

Obsession 112

Chapter 112

(Book 2) Chapter 33. Moonlight

EVANGELINE.

Time passed by rather fast, but I don't know how long it actually was. There is no time on the moon, yet something tells me it is late at night.

The evening had been spent getting to know those who kept this place in order. Those who are my loyal high servants, and the duties that they carried out.

Everything that was shared with me, everything that was explained to me, remained in my mind with ease.

There was no struggle for me to try to remember anything. They said it once, and it simply became knowledge that I knew and soon it felt like I had been here for years.

Anything they said, I took it in, and after a short while, I knew exactly how everything worked around here. Even the rituals and ranks of other gods and goddesses.

Although Zedkiel didn't have the same memory as me, he picked up fast and even asked questions of his own.

My mark is emblazoned on his neck, a mark that they all knew meant he was my mate. A beautiful mark that matched the one on my neck.

The only difference was his was a shimmering white and the one on my neck was a beautiful deep red.

They treated him with respect, yet they feared him too. He held power and dominance and that did not go missing.

After being told the plans for the coronation that contained the ritual of the moon, we then had a lavish meal that made me wonder if the food on earth would ever taste as good.

Then came the darker issues, ones they said they will touch upon tomorrow saying we needed a good night's rest. I couldn't deny that I felt exhausted from what I have sensed whilst being here.

Even though I wasn't sleepy, did Gods even require sleep?

We had just been shown to our luxurious chambers, whilst a bath was prepared for us.

The room, if you could call it that, was so breathtaking and huge. Bathed in whites, reds and silvers, it was huge, with marble floors that had several embroidered white rugs with embroidery. A few fountains and even a gold cage holding birds that sang softly.

There were balconies that overlooked three mesmerising scenic views that you could spend hours admiring.

To the west, there are waterfalls and stunning mountains that glittered with what looked like snow. That was the border to the Edge.

To the south were beautiful buildings that were so exquisitely designed that the best of architects would be jealous. I knew that was in one of the main places of the Realm.

Then the last two sides looked out on a beautiful view of the moon.

The moon itself glows with celestial powers that run beneath the gardens, and trees of

gold leaves, and flowers in colours I have never ever seen.

Everything only made the entire place shimmer beautifully. I can see hills and mountains amongst the smaller buildings. The intricate flower beds and the sculptures of a special stone covered most of the palace gardens.

Yet what captured my attention the most is the huge tree of bonds that sat in the centre of the palace gardens.

A tree I was told, that tied fated mates together. A tree of bonds and life itself...

The palace itself was made of a magical pure selenite, shimmering with the essence of the moon itself.

Rivers ran beneath the palace courtyards that were paved with glass-like stone. A stone that is

completely see-through. Each pillar and arch of the palace were decorated with precious diamonds and pearls.

I look up at the ceiling, where lamps are suspended in the air, the ceiling itself engraved with pictures that tell a story.

One that spans centuries and in each intricate stroke were diamonds and pearls.

The bed that sits to the side, with several steps leading up to it, is circular with eight marble posts, that are adorned with lace and organza curtains that drape right onto the floor.

There are cushions and pillows on it that are countless, yet they promise a luxurious and blissful night.

Yet how does one sleep when the burden of what I must do, weighs heavily on my mind...

I sigh, placing my hands on one of the several balconies that look out into the open.

There are no windows in this place.

Zedkiel's strong arms wrapped around me from behind. Powerful sparks rush through me and I slowly place my hand on top of his arm.

"There's a lot on your mind. You were quiet all through the day." He murmurs quietly, kissing me over my mark.

I close my eyes and lean into him.

He relaxes me.

"Yes, Zed... there's so much that I need to do here. Will I get it all done on time?" I whisper.

"I did think you would say that." He replies quietly.

I tilt my head, gazing out at the trees, as a soft wind blows and several golden leaves twirl in the wind and float downwards.

I reach out, taking one and gasp when it glows before it crumples into dust.

"No, not you, but we, as a team, will." He says firmly.

"Thankyou..." I whisper.

"There's something I need to tell you." He says. "Oh?" I question.

He had already told me every little thing that has happened since I came here, from Evelyn, the progress he felt she has made, the vampires, his sister, the reasoning, their deal and how she had helped open the portal to this realm.

"It's regarding Evelyn." He says quietly. "I love you, Evangeline, and you are the only

woman for me ... but I do love her too.”

There’s no anger or jealousy within me. I can feel his struggle, his guilt, and his confusion. Perhaps if I am stuck here for all of eternity, he can have a life with her... I make sure my walls are up, so he does not hear those thoughts.

“And I’m happy that you do.” I say softly. “She deserves to be loved Zedkiel.”

“You aren’t angry.” He sounds surprised.

“No, because she suffers the most from us all. Your loving her does not take away from your love for me. I do love her too and I believe she is simply a victim of this curse. One that we shall free her from.”

“Yeah, I have faith she’ll behave until we return. She fuelled the portal to allow it to open.” He adds, and my heart skips a beat.

Surely she knew I’d be here... after all, she had pushed me from my own body.

“She did...” I can’t help but smile.

“She did.” He repeats. “Even though she knew I was going to lock her in the tomb.”

Sorrow consumes me, and I shake my head. “I am glad that you didn’t do that. We have made far too many mistakes, time and time again.”

“I know. I was trying to do what you’d approve of.” He says, kissing my neck again.

“I always approve of everything you do.” I whisper seductively.

I turn, somehow knowing that our bath was ready. “Come, let’s bathe and then head to bed.” I say to Zedkiel, “We are going to have a long day tomorrow.”

He lets go of me, placing his hand on my waist as we walk towards the archway that leads into a huge bath, his lips meeting mine in a deep, passionate kiss that makes pleasure dance through me.

When we part, I look around the bathroom. It is designed in a similar manner to the rest of the castle. But the bathtub is huge. It’s made of pure white shimmering stone, enough to fit at least thirty people with ease.

There are four sets of steps that lead into the milky water that is scattered with different types of petals.

It smells divine and I can feel the warmth from the water. There are eight beautiful women present, each one wearing revealing white clothes, and four remain kneeling as the other four bow before they stand up.

“Your majesties, allow us to assist you.” They speak in unison. But the moment two of them move to Zedkiel, my eyes flash, my gaze snapping to where they are about to disrobe my mate.

“We need no assistance,” I say, trying my best to remain calm. I don’t look at Zedkiel, who is smirking, only making my irritation rise.

“Yes, your majesty.” They bow low before taking their leave.

Only when I know they are gone, do I turn and look at Zedkiel, trying to hide my jealousy.

“What’s so funny?” I ask, seeing the smirk still on his face.

“Nothing at all.” He says arrogantly, undoing the knot at the front of the fabric he’s wearing. And with one swift pull, he stands there naked in all his sinful glory.

I may be the goddess, but it is he whom I wish to worship...

“Hmm, we both know you enjoyed having someone assist you when it came to having

a bath. Are you disappointed I sent them away?" I remark haughtily, slowly allowing my dress to slip off my body sensually and turning away. I brush my hair over my shoulder since it is so long, now allowing him a sizzling view of my behind.

He suddenly stops me before I can even step into the water. His hands grab my hips as he pulls me back against his naked body and I bite my lip to stop myself from crying out.

"Only if it's you." He whispers huskily. He kisses my neck sensually, my heart thudding as he litters my neck with tantalising kisses, one hand now fondling my breasts as the other slips between my thighs, massaging my p*ussy. "So tell me, will the goddess help me bathe?"

My heart pounds as I turn my head slightly to look up at him. "Only if my King is willing to return the favour," I whisper back, satisfied when I feel him throb against me...

"With absolute pleasure..."