

Dark Obsession 53

Chapter 53. Conflict

EVANGELINE.

I cough when he lets go, and I look up at him.

"Zedkiel!" I say, reaching for him, but it's then I realise it's not him... "You're..."

"Can you not tell the difference between us?" He says darkly, and I realise my mistake.

He's talking in that strange stiff manner like the words aren't natural to him...

Oh no... was I just talking to Zedkiel right now? "Y-your..."

"I told you not to mention anything to Zedkiel... He heard what you said. He knows we talked. You are making things extremely hard for me now, Little Dark Mate."

"I didn't mean to. Keeping secrets from Zedkiel is only causing problems. I need answers. You said he will kill me, you said that-"

"I also said do not tell him." He looks down at his hands as if examining them.

"I didn't, I was asking you-" I begin, but he casts me a warning glare. "I'm sorry for not being careful..." I end meekly.

"There is no need for meaningless words.

Time is running out, Little Dark Mate, and you are awakening... Soon the stars will align..."

He's talking cryptically, but I'm taking in every word.

"What is your name?" I ask bravely. I don't know how dangerous he is, but one thing I know for certain is that he will not hurt me.

"Zarachiel." He says after a moment. Like the archangel...

"Zarachiel... Nice to meet you." I say, giving him a small, gentle smile. He doesn't respond to it, but he does reach out and caress my cheek. "Y-you call me Dark Mate... why?"

"Because you hold great evil within you... but I don't care. You are still my mate and it's my duty to protect you. It doesn't matter what else happens, you are mine."

He says, a small frown on his face.

It's like he is trying to convince himself.

My stomach twists. Evil? I'm not evil.

'Aren't you?' That same sinister voice comes in my head, making me shiver and I frown.

"You say that I'm your mate..."

He simply smirks. "Even Zedkiel realised you are our mate." He murmurs. "Do you not feel it? The sparks when I touch you?"

He runs his hand down my cheek and neck before he grabs me by the arm and yanks me into his lap.

"I-I do, but they aren't- they can't be..." I

trail off, not knowing what I'm even trying to say. Trying to understand what he's saying.

"Are you insinuating that we are mates?" I ask softly, my cheeks

burning when he seems a little more interested in outlining my nipple with his finger.

I shy away from his touch and cross my arms over my breasts, knowing I should have put on a bra. The hunger in his eyes isn't something I can ignore.

"I'm not insinuating anything. I know that you are our mate. Zedkiel knows it too." He states, making my stomach drop. My heart thunders as the words finally sink in.

I was... I am... an Alpha Prince's mate? My hands feel shaky when I move my hair off my face.

"W-what?"

"He realised today when we felt you

drowning." He replies, his red eyes filling with anger at the memory.

Zedkiel is my mate...

"It's not possible... I don't even have a w- wolf, how can he be sure? How can you be so sure?" I ask bravely, feeling my hands begin to tremble.

If I'm his mate, he'll never let me go...

I'm unable to look him in the eye as I straddle his lap, hugging myself. Zedkiel had treated me well for far longer than he knew I was his mate. I mean, he only learnt of that today... but... this means...

"How can you know? I don't have a wolf; without one, I can't have a mate." I

repeat needing answers, but I'm no longer certain who I'm trying to convince,

"You are... but it's too late... this has set it all into play." He murmurs, his eyes darkening.

"Set what into play?" I ask, wishing he spoke clearly.

"Your end. Every single time, our unity will lead to despair. No matter what I do ..." He looks bitter, in pain even and when he looks at me once again, his eyes are haunted by memories I don't even want to ask about.

"Every single time?" I ask quietly.

Does this mean we have been alive in a past life? Is that even possible?

He smiles sadly and nods. "Every single time, for our destiny will never let us be together. We are destined to be together yet destined to be doomed..." His words make my blood run cold and my heart thumps and not in a good way. "No

matter what I do to keep you away, we somehow end up finding one another... I want you to live but the moment we cross paths... it's too late."

I'm drinking up every word carefully. It all merges with my nightmares, but why is he

talking as if there is no hope? Am I truly destined to die?

"Then we need to tell Zedkiel-" (2)

"He knows!" He snarls, grabbing my face

in his hands. "Look, Little Mate, you do

not owe him anything. After all, he never fully told you what the Shadow Beast in the Chamber said about you. Zedkiel is a fool, and you are becoming as foolish to want to trust him!"

I can see his struggle. Is Zedkiel coming forward? Obviously, from his words, I

knew Zarachiel can see everything

Zedkiel can, but it's clear that it's not the

same when it comes to Zedkiel, when

Zarachiel is in control.

Time is running out, I need to get more

answers!

"So then, what exactly was said in the chamber? The part that Zedkiel didn't tell me." I ask urgently.

"When the day comes that you yield to the woman with hair as dark as night, lips the shade of cherry and skin like

milk; when you allow her evil to bleed within you... pay heed, for then, shall you bring

doom to the world." He says, I can see the layer of sweat on his forehead as he

struggles, his eyes flickering from green-gold to red. My heart clenches at

his words.

Evil.

Am I evil?

I don't know what to make of that. I

refuse to believe that I am... what have I

—

done that is so wrong – that makes me

evil?

'Don't believe him, he's lying. They don't care for us.' That voice comes in my head, and I shiver involuntarily. 1

But it hurt that Zedkiel expected me to be fully honest, yet he himself isn't being fully

honest with me too... he knows we are mates, something I can't believe and

then the truth of the ordeal.

"We will speak again soon. Next time wait for me to come to you." He snarls,

leaning closer he runs his tongue along my lips making my eyes widen before his lips

graze against mine making my core throb as he kisses me deeply, my breath hitches

and I find myself kissing him back. He groans in approval before he

tenses and jerks back.

"Wait! Please! I know that you're scared of trusting Zedkiel, but I truly believe we need to work as a team to overcome this!

Please-" 1

His body falls back on the cushion, his eyes fluttering shut, and I close my eyes. in defeat.

Dear Goddess... why are things so difficult?

I want to talk to Zedkiel. I don't think we can continue like this.

'No, he's lying. Do not trust them, either of them. You have me.'

'And who are you?' I ask accusingly. After all, wolves do not have a voice. 1

'You will find out.' She chuckles before her voice fades away. 1

I close my eyes just as Zedkiel bolts upright, scanning the room.

He exhales and runs a hand down his face, his attention turning to me.

My mate. He's my mate.

"What the fuck was that?" He growls.

"I can ask the same... You get angry that I kept a secret or two from you, yet you yourself withheld two very vital pieces of information from me." I say, feeling hurt. Maybe I am overreacting... I'm not sure, but either way... it hurt...

His eyes meet mine and I wonder how much of the conversation he heard from the flicker of confusion in his eyes. He isn't sure what I mean.

"What do you mean?" He asks.

"How many secrets have you kept from me that you're too confused to answer?" I ask softly, realising I'm still straddling his thighs.

I'm about to move off him, but he grabs me by my hips, pulling me closer, and I gasp when I feel his cock press against my core through the fabric of his sweatpants. I'm unable to stop, my eyes fluttering shut for a second and the way my stomach knots in pleasure makes me lightheaded. His hands dance up my skin, resting firmly on my waist. His hands fit perfectly around my waist...

Focus Evangeline!

"I've told you everything necessary.

"Necessary..."

"You kept it a secret that you had talked to ... him. That's far bigger than anything I have kept from you."

"Wrong!" I cry out in frustration. "The fact that I am somehow evil, or something isn't big?! Or that we're mates? Is that even true?!"

His eyes widen in shock, and I see him

swallow, before he closes his eyes and slowly lets one hand slide down my waist to my hip as he lays back on his pillow, placing one hand over his forehead.

"It's true..."

"How long have you known?" I ask wondering if this was all just a big game for him.

"Today confirmed it... but the first time I touched you back at the ball, I felt something... but you didn't have a wolf so we couldn't really confirm it."

I feel like someone has just doused me in icy water. For so long...

I look at the man before me, the man who had ignited so many emotions within me and suddenly I'm not sure what to think. I somehow feel betrayed.

"Why didn't you tell me?"

"Does it matter? You want to leave once this is all done. I made you my Luna, I'll make you my queen, but you still wanted to leave, remember? So what would have been the purpose of telling you that we're mates?" He asks coldly. (5) Because we're destined... but did that mean he didn't want that to be the reason for me to stay? Did he want me to stay somehow, maybe it's wishful thinking but it feels like that. If only he isn't so hot and cold. 2

'No, he doesn't want you. Nobody ever does.' The voice in my head came. 2 I ignore it and look at Zedkiel.

"Fine... but you don't have any right to question me keeping secrets when you yourself keep as many secrets." I whisper, slowly pushing myself away from him and getting into bed.

There's far too much to think about and try to understand.

Turning my back to him, I pull the blanket up.

"I have enough to deal with... for the first time I heard him talk... but it was to talk to you, not me." He says coldly. He means his Lycan... I can feel his struggle. 1 That must be painful. Imagine your other half not wanting to ever talk to you. I'm about to explain that it's a misunderstanding, that they are both misunderstanding one another. When I feel an odd pressure around my head, I open my mouth to speak, but the words

that leave my mouth shock me.

“Well, maybe if you weren’t such a cruel, horrible person, he may want to talk to you.” 5

I gasp and I hear his heart rate quicken at my own cruel words and I quickly sit up to explain but before I even can; he has gotten off the bed and leave the room, slamming the door shut behind him. 1

My heart is still pounding and I’m trying to figure out why I said something so insensitively. 2

I hear the faint chuckle from within my mind and I realise that it wasn’t me who had said that... but the thing within me. She has managed to use my body. What if – what if she’s the evil within me? 3

I have to ask the oracle today. I need to know what is the voice within my own mind...