

Dark Obsession 38

Chapter 38. Voicing my Darkest Fear EVANGELINE.

His words cut me like a sharp knife, and I look up at him.

How could he?

I didn't reply for a moment, trying to remain composed, knowing we have many eyes watching us, and even with the music and loud chatter, they might overhear. So, I simply smile gracefully at Zedkiel and slowly pull out of his hold. I don't think he understands that I am going to take this deal seriously. Absolutely seriously, and I am not going to do anything to mess that up. Especially something such as fraternising with another man as long as we are married, which can lead to problems in front of the court. and would not be ideal for the tournament.

"Nothing to say?" He asks, and I realise this conversation isn't over until he gets an answer. His eyes are blazing red, and his anger only continues to rise.

"Let's not do this here." I whisper back, "If you want to talk I-lets take it outside."

I'm scared to be alone with him anywhere, but he is going to ruin this before we even have a chance to prove we can do this, and to aim for that crown and my freedom.

"Let's." He says, his arm snakes around my waist, his hand painfully tight on my waist. He leads me out of the doors I had just entered. They swing shut behind us, blocking out all sounds of the merriment from within.

Zedkiel came to a stop, and I look up, only to see Sinclair standing there. His eyes are cold as they meet Zedkiel's, and I realise they aren't as beautiful as I once found them....

He just doesn't look the same... I look at Zedkiel, with his delicious hot chocolate skin, and those eyes. that remind me of honey and jewels, which makes my heart sk*p a beat. He is beautiful. My heart thuds as I turn away, realising something with shock.

I have begun to feel something for him... How is that possible?

My heart thumps with this realisation and I look back at Sinclair once more. Yes, he's handsome, but I feel

nothing.

"Out of my way." Zedkiel snarls, bringing me from my shocked thoughts.

Sinclair simply looks at me before moving to his right, so he is directly in front of me.

"Of course." He says, his eyes stuck on me.

I frown. Sinclair is making stuff so much worse for me. Does he not realise that if he makes Zedkiel angrier, he'll take it out on me? Does he even care for me, aside from his own selfish reasons!?

I'm about to turn away when suddenly Zedkiel pulls me behind him, and I hear a resounding crunch and a grunt as Sinclair st*ggers back, clutching his bleeding nose that Zedkiel had just punched. My eyes fly open as they snap to Zedkiel, who raises his fist to his lips, blowing off imaginary dust as he glares murderously at Sinclair.

"Stay out of my way, because next time I will kill you." He snarls before dragging me away. I bite back the cry of pain from the rough pull as he yanks me down the hallway until he opens a random door and pushes me inside. I almost stumble, just about catching my balance, when the door shuts behind him.

My anger makes my own heart thud even louder and I turn to glare at him.

"You need to listen before you react." I say quietly.

He c*cks a brow. "I saw enough." He snarls, advancing towards me.

I stand my ground, wondering where this strength is coming from. I clench my fists, hoping that I can hold. my ground. I'm tired of being treated like this....

"You saw what you wanted to see. I told Sinclair to back off... you might not realise it Zedkiel, but I am going to do my best, for your crown, and for my freedom. Why would I sabotage that?" I ask softly. "To be

free is all I ever wanted."

He's about to say something, but instead, he narrows his eyes, watching me intently. "Care to explain why. you smelt of him, then?" He hisses, gripping my chin in a tight hold.

Biting back my whimper, I look him square in the eye, a ringing in my ear growing. "Because just like you, he tried to manhandle me. You may not see it Prince Zedkiel... but you two are far more similar than you think!" I whisper harshly.

'Evangeline... Oh, Evangeline... Goddess, you are such a mischief maker!' A girl's whispery laugh reaches my ears.

'No. I'm not. I'm being serious...'

'We can't do that Evangeline, it's risky!'

'It doesn't matter, I'll do it.'

'Promise?'

"Evangeline?" Zedkiel's voice snaps me back to reality, and I realise he had just snapped his fingers in front of me. "What happened?"

I shake my head, trying to calm my thumping heart. "W-what... what did you say?" I mumble.

He c*cks a brow, scanning my eyes before he turns away. "I said, we're nothing alike." He growls.

"Aren't you? You both act like you own me, want me, yet you both only hurt me..." I trail off, realising that, that isn't true... Zedkiel has defended me on several occasions now...

"If that's what you think. Nothing I say will make you change your mind. Let's return before we're missed." He replies coldly, turning away from me. His eyes are blazing as he looks at me over his shoulder.

I nod and when he reaches for the door, I bravely place my hand over his. The stark difference in our skin looks so beautiful... I can feel him watching me and I tilt my head up to look at him. It didn't feel right to end the conversation there...

"I'm sorry... You two aren't completely alike... you've protected me many times too... whilst he... he hurts me a lot with his words." I say quietly. "So, thank you."

I see him swallow as his gaze locks with mine, and I slowly let go of his hand, it drops from the door handle, and I reach out to pull the door open when he suddenly grabs me by my arm and spins me around, pushing me up against the wall.

I gasp at the impact and stare up at him, shocked. "No, we aren't alike, because you belong to me and I'm ready to show the f*cking world that, unlike him. He took his f*cking Luna, so why the f*ck is he eyeing mine up. Secondly, until the deal is fulfilled, and I set you free, you still belong to me... and who knows, you might just not want to leave." His voice is husky and low, and he pins my wrists to the door next to my head, his eyes raking over me. His words make my heart sk*p a beat, but no matter what, I don't see myself wanting to stay... Yes, my body seems to want him, but there is no way I can stay. "And third... until this deal is completed... you are mine and mine alone."

His chest is too close to mine now, his eyes shimmering red, but even then, knowing what he was capable of, didn't deter me. My stomach flutters with a thousand butterflies and my gaze dips to his plump lips.

He leans in, kissing me deeply. I gasp against his lips, but it only gives him access to my mouth. One that he assaults. His hands let go of my wrists, running down my arms before he grabs my waist and pulls me flush against him.

Do I kiss him back? I'm not sure... So, I simply kiss him once, before I slowly pull back, reminding myself that I can't get too close, just in case something happens like last time. "We need to return to the hall... and we need to... be careful." I whisper, opening the door.

He doesn't argue with me, nor does he refuse to let me go. I feel the cold aura swirl around him as his eyes become hard and emotionless again. I feel something squeeze inside, knowing I was hurting him, but I am scared too... I'm scared that he will end up killing me.

"That went well." Zedkiel says once we are back in our bedroom.

It has been a long day and night has fallen. I am exhausted. The questions that some of the Lunas had thrown at me had been passive-aggressive, or indirectly insulting, and then there was Grandmother Philomena's scrutinising gaze.

It hurt that Alpha Aeron hadn't approached me, nor had he said anything to me all evening. As for Sinclair, he and Celia seemed oddly fitting. He was with her, yet his gaze was stuck on me, and she gave me dirty looks any chance she got.

After the wedding, there was a dinner for the pack members, and then there was a court meeting. Ending with the signing of our official marriage certificates.

"It did." I nod as I slide my heels off, wiggling my toes. "Step one complete."

This dress has gained weight as the hours passed! I'm exhausted!

Zedkiel took his jacket off, and I can't help but admire the way he fills his shirt out. But we are alone... again... I told him he needed to stay away... the way he was getting relaxed made me feel he may not leave me alone tonight and there is no Alistair around. Now that we are married, he didn't expect me to consummate the marriage, did he?

I stood up suddenly at the thought, wanting to go change and get away from him, when he blocks my path. My heart thumps, but he doesn't even look me in the eye. Instead, he unzips my dress, and terror fills me, but despite the graze of his hand against my skin, I can tell he isn't doing it on purpose.

Once the zip is down, he slowly pulls the dress down from my breast, the one he had bit into.

Fear begins rising inside of me, but his face remains emotionless as he looks at my breast. It's almost healed, save the bluey-purple bruises that remain. He runs his thumb over my areola and my cheeks burn when my nipple stiffens under his touch. I pull back, covering my chest and turn my back on him.

He probably saw that!

"I want to ask you a question and I expect you to answer it honestly." He says quietly.

My stomach flips nervously, and I nod, my lips trembling as I try to remain calm. I wait with bated breath for his question, and I feel him step closer.

"You were afraid of me before what I did the other day, before you knew what I am. Why? Is it the stories you have heard?"

I gaze out the window across the room clutching my dress to me, as I feel coldness wash over me.

"N-no." I whisper, feeling uncertainty and fear within me once more.

"Then?" He asks.

Do I tell him? Maybe if I do, he'll understand.

I struggle, hesitating on what to do... but perhaps I should. Maybe then he would not get so angry at my behaviour...

Making up my mind, I slowly turn and look up at him. "It's because the first time I saw you wasn't at that ball." I whisper, fear washing through me.

He frowns, looking down at me intensely. Waiting for me to continue. "I have seen you countless times over the years, I see..."

"You've seen me where?" He asks sharply, a glimmer of confusion in his eyes. I swallow hard and I see his gaze dip to my lips. I take a shuddering breath.

"I've seen you in my nightmares, for as long as I remember, I have had the same dream... where you- where you." My breath hitches and the words are stuck in my throat. My eyes blur with tears as I fear if I speak it, it will become a reality.

"Where I what, Evangeline?" He pushes, slipping his hands into his pockets.

My lips quiver as the tears burst from their dam and I break down, dropping onto the bed.

"Where you kill me. Every single time. All I see is my death by your hands. Feel the pain as you stab me repeatedly, even as I beg for you to stop." I whisper, covering my face with my hands. "I don't know what it is, or why I have had those dreams since I was a child... But I know... I know you will be the one to kill

me."