

Dark Obsession 52

Chapter 52. Reaching Him

EVANGELINE.

"Listen to me!" I cry, gripping his upper arms as the water soaks us both. My chest grazes against his and I don't miss the way his eyes, even full of anger rake over my breasts, making my stomach flutter.

I know I have made him angry, and I don't know how he found the phone, but I have to get through to him. He slams me against the wall, making me gasp as pain shoots through my back and neck. I squeeze my eyes shut, trying to clear the shampoo from them.

"I'm done listening." He snarls, and for a moment his forehead touches mine, his nose brushing against mine and our hearts are pounding as one. But the moment our eyes meet, he suddenly lets go of me and turns away.

Is he going to go after Sinclair? Fear envelops me and before he can even step out of the shower, I wrap my arms around him from behind. It's not about Sinclair, but what this could mean for us all. The tournament, and then Grandmother Philomena and Alpha Aeron, would be devastated too. 2

"Please listen," I whisper, my heart thumping as he grabs my wrists, tearing them off him. I can feel the sting of tears washing away the soap from my eyes. He's almost at the door, and I know I need to speak now.

"You can leave Zedkiel, but first you owe me to at least listen. I never called him! Or turned that phone on! Believe me! You can look for yourself; not once did I make a call or send a message."

I don't know where the strength to speak up came from, but I know if he walks out that door, there will be things that we aren't going to be able to fix. He has a temper; he loses control but deep down past that feral rage of his, he did try with me and so I need to try with him.

"Please Zed, I promise you I forgot about the phone being there!"

He pauses, his hand on the door frame, and I can feel the anger radiating off him. Not caring that I'm naked, I bravely step closer and take hold of his upper arm. His jaw is taut as he glares into the bedroom. His chest is rising and falling, but at least he's listening.

"When I went to the shops with Lucia, he snuck up on me when I went to the changing rooms. I was terrified that I'd get caught and get in trouble, so I took the phone, but not once have I turned it on. I know I should have gotten rid of it but I promise I didn't want anything to do with him. Please believe me Zedkiel." I plead, I'm telling the truth. I'm trying to fix this.

"The changing rooms. Why am I not surprised." His eyes flash as he turns towards me, and I can see the possessiveness mixed with rage in them.

"He was already there when I entered. Nothing happened Zedkiel, I promise." I don't know why, but I'm desperate for him to believe me. 2

He pinches my chin between his fingers, and I try not to whimper in pain as he jerks my head upwards. He tilts his head, his eyes raking over me. "How low will you fall and continue to beg just for me to not step out and rip him to shreds?" He sneers.

I feel a flash of irritation and pain rush through me, and I glare at him.

"No. I've already told you I don't care for him. I gave myself to you. Wasn't that enough proof?" I whisper, hurt.

"But that was just for this tournament, right?" He says mockingly, his hold on me still tight as he caresses my cheek with the thumb of his other hand. But there's nothing gentle about his touch. It's the touch of a predator who could rip through my skin if he wants....

I look up at him, "Yes it was..."

But...

"Exactly, so let's not act so innocent." He says coldly.

"If killing Sinclair will satisfy you, then I can't stop you, but for someone aiming to become future King... It's a poor move. I don't care for him, nor do I miss him but if that's what you're set on believing, then there's nothing I can say that will change your mind. But... before or after, do take a second to look through that phone and then tell me if I ever used it." I say quietly as I grab his wrist and slowly tug free. from his painful hold. My eyes are stinging and I just want to go wash them out. There is nothing more I can say anyway. 3

I tried... the rest is up to Zedkiel. I turn away from him and step back into the shower, wiping my eyes and the few stray tears that escaped. They're burning now... I let the water wash away the rest of the soap. The tears were only a few and I wonder when had I stopped crying over every little thing? 1

I know he's still here... I can feel his rage and hear the thudding of his heart as he's obviously struggling with what to do.

I switch the water off, looking at his rigid back. He's half-drenched, but he's unbothered. I sigh softly, grabbing a towel. I need to talk to his Lycan again... I need to ask him why I can't tell Zedkiel. They need to work on their bond...

My dark mate... What did that mean? I know there are some things I'm certain that only he has the

answers to and is the only one who can tell me. It would save me from asking the Oracle things he may already know.

I wrap the towel around myself, and he turns, glancing at me. I probably look a mess with red eyes that feel extremely tender thanks to the shampoo. I quietly walk past him and into the bedroom, grabbing satin shorts and a matching cami; I put them on and run a comb through my hair.

The tension in this room is suffocating, but although it looks like I'm getting ready to sleep, I want to call on his Lycan... I simply plan to pretend to sleep until he falls asleep. I just hope he doesn't leave.

I get into bed not paying attention to Zedkiel, who takes off his sweatpants and for a moment I'm staring at his a*s in those fitted boxers.

I look away quickly, not wanting him to catch me staring and get into bed, pulling the blanket up to my head. I stay there relaxing my breathing and when I feel the bed dip; I do my best not to react as the blanket is pulled slightly, and I can feel the heat of his body behind me.

Neither of us speaks and I feel angry. This is Sinclair's fault. If he didn't give me that phone, this wouldn't have happened!

'You're the one who kept it.' The voice comes in my head, making me tense. My stomach churns at the cruel tone in her voice. 1

'I was scared.' I say back, wondering if she'll reply.

Nothing.

I frown, that is what I needed to ask the Oracle. I needed to find out what that voice is...

2

I lay there silently, waiting for Zedkiel to fall asleep, relieved he actually got into bed rather than leave and soon when his breathing becomes steady and heavy, I slowly turn towards him. His arm is under his head, and he's lying on his back, his eyes are closed, and his chest rises and falls steadily.

Slowly I sit up, and look at him; how do you summon a Lycan?

What if the only way is during sex, or when he loses control. Will he come forward if I anger him? But I don't think I'm ready to go down that path with Zedkiel again, not after that argument.

His breathing is steady and for a moment, I find myself admiring his features. He truly is a work of art.... he looks so much more beautiful when he isn't frothing at the mouth with rage.

Ok here goes nothing...

"Can you hear me?" I ask softly, leaning closer. I gently place my hand on his face, waiting for Zedkiel to rip my hand right off, but he doesn't move. "I need to speak to you... If you can hear me, please can you come forth. I need to ask what you meant the other night."

His brow furrows before his eyes snap open and I'm staring into a pair of burning red eyes...

ZEDKIEL.

I snap my eyes open the moment I feel my Lycan struggling within me, and it takes my all to stay in control.

I stare at her, unblinking. Why is she looking at me differently? I'm about to ask her, but the words she had spoken make me pause.

'Can you come forth.'

She's watching me calculatingly, and so I don't react.

"Are you... Zedkiel?" She asks me hesitantly, searching for something in my eyes.

Did a little too much water go to her brain? #

As much as I want to respond, a part of me wants to know what she's trying to do. Has this got to do with what I saw in the water?

What's unnerving me the most is my Lycan's struggle to take over when my anger has calmed drastically, but I can sense his desperation.

Why?

I mull over her question and decide what to say.

"No." I respond, and she exhales, looking relieved. I feel angry at that, but I'm struggling enough with my Lycan. "What do you want to ask?"

I don't know what I'm doing, but going on what she says, I'll play along... I need to find

out what this is about and why my Lycan is trying to rip me apart from the inside. My head is already beginning to squeeze in pain.

She smiles slightly, but it's not as relaxed as it usually is with me.

"Are you Zedkiel's Lycan?" She asks, taking me by surprise, but I don't let it show.

Why is she talking like she's had this conversation before... I freeze remembering her asking me if Lycans talk...

Have I at some point lost control and has he spoken to her? I know he's powerful, extremely powerful, but he's never spoken... Her question about Lycans talking isn't leaving my mind and I wonder... is it a possibility that he can talk?

"Don't ask unnecessary questions," I reply emotionlessly.

She nods vigorously and sighs. "Today, you must have seen Zedkiel get angry with me for keeping secrets

from him. Why can't I tell him what you said the other night? I know you think he'll kill me, but he's only been good to me. He hasn't done anything but protect me. He saved me from drowning today. Please, can I tell him about you?"

My mind's a whirl as I try to digest what she's saying. What had he said to her?

'Can you talk?' I ask in my mind. As the battle for control still rages, I wonder if he'll reply. I've tried countless times to talk to him, to engage him as Chasyn guided me, but I never got a response.

Silence.

Maybe she's delusional. What can she be playing at though?

tilt my head, as I feel the searing pain growing. He's winning...

I have to do something, and fast. Suddenly I grab her neck, squeezing it hard. She gasps, choking as she claws at my hand.

I will kill her right now if you don't answer me.' I snarl.

I just need to know...

'I will never speak to you, not after what you did to our mate!' A voice full of resentment and rage that I have never ever heard in my life rings through my head. 6

I'm about to reply when suddenly I'm thrown to the back of my mind, losing control of my body.

For the first time in my life, my Lycan has finally spoken to me, but just like everyone else, he wants nothing to do with me. Like everyone else, he's just forced to tolerate me.

Nothing new there.