

Dark Obsession 26

Chapter 26. Temptation

ZEDKIEL.

She surprised me.

I wasn't expecting her to win against Maryka, sure I was hoping that she'd be able to try better against her than she would against me since she seemed to be terrified of hitting me without having a mental breakdown in the process. But she had impressed me. She showed far more potential than I had even hoped for. 1

I just need her to stop acting so fucking afraid of me, although I don't blame her... the urge to devour her entirely is always there, and the hunger for her blood is growing with each passing day and I know it is wrong. No vampire drinks the blood of a supernatural... It's taboo.

We enter our quarters and I lock the door,

letting go of her wrist and tossing my shirt down. "Run the bath."

Her heart's pounding, but she doesn't disobey and walks off. My eyes flash

when I see the bruises on her back;

Maryka aimed to hurt, she is a practised fighter and instead of treating it as a sparring match and using her fighting techniques, she instead was attacking to hurt. Did she feel threatened by Evangeline? Or me?

My anger rises as I walk through to the bedroom, the sound of running water

reaching my ears. I'm putting Evangeline in the line of fire, and I know that. Taking

her as my Luna is going to cause issues and put her in danger. Everyone wants that crown, and they can't hurt me, but they will try to hurt her to get to me.

I silently watch her through the gap in the open bathroom door, she's not in my

line of sight but her reflection shows in the mirror. She's sitting on the edge of

the tub, running her fingers through the

water. Her face is solemn, and she

appears to be lost in thought. She had opened her hair, which had already been

pulled from its tie thanks to Maryka, and

she now runs her fingers through it.

There is a risk to what I'm doing, but I

don't have any other option... There is a rage within me, one that always gets the

better of me and results in the death of

every woman that comes close to me.

When I do take women to bed, even when

I feel in control, they still end up dead. No

matter how hard I try to rack my brain,

the last thing I always remember is fucking them and then it's a blank. I wake

up with them dead. 2

I want her... want to feel every inch of her

body and to fuck her in every position

possible but at the same time there is a

part of me that fears what may happen if

I do... I have never wanted a woman as much as I want her. I and the beast within me both feel a pull to her and deep down, I still wonder if she can be my mate. I had felt something when I touched her, but without her wolf, I can't be so sure.

I enter the bathroom, and she looks up, her heart skipping a beat. I don't say anything, my gaze going to the tub,

which is almost full. She has added

something to it, I can smell it, it isn't

unpleasant, but it is also not something I am used to. I frown slightly, looking at

the bottles she has placed on the side. Massage oils?

"I thought they would help when I give you a massage." She says, answering my unasked question.

"Were you planning on giving me a massage?" I ask, untying the string on

my sweatpants, making her avert her gaze, her heart beating fast as her cheeks

flush.

"No... I mean, unless you want me to."

She mumbles.

Confusing... at times it's almost as if she

wants me, at others I'm not so sure.

Either way, I can't blame her.

I remove my pants, trying to control the anger of my Lycan that ripples inside of me. "Strip." My command comes out as a growl, and I frown hearing the thudding

of her heart.

She stands up and slowly reaches for her

top. Flinching when she strains her arm,

she's hurting. I close the gap between us, grabbing her top and lifting it up over her

head before tossing it aside. She stands there in her bra, her heart thumping as my gaze lingers on her breasts. I can see her nipples hardening and I smirk,

running my hands over her breasts, my thumbs pressing against her hardening

buds.

"Looks like your body wants this." I growl, pinching them. She doesn't respond, her eyes fluttering shut, her

cheeks flush and I frown.

Is she trying to pretend that I'm not the one before her or is she wishing me away. My anger rises and I frown at the odd thought that has come to mind. It

sounded almost as if I'm jealous. No, I'm

just possessive.

"Mm.... Y-you get into the bath I-I'll get undressed." She whispers, slowly

moving away from my touch.

I turn away, trying to control the anger that always seemed to rise within me. I get into the tub, sitting back against the side, I place my arms on the edge, watching her.

Her heart thumps as she feels me

watching her. Her eyes slowly flick up to

meet mine before she blushes and slowly

shimmies out of those jeans. There are

several bruises on her creamy skin that do nothing for the irritation within me. She presses her thighs together, trying to

hide herself as she wraps her arms

around her large breasts, still wearing her lingerie. I glance in the mirror behind

her, smirking.

Nice ass...

"Keep them on," I state coldly.

Her gorgeous eyes fly open as she stares at me before I see the glimmer of a smile on her face. Something stirs inside and I glare at her, making it vanish.

Great.

I look away and she edges to the tub and gets in on the far side, but my legs are spread in front of me, and she tries to squeeze in between them. I don't move and she refuses to ask me to as she crouches on the tips of her toes. I lean over and yank her onto my lap.

She squeaks, but her arms snake around my neck as she tries to stop herself from crashing into me. Her breasts slam against my chest and our faces are inches apart. Her heart pounds as she slowly adjusts her position, straddling me. Her cheeks burn at our position, and I bite back a groan when she presses against my cock.

"Fuck..." I mutter, the urge to tear her underwear off and fuck her growing stronger.

She doesn't move and doesn't try to ease away. Even if she tries, I won't let her. I don't move my hands from her hips.

Closing my eyes, I rest my head back.

Trying not to focus on her pussy, rubbing against my cock.

This was fucking self-restraint... I was a saint just for being able to control myself from not fucking the woman who was teasing me yet refusing to give me herself.

I can feel her relaxing, sensing her watching me. I don't move and soon she relaxes against me. It is soothing, and I slowly wrap my arms around her, pulling her against me. She doesn't fight, resting her head against my chest.

Her scent is welcoming, intoxicating and tantalising, yet soothing. The sound of the water heating system a faint hum in

the background and if I wasn't so fucking turned on, I may have fallen asleep.

"Can I ask you something?" She

whispers after a while.

"Hmm." I murmur, keeping my eyes

closed. She seems more relaxed when I'm

not staring at her.

Her heart rate speeds up before she caresses the back of my neck slowly. The urge to growl in approval is in my throat but I cut it off not wanting to scare her. "Why are... Why do people say that you kill all the women who you spend time with?" She whispers hesitantly.

I open my eyes, looking directly into her

soft tawny hazel ones. "Because I do."

Her eyes widen and I stare into them.

emotionlessly. Do I tell her the truth? Or

lie?

I wanted her to believe me and not to fear

me so much. Either answer would still

scare her. I could appear a deranged

uncontrollable monster that I am, or I

could lie and appear heartless. The second was more ideal but... "I won't lie

Little Mouse... but I do end up killing

anyone who I bring to bed... the last I always remember is fucking them... then I wake up to a room full of blood and shredded body parts."

Her heart is racing as I run my hand up her back, her eyes locked with mine as she comprehends what I said. A frown

creases her gorgeous face, but to my surprise, I don't smell the fear from her.

"I don't believe that." She murmurs.

"What's not to believe?" I ask, tilting my head and looking at her emotionlessly.

"Why am I not dead then?"

Our eyes meet and I reach over, gripping her by the back of her hair, yanking her head upwards. "Maybe because I haven't taken you yet." I growl huskily. Or because I try not to sleep in the same

room as you...

Her heart thunders and I smirk coldly,

running my tongue up her neck slowly. She shivers at my touch, her heart thundering, and then I feel her move ever so slowly against my cock. My hand tightens in her hair as I palm her breast, making her moan. I can sense her struggle, her confusion, not knowing if

she should give in to me or not.

“Who cares what your heart or mind wants, just let your body lead you. You want this Evangeline, admit it.” I

murmur huskily in her ear. I knew she wasn’t ready to be fucked by me yet, and I

knew she was untouched, but it didn’t

mean we can’t have some fun and this

time I wanted to feel my dick against that

pussy. Her arousal is like a drug, and I reach behind her, unhooking her bra and

tossing it onto the ground, letting her boobs spring free.

She gasps, her breasts heaving as she

tries to cover herself. My eyes flash as I

look them over, my cock throbbing for

more.

Fuck... She was a work of art that was

made to be destroyed and ruined by me... and I planned to do that... I grab her breasts, squeezing her pink nipples as she cries out in pleasure.

“Zedkiel.” She whimpers, but it sounds more like a horny moan.

I smirk. Oh, fuck yes, that’s it.

I slip one hand down and rip off her panties, hissing when her smooth pussy rubs against my cock. A moan leaves her lips, her heart pounding.

“Relax... I don’t intend to fuck you right

now.” I whisper huskily. 1

She nods, her cheeks flush a gorgeous shade of pink, the look of lust and pleasure coating her eyes. I grip her hips,

grinding between the folds of her pussy.

Pleasure ricochets through me and every time my head hits her clit, I can see the pleasure consuming her.

Her nervousness ebbs away, her

hesitation slowly easing up and I yank

her close, crashing my lips against hers as she grinds against my cock. She moans into my mouth, kissing me back softly yet passionately. Her grip on my arm and neck tightens, and I feel my canines growing. My control is failing. I pull away from her lips, my gaze dipping to her neck, I lick my lips feeling her release near and my own hunger and pleasure

increasing.

I didn't get it. Why was I getting the urge to drink from her? It wasn't normal and I

have never craved a werewolf's blood. It

is taboo to even drink the blood of

another supernatural... but she is tempting me. Her scent is drugging me and all I want is to spread her blood all

over her body and lick it off her.

The urge to pierce her skin is so tempting

My heart is ringing in my ears as her

moans grow louder, the moment her orgasm tears through her, her back arches as a delicious moan of pure

ecstasy falls from her lips. I yank her forward, unable to stop myself from

slamming against her perfect cunt, fighting myself not to penetrate her. This feels fucking better than any pussy I've fucked and I'm not even inside her yet.

My own release rips through me, and

with it I see red. All I can hear is the

rushing of her blood in her veins, drowning out everything else. My hand squeezes her breast as I pull her close, sucking on her hardened nipple. My other

hand runs down her stomach as I find her

clit with my fingers, rubbing it hard. She

gasps in pleasure and I try to fight it,

trying to focus on her moans of pleasure, but I can't. I am no longer in control and I

sink my fangs into the supple skin that surrounds her nipple.

She cries out as I suck harder... the

delicious taste of her blood seeping into
my mouth...