

Dark Obsession 20

Chapter 20 A Royal Family Dinner

ZEDKIEL.

“You will be fine Evangeline.” Alistair

was saying, the door to the bathroom was slightly ajar. “You have been given an upbringing better than most werewolves ... just pretend you aren’t an Omega tonight. The Prince is taking you to this dinner as a date, as an equal in a way. You do not want to let him down.”

Raised better than most, that was what I had heard too... and it was exactly that, that I was banking on for tonight. When Ragnar and Chasyn had mind linked earlier, they had stated that Dad had set a date for the tournament. We had two weeks, two fucking weeks to find a Luna...

To hell, I was going to find a woman that my Lycan wouldn’t rip to shreds. I was unhinged... there were days he was calmer but others where my blood thirst was heightened, which were far worse...

I stood up silently, walking over to the bedroom door and peered through it, staring inside. She was standing there with her back to me, her smooth creamy back on display branded with my mark. Her curvy hips and that ass snugly fitted into that nude slinky velvet dress. I bit my lip imagining what fucking her would feel like, but I had to push the thought away before I ended up getting fucking turned on.

Evangeline... the name suited her... yet I couldn’t bring myself to call her it.

She took a deep breath, slipping her slender feet into a pair of nude heels. Her hair was pulled back in a stylish quiff with the rest in a ponytail.

“I will, I’ll do my best. Is there anything I should know? Anything one of the royals don’t like?” She asked, turning to Alistair and I slowly moved back, still listening. There was no fear in her voice. Her voice was appealing, and it sounded even better when it wasn’t filled with fear.

“Hmm, well, the queen doesn’t like eye contact when you answer. She most likely won’t talk to you... but if she does... don’t look her in the eye.” Alistair warned. I nodded.

That was a fucking good point... the man was proving ideal as a guide for her...

She exhaled sharply, “Understood.”

“Remember, to serve the prince his food, refill his glass when needed and you will be fine.” He spoke confidently, and I frowned slightly, deciding I would need to try to remain relaxed, so she wasn’t so fucking uptight. I hoped my plan worked ... I couldn’t just let this chance pass by.

“Ok Miss Rose, good luck, oh... and do fill me in on how it goes.” He added, and I could hear he was packing up. I moved away, crossing the room and taking a seat on one of the sofas. Resting my left ankle on my right knee as I spread my arms over the back of the sofa, I relaxed, waiting for her to come out.

Alistair stepped out of the bedroom first. Spotting me, he lowered his head, that fear and nervousness that he was so confidently telling her not to feel was shrouding him. The sound of heels followed, and she stepped out and fuck if she looked good from behind... the front was no less... “I will, Thank you

Alistair for everything.” She said with a small smile, adjusting the thin strap of her dress, one she wore no bra under...

“Oh darling, I have a good feeling about you.” He whispered, casting me a furtive glance before he left, lowering his head as he went.

She exhaled once the door shut after him before jumping when she spotted me, her hand flying to her breasts. Our eyes met and her heartbeat quickened. She closed her eyes for a moment. My gaze locked on the way her thick lashes brushed her cheeks before they fluttered open.

“Shall we go?” She asked gracefully, and I saw the shift in her posture. She squared her shoulder, and raised her chin and I cocked my eyebrow, my eyes raking over her one final time before I gave a curt nod leading the way out. Taking another quiet breath, she followed.

We entered the dining room to see everyone was already there. 1

“Zedkiel...” Dad said. All eyes turned on Evangeline, as she lowered her head to the table. Dad barely hid his shock.

“Never seen a woman before, father? Considering how many you have had, that’s a little surprising.” I taunted coldly, walking around to my seat beside Alcazer. I jerked my head to the seat on my other side and she sat down slowly. I had already notified them I was bringing a guest, although Dad had said he wanted to talk about something important.

Danciana was on Dad’s right, with Chasyn and Maryka on his left. Next to Danciana was Alcazer, and then on

Evangeline’s other side was Jeremiah, with Ragnar and the twins besides Chasyn and Maryka.

I looked at Evangeline from the corner of my eye. She was still emotionless and graceful, but I didn’t miss the steady breaths she took a few times.

“You brought a guest Zedkiel, what an honour and a surprise,” Danciana

remarked as the omegas began serving. Two of them kept glancing at Evangeline but remained professional.

“A guest I’m surprised is still alive.” Ragnar sneered arrogantly.

“Yeah? Well, we all know if someone pisses me off, what the fuck happens... no matter who they are, brother.” I

countered coldly, “Don’t fuck with me, and no one dies.”

“I presume this is regarding that condition Zedkiel...” Dad murmured thoughtfully, as he began helping himself to some of the steak. Danciana sat forward placing some other stuff on his plate and no one moved, not until he took his first damn bite. I didn’t respond to his question, instead turning my attention to the lavish meal spread on the table before The only thing that would make this better was if I had some blood...

The moment Dad took the first bite, Evangeline moved forward and placed food on my plate. From the way those lush breasts were rising and falling, I knew she was doing her best not to panic

... I actually liked seeing her acting brave... She was still that fragile Omega... submissive and innocent, ready for me to break, but she was also able to at least act normal without sounding scared.

It made her all the more alluring to fuck. She looked up and our eyes met and all I wanted was a taste of her lips against mine... it was addicting... and the hint of her blood that I have tasted... fuck...

I looked away, feeling myself hardening in my pants. "I don't eat that much." I muttered, leaning closer to her just so my arm could brush hers. My gaze dipped to her cleavage and I smirk when she stops herself from adding another potato to my plate. "Now make sure you eat, I like a woman with meat." I murmured, not caring who heard.

She blushes, her eyes widening as she placed the potato on her own plate. I don't know why she couldn't fucking believe that. Every man had his preference, but I wanted some meat in my hands, not just muscle and bone...

"So, I called this dinner regarding the tournament. Two weeks from now, those who are eligible will be readied for the coming tests. You will not be given prior notice to the events or challenges...

However, the high court has decided that due to not one of my sons having been given the destiny of the crown... the Alpha heirs of all packs will take part if they of course have a Luna too..." Dad remarked, I looked at him sharply, not expecting that, a tense silence falling over the table.

This was why Chasyn said dad was stressed. Those fuckers were trying to claim the crown for their own bastards...

"That's fucked up." Ragnar scoffed. "They aren't Lycans."

"No... but there's not been any sign that a Lycan is the next ruler... this dynasty of my forefathers may just end here...

unless, of course, one of you wins the title." Dad said, smiling somberly. A fake smile that I saw right through. He was stressed and worried.

"That's unfair. That crown is ours.

Ragnar growled.

"I'm out of the race, then... I'm sure they won't want to pardon or make the rules easier for me," Alcazer muttered. "I don't see myself taking a Luna so soon."

"Father... this was your idea. How did the high court even come to have a say?" Chasyn asked, glancing towards my little Omega. 'Can she be trusted? She is from the Silver Mountain Pack who do have a potential Alpha who may join the race.'

The mention of that pup made anger slither through me.

'She is. She has no contact with any of them anymore.' I replied coldly as I began slicing my steak, taking a bite.

Danciana sighed as Drystan scoffed.”

That’s messed up and not fair. That plan backfired, didn’t it dad?”

“I know sons... but it seems the subtle

instigation was only to make me put the plan forward and then... that’s it... I was not really given an option. It doesn’t matter, there is little I can do. But let’s not mull over it. Right now... only Chasyn is eligible for the tournament, the rest of you are mate less... This is the other issue, the competition will trial and pitch the Lunas against one another too...”

“Oh fuck.” Drystan growled as Maryka smiled.

“Well, I won’t let you down, father.” She said to Dad. “Those titles belong to the Vilkas legacy, no one else.”

He ain’t your fucking father... I never liked the bitch.

“I have faith in you, Maryka.”

Now was my chance.... Although I didn’t know how this shit would work... it was the only plan I had, and something told me behind my scared little mouse’s exterior was someone way more fucking capable. Even if she did the bare minimum, I’d make sure to fucking do everything, so I won. I’d guide her, I was certain we had a chance. That title should be mine...

“I’ve also decided to marry and take a Luna.” I remarked, the words sounding fucking weird on my tongue. All eyes turned on me, including my Little Mouse’s.

Shock and surprise were on their faces but it was Danciana who first broke the silence, laughing mockingly. “Oh, don’t tell me you mean her?”

My eyes flashed and I raised an eyebrow, ignoring Evangelina’s gasp. “And if it is?”

“An omega can never be queen, let alone a wolf-less one.” She replied scornfully. A menacing growl ripped across the room, my aura raging.

“Don’t get mad on my behalf.” Her soft voice came as she placed her hand on my arm. I felt the sparks that confused me, and I looked down at her.

I could see the fear in her eyes once again, the confusion and panic and I realised I should have told her my plan before bringing her down here...

I leaned closer. “I’ll explain later... for now... focus.” I murmured into her ear, so quietly I wasn’t even fucking sure she’d hear me.

“Mother, I’m sure if Zedkiel is saying it, she must be worthy,” Maryka remarked as Alcazer scoffed.

“You’re a puzzle.” He spat at me.

One even I fucking didn’t get myself...

“This is serious.” Jeremiah murmured.

“Guess we should all take brides then, soon.” Draven added.

“Do you think you’re worthy of a Prince?” Danciana asked, raising an eyebrow as she looked at Evangeline with a fake smirk, sipping her drink.

I was about to speak when Evangeline took a breath and shook her head, her gaze on Danciana’s hands. “I don’t personally think so, your majesty b-”

“Exactly!” Danciana scoffed, placing her glass down with a rather loud thud, making the liquid splash out of it as she looked at Dad, who just looked conflicted.

“But...” Evangeline continued, making me look at her sharply.

“But?” Danciana raised an eyebrow at Evangeline, who was once again being watched by all. I didn’t know what she was about to say but I was as curious as the rest.

She now looked up, looking Danciana square in the eye, something Alistair had told her not to do... Was she being defiant? Did my little mouse even have it in her?

“But, Z-Zedkiel is not a fool, and I trust his judgement.” She said, taking us all by shock, and fuck did my name sound good on her lips.

I wanted her...

She picked up her glass, taking a small sip before smiling at Danciana. I didn’t miss the way her hand shook a little. She was nervous and scared but she was still holding her ground... impressive. But she wasn’t done, and what she said next didn’t only shock us all, but it rendered us fucking speechless.

“With all due respect... I just wanted to point something out. All seven princes entered the chamber of truth, yet not one was shown the crown. However, before that, it was Zedkiel who was slated to become king. The one who everyone held the most hope for and was thought as the most likely contestant to attain that title.

So why wouldn’t I trust his opinion, your majesty, when surely he still holds the most potential?”