

I frown. She's been oddly silent since last night when she had tried to take over. Her anger and hatred were the only things I could sense from her before she shut me off.

'Then tell me, what do I not know?' I ask her.

No reply.

I sigh, and Zedkiel looks down at me, raising an eyebrow. I wish I could tell him, but it isn't possible with so many people around.

We watch Maryka and Kayla battle it out. Kayla's pretty good and you can see she's been training hard. She's giving her all and although Maryka isn't taking her lightly, she's not doing as great. I don't think Maryka has been trained growing up. I heard she's from an unknown pack to the north, one where they didn't allow women to train but not much is known of them. I guess that's why I even managed to win against her.

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It's not long before Kayla wins, and the crowd claps in applause. I look at my opponent, the final one who had won the last round. Vienna Lendorn of the Dark Claw Pack. She's watching the match with excitement and I have a feeling she isn't going to be anywhere as easy as Celia was. Celia had underestimated me. But Vienna? She knows what I'm capable of. I don't even know what I did... or how I won...

"You'll be fine." Zedkiel murmurs, kissing my neck just as Kash comes over.

"Hey lovebirds. I swear it's weird seeing you like this, Zed." He says, smirking at his friend.

"Get used to it." Zedkiel replies, and I can't help but smile. A faint blush coats my cheeks, but it fades away when our names are announced.

I step forward when suddenly my vision flashes and I remember walking through a town lit ablaze with fire

there's snow... and blood... burned bodies...

My heart thunders as I look around and it takes me a moment to remember it's broad daylight... there's no blood... no fire...

"What's wrong?" Zedkiel asks sharply.

"I don't know... something doesn't feel right..." I say, unable to get my feet to cooperate.

"Oh, stop being a w*ss." Evelyn sneers.

Zedkiel looks concerned, but as I scan the crowds, I don't know why, but something tells me I can't do this.

I turn suddenly back to Zedkiel. Something inside of me is telling me this is a bad idea.

Vienna struts into the centre, she's adjusting the straps of her gloves, her eyes on me. There's a sharp inquisitiveness in them. She will be an opponent that won't go down easily...

"You can forfeit," Zedkiel says as Kash looks up at him sharply.

"What? Zed no." He says, surprised.

"No, if she doesn't feel up to it, then we don't need to do this. We are already in the lead." Zedkiel says

firmly. "Forfeit."

He's looking down at me and as much as I don't feel good about it, I can't.... I can't carry on and ignore that strong sense of foreboding within me...

I take a deep breath and walk forward, raising my hand. "I forfeit." I say clearly, making all eyes turn to me. Silence falls and I look around at the panel of judges and the king.

There is confusion in their eyes, curiosity even, and I know I need to give them a reason that didn't just involve my gut instinct. "I'm not feeling well enough," I say clearly.

"A healer can check you over Luna Evangeline." Franco says, watching me keenly.

I nod politely, that sudden sickening feeling in my stomach growing. "Yes, but I do not feel well enough to participate, m**tally."

A murmur flits through the crowd, and I hear the whispers that run through the crowd.

"Is there another reason?"

"Maybe there's something she's hiding..."

"Does she not want to fight? Maybe she's scared of the Dark Claw fighting style..."

"Was yesterday a fluke?"

I don't know, but the flashes of blood, burnt flesh and the scent of freshly fallen snow are becoming overwhelming. I don't care what they think...

"You do know that if you forfeit, you will be awarded 0 points for this round and the chance to move to the next round will be gone?" Alpha King Ambrose questions quietly.

I bow my head to him.

"Yes."

"Do you

understand this too, Zedkiel?" He looks to his son, who nods.

"It's just a match. If she's not up to it, she will not take part." His voice holds finality and the king nods.

"Very well then. The winner of this round is Vienna Lendorn! The final round will take place in an hour's time! Giving Kayla Vilkas time to rest!" The crowd cheers at the King's words.

"I'm sorry." I say quietly, knowing I disappointed him.

He shakes his head, pulling me close and kissing me. "Let's talk to Dad. He's got nothing better to do right now" He says quietly.

I nod as he scrubs his hand down his face looking at his father who is busy talking to one of the other Alphas.

"Sounds like a plan." I say, scanning the beautiful snow-covered ground and the white skies.

Why do I feel like this?

It's a short while later and we are in the king's office. The moment the door shuts behind us by Zedkiel, he turns to his father before he can even take his seat.

"Is everything alright?" Alpha Ambrose asks.

"Yeah, we're here to ask you a few questions regarding this tournament, as well as the scriptures," Zedkiel says, walking over to his desk. "Whose idea was it to inject us to block the mind link? And this no phone policy?" Zedkiel asks.

Alpha Ambrose sighs. "Well...it was a joint decision..."

"Who initiated the idea?" Zedkiel pushes.

"That's confidential-"

"No, it's not, I want the answer. Unless they have something to hide, why would they want their names out of it." Zedkiel snarls.

"Franco, Darwin and Flint were rather united on it, but we all agreed on it." Alpha Ambrose frowns.

"And the no phone policy?" Zedkiel asks, walking around his dad's office as he scans the shelves.

"Again, I'm uncertain where it originated from... perhaps Philip or Franco..." Alpha Ambrose sighs, rubbing his jaw as he tilts his head. "What are you trying to get at, son?"

"Don't you think it's questionable? No phones, no mind link, yet we're allowed to move around freely enough. Yes, we're accompanied by guards, but we can enter any premises alone. It doesn't really make sense. Even the cameras are rather interestingly positioned. Only covers half of the castle... not all. It's almost as if the only reason for these pathetic rules is if a life-and-death situation is to occur. We, the contestants, would be left isolated and alone." Zed says, his voice sharp as he looks at his father. "Just like what happened to Evangeline, even if she doesn't have the mind link, if it was anyone else... they could have called for help. She could have died and we still have no answer as to whom is behind it. That attack against the Vilkas name- against me was carried out so well that no clues were left behind."

I look down, my heart thumping as I let the words he speaks sink in. He has some very good points... just the way we snuck out from the gardens to go to the chamber... anyone could be plotting and planning without anyone the wiser.

"I understand what you mean... I will have a look at the rules of this tournament. In all honesty, I'm becoming uneasy myself, with everything going on, I feel we are wasting time..."

"You think?" Zedkiel's sarcastic reply comes.

"I know, son... but with the chamber not announcing a king..."

"Yeah, still not the right time. Anyway, I also want all the information, books, scripts or whatever you have on the curses going back to Raziel, Selene and the rest..."

Their voices become distant, the unease in my stomach growing and a shrilling thumping in my head growing

What's going on?

Something isn't right....

"Evangeline? Evangeline?"

I look up to see Zedkiel standing there looking concerned as he cups my face, but he feels so far...

"Something feels wrong," I whisper when suddenly the king stands, knocking his chair to the ground with a bang. a

We both turn to him, me a little slower. His face is pale, and his heart is racing.

"What happened?" Zedkiel growls.

"Vi... Vienna Lendorn is dead." 2