

## Obsession 118

### Chapter 118

(Book 2) Chapter 39. Ascension

EVANGELINE.

I have never worn a dress with so many jewels, yet at the same time feel as light as I do. The lightweight shimmering silver fabric somehow holds the tiny diamonds that adorn it, despite how flimsy the fabric appears to me. The skirt that flares at my thighs seems to float around my feet, as it hugs my thighs.

It is strapless and attached to the back, is a glimmering darker silver fluid-looking fabric, that trails on the ground behind me.

Unlike the dress which contains only tiny jewels, this top layer contains diamonds in several colours, different shades of reds, greys and clear diamonds. All combined to create a beautiful design on the trail.

My neck, arms and ears are glittering with jewels, and upon my head is a matching crown.

The only makeup I am wearing is a deep red coloured lipstick. My hair is styled in a small quiff to hold my tiara, the rest is left open, glittering with tiny jewels.

The huge hall is full of powerful figures, high lords, gods, and goddesses.

I may not have been here for long, but I'm able to fit in and hold my ground, even when I know half of these immortals are looking down upon me. Yet it all comes so naturally to me now.

As for Zed, He may not be born a god, but he is one, and he stands by my side fearlessly and confidently, challenging anyone to dare try to insult me.

None do outright, and those who make subtle jabs, cast him one look before they fall back.

Yet I know the way the game is played here, direct shots are never fired, and if someone insults another, it's repaid with curses, vengeance or judgement. Not with mere words.

A room full of beautiful people who can be equally dangerous...

Magic and power wrap around them like a cloak. For some, it's like a protective shield and for others, another precious possession.

Everything before me makes me realise that there is not simply one person in power, but many who contribute to the bigger picture. Along with it, it is the cause of many clashes.

The palace itself is decorated magically. Jewelled lanterns hang from the ceiling, every arch and engraving brushed with silver.

The pendants that hang from the huge chandeliers are lit with glowing lights that sparkle as they gently twirl.

Garlands of white and silver flowers intertwine around the archways and pillars, travelling up the walls and surrounding the stained-glass windows.

The music is soft yet powerful, orchestrated by the musicians on a dais to the side.

When you pay attention to the music, it hits deep, just as everything here does.

It has been a while since the event had begun, the chattering and bustle far more

relaxed than I had presumed it would be.

Zedkiel and I had entered arm in arm, and then we drank and snacked on delicacies I cannot even name, fruit that tasted far better than anything I had ever tasted on earth. The grapes, not only did they sparkle, but the hues were that of grapes I have never seen before.

Right now, I'm eating soft pink grapes as I talk pleasantly to one of many who have come to congratulate me on my position as the new goddess. "It's high time that the moon has the grace of a goddess back here... I just hope that Selene's daughter does justice to that title. Let's hope that you can handle the responsibilities that come with being a goddess." The woman says, smiling cunningly.

She's the first to mention Selene, with most avoiding even mentioning, let alone hinting at her. Almost as if she simply did not exist or, as Soren has told us, dare not speak of her as it is forbidden.

Yet here is a woman, not caring about that. With her long black hair, a jewelled star embedded in the centre of her forehead, and steel-grey eyes, I knew who she was before she had even introduced herself. Hecate herself.

"Fear not, I can assure you, she will," Zedkiel says, his hand that rests on my waist, tightening slightly.

Hecate smiles faintly, her attention turning on Zedkiel.

"I hope so." She says, before she turns and walks away.

'I hope we did not upset her.' I murmur.

'It doesn't matter, I mean, if we did, it just means she's ridiculously sensitive.' His cold reply comes.

I suppress a smile. My Zed... he's still the same as he always has been. I just understand him now.

He looks extremely handsome in a white embroidered shirt, and black pants. He wears no jewellery, yet he stands out, his skin glowing and those lips... Goddess, he has the most beautiful lips, not to mention his ass.

I bite my lip slightly, admiring him, when suddenly his goldy-green eyes snap to mine. He pulls me against his front. The feel of his manhood against my stomach makes my core clench with a desire that only he can satiate.

"You're staring." He murmurs huskily.

I reach up, placing my hand on his jaw as I brush my thumb over his bottom lip.

"Can I not stare at my incredibly handsome mate." I whisper, tilting my head up for a kiss.

He doesn't keep me waiting, leaning down and capturing my lips with his own, in a sizzling kiss that makes me feel weak at the knees.

I bite back a moan, treasuring the kiss before we part. A sexy smirk crosses his lips, and I hug him tightly.

I may be willing to allow him to accept both Evelyn and I, but of course, I will always want him to look at me like he does.

1What's on your mind?' He asks through the link. I smile softly and shake my head, caressing his jaw. "You." I whisper, pecking his lips before I step back. "Goddess Evangeline, let's begin the ritual for your ascension." Soren bows.

I turn, my heart fluttering, and I nod.

"Of course."

Silence falls as all eyes now turn upon me. I nod and cast one final glance at the guests. Despite so many turning up, the Eternal God was not amongst them. I will have to be the one to request a meeting then.

Turning, the crowd splits, allowing me to make my way to the dais that holds a throne. Zedkiel leads me to the dais but stops at the steps, letting go of my waist, and takes my hand instead, kissing my knuckles softly.

"Time to take your birthright." He says quietly.

Our eyes meet. This may be my birthright... but it is simply a life with him that I yearn for. I walk up the three steps slowly and turning gracefully; I take my seat upon the throne. Keeping my head held up high as I gaze out at the immortals before.

The Goddess of Light, Thea makes her way through the crowds. I was already told prior that she would be leading the ritual.

Her ginger hair is pinned back, and a crown headpiece sits upon her head, her glittering gold dress spread behind her.

"It is my honour to carry out the ritual for our new Goddess. Times have been troubling for the Moon Goddess's creations and now we have the daughter of the first moon goddess here, ready to take her place..." She says,

She cleanses her hands in a basin that one of the high servants holds out to her, before another pats them dry.

"Centuries have passed, and this Palace has been without the light and grace of its deity. Tonight the palace and the moon itself will shine radiantly, rejoicing in the return of the Moon Goddess."

As she speaks, she's drawing symbols in the surrounding air, each one dazzling gold as they surround me. She circles me, continuing with her symbols.

"Tell me... do you have confidence in yourself? Do you think that you will be able to absorb and withstand the supreme power of the moon? Or will you succumb to it and waste away into nothingness?" Her voice is light and ethereal, yet with her final words, there's a weight to them and a warning.

I see Zedkiel tense, as he realises the risks this will hold.

"I do." I reply.