

Dark Obsession 29

Chapter 29. Voicing my Darkest Fear

EVANGELINE.

His words cut me like a sharp knife, and I
look up at him.

How could he?

I didn't reply for a moment, trying to remain composed, knowing we have many eyes watching us, and even with the music and loud chatter, they might overhear. So, I simply smile gracefully at Zedkiel and slowly pull out of his hold. I don't think he understands that I am going to take this deal seriously.

Absolutely seriously, and I am not going to do anything to mess that up. Especially something such as fraternising with another man as long as we are married, which can lead to problems in front of the court and would not be ideal for the

tournament.

"Nothing to say?" He asks, and I realise this conversation isn't over until he gets
an answer. His eyes are blazing red, and his anger only continues to rise.

"Let's not do this here." I whisper back, " If you want to talk 1-lets take it outside."

I'm scared to be alone with him

anywhere, but he is going to ruin this before we even have a chance to prove we
can do this, and to aim for that crown and my freedom.

"Let's." He says, his arm snakes around my waist, his hand painfully tight on my
waist. He leads me out of the doors I had
just entered. They swing shut behind us, blocking out all sounds of the merriment
from within.

Zedkiel came to a stop, and I look up, only
to see Sinclair standing there. His eyes
are cold as they meet Zedkiel's, and I
realise they aren't as beautiful as I once
found them... 1

He just doesn't look the same... I look at Zedkiel, with his delicious hot chocolate

skin, and those eyes that remind me of honey and jewels, which makes my heart skip a beat. He is beautiful. My heart

thuds as I turn away, realising something

with shock. 5

I have begun to feel something for him... How is that possible?

My heart thumps with this realisation

and I look back at Sinclair once more. Yes,

he's handsome, but I feel... nothing.

"Out of my way." Zedkiel snarls, bringing me from my shocked thoughts.

Sinclair simply looks at me before

moving to his right, so he is directly in

front of me.

"Of course." He says, his eyes stuck on

I frown. Sinclair is making stuff so much worse for me. Does he not realise that if

he makes Zedkiel angrier, he'll take it out

on me? Does he even care for me, aside

from his own selfish reasons!? 3

I'm about to turn away when suddenly

Zedkiel pulls me behind him, and I hear a resounding crunch and a grunt as Sinclair staggers back, clutching his bleeding

nose that Zedkiel had just punched. My eyes fly open as they snap to Zedkiel, who raises his fist to his lips, blowing off imaginary dust as he glares murderously

at Sinclair. 1

"Stay out of my way, because next time I will kill you." He snarls before dragging me away. I bite back the cry of pain from the rough pull as he yanks me down the hallway until he opens a random door

and pushes me inside. I almost stumble, just about catching my balance, when the

door shuts behind him.

My anger makes my own heart thud even louder and I turn to glare at him.

"You need to listen before you react." I

say quietly. 1

He cocks a brow. "I saw enough." He snarls, advancing towards me.

I stand my ground, wondering where this strength is coming from. I clench my fists, hoping that I can hold my ground.

I'm tired of being treated like this... 1

"You saw what you wanted to see. I told

Sinclair to back off... you might not

realise it Zedkiel, but I am going to do my best, for your crown, and for my freedom.

Why would I sabotage that?" I ask softly.

"To be free is all I ever wanted." 1

He's about to say something, but instead, he narrows his eyes, watching me

intently. "Care to explain why you smelt of him, then?" He hisses, gripping my chin in a tight hold.

Biting back my whimper, I look him

square in the eye, a ringing in my ear

growing. "Because just like you, he tried to manhandle me. You may not see it

Prince Zedkiel... but you two are far more similar than you think!" I whisper

harshly. (1

'Evangeline... Oh, Evangeline... Goddess, you are such a mischief maker!' A girl's whispery laugh reaches my ears. 5

'No. I'm not. I'm being serious...'

'We can't do that Evangeline, it's risky!'

'It doesn't matter, I'll do it.'

'Promise?'

"Evangeline?" Zedkiel's voice snaps me back to reality, and I realise he had just

snapped his fingers in front of me. "What happened?" 3

I shake my head, trying to calm my thumping heart. "W-what... what did you say?" I mumble.

He cocks a brow, scanning my eyes before

he turns away. "I said, we're nothing alike." He growls.

"Aren't you? You both act like you own

me, want me, yet you both only hurt me ..." I trail off, realising that, that isn't true

... Zedkiel has defended me on several

occasions now...

"If that's what you think. Nothing I say will make you change your mind. Let's return before we're missed." He replies

coldly, turning away from me. His eyes are blazing as he looks at me over his shoulder. 1

I nod and when he reaches for the door, I

bravely place my hand over his. The stark difference in our skin looks so beautiful...

I can feel him watching me and I tilt my head up to look at him. It didn't feel right to end the conversation there...

"I'm sorry... You two aren't completely alike... you've protected me many times too... whilst he... he hurts me a lot with his words." I say quietly. "So, thank you."

I see him swallow as his gaze locks with mine, and I slowly let go of his hand, it drops from the door handle, and I reach out to pull the door open when he suddenly grabs me by my arm and spins me around, pushing me up against the wall.

I gasp at the impact and stare up at him, shocked. "No, we aren't alike, because you belong to me and I'm ready to show the fucking world that, unlike him. He took his fucking Luna, so why the fuck is

he eyeing mine up. Secondly, until the deal is fulfilled, and I set you free, you still belong to me... and who knows, you might just not want to leave." His voice is

husky and low, and he pins my wrists to the door next to my head, his eyes raking over me. His words make my heart skip a

beat, but no matter what, I don't see

myself wanting to stay... Yes, my body

seems to want him, but there is no way I

can stay. "And third... until this deal is completed... you are mine and mine

alone." 1

His chest is too close to mine now, his

eyes shimmering red, but even then,

knowing what he was capable of, didn't

deter me. My stomach flutters with a thousand butterflies and my gaze dips to his plump lips. He leans in, kissing me deeply. I gasp against his lips, but it only gives him access to my mouth. One that he assaults. His hands let go of my wrists, running down my arms before he grabs

my waist and pulls me flush against him.

Do I kiss him back? I'm not sure... So, I

simply kiss him once, before I slowly pull

back, reminding myself that I can't get too close, just in case something happens

like last time. "We need to return to the

hall... and we need to... be careful." I

whisper, opening the door.

He doesn't argue with me, nor does he

refuse to let me go. I feel the cold aura

swirl around him as his eyes become hard and emotionless again. I feel something squeeze inside, knowing I was hurting him, but I am scared too... I'm scared that

he will end up killing me.

"That went well." Zedkiel says once we

are back in our bedroom.

It has been a long day and night has

fallen. I am exhausted. The questions that

some of the Lunas had thrown at me had

been passive-aggressive, or indirectly insulting, and then there was Grandmother Philomena's scrutinising

gaze.

It hurt that Alpha Aeron hadn't approached me, nor had he said anything to me all evening. As for Sinclair, he and Celia seemed oddly fitting. He was with her, yet his gaze was stuck on me, and she gave me dirty looks any chance she

got. 1

After the wedding, there was a dinner for the pack members, and then there was a court meeting. Ending with the signing of our official marriage certificates.

"It did." I nod as I slide my heels off, wiggling my toes. "Step one complete."

This dress has gained weight as the hours passed! I'm exhausted!

Zedkiel took his jacket off, and I can't

help but admire the way he fills his shirt

out. But we are alone... again... I told him he needed to stay away... the way he was getting relaxed made me feel he may not leave me alone tonight and there is no

Alistair around. Now that we are married,

he didn't expect me to consummate the marriage, did he?

I stood up suddenly at the thought, wanting to go change and get away from him, when he blocks my path. My heart thumps, but he doesn't even look me in the eye. Instead, he unzips my dress, and

terror fills me, but despite the graze of his hand against my skin, I can tell he isn't doing it on purpose.

Once the zip is down, he slowly pulls the dress down from my breast, the one he

had bit into.

Fear begins rising inside of me, but his

face remains emotionless as he looks at

my breast. It's almost healed, save the bluey-purple bruises that remain. He

runs his thumb over my areola and my

cheeks burn when my nipple stiffens under his touch. I pull back, covering my

chest and turn my back on him.

He probably saw that!

"I want to ask you a question and I expect you to answer it honestly." He says quietly.

My stomach flips nervously, and I nod, my lips trembling as I try to remain calm. I wait with bated breath for his question, and I feel him step closer.

"You were afraid of me before what I did the other day, before you knew what I am. Why? Is it the stories you have heard?"

I gaze out the window across the room clutching my dress to me, as I feel coldness wash over me.

"N-no." I whisper, feeling uncertainty

and fear within me once more.

"Then?" He asks.

Do I tell him? Maybe if I do, he'll

understand.

I struggle, hesitating on what to do... but perhaps I should. Maybe then he would not get so angry at my behaviour...

Making up my mind, I slowly turn and

look up at him. "It's because the first

time I saw you wasn't at that ball." I

whisper, fear washing through me.

He frowns, looking down at me intensely. Waiting for me to continue. "I have seen you countless times over the years, I see

"You've seen me where?" He asks

sharply, a glimmer of confusion in his eyes. I swallow hard and I see his gaze dip to my lips. I take a shuddering breath.

"I've seen you in my nightmares, for as long as I remember, I have had the same dream... where you- where you-" My

breath hitches and the words are stuck in

my throat. My eyes blur with tears as I fear if I speak it, it will become a reality.

"Where I what, Evangeline?" He pushes, slipping his hands into his pockets.

My lips quiver as the tears burst from their dam and I break down, dropping onto the bed.

"Where you kill me. Every single time. All

I see is my death by your hands. Feel the

pain as you stab me repeatedly, even as I beg for you to stop." I whisper, covering my face with my hands. "I don't know

what it is, or why I have had those

dreams since I was a child... But I know... I

know you will be the one to kill me." 6