

Obsession 116

Chapter 116

(Book 2) Chapter 37. The Tree of Bonds

ZEDKIEL.

"My Goddess... I don't think that's possible."

Title of the document

Soren, one of the high servants, says to Evangeline.

It's the following day, and we have spent the day learning everything we need to.

There is a lot here that needs doing, neglected for centuries. I'm shocked they're even functioning without their leader.

Without their goddess, the people themselves are looked down upon as outcasts.

We are now in the palace garden, standing beneath the celestial tree of Bonds.

Its trunk and branches are silvery grey, shimmering under the light and upon the trunk is the same symbol that covers Evangeline's back, engraved into the tree, shimmering a deep silvery black.

The leaves of the trees are a stunning mix of all shades of blues, each leaf is lighter at the centre with a deeper blue hue around the edges and upon these leaves are written the name of every couple that is tied together by the mate bond in a shimmering silver.

I can see the shimmering words, but they are in a language that I cannot read.

When a leaf falls from this tree, it means that one of the werewolves has passed away before meeting their fated mate. Also, when a leaf burns, it means the bond has been broken.

"I can't remain here. There has to be a way, regardless of me taking this mantle, that I can walk the earth again." Evangeline says, her voice strong and gentle, yet I can feel her worry through the bond.

With our marking completed, we are closer than ever.

I glance at her. She looks breathtaking, her shimmering silver gown is adorned with gems and crystals along the shoulders and breasts, and her long hair is braided from the top and left open, cascading down her back and reaching her knees.

A crown adorns her head, and her hands and arms are covered with jewellery.

That's something else I noticed. Despite the sun rising in the skies, her hair remains white. I wonder if it is because the true foundation of the Palace of Moonlight sits upon the moon?

Perhaps...

This conversation is something we ourselves have almost argued over... she promised to never leave me and yet she feels the burden of fixing things here, too. If that means I need to return here with her, then I will.

I walk around the tree wondering if my name is

here. Every couple ever mated is part of this tree, if that bond survives anyway.

"We will think of a way. Perhaps we need something to hold your power for when you return to earth, because in your full celestial state, you cannot walk the earth." Another high servant adds. "Yes... because even Selene went to earth to be with Raziel."

Evangeline muses.

Her voice is different, almost like a melodic hum that resonates within your mind. When she talks to her subjects, sometimes I feel like I don't recognise her, but then she looks at me and all those doubts and thoughts fade away.

She's still my Little Mouse in there, just grown and thrived into a goddess in every aspect.

Feeling watched, she turns her attention to me and blushes faintly, and I know it's because of everything we did last night in that pool.

She looks away shyly, making me smirk as I continue to watch her.

"That will be all, then. We will look for a way, My Goddess."

The servants bow to her before they leave and my beautiful Goddess walks towards me. The shimmering white mist masks the ground, wafting around the flower beds.

"It's beautiful, isn't it?" She says, looking at the tree.

"Not as beautiful as you." I reply, gripping her waist and pulling her close, before claiming those plush lips in a sizzling kiss. "Nor as enticing..."

An image of her, laying on the edge of the tub with her legs spread for me, flashes through my mind, and I throb against her. Her hands that rest on my bare chest now run up my shoulders, wrapping around my neck tightly as she kisses me harder. 'Oh, I love you so much, Zedkiel.' She whispers.

'I love you too, Little Mouse.'

We break apart and I gaze into those tawny eyes; eyes, hair and lips that I was once warned about... how this curse and the scriptures painted a false picture, but the truth is, we had to find our own answers and figure it all out ourselves. But at least now we know what we need to do. We will fix this. "So, how does this tree work?" I ask, kissing her neck teasingly.

Her breath hitches, a soft sigh escaping her, and I inhale her scent, one that has become even more appealing.

She steps back and extends her hand to me. The top layer of her dress has three loops over her arms, extending the glittering fabric.

"It's a bit complicated and until I hold all of the moon's power, only then can I perform this task... But bonds are made here, in a way the tree and the moon help form those bonds, although it is the goddess's duty to create them, she can only guide the process... Bonds are unique, and sometimes what the Goddess foresees may not always be the best, but once the bond is created it cannot be changed."

"So somewhere on this tree, do you think our names are written?" I ask, trying to understand her words.

I guess that would mean when someone is mated to a monster.

She nods as she reaches up and the branches rustle and move until a branch from far up lowers itself and Evangeline stretches out her hand until the branch extends to it. Settling on her hand is the tip of a branch that has two identical leaves coming off the tiny branch. One glowing brightly, and one... burnt and shrivelled and hanging on by just a thread.

I didn't need to know how to read the names to know who these leaves depict.

"Your name is on both." She whispers.

"Yeah, I figured." I say quietly.

She caresses the charred leaf as she turns her head to me, her eyes glistening with tears.

"Accept her Zedkiel, I have no qualm." Her voice is soft, and I know she senses my conflict.

But am I also crazy that I want her crazy in love with me, and to only want me for herself? Yet here she is telling me she's fine to love another?

"You're not understanding the conflict within me, Evangeline." I say, "You are the woman I desire, s*e*xually and emotionally."

Her heart skips a beat, but she tilts her head, waiting for me to continue.

"I feel sympathy towards Evelyn. She doesn't deserve this, but even if you wanted me to accept her, history would repeat itself because there is no way I could treat you both equally. I love you f*uc*king crazily. If we were ever in a room together, it would be you I'd want by my side." I sigh as I cup her face and kiss her forehead.

"Zed... I think this time, things could be different." She whispers, her smooth creamy hands wrapping around my wrists.

I c*oc*k a brow, displeased. "So you don't feel possessive of me? You are simply going to allow another woman to be with me, and not be jealous?" I ask, unable to hide the annoyance I feel.

"Of course, I would, but you hold enough love for us both." She answers, reaching up and wrapping her arms around my neck.

"No. I don't. She needs to be blessed with another mate, and I want you to do that." I say, voicing the thought that has niggled at my mind from the very first time we were told about this tree. O

Her eyes widen in shock as she stares at me. "What?"

"I don't know how, and I know her wolf is gone, but she deserves someone to love her as I love you." I say, and I mean it. "She doesn't deserve love out of pity, or to be second best, she deserves someone to love her with everything they have."

She seems to be pondering over what I've just said. "We would need to ask her. I don't want her to think I did this out of malice. If I am able to."

"You would never do anything out of malice." I say, and she raises her eyebrows.

"You forget the argument before everything went wrong?" She asks, running her hand down my chest.

"I've forgotten," I reply huskily, my gaze dipping to those plump lips.

Tugging her close, I kiss her again before I force myself back and take hold of her hand as we begin walking down the path, a soft mist swirls around us, the sound of birds singing and the pleasant breeze around us remains soothing as I'm consumed by her.

"Do you feel as content as I do?" She murmurs. I look down at her, for a moment lost in how radiant she looks, and nod.

"I do, but then I also know that there's so much we have to do."

She nods slowly; wearing an expression of worry once again.

"Yes... there is."

I come to a stop under the arch and take her hands in mine.

"We're going to succeed this time. No matter what."

She nods, and I wrap my arms around her. She may be the goddess, but she is still my mate and I wish I could shield her from everything...

To think where we once came from and where we are now...

The sound of someone approaching makes us both turn, and Alexander bows low.

"Forgive me for the interruption. However, we have a date for your ascension." He says,

We exchange looks waiting for him to tell us. After all, we were told we have to choose a day according to what will be the most auspicious.

"Three nights from now."

Three nights... it's too long, but I also know there is nothing we can do but accept it for what it is.

I have never felt so calm in my life, and I know Zerachiel is a part of me, but I enjoy the calmness and tranquillity of my mind without having to fight it daily. I hope he's behaving... and being good towards Evelyn.

"Thank you, then please begin with the preparations," Evangeline says,

"Yes, My Queen." Alexander bows low.

I frown as I stare up into the sky. Beyond the clouds, I can see the faint almost invisible stars that are getting closer to aligning day by day...

"We will get back on time." She says softly once Alexander had left.

I nod.

We will, and I can see the confidence in her eyes.

"Yeah," I respond, before I take her hand as we continue down the path...