

## Dark Obsession 22

### Chapter 22 A Deal Made

#### EVANGELINE.

My heart pounds violently as he slides my dress up, so confidently as if it was second nature. How many women has he been with? Just the thought makes me

feel uncertain. A part of me wants to turn and run... but a part of me wants to give in to him, to see what would happen. I

could feel the wetness between my legs,

feeling that clench as he stares down at me with a carnal hunger that was equally

terrifying, yet oddly exciting.

He licks his lips, his hands running up my legs, with eyes full of raw unmasked lust. That somehow made my entire body

react. Is it my scent? An Omega's arousal releases a special scent that is very addicting to males. It must be... the way he is looking at me, is too intense... I am

scared of him, yet I am confused by the

way my body yearns for more.

The coolness of the table against my skin makes me shiver, and he slaps my ass, making me whimper. His eyes flash and I gasp when I feel the sting of the fabric against my skin, as he tears my thong off. A low growl escapes him as he pushes my legs open, looking down at me.

"Seems like this cunt is already dripping

I guess under that innocent exterior, you're a dirty little slut." He growls huskily, his eyes shimmering red.

I bite my lip as his thumb runs down my slick parting. My cheeks burning at his words. "Fuck..." He murmurs, and my eyes fly open when his fingers brush

between my slit. Sparks of pleasure rush through me when his finger brushes my clitoris. My entire body tingles with

pleasure, and then I suddenly tense.

What if he penetrates me? Fear envelops me and he looks up at me sharply,

cocking one of his brows, as his thumb begins running circles on my clit. A moan slips out from between my lips and my eyelids flutter shut.

"Look at me." He snarls suddenly. He grabs my neck, leaning over me, his lips grazing against mine ever so softly. "I want you to look at me and remember

exactly who is pleasuring you, Little

Mouse.”

I nod slowly, a whimper leaving my lips as pleasure rushes through me. I could feel an odd sense of pressure building. It isn't unpleasant but...

Oh, fuck!

A sizzling jolt of pleasure throbs through me, and I gasp as his hand tightens around my neck. His warm breath

fanning my face as he runs his thumb

down over my slick pussy before finding my clit once more. I press my lips

together, trying not to cry out in ecstasy.

Everything seems to become lighter, hazy even, and all I can focus on is this feeling.

“Don't hold back Little Omega... You were born to sin.” He whispers, running his tongue across my ear, before his lips find mine, and he kisses me. But it's no longer gentle, it's harder and rougher, and when I gasp, he plunges his tongue into my mouth, ravishing every inch before sucking on my tongue erotically. There's just something so hot yet dirty about that

My moans fill the air, but they are barely recognisable to me. They don't sound like me, but a woman shamelessly lost in the throes of passion, one who doesn't care who hears her. I part my legs even more, my back arching as I beg for more,

feeling my juices trickle down over my ass, and although his fingers brush my entrance, he doesn't take it further.

I'm unable to keep up with his kisses.

They are rough and dominating. I gasp when I feel something sharp pierce my lower lip realising he had brought his canines out. I feel the blood dripping down my lips, and I whimper as he licks it up and sucks on it. A rumbling growl radiates through me, and he slowly pulls

back, pushing me back down onto the table and yanks me closer, my ass now hanging off the table.

He lifts my legs over his shoulders,

bringing my lower body off the table, cupping my thighs, before his tongue

runs slowly up my pussy, making me

whimper. He does it again, this time

plunging his tongue inside of me, lying it flat against the base and running it up to my clit, making me moan in pleasure.

I was so close... A low groan escapes him, his nose brushing in between my folds making my cheeks burn before he

assaults my clit. “Pr... A-alpha!” I cry out, knowing not to call him Prince.

“Say my name.” He growls, his tongue flicking my clit harder.

“Z-Zedkiel... ahh...” I moan, my voice

sounding horny. I could feel my cheeks

burn.

“Better.” He snarls as he begins to devour me once more. I cry out, feeling something inside of me tighten. He moves back, and I scream when he slips a finger inside, his thumb finding my clit once more.

“That’s it. Eyes on me.” He growls animalistically, and I look at him through hooded eyes as my entire body writhes under his hold. I can hear the sound of my liquids squirting out, the sharp sting of his finger in me eases, and it only enhances the pleasure.

“l... I ahh!” I moan when suddenly an intense, powerful wave of pleasure rips

through me and my vision darkens.

White spots blind my vision and I moan in pure ecstasy.

Goddess, this feels so good... so good...

I struggle to pull away, but I’m at his

mercy. Only when my moans cease, and m

y body is no longer arched off the table,

does he deliver a sharp tap to my pussy, before sliding his finger out slowly. A

smirk is plastered on his face as he reaches behind me and yanks me up by my hair. “Now, since you like to clean so

much...”

He holds his hand out to me, glistening with my juices and he slides two fingers into my mouth, my stomach clenches, and I almost close my eyes, until I remember his words as I slowly lick his fingers clean, keeping my face locked with his. My heart is thumping as he holds my gaze, sliding his fingers out and I slowly run my tongue down his hand and wrist where my juices have tickled

down.

“Is that ok?” I whisper, a smirk crosses his lips before he leans closer,

“Almost.”

A flicker of confusion rushes through me until my gaze falls on his mouth. He had

pleasured me... my cheeks burn as he waits for me to make the first move. My

heart thumps as I lean in, my entire body

still feels weak from my release, still

trembling slightly. I flick my tongue over his plush lips when I suddenly remember Sinclair's kiss from the shops earlier and

freeze, fear filling me.

His eyes flash and he moves back, there's something in his eyes that I can't read, before he pushes me back and I hit my

elbow on the table, a shooting pain rushing through my arm, and I bite back a whimper of pain. "Wash up, then we need to talk." He says coldly, before he walked through to the bedroom.

I sit there, rubbing my elbow once again, confusion washing through me. What did I do wrong? Now that the pleasure of the emotion was gone, I felt empty and alone once again... I turn, looking at the door the prince had just gone through,

realising he hadn't asked for anything in

return...

That was a relief, yet it didn't make sense to me. I slid my dress down and hurried to obey him before he got angry again.

Half an hour later I had cleaned the table, unable to stop my cheeks from burning in embarrassment. Just thinking of what he and we had done was mortifying. The feel of his tongue remained and my core clenched just thinking about it. I had showered before donning some pyjamas as I waited for him, wondering what he

wanted to talk about.

After a short while, he re-enters, and

he's only wearing a pair of sweatpants. He walked over to the bed, sitting down, and leans against the headboard.

"Sit down. I want to talk to you about the tournament."

My heart thuds and I look up at him sharply. "Yes... you said about -"

"I know you don't seem to have much faith in yourself, but I truly feel you are capable of far more. Taking part in the Luna trials will be difficult and

competitive. It will also perhaps be at a disadvantage, considering you are wolf less, but you are smart, educated and seem to have a way with things..."

I don't agree. I've done nothing for him to

think like that. He observes me for a

second, his eyes hardening before he

looks toward the window.

"No common omega would have the

courage to try to run away from me... to disobey me, but you did. No one would be able to look the queen, let alone me, in the eye, yet you did-"

"T-that's because I don't have a wolf...

maybe the command-" I stutter

nervously.

"No, even humans are slaves to our commands. Agree to become my Luna and I assure you it will benefit you too."

I frown looking down at the rich cotton bedding, running my hand over it slowly. It made no sense... I look up slowly,

brushing my wet locks from my face.

Are you asking me? Why not command me?" I ask nervously, my heart thumping as I wait for his wrath.

"Forcing you won't make you perform well. I need you to want to win... because I

want that crown becomes mine... I assure you

it will be for the best. There's something about

it work and no one is taking it seriously."

His eyes flash and I can feel his anger. They all put it down to rogues or strays... there's something more going on..."

Did he actually want to help the kingdom? That shocked me. Or was he lying? What did he mean? Something more was going on? Nothing that I knew of was at odds. Everyone said he was a monster... but was he? I don't know, not after what Lucia had told me. It just

didn't seem to fit.

"I don't have all day, Little Mouse." He growls, snapping me from my thoughts.

I look up, a sudden thought coming to my mind. "If... if I help you, and you win the crown... Then can I ask for something in return?" I whisper.

"Go for it."

"Will you then let me go?"

His eyes flash red as he looks at me, an

unreadable expression on his face, his

jaw taut. "You will hold the title of Queen

and instead you want to leave..."

I nod slowly, "I want to go away somewhere, where I'm free... somewhere.

I can be... I don't want to stay here." I whisper, feeling sadness wash over me.

He scoffs, and I look up sharply, my heart pounding. His eyes are cruel and cold as he looks at me with contempt. "Fine. Marry me, and if I win that crown... I will let you out of this marriage. You will be free to leave the city or go die in hell. I

don't really care."

I'm not bothered by his harsh words, my

heart leaping as I look at him, he was agreeing! Goddess, there was a way out!

I can't help but smile and I nod. "Ok! I will try my best." I promise, but rather than be happy with my answer, he just

looks at me with an expression of pure

hatred.

"Then your training starts at dawn."

With those words, he turns and leaves the room, leaving me alone with the glimmer of hope for a future that I had given up on ...