

Dark Obsession 61

Chapter 61. Taking Steps

EVANGELINE.

I feel the heat of the morning sun warm my skin, and I open my eyes slowly. I'm enclosed in Zedkiel's arms, and I feel so warm and protected. Despite everything that has happened, I know I'm safe here.

Taking a moment to admire him as he sleeps, I observe him. His face is calm and stressfree. Well, almost, he still has that slight frown on his forehead. His plump lips are perfect, and I want to reach up and kiss them, but his grip on me is too tight for me to shuffle at all.

So, I stay still, simply admiring him.

We're mates... I slowly place my hand on his bare waist, feeling him stir slightly, but I close my eyes, relishing in the sparks that ripple through me, spreading from my
Enter title...

fingertips before washing through me. My breath hitches as I let those sparks consume me. It feels magical, it's like a stream of gold liquid lighting up my dark insides. Warming every corner of my body from my fingertips right down to my toes.

I can't really explain it... but it's beautiful.

His scent seems to become stronger, the beating of his heart, the way his c*ck is pressed against my stomach.

A flash of pleasure rushes through me, but it's also accompanied by hurt. I remember what she did to him... and he enjoyed it...

'Of course he did.' Her horrible voice returns, and I clench my jaw.

She is the evil here. She killed the Oracle.

'He's my mate, not yours.' I remind her coldly.

'But we are one, aren't we?' She asks in a sickeningly sweet voice. 1

'No.' I refuse to acknowledge her as a part of me. 'You and I are nothing alike. You hurt people.'

She laughs, her voice sweet, too sickeningly sweet that it sends chills down my spine.

'You need to choose your side. Don't make the same mistake, it will only be your loss... you know even he prefers me and soon you will be just me and little Evangeline will be gone forever ... like always.'

I push her away and my eyes fly open, my heart thundering, and I find myself looking into a pair of gold-green ones.

"What's wrong?" He asks huskily.

I'm determined to try again and so I open my mouth, but the words just feel stuck in my throat and the more I try to speak it, the more I feel that I'm beginning to lack the oxygen I need to breathe. I take a gulp and simply shake my head. Once again, she has stopped me from being able to say what I want to say...

He's watching me intently and caresses my hair before claiming my lips in a kiss. I kiss him back, feeling upset and emotional, yet wanting more of his touch.

I promise I will not let her take control again! She will not touch my man ever again. 1

'We'll see.' She spits.

I wrap my arms tightly around Zedkiel's neck, running my hand firmly down his shoulder

as he deepens the kiss, pushing me onto my back and straddling me, his hand running up my legs.

I gasp when his tongue flicks along my lips and down my chin, making me moan. His hand encloses around my neck as he presses his c*ck against my stomach.

"Zed..." I whimper. Reaching down, I pull his pants down and he groans when I wrap my hand around his huge c*ck.

"Not now... f*ck... you may have your sparring match today..."

We knew the matches were going to be any day, but with the Alphas matches almost over, it made sense for them to be soon.

"But..." He didn't refuse her... I didn't want him to refuse me.

I run my hand over his hard shaft, trying to mask my disappointment. "Then shall I

"I think it's my turn to pleasure My Little Mouse this time." He whispers huskily in my ear as he nibbles on the lobe, knowing exactly what I'm offering him, but why would he refuse me? Didn't he say he wanted me begging for him?

Now that I am, why can't he accept it?

I open my mouth to protest, only for him to slip his thumb into my mouth. "Don't argue with me, Little Mouse."

I blush, sucking on his thumb sensually. As he goes lower, playing with my breasts, my core throbs and I bite my lip. He reaches the band of my satin shorts, and with one swift movement, he pulls them down and pushes my legs open. My cheeks burn as I lay there, with my legs shamelessly spread open before him.

A low growl of approval rumbles in his chest before his tongue flicks out and runs along my hot core

"F*ck." He mutters and I sigh as pleasure rushes through me.

He continues his assault on my p*ssy, inflicting me with intense pleasure. The scent of my arousal perfumes the air, and I can't help but melt into his touch as he grips my thighs.

Soon the embarrassment ebbs away and all I want is for him to never stop. My moans of pleasure fill the room as I wriggle against his face, wanting more. He slips two fingers inside of me as he continues to lick and twirl his tongue around my c*it.

The pressure grows intense, and I cry out when my o**asm rips through me, making white spots appear behind my closed eyelids. My back arches as he continues to f*ck me until I ride out the high of my o**asm, leaving me gasping and trembling from my intense release. I drop back onto the c**hion, groaning as I stretch, tugging him up and on top of me.

I want him...

"I can handle it." I whisper, looking into his eyes.

He's watching me calculatingly and I want him to feel it without losing control want him to feel the pleasure of f*cking me...

He looks away, clearly struggling, but I reach down, wrapping my hand around his thick shaft and position him at my entrance, remembering the pain from the last time.

Goddess, he was huge...

I still want this.

"I want you to f*ck me Zedkiel, you..." I say softly hoping Zerachiel hears my next words.

"I trust him..." I stare into his eyes, my heart pounding nervously. 1
Zedkiel frowns, our hearts racing, and for a second his eyes flicker before his hand twists in my hair painfully. I gasp, but I'm cut off when his lips meet mine in a rough kiss. I kiss him back, but it's a fleeting one as he moves back, and his eyes return to normal. Well, as normal as they can, when they are full of intense hunger. "Looks like you're all mine today..."

"He... he will let you keep control?" I whisper, my stomach fluttering.

"Guess he listens to you, although he said he wants a turn to rip this little p*ssy apart."

He says. My cheeks burn, but more than that, I feel a surge of excitement.

"Did he... did he talk to you?"

Our eyes meet and there are several emotions behind those eyes.

"Surprisingly, now hush, let me feel this tight, sweet p*ssy of yours wrapped around me..." He sucks on my neck, and I press myself against him just as he thrusts into me, I cry out holding onto him tightly as he begins to f*ck me hard and fast.

He fills me up so good...

We're both consumed by the pleasure that is coursing through us when he whispers for me to come with him. I find myself nodding.

I'm so near... but I can feel that he's holding out for me and when my second o**asm does tear through me, I am but cry out in unable to do anything but cry out in ecstasy as he pulls out, delivering a few last strokes to his c*ck and unloading his c*m onto my stomach.

I reach down, brushing my fingers over the milky substance and slowly raise it to my lips and lick it off my fingers.

He growls and my eyes fly open looking at him, our eyes meet, and he leans down claiming my lips in a heated, passionate kiss as I grip onto him tightly.

He did it, without losing control.

I'm proud of you.

I hug him tightly. Even if I can't say those words out loud, I'm glad. It means perhaps Zerachiel will begin to trust him.

I bite back a groan at how achy I feel, and he slaps my a*s, making me yelp.

"Zed!" I blush. He smirks.

"You have a nice a*s, perfect for a good f*ck and a nice s**nking session. He glances at the time and stands up.

I want to stay in bed...

"We need to get cleaned up." He says, lifting me from the bed. "We should be in the hall in about ten minutes."

That's all he needs to say to make me panic. "We need to hurry!"

He carries me to the bathroom, and I slide from his arms the moment we're in front of the shower and I almost crash to the floor, my legs feeling weak and I would have fallen if he didn't grab hold of me.

He smirks in amusement.

"Well, as long as you don't bounce those t*ts in front of me like that or that a*s... we may not be late."

I can't help but giggle at that blushing as

I try to cover my breasts and I smile up at him.

I think... I think I'm falling in love with him... 4

I cross my arms as I sit in my seat in the stands beside Kash. Both of us are frowning down at the match that is about to take place. The four winners of the last matches were paired off, and they paired the four losers off against one another.

The weather is gloomier than it seemed to be this morning and the ominous reminder of what happened last night still hangs in the air. I hug myself as I look out at the spectators. This tournament needs to be cancelled or should be done without an audience. The timing doesn't feel right.

The four that had lost yesterday were now sitting to the side, and the two that had lost again were nowhere in sight. The four losers of yesterday's matches were only given the chance to redeem up to 5 marks, whilst the winning four would all be given a mark out of 10.

Octavius, who had lost to Zedkiel yesterday, had won, and I felt irritation ripple through me.

He had hurt Zedkiel...

He looked up as if feeling watched and our eyes met, and I can't help the anger that I feel inside. I look away first, trying to remain calm.

Overall, Zedkiel is doing the best. I just hope that when my turn to contribute comes, I don't disappoint him.

I shift in my seat, still feeling bruised from our sex session. We had been the last one there, and I know that even though I had showered, the glow on my cheeks and the smell of sex was probably not completely gone. 1

I had ignored Sinclair's look of irritation; I hope he is happy with his precious Celia. 2

Ragnar and Chasyn had just finished their match and Ragnar had won, but it had been a close call. I knew both would get a good mark and now... it was Zedkiel's turn.

He's watching Sinclair with cold murderous eyes and something inside of me twists. He won't lose control, will he? To be king, he needs to show that he is in control, to prove he can do this. That he is the best option and I believe he is worthy of being the true king.

"Why are you so worried? We both know that Zedkiel will win this." Kash drawls offering me a can of fizzy drink.

I look up at him. Does he not know everything that has happened?

I take it slowly.

"I know, I just-

"Then what?"

I shake my head; I don't need to explain. My eyes meet Zedkiel's as he puts on his gloves. A small smirk plays on his lips as he ignores Sinclair, watching me. Since this morning he's been in a bit of a better mood... ok maybe a much better mood. My heart s*ips a beat, my cheeks heating up once more.

"Why are you worried?" I hear Kash ask from a distance, but I'm so lost in those gorgeous eyes that I don't even realise when I begin to speak until the words have already left my lips.

"I'm worried for Sinclair, of course."