

Dark Obsession 55

Chapter 55. Confident

ZEDKIEL.

I don't know what to expect from her anymore. I retreat to the back courtyard, leaning against the castle walls and staring out at the gardens trying to clear my head.

I'm letting it get to me too f**king much, the way she makes me feel. Her every action is something I'm beginning to overthink, every word that leaves those plush lips of hers and I don't like it.

The pull I feel towards her is only growing stronger with every passing day.

The sound of footsteps reaches my ear and I know who it is before I even turn.

"So, what are you doing out here without your little wife?" Ragnar says, smirking as he leans against the wall next to me.

"And why do you care?" I ask, not bothering to look at him.

"I don't, but after what happened, I would expect you to be joined to her by the hip and watching her ever so closely." He crosses his arms, and I don't reply.

"What do you really want, Ragnar?"

"Nothing... I'm just curious about your choice in women. Don't get me wrong, she is a gorgeous one, but doesn't seem very fitting for Luna. I mean, she doesn't even have a wolf, odd choice, wouldn't you agree?"

I now turn and look at him coldly. "You don't need to worry over my woman... move along and stay out of my business."

"I'll try." He replies. I glance back at him, but he has that same arrogant look in his eyes that he always does and the amusement that plays on his lips is obvious, too.

I turn away and am about to walk away when he speaks.

"The vampires tried to sneak into the city. Did you hear or has father tried to hush it up? I heard they were looking for something." He says casually.

I clench my jaws; my brothers know exactly what I am... for him to mention it out here in the open irks me. "Yeah, well, I don't really care what they were looking for." I snarl, and it annoys me further when his smirk grows. 1

"There are rumours... I'm surprised you haven't heard, considering you used to be quite on top of all this? Well, that is, until you became extremely distracted since that little omega came into your life." He draws.

"What rumours?" I ask, ignoring the rest of his statement.

"Well, I'm not one to spread rumours, so I'm afraid you are going to have to find out for yourself."

Ragnar says before he pushes past me. "Besides, I'm certain it's nothing for any of us to worry about... right? B**ody Vampires."

I frown, watching him leave but say nothing.

Why were they here?

With the growing unrest between our species, not to mention the rogues, it doesn't make sense. What are they searching for? I need to find out what Ragnar even meant... A sudden thought comes to me and my stomach twists at the thought that cropped up in my mind.

No. Not now. I don't need any more c*ap right now. This tournament is vital for me. 1

I shake my head, casting a glance around, before I decide to prepare a little for tonight. The words from Franco that remain in my mind are "There are no rules, anything goes in a fight to victory!"

If anything goes... then I guess I have a couple of things to prepare...

It's late in the afternoon, and I finally return to our bedroom. I may have kept my distance from her, but she remained on my mind through the evening. I did inquire earlier with Alistair, who I had ordered to keep an eye on her, but she had returned to our quarters and hadn't left since. Unlocking the door, I enter to see her sitting on the bed in a figure-hugging red dress.

I stop in my tracks taken a*ack by her. She's leaning back on her hands, her legs crossed, showing off her s*xy thigh as the dress slips aside from the slit. It's one of the ones that were part of the new outfits I had asked to be ordered for her. It suits her perfectly. The strap is sliding off her shoulder and her black hair tumbles down her shoulder, covering one eye. 1

She's the picture of sinful beauty.

My d*ck throbs as I try not to stare at her hungrily. Her red lips are set in a small seductive smirk, and I frown.

What is she playing at?

"Zedkiel." She says, standing up.

I close the door behind me and lock it, my eyes not leaving her body as she approaches me. With each step she takes, she works that body and although I'm certain she's playing at something I am not going to complain...

I'm angry at her, but if she wants something I'll give it to her willingly.

"I see your mood seems better now than it was last night." I say, grabbing her neck the moment she's within reach.

She pouts and tilts her head. "I'm sorry for p**sing you off... you can punish me if you want?" She suggests seductively, her hands raking down my abs stopping at the band of my pants as she slowly turns and presses her a*s against my c*ck. 2

Punish her...

The idea alone makes me want to take her up on the offer and just forget everything else. She looks at me over her shoulder and reaching up for me, she caresses my jaw. I close my eyes for a second, gripping her hand. I kiss her wrist when the faint smell of blood fills my nose and I pause, looking down at her wrist. She's wearing that bracelet, but I can't see any injury on her. Before I can observe further, she simply smiles, tugging free and grinding her a*s against my c*ck sensually. 1

F*ck, she's h*rny today, it seems.

I don't really care if she's behaving differently. All I want is a taste of her... She turns back toward me and runs her hand over my c*ck before cupping it. 7

I bite back a groan of pleasure, throbbing in her hand as I harden, and she nibbles on her bottom lip, pressing herself against me.

"I've missed you." She says, placing her hand on my face.

I lean closer, my gaze on those lips of hers. Our noses touch and not once does she blink or look away; eyes that are glinting with a hint of mischief.

"Oh yeah? Seems like you did a 360 since last night." I whisper huskily, trying not to focus on the way her

body presses against mine.

"Maybe I've just opened my eyes." She murmurs back, tilting her head up as she flicks her tongue out and runs it along my lips. 2

F*ck...

My eyes flash and I turn us, pressing her up against the wall. She chuckles only for me to cut it off when I press my lips against hers in a heated, passionate kiss.

She groans softly as she kisses me back with equal hunger and lust. Her hand strokes my shaft with more confidence than I've ever seen from her.

It's a f*cking turn on and I tighten my grip around her neck, slipping my tongue into her mouth, ravishing every inch of her sweet mouth. I throb hard in her hand, and I want those hands around my c*ck, to feel them against my c*ck, not just over my pants.

"F*ck." I growl, yanking her head back as I kiss her along her jaw.

"Oh, Zedkiel!" She whimpers before she pulls away and to my surprise, bends down in front of me.

"Since I disappointed you, how about I give you a little treat before your match tonight."

I smirk, despite being taken aback by her confidence. The anticipation of what she's insinuating makes me grab the back of her silky locks and she drags my pants and boxers down. She sighs softly as she looks at my c*ck running her tongue along her lips.

"Oh f*ck... yes..."

She sticks her tongue out, looking up at me as she places her tongue at the base of my c*ck and slowly licks the entire length making me suck in a breath, bracing my free hand on the wall behind her as rivets of pleasure course through me.

"Oh, you taste so good, Baby." She whispers seductively as she continues to run that sinful tongue of hers along my c*ck.

"Don't tease." I growl, time is tight, and I want to see those lips wrapped around my c*ck now.

At the back of my lust-filled mind, I can feel my Lycan's restlessness, but I slam my barriers up as hard as I can, blocking him out. I don't need him ruining this moment for us. Something tells me I'm not about to lose consciousness. I want to remember this moment... wanting to relish in how it f**king feels.

"Want me to suck your c*ck like your favourite little girl?" She asks, a s*xy little devious smile lingering on her lips.

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"You know I f**king do. Now open that mouth so I can punish you good and hard." I command, tugging her head up as she smiles victoriously and obeys taking my c*ck in her mouth. Pleasure rushes through me and I thrust into her mouth slowly. Groaning in the pure pleasure that she's giving to me.

She's good enough at this to the point that the thought crosses my mind, wondering if it's something she's done before... a flare of jealousy rushes through me and it only makes me slam into her throat harder and faster.

The sound of her choking and gagging on my c*ck only fuelling me to mouth f*ck her harder.

This feels f*cking good....

She grips my thigh with one hand, the other pumping my c*ck as she sucks and licks it, taking it like the good girl she is. My pleasure reaches its height and for the first time, I feel the intense pleasure of my release rush through me, as I release my load into her mouth. I slam into her mouth with a final few sharp thrusts. I watch in approval as she struggles to free herself before I yank her head back and she takes a deep gulp of air, her heart pounding as she gets her bearing.

My heart is racing as I breathe heavily, coming down from my high. Pulling her up, I lean against her, my hand still tangled in her hair, the other on the wall for a moment as I look down at her.

She's no longer as composed and perfect as she was when I entered, but she looks f**king gorgeous. I wrap my hand around her throat as I push her against the wall.

Her arousal perfumes the air and I slip my hand under her dress, slipping her panties aside as I slide my fingers between her p**sy, making her whimper.

F*ck, she's soaking wet, I swear, as I rub her c*it, making her entire body react to my touch.

"F*ck Zedkiel..." She whimpers. I smirk, wishing she called me Zed, but I'm not going to complain when she's giving herself to me willingly.

"I don't think you deserve to be f**ked right now," I whisper, delivering a sharp tap to her p**sy before I remove my fingers and instead slip them into her mouth, instantly she wraps those plush lips around them, sucking them clean. "Tell me, how do you taste?"

"Delicious." She whispers as I remove my hand, tapping her face lightly. She gasps. before chuckling softly and locking her arms around my neck. "So tell me, do you prefer me like this? Or do you prefer me to be the timid, uncertain Evangeline?" She asks coyly, lightly rubbing the back of my neck.

I smirk slightly. "I actually prefer the bold Evangeline." I reply. My mood which has been dark all day has lifted incredibly thanks to her. 12

Our eyes meet and she smiles, but for a fraction of a second, I see a flicker of hurt in her eyes and a single tear trickles down her cheek. 1

I frown, but she shakes her head, smoothly tilting her head and brushing the tear away. But I had seen it.

"Perfect. I'll do my best to be the woman that you deserve." She whispers seductively before she pulls away. "I'll go shower, you might want to pull those pants up before I decide to worship your c*ck all over again."

I smirk as she laughs and I pull my pants up as I watch her walk to the bathroom, my smirk fading, that single tear getting to me.

Is she trying to pretend to be someone she isn't? Did I hurt her feelings when I said I preferred her like this? 1

I hear the shower come on and I cross my arms when a sudden thought comes to my mind, and I look up.

Why had the sparks from the bond felt so faint? My stomach twists wondering if her words last night had indirectly weakened the bond...