

Dark Obsession 40

Chapter 40 Undeniable Lust EVANGELINE.

I stare in the mirror, towelling my wet hair. The sun that shines through the steamy bathroom window really makes my skin glow and highlights the freckles along my nose and cheeks. Zedkiel's words return to me, and my heart skips a beat.

'I wouldn't intentionally hurt you...'

I smile faintly, his words basking me in warmth. I'm glad I told him about my nightmares, and I hope he understands that if I do get jumpy or scared, it's because of those dreams. Everything he had told me last night replays in my mind, and I believe there is a connection between us.

The nightmares and his experience with the Shadow Wolf, a description that fit me perfectly was proof of that connection... but are we dangerous to one another? Sure, he had hurt me, but I saw the sincerity in his eyes. He hadn't meant to.

But there is something that niggles at my mind. Last night he hadn't completed his sentence... there was more to say before he stopped, 'When I step into his life... at the end of that sentence, there was something he didn't tell me... for what reason, I'm not sure.

I sigh, placing the towel down. I unwrap the one I have around my body and look down at my breast. The bruise was healing fast... I wrap the towel around myself again, looking forward to visiting the oracle. I'm certain she will have some answers...

Last night I dreamt of Zedkiel kissing me and just when he was about to go down on me, I had woken up.

I sigh as I return to the bedroom, my gaze falling to the bed. The side I slept on was rumpled, but the other was completely untouched. Once again, he hadn't slept here. My heart thuds and I furrow my brows, getting lost in my thoughts, remembering the way he had held my hand, guiding me through the darkness. My stomach flutters and I frown. What is this? Am I fickle? Not long ago, I was swooning over Sinclair and now that's just somehow been replaced by the man I want.

Wait, what did I just say... The man I want?

My heart thunders as I realise what I had just thought.

No! I mean I can't, I don't! How can I possibly have feelings for him? We have to stay away from one another, and then, when this tournament is over, I'll be gone.

I take a shuddering breath, placing a hand on my chest when the door opens and I jump, only to see. Zedkiel standing there, a thin layer of sweat covering his shirtless body, wearing nothing but grey. sweatpants that emphasise his manhood incredibly well. It was obvious he had just returned from training.

My core clenches and I feel my cheeks burn as I stare at him. My eyes snap to his face, only to realise he's as distracted as I am. His eyes rake over my body in this tiny towel... I clutch the front to me, feeling extremely self-conscious... His eyes flicker red before they return to normal..

He steps into the room; the door shutting behind him and he closes the gap between us, making my heart thump violently. The way he walks oozes dominance and power and there is just something incredibly s*xxy about that.

What is wrong with me?

I step back, only for him to take hold of my chin, forcing me to look up at him. "If you don't want to tempt me... then don't look at me like that." He growls, his gaze dipping to my lips.

I

"I-it isn't that... I just..."

I don't know what to say...

A cold, arrogant smirk crosses his face, and he c*cks a brow. "Or is what I said becoming the truth? Do you want me, Evangeline?"

My breasts are heaving, and I can feel my cheeks heating up as I shake my head quickly.

"No. I don't." I say firmly, my eyes fluttering shut when he runs his knuckles down my neck.

"Your body says otherwise." He growls, suddenly grabbing the back of my hair.

I gasp and my eyes fly open when his free arm wraps around my waist, yanking me against him. I can hear his heart thundering, and I bite my lip when I feel him throb against my stomach.

"Zed..." I trail off, feeling lightheaded.

A growl of approval escapes his lips, and I find myself losing my will. There's a part of me that's telling me to move away but I can't... his hand grazes lower, running down my lower back and I press into him, anticipating his touch.

What am I doing?

gasp when his hand runs over my a*s and his lips meet my neck. Delicious sparks of pleasure rush through me and I find myself digging my nails into his biceps. He's taking it slow, almost as if testing my limits. My entire body feels like electric currents are rushing through me, pleasant, electrifying, and enticing. I don't move, as he slowly kisses my neck again, his hand running over my a*s. His tongue flicks out, and he sucks lightly on my skin and when a moan leaves me, he curses, yanking back and kissing my lips hard.

I kiss him back, not sure where my confidence comes from, as I lock my arms around his neck, gripping it tightly as he kisses me. Slowly, the light kissing changes, and he's devouring me. His tongue flicks out, running along my lips before he slips it into my mouth, exploring every inch. He hoists me up, and I gasp when I feel my bare p*ssy press against his abs. A sizzling current of pleasure rushes through me.

His arm is around me, and his hand rests on my naked a*s as he kisses me harder. I'm so aware of his hand there, but... it feels good...

I suck hard on his tongue, making him squeeze my a*s before he turns us and places me on the bed. His hands go to my breasts, squeezing them.

Nervousness settles into me, and I tense, pushing him away slightly. What if he loses control... He pulls away, looking into my eyes, his fingers running through my black locks before he slowly gets off the bed. His cold exterior returns and I slowly sit up, clutching the towel to my breasts.

“Get dressed... the tournament rules will be announced after breakfast.” He says coldly before he turns and enters the bedroom. The door slams behind him with a violent bang, making me flinch.

I suddenly feel cold.

What am I doing?

‘No one wants little, weak, Evangeline... Let me help you.’ That voice comes again.

My heart thumps and I look around sharply.

What is that? Why am I hearing it?

I rest my head in my hands for a moment before I get up, deciding to get ready for the day...