

Obsession 119

Chapter 119

(Book 2) Chapter 40. A Late Arrival

EVANGELINE.

'Evangeline...' Zedkiel murmurs.

'Do you have faith in me?' I ask softly through the mind link.

Our eyes meet, and he frowns before giving a small nod. Seeing the wisps of light that begin to rise from all around us, from the walls and the ground itself.

The light begins to swirl in the air as they grow and join one another before they begin wrapping around me.

It's intense and for a moment I can't breathe, before the tendrils begin to sink into my skin.

I feel it, the pure power of the moon itself. My hair moves in a non-existent wind, swirling around me. "Then with the power vested in me, by his Supreme Majesty, the Eternal God, I announce you, Goddess Evangeline, the rightful and only Goddess of the Moon!"

The symbols swirl around me, wrapping around my arms and body like a chain binding me.

She watches me, as if waiting for something to go wrong, before she smiles, watching the symbols dance along my skin.

"Only the rightful Goddess can hold the power of the moon... Now we witness that...

My fellow gods and goddesses, let's applaud the ascension of the New Moon Goddess!" Thea's voice carries loud and clear.

The symbols around me begin to tremble and swirl before I feel my body lifting from my seat and up into the air. The symbols become dazzling as they wrap around me tighter and sink into my skin.

My head tilts back as an intense level of power begins rushing towards me.

The glowing wisps have now formed a tornado of blinding power and the rivers of light it has created rush towards me, hitting my chest with a powerful surge.

I welcome it.

There is no strain or pressure... This power... it's meant to be mine...

I close my eyes, and a wave of serenity hits me before I finally feel myself coming down to the ground. My feet touch the floor as everyone cheers and applauds. I feel the weight of a huge headpiece on my head, and everything seems to be even more enhanced.

The servants of the Moonlight Palace bow down to me, the hope and happiness in their eyes, tell me they have faith in me to fix things.

"You managed that without even a hitch." Goddess Thea states, her gold eyes that are flecked with silver, observing me intently. Did she think I'd fail?

"Thank you, Goddess Thea."

She simply smiles.

"To the Moon Goddess!" Hecate says raising her glass. Everyone is about to follow suit when the double doors that lead into the hall fly open with such intense power that

all eyes turn to see who has interrupted us.

Immense power surges through the room, somehow darkening the dazzling room. Silence falls across the grand hall, but I'm far too fixated on the immortal who has entered.

He holds far too much power. It's the first thing that hits me, Zedkiel moves to my side instantly, and I can see the protective look in his eyes.

I feel the change in the air grow as his sharp piercing eyes take a swift sweep through the room. He's dressed in simple black robes, with a black embroidered sash, but even then I know he is an extremely powerful person.

His black hair looks almost blue. It cascades down his back, and holds no crown. His pale, colourless skin only makes him look far more dangerous. He is handsome, in a terrifying way. He is tall and his hand is hooked in his belt as he steps inside and the doors shut behind him with a slam.

I know who he is before he even speaks.

The Eternal God...

Everyone lowers their head to him, yet he doesn't even spare them a second glance.

His eyes now settled on me alone. My heart thumps despite trying to remain calm.

"And why do you think that you are worthy of this position?" He says, his voice seems to come from every corner of the room, his eyes simmering with power as he crosses the room swiftly.

"I have claimed my full powers, your majesty, that is proof enough." I say calmly.

"Being able to claim them and be deserving of them are two entirely different things, Lady Evangeline."

A ripple of unease flits through the room at his disrespect. I am a goddess now, yet he clearly does not want to acknowledge that.

"Have I committed a crime that I am not worthy of this position?" I ask calmly, holding his gaze.

Like the rest of the immortals here, he is ageless. He keeps to himself, and no one knows of his life, only that he lives a life of solitary and he is content with that.

I wonder how life would feel to live for thousands of years alone...

"The end of the werewolf race is far more ideal. Beast and man combined is the perfect concoction of carnage and brutality. They have and will ruin themselves without any help."

"That is not a decision you can make." I say softly.

Ignoring the way Thea tenses beside me, before she slowly moves away.

"Isn't it? I think it's the befitting punishment for Selene. To see the end of her beloved race."

Zedkiel frowns, but I place my hand on his arm, leaning closer to him.

"She has served her sentence... for centuries she has been bound and kept in isolation. How can you say that her people are ruining themselves when they have been abandoned since the beginning of time?" I question quietly, yet my voice carries through the room, and I know everyone here heard what I said.

He doesn't reply, pausing for a moment, but I know I'm correct, and I'm not about to back down.

"I am the moon goddess, the advocate for my people, so I ask you, My Lord, how can we blame an abandoned race who has been cursed by not one, but two powerful beings? How can you say that we are set for ruin when, despite having no one look down upon us, we are still thriving? We are still doing the right thing despite facing the repercussions of others' actions and rage." I say. With each word I speak, the power behind my voice resonates throughout the room.

"Are you?" He challenges dangerously.

"Are we not?" I counter. He is arrogant, unmoving, and cold but still, I continue. "From a curse that we have suffered for thousands of years, we try to do the right thing and this time. We shall succeed."

Our eyes lock and I hold my ground despite the ominous aura of the God before me. I fold my hands in front of my waist, squaring my shoulders as I hold my own ground, hoping I can get through to him.

"Your foolishness and ignorance gives away your years." He says with indifference.

Yet even then it's as if he's looking down upon us.

I can see Zedkiel frowning, and I don't think we should do this with an audience.

"May I request a private audience with you, your supreme majesty?" I ask.

I'm not sure what he'll reply as he simply stares at me indifferently, but from the bottom of my heart, I hope that he agrees, because he is the only one who can help us with the curse that he has set upon us.

Those few moments feel like years have passed before he speaks.

"Very well, today you have ascended, so I shall grant you this, as I have not brought a gift." He says, and for the first time, a small smile crosses his lips. A smile that holds no warmth but a dangerous intent.

'You've agreed to play a dangerous game, Little Mouse.' Zed murmurs.

'I know, so, ready to play beside me?' I ask Zedkiel silently as I turn to look at him.

'Always.' Comes his confident reply. Our eyes meet for a second, before we both turn back to the God before us.

Neither party is here to lose, but ultimately there can only be one winner. Smiling graciously, I turn towards the exit to the left.

"Shall we?"