

Dark Obsession 30

Chapter 30. A Connection

ZEDKIEL.

I stare at her, my heart rate quickening. Of all things, I wasn't expecting her to say that... but her words shook me and not because of the reason behind her fear of me, but because it aligned with what occurred in the Chamber of Truth. The ominous warning that took place at my Blood Ritual, to kill the woman with hair as dark as night, skin as pale as snow and eyes the colour of the bird of night...

I would end up killing her? I scrub my hand down my face, trying to remain emotionless.

I look at her as she sits there, trying to stifle her tears; I can't imagine myself killing her... Not her. Anyone but her.

But I've already hurt her before... My Lycan is always fighting to come forward when she is around, wanting to devour her... but I know that despite that, I wouldn't have hurt her the other night. When I drank her blood, it was her ripping away that had caused her that injury.

I push the thoughts away, needing to focus on what she had just said. These dreams, my omen... There has to be more to this, a way to stop that from happening.

A part of me wants to reassure her that it's going to be ok, that I won't hurt her, but can I guarantee that? Deep down I couldn't, regardless of everything that has or hasn't happened I couldn't give her my word. I slowly crouch down in front of her, placing my hand on her knee.

"Evangeline." Her heart thumps as she looks at me, she's smudged her eye makeup, and she looks even more like a panda now... "Look... I don't know what to make of your dream... but I know I wouldn't intentionally kill you..." 2

The flash of fear in her eyes tells me she's thinking exactly the same thing as me. Who knows what I'd do when I wasn't in my right mind?

I sigh quietly, watching the black marks of her makeup mixing with her tears as she wipes her face, making them even worse. It is obvious she doesn't wear makeup much because she's either forgotten about it or she just doesn't care.

"Nothing I say will reassure you when even I don't trust myself... however ... there's something about you..."

That makes me want to keep you close forever, but I don't say that to her. I can't. 1

"You're not angry?" She asks, almost as if that in itself shocks her. She watches me as she wipes her tears away.

Can you be angry at a panda in a red dress? I smirk slightly and stand up. 4

"No, I appreciate you sharing that. We need answers... I feel your dream connects to my Ritual..."

“Ritual?” She asks.

I didn’t tell anyone about that night. We aren’t really meant to discuss it in detail... but why do I feel like there’s more to us... between us...

I look down at her as she stands up, still clutching her dress to her. “We need to find out why you have those dreams repeatedly. Have you ever told anyone?”

I frown and shake my head. “I vaguely remember telling Grandmother Philomena once, but she said it is just a silly dream and I should pay it no heed.”

“Only it keeps happening, and you saw me...” I reply.

She nods and I look her over. “Go change, I’m going to take you somewhere.” She looks surprised but nods as she hurries to the closet taking some clothes. “Oh, and you might want to wash your face.”

She looks at me, confused, before hurrying to the bathroom. I hear her gasp and I smirk, but it only lasts a moment as her words replay in my mind.

Kill her... just the thought leaves a bitter taste in my mouth. I walk to the closet and remove my suit and instead pull on some sweatpants and a hoodie. She steps out of the bathroom; her face is now free of makeup, her cheeks are flushed, and strands of her black hair are stuck to her face.

“My make-up...”

“Suited you.” I finish, tossing her one of my hoodies. I love the clothes they had picked out for her, but tonight I want her to keep a low profile.

“Thank you...” She murmurs before pulling on the hoodie over the red blouse.

Shame those tits had to be covered up...

“Where are we going?” She asks when I pull my hood up and lead the way to the door.

“Not to the middle of the woods to kill you. So relax.”

Wrong joke. Her heart rate quickens, and I hear her gulp.

“That was a joke.” I mutter, locking the door after us.

“I didn’t know you joke.” She whispers, our eyes meet and I try not to focus on her lips. Reaching over, I pull the hood up over her head. 3

“You don’t know a lot about me. Maybe if you didn’t always run, you might figure out a lot more.” I whisper back. My eyes are still cold, but my voice isn’t.

I see her eyes soften before she tenses. “Yeah...” She says half-heartedly.

Glancing down the hall, I try to listen if anyone is close. I take her wrist leading her down a side hallway. We’d take one of the back entrances. I didn’t want anyone to see where we were going. I don’t even know if this is a good idea...

“So, *you* won’t tell me where we’re headed?” She asks again.

She has begun *to* come out of her shell. Slowly but surely. I look away and answer her. “You’ll see.”

Fifteen minutes later we are walking through the woods and the trees are getting tighter, making it hard for her to manoeuvre. She hasn’t shifted, which means her sight is equal to that of a human.

“Isn’t it a little foolish that you came out here so willingly when you can barely see anything?” I ask quietly.

“I have done a lot of stupid things in my life lately... but you’re here...”

I am... but am I not the same person who *you* think will kill you? I don’t reply until I slowly come to a stop. The trees open a little and she tenses. I watch her sharply, wondering if anything will affect her.

“Do *you* feel that?” She asks in a hushed voice.

“Do you feel something?” I counter.

There’s something in the air...

Hmm... how does she feel that? Wasn’t that something only one of us Lycans could feel? I brought her here to see if she’d feel more at ease as I tell her what happened in the chamber of ordeal... the chamber that was right beneath this very area.

The rule was that we cannot utter what happens beyond the chamber to anyone. Not that I think an omen such as mine could get any worse.

“It’s a powerful energy... but it isn’t... bad.” She murmurs.

I frown sharply but I don’t say anything, this is strange... there are so many who cross this area but don’t know what is beneath it, but here is a wolf-less woman that can sense the same energy as one of us royals...

“Interesting... between us... the chamber of truth is right beneath our feet.” I say quietly as I approach her.

Her eyes widen before she looks around sharply. “Why have you brought me here?”

“I brought you here to tell you about my ordeal. What we see and experience in the chamber must stay in the chamber itself.”

“Then why are you going.”

“Mine was an omen. There is nothing to jinx, anyway.” I reply coldly.

She frowns in concern as I look at the ground beneath my feet.

“The darkness which is beyond the reach of the moonlight will devour every living soul. The filthy blood of the impure is like a poisoned dagger into the heart of the realm. Son of darkness, away from my descendant, heed this omen...” I began, repeating the words I had never repeated before. “These were words spoken

by the shadowy wolf that appeared before me, before the moon disappeared from sight and the night lost its light..."

That night changed everything, the way I perceived myself, from the man who wanted to be the Lycan King- a powerful and just ruler to someone who was reminded that I am *not* a pure blood. Someone who began to question everything. "Away from my descendant... He reminded me that I am not a pure blood... that I'm away from his kind..."

"Your blood and heritage do not define you... but how you portray yourself, how you act..." She murmurs looking at the ground once more.

"Maybe... There was a second part to what he said too, and this is the part that I feel aligns with your vision or nightmare whatever you want to call it."

She watches me curiously. "What did it say?"

"When the day comes that you yield to the woman with hair as dark as night, lips the shade of cherry blossoms, with eyes the colour of the bird of night, and skin like milk; when you allow her..." I trail off, frowning as the words now take on a different meaning. Or I suddenly feel like they hold some clarity. Allow her evil to bleed within you... pay heed, for then, shall you bring doom to the world.

I didn't utter those words aloud, *not* wanting to worry her. What did it even mean?

"What else?" She asks, but I frown, shaking my head.

"Nothing. That was it." I say quietly. Yield to her... in what way?

"Oh... it makes no sense."

"No, but perhaps the oracle can shed some light on it. Somehow, though, it's obvious that whether we like it or not, there is a connection between us." I say quietly, looking down at her. Our eyes meet and time seems to stand still.

She frowns, but nods slowly. "Then how do we find out?" She asks.

"We visit the oracle," I say, my eyes flashing in determination. She tilts her head up, peering at me with curiosity in her eyes, but there's also a determination there and she slowly nods.

When I allow her evil to bleed into me...

"I hope it isn't something to worry about." She murmurs, gazing up at the moon from under her hood, her

eyes full of worry and concern, her plump lips set in a pout.

What evil can someone so innocent hold?