

Dark Obsession 11

Chapter 11

Turning Back EVANGELINE A growl made my eyes fly open only to see Zedkiel down on one knee next to me, his eyes glowing red, his canines out as he glared at me with such rage and hunger that I felt my entire body tremble with fear.

What was going on?

It took me a few moments to realise it was night, I must have fallen asleep without realising. My stomach was aching from hunger, I had barely eaten in the last two days. The room was cold, and I realised my body ached from the awkward position I had fallen asleep in.

He grabbed my elbows, yanking me to my feet, and pulled me towards the bed. Bile rose in my throat as I saw him look down at the shirt I was wearing, one I had taken after he had left. His eyes blazed as he tore it off, making me whimper in fear.

"I don't want you hiding from me." He growled menacingly as I tried to cover myself once more.

Why did you do that? When you got angry at Celia for doing the very same thing?

It hurt.

"Tell me Little Omega, do I repulse you?"

I shook my head, despite how terrified I was, but I knew he had seen right through me. A cold, heartless smirk crossed his lips as he slammed me back onto the bed, his grip tightening.

"Lies." He hissed.

"My Prince." I whispered, the image of him ripping Odette's heart out made my stomach churn, and the thick blanket of fear wrapped itself around me once again.

He was a monster... a monster that was now watching me as if I was his next meal. His hand wrapped tightly around my neck, and my breath hitched as I felt his claws dig into my neck as he straddled me, pushing my head back onto the bed.

"Don't lie to me." He snarled viciously. I nodded my head slowly, my eyes blurring with tears. Would he take me by force or kill me?

"I-I'm scared... but... but you had many chances to kill me, but you haven't... You protected me today. I'm... I'm scared, but not like you th-think." I whispered, I was terrified, but my words weren't a lie. He had protected me from Celia.

For a fleeting moment, his eyes returned to normal. His heart was racing as he stared down at me as if unsure whether to believe me or not. "Get away from me." He hissed through gritted Teeth, his eyes dipping down to my breasts, as he ran his tongue over his plump lips. My eyes widened in surprise at his words and as I observed him, I realised his entire body was tense and rigid Why did he want me to leave? Why was he allowing me to leave? Was it a trick?

He leaned closer, brushing his nose down my neck. "You smell so good, Little Mouse, and unless you want me to rip you to shreds... leave." He almost purred, making my lips quiver. My entire body felt strange, and I was very aware of his manhood pressed against my stomach. I felt... funny.

"Prince Zedkiel..." I slowly tugged at his hand that was strangling me, trying to get him to let go.

He was struggling, I didn't know what was wrong, but he was fighting himself. Were the rumours true that the third prince couldn't control his beastly instincts? How could he be declared the strongest when he had no self-control over his Lycan form?

"Go." He growled, his grip relaxed ever so slightly, and I managed to pull free, clambering back against the headboard before I quickly jumped off the bed. He didn't move, his hands were digging into the bedding, his heart thundering loudly and his eyes stuck on me. I hesitated, only for him to snarl, baring his sharp teeth at me. "Go!"

I turned, not looking back, as I ran to the bedroom door. Pulling it open, I rushed to the door that led out to the castle when I heard him swear and the sound of something breaking reached my ears.

I whimpered, my hands fumbling for the lock on the door, I just about managed to unlock it. My heart was thudding, but I was unable to bring myself to open it. I heard a vicious growl, making my head snap back towards the bedroom door once more. I stared at my hand on the door handle, hesitating. Turning, I looked over my shoulder to the bedroom, where the angry prince remained.

Something wasn't right... He told me to leave... But why was he behaving like this? He seemed to be struggling rather than out of control? Was he in pain?

Against my every instinct that was telling me to run and get far away from the ruthless monster who killed his own sister-in-law, I locked the door and turned around. I couldn't leave him when he had helped me... I would repay the favour.

Would he get angry that I disobeyed? I re-entered the bedroom, seeing him on his knees on the ground, his head in his hands. I hurried over, dropping to my knees beside him. "Are you ok? Can I get you something?" I whispered; his eyes blazed as he turned his gaze to me.

"I told you to leave." He hissed, his eyes on my neck, where he had dug his claws in. His heart was thundering, and I saw him lick his lips.

I forced myself to place a hand on his shoulder, only for him to hiss, pushing me away. "Are you in pain?" I whispered fearfully, refusing to run away.

"Like you fucking care, I gave you the chance to leave." He snarled. "Do you wish to die?"

I was already dead, wasn't I? There was no life for me... Gently I inched closer, "I'm your Omega, and it's my duty to be here for you." I managed to say, "Tell me what's wrong?"

His eyes flickered back to their green-gold colour for a moment before a cold smirk crossed

his lips, and he pulled me roughly into his arms. A scream left my lips as his back hit the bed and I landed in his lap.

“What are...” I was cut off when his arm snaked around my waist, his hand digging in, the other tangling in my hair as he pulled me closer. Was this it? My end?

I gasped when his tongue ran along the cuts on my neck.

Goddess...

A sizzling tingle of pleasure rushed through me, my heart pounding as I felt myself relax into his hold, I don't know why I did it but... it felt... good. I felt my core clench, and my lips trembled as his tongue continued to run tantalisingly along my neck.

This felt...

The sting of my cuts mixed perfectly with the pleasure of his touch, and I felt my core clench and I had to bite back a sinful moan. Bravely I gripped hold of his muscular arms as his hand tugged at the strap of my bra.

Why did this feel so dirty... yet... good.

My mind was feeling foggy.

“Fuck...” He groaned, the flick of his tongue now changing to a kiss. My heart was thundering as I remained straddling his lap, allowing him to kiss and suck on my neck. I felt him hardening beneath me, making me feel a thrilling spark course through me. My body seemed to have a mind of its own, conflicting with my mind. Despite the wounds he had made, it didn't hurt, and soon both of our hearts were calmer, although the fact our chests were still heaving, I could sense his anger had calmed.

His hand which was wrapped around my waist, now ran over my bare back, making me gasp. I suddenly realised I was topless, something the prince seemed to be enjoying, his hands ran up my waist caressing the side of my breasts and making my cheeks burn. When his thumbs brushed my nipples, which were stiff against the skimpy lace, I yelped moving back a little. “M-my prince...” I whispered, trying to shy away.

He growled, resting his head back on the bed, his chest still heaving as he looked at me with his normal gold-green eyes. “I told you to run. Why did you disobey me?” He asked, looking into my eyes, despite leaning back and moving slightly away, he still held my waist tightly. I looked down, would he get angry if I spoke? “You helped me today... I wanted to...” if I said help, he might shout that he didn't need any help. “I didn't want to leave you alone.” He raised an eyebrow, almost disbelievingly, as he studied me keenly before his eyes dipped to my lacy bra, glimmering red once more. “Hmin, but you disobeyed me Little Omega... and now you're going to be punished for that.” My heart thumped but I wasn't scared, I don't know if it was the way his hands ran up and down my waist or if it was the glint in his eyes... cold... yet was that amusement? Whatever it was, there was nothing in my head screaming danger, save the throbbing monster beneath me that I was trying not to think of.

“P-punishment?” I asked quietly, wondering if I should try to get off his lap.

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This wasn't appropriate, I was just his Omega, I shouldn't be sitting here like this!

“Yes... I’ll go easy on you...” He murmured, his eyes flickering to my breasts, as they blazed red. “You will sleep with me tonight. In this bed. Naked.”

My face drained of colour as I stared at him.

“N-naked?” I whispered, he smirked, his fingers going to the front of my pants.

“Yeah, you can keep the lingerie... not that it hides much.” He murmured, pinching my nipple. “That or you let me fuck you. So what will it be, Little Omega?”

My heart thumped as I stared at him. “I... I’ll sleep naked.” I mumbled, my cheeks burning, as he slid the zipper down teasingly. “Perfect, now lose the pants.” He commanded, his tone was arrogant and cold, his aura suddenly seemed to return with full force, and I slowly got off his lap, remembering the tiny panties that the Head Omega had given me.

Even though the light was off, I knew he could see everything. Maybe if he saw my little tummy, or my fat thighs he’ll realise I’m not for him... I slowly peeled the pants off, placing my hand in front of my vagina, crossing my legs in an attempt to cover what I could, knowing the sheer fabric hid nothing.

He stood up, rubbing his shoulder as he let his eyes rake over me. “Perfect... now run me a bath, I’m feeling fucking tired.” He whispered into my ear, making my heart pound.

Didn’t he say he wanted to sleep in the same bed as me? Now did I have to walk around like this?

I nodded meekly and backed away towards the bathroom, shutting the door behind me before I sucked in a shuddering breath as I quickly put the plug in and opened the hot tap. Maybe if he took long enough in here, I could quickly pretend to sleep by the time he was done!

Yes, good idea, Evangeline.

I looked around, but there didn’t seem to be any oils or anything to add to the bath... I’ll make sure to ask for some to be ordered. Someone was meant to tell me about what was expected of me, perhaps I can ask them for things I could use for the prince. If I ever get the chance to live that long

As I waited for the tub to fill, I set a towel to the side and the body wash and sponge on the side of the tub, just in case he wanted to use them.

Did he get in trouble for killing Odette? What happened to Celia? She would surely hate me even more now

I felt a shiver of fear at the thought of what she’d do if she ever got me alone. While scanning the bathroom, I admired the stone-coloured tiles and the gold accents, thinking it was a stunning, room. The lighting, was warm, and I just imagined having a nice bubble bath in here or even a shower in that huge walk-in shower.

Oh, how luxurious. I spotted the large mirror on the far wall, looking at the claw marks on my neck

They were deep, yet he had licked off all the blood. My cheeks burned, and just then my eyes fell on my rather ample behind in this ridiculously tiny underwear. I looked horrifyingly shameful!

I was about to grab something to cover myself when the door opened and Zedkiel stepped inside, shirtless and undoing his belt. I quickly stood up, my eyes widening when he dropped his pants, and I scrunched my eyes shut. I heard him approach, his seductive scent filling my nose, and my heart thumped when his fingers ran down my stomach, making me suck it in.

Wait no don't do that, let him see it!

I tried to relax it hoping he was put off, but he didn't stop his tantalising tracing. "Unmarked..." He murmured, making my core clench when his fingers ghosted along my lower stomach sending another rivet of tingles through me.

I scrunched my eyes tightly closed.

He can't see me. I can't see him. He can't see me. I can't... 1

But how do I ignore his touch when it was making my core react strangely.

"Beautiful..." He whispered, and my breath hitched when his hand brushed my pussy.

"One day... you will be mine." He whispered into my ear, his warm breath caressing it as his fingers ran up my thigh. "Open your eyes, Little Mouse." He growled. I cracked one open, keeping my eyes fixed on the floor, spotting his black boxers on top of his pants, and I quickly snapped my gaze to the ceiling before I saw anything else. I was relieved when he moved back and stepped into the tub, turning the tap off.

Wait, wasn't it too hot?

Oh well, he's fine! Thank the goddess! Now to run away from here!

"Massage my shoulders." Came his cold command just when I was about to walk backwards out the door. I froze, my heart thundering as I stared at the man who sat in the tub, his arms spread across the sides of the huge tub, his head tilted back as he looked at me with arrogance and power...

A look that was clearly challenging me to defy him...