

Dark Obsession 43

Chapter 43. Perfect for Each Other EVANGELINE.

It is the following night and I have just gotten dressed in a pale pink satin off-shoulder dress that Zedkiel has picked out for me; I was surprised at his choice considering he preferred dark colours... but I didn't argue, and when he himself put on grey pants and a white shirt, I think we matched perfectly. I don't know how I feel about going back to the Welhaven Mansion... The wedding is being held in the mansion gardens.

We still haven't decided on the two questions to ask the Oracle. We just need to think very carefully before we do.

Zedkiel and I are sitting in the back of the sleek back car and with every passing minute, my nervousness is growing. The king and queen are also attending the celebration. I am a little surprised that not all the royals were, but after all, their importance is far greater. But having the king and queen come is probably a great honour in itself. It just reminds me that the Lycans are far above the rest of the Alphas, just as Zedkiel is above Sinclair.

Much to my surprise, when we enter pack grounds it no longer feels like home, but I guess it is because this isn't my home anymore.

How life has changed so fast...

"Upset?" He asks coldly. I turn to him and shake my head.

"No... it just doesn't feel like home anymore," I say honestly.

His frown softens, and he looks me over. "It shouldn't. You're my woman now. My pack is yours, not this place."

I nod slowly and he places his hand on my thigh, his thumb rubbing my leg softly. I bite my lip, feeling the tingles of his touch make pleasure ripple through me.

There are only two nights until the tournament... Zedkiel hasn't said anything to me regarding consummating our marriage and I don't think he will. It is almost as if he's waiting for me to take the initiative, but if we don't, then won't we be excluded?

I come out of my thoughts when the car comes to a stop, and the door is opened for Zedkiel. He gets out first and I follow, gracefully slipping my legs out first before I stand up. His arm instantly wraps around my waist. His grip is tight, and he pulls me firmly to his side. I bite my lip as we make our way through to the garden.

There's a modest number of guests, but I feel several eyes on us. The moment we enter, a silence falls, and I can feel it, the wave of fear that seems to exude from them all.

"Alpha Prince Zedkiel, what a pleasant surprise." Alpha Aeron says as he comes over. His gaze flickers to me for a moment and I see a glimmer of sadness in those eyes.

Zedkiel holds up the invitation card. "Not really when we were specifically sent an invitation, and the sender tells the messenger to hand it to my Luna who you haven't even greeted." He says coldly, tossing it at Alpha Aeron, who catches it before bowing his head to me.

"Ah... I do apologise and, of course, I'm going to welcome Evangeline." Alpha Aeron says as he turns to me and smiles gently. "Welcome, Evangeline-"

"Luna Evangeline, or Princess Evangeline to you, Alpha." Zedkiel counters. "You may not have treated my woman that well when she was a part of this pack, but that changes now." He says coldly, signalling the

end of the conversation as he pulls me away from Alpha Aeron, who has a look of sadness and guilt in his

eyes.

"That isn't true." I whisper quietly.

"Hmm?" Zedkiel asks, frowning down at me.

I look around as the song that is playing comes to an end and I wait for the next one to start as I lead Zedkiel to the far side of the garden. "I mean, Alpha Aeron didn't really treat me badly. I was an orphan omega, but they gave me an education and treated me like one of their family members-"

"Yet they gave you to me to save their own pup... are you really defending a family who knew that no woman survives me?" He asks coldly, his eyes blazing red.

My stomach twists and I realise the truth in his words, and yes it does hurt... I look down, not knowing what to say. Who am I defending?

He places two fingers under my chin, forcing my head up.

"You're my woman now. Do not lower your head to anyone." He growls. "Chin up Little Mouse."

My heart skips a beat and I nod, just as the music plays and I turn to see the couple enter. Sinclair is in a navy suit and Celia is in an ivory dress, a smug smirk on her face, but I feel nothing. It's strange but I don't

care.

Zedkiel's arm wraps around my waist possessively as he pulls me against him. I don't fight him, placing my hand on his abs as I feel every part of him pressed against me and I try not to blush because of a certain part. I look up at him only to find his attention is preoccupied with my breasts that are spilling out of my dress.

I try not to blush, thinking there was a time I'd never wear something like this, when I feel an intense gaze on me, I turn to see Sinclair watching me. I can see his anger, and jealousy, and I really don't know why. He's the one marrying someone else today. I don't like Celia but I kind of pity her... At least my husband only has eyes for me...

I feel a wave of clarity wash over me at my own thoughts, and I look up at Zedkiel again. He's looking at Sinclair too, his face is emotionless, but I can see the cold, dangerous, challenging glint in his eyes.

"We should take our seats for the vows." I say quietly, drawing his attention away from Sinclair.

Zedkiel nods and we make our way to some seats beside the king and queen...

The vows were almost complete, and I think everyone could see Sinclair's eyes were not on his bride. I didn't know if I should be embarrassed or disgusted. His eyes kept looking at me to the point even Celia noticed. I felt self-conscious, but I had to keep telling myself I'm not the one responsible for his actions. Some of those watching, including Celia's parents, were watching me with disapproval but no one dared say anything. After all, I am the wife of Zedkiel Vilkas.

"Do you Sinclair Welhaven accept Celia Huntington as your mate and Luna?"

Sinclair glances at me but I refuse to lock eyes with him. I'm sitting composed, with my legs crossed, and I'm turned slightly towards Zedkiel. He has his hand firmly on my thigh.

"I do." Sinclair says with a bitter smile as he looks at Celia.

"And do you, Celia Huntington, take Sinclair Welhaven as your mate and Alpha?"

"I do." She says, pursing her lips in a fake smile.

"I pronounce you man and wife, you may kiss your bride."

Sinclair turns to me just as Zedkiel leans over, his lips grazing my ear.

"If he keeps looking at you, I will tear him to shreds." He growls quietly. My heart skips a beat, but it isn't because of his words but his closeness.

From the corner of my eyes, I see Sinclair grab Celia and kiss her hard. Well... they are a couple. I turn to Zedkiel, only to see him watching me and deep down I wonder if he'll really let me go once this tournament is over...

"Come Zedkiel, Evangeline, let's go congratulate the couple." Alpha Ambrose says as he stands up and offers Luna Danciana a hand.

Do we have to? Well, I guess it's time to show them that I'm not the same Evangeline they once knew.

We walk over to the couple, and everyone moves aside, making a pathway for the royals. Celia's family is here, and I can see the fear and hatred they have towards Zedkiel. After all, he did kill their daughter...

Zedkiel and I walk alongside the King and Queen and when we come to a stop in front of the Welhaven couple, I can see neither are happy, Celia is looking at me with barely hidden jealousy but she doesn't say anything her eyes flickering with fear when she looks at Zedkiel. As for Sinclair, he is trying to remain composed.

"Congratulations." Alpha Ambrose says and the newlywed bow their heads to him.

Zedkiel tilts his head, a cold smirk on his face.

"Thank you, Supreme Alpha Ambrose." Sinclair replies.

"Th-thank you." Celia says, bowing her head again.

I never knew she could be so humble, but then again, picking on the weak is easier than showing arrogance to royals.

"Congratulations Alpha Sinclair, Celia." I say, smiling gracefully. "You both are perfect for one another."

Sinclair's eyes flash whilst Celia's expression falls. I think they both understood that that wasn't a compliment.

"Perhaps now, you'll stop looking at my woman." Zedkiel says, shocking me at his bluntness.

All eyes turn on us and I see Alpha Ambrose tense, Grandmother Philomena clearly pales too, and Sinclair looks livid.

"Excuse me?" Sinclair says.

"Stay the f*ck out of my woman's life. You invited us here, for what f*cking reason? To try to make her jealous? Do get the hint that she really doesn't want you." Zedkiel says, making my heart thunder in shock knowing that everyone is listening.

"Fear and want are two different things, Alpha Zedkiel." Sinclair says. "She fears you and that is why she won't speak."

I frown. No, he isn't going to belittle me. Not again...

"Think what you want pup, just admit you weren't man enough to make a f*cking move." Zedkiel sneers.

Before Sinclair can reply, I speak up.

"Actually, you're wrong Alpha Sinclair, Zedkiel has never forced me to do anything I haven't wanted, and this marriage was an option, there was no forcing me... I realise now, he's the only one who actually had faith in me and saw me as more than just the Omega I once was." I say quietly before I turn to Celia.

"You can keep him. I just hope his wandering eye doesn't continue because if I were you, I'd take it as an insult."

I don't know where this courage is coming from, but I am done. I turn to Zedkiel, who is watching me with a glimmer of amusement in his eyes.

"Come Zed... I think it's not fair to the bride if we stay when her husband has openly insulted her in front of an entire audience." I say softly, knowing many can still hear me. Zedkiel nods slowly.

"Excuse us." Zedkiel says, his arm snaking around my waist as he leads the way down the aisle. I don't know what to think, my heart still thumping from my small spurt of courage. The moment we are out of that marquee, Zedkiel spins me around and yanks me into his arms, his own back hitting the wall of the mansion. I gasp as I stare up at him, my eyes widening and I would have fallen if he wasn't holding me. That was actually incredibly f*cking hot." He growls huskily, making my p*ssy clench, his hand squeezing my a*s.

I stare into those gold eyes of his, my heart pounding and I know this is my chance....

"I'm glad you think so..." I say bravely, feeling my cheek burn. "So... shall we..."

I can feel my cheeks feeling incredibly hot and I'm unable to continue my sentence.

Zedkiel c*cks a brow as he looks down at me.

"Shall we...?" He pushes huskily, but the way he presses me against him, his manhood throbbing against my stomach, I know he knows exactly what I mean.

I pout slightly, feeling so mortified. "You know exactly what I mean." I mumble.

A cold half smile crosses his face and his hand wraps around my throat as he tilts his head.

"Oh, I do... and I think tonight is perfect because after I'm done with you, you'll need the full day tomorrow

to recover." He doesn't give me time to reply as his lips press against mine in a deep sizzling kiss, one that I find myself reciprocating...