

Dark Obsession 44

Chapter 44. Clarity

ZEDKIEL.

I smirk internally as we somehow make it to my apartment in town, it's closer and I don't think I would have made it to the castle. It had taken my all not to rip that dress off her in the car and f*ck her right there.

I f*cking want her, but at the same time, I know how this goes... The bloodshed when my Lycan takes over ... Unlike the rest of my siblings, mine has never spoken to me. I just feel his rage and anger that always seems to bubble within me. I'm not sure if it's because I'm not a pure blood like them but instead part vampire... But his anger is something I can't control... When he wants blood, he gets it.

The moment I tug her through the door, I slam it shut and push her up against it, claiming her lips in another sizzling hot kiss. Her sweet intoxicating taste makes me want to devour her. Her heart is pounding, and I feel a powerful urge of possessiveness overcome me. My eyes flash and I force myself back... just in case... I need to make sure things don't go wrong, and that I don't hurt her...

"Wait here for me." I command, guiding her to the bedroom and making her sit on the bed, she looks up at me, eyes widening with confusion, but I don't give her a chance to question me as I walk back out and to the fridge and take out a bottle of blood. I don't head back to the bedroom and instead take it to the bathroom; I lock the door behind me and down the entire bottle in one breath.

I look at myself in the mirror, licking my lips, and slowly place the bottle down. It's sweet, pleasant, and rejuvenating but it's nothing as delicious and tasty as her blood is and I don't care if I shouldn't drink another supernatural's blood. I want hers.

I'm satiated... but I still don't trust myself... not after what happened last time... this is the only f*cking chance I have... if I f*ck this up, I know I'll lose her, that is, if I don't f*cking kill her first...

My eyes snap to the cabinet on the right, and I rinse my mouth out, my mind made up. I will risk it all... I open the drawers, moving around the towels and toilet paper rolls before I feel one of the small syringes. that sit behind everything else. I will give her something so lethal that I'll be at her mercy. I know she could use this to run and I would f*cking be too weak to do anything... but it's a chance I'm ready to take.

I look at the liquid, frowning slightly. It's a mix of the most lethal herbs to both vampires and Lycans, at serum designed specifically for me.

I hesitate, a small part of me is worried she'll run.... her words from earlier replay in my mind and a part of me tells me she won't... that she'll honour our agreement. I also know that she may have seen through Sinclair's guise, but she still doesn't trust me fully and I know that.

I exit the bathroom to see she's standing by the mirror, her arms crossed over her breasts. She's still in her dress and heels, but it is obvious she was scrutinising herself.

"Z-Zedkiel..." She says hesitantly and I see the confusion in her eyes as her gaze dips to my h*rd-on that is very obvious in my pants.

“What are you doing?” I ask, raking my eyes over the woman that I am about to claim.

She shakes her head; her heart thudding and I c*ck a brow but say nothing. There’s that vulnerability in her eyes as I approach her. I’m not sure if she’s getting cold feet, but she had tempted the beast and now

there’s no backing out....

“Where did you go?” She asks hesitantly. I’m about to ignore the question running my hands up her arms, but something in her eyes tells me she needs to know.

“To have a drink... and to get this.” I say, holding the syringe that I now take the lid off of, up in front of her,

between two fingers.

“What’s that?” She asks, her heart thumping in fear.

“Do you think I’m about to drug you? When you’re already ready to give yourself to me, just as I knew you would be.” I reply c*ckily,

She blushes, but her eyes are fixed on the syringe and my own smirk fades. “It’s for you to use on me if at any time you feel that I’m losing control...”

Her eyes fly open, and she looks at me in total shock. “But why would you-” I place my finger to her lips, not wanting to discuss something I had no answer to...

“It’s right here.” I say, placing the syringe under the pillow to the side before I cup her face, kissing her deeply.

She’s tense at first, probably still struggling with the syringe, but the moment I pull her close, squeezing her a*s, she relaxes. I reach for the zipper down the side of her dress. There’s something so appealing about the innocence she radiates as she stands there clinging to me as I slowly unzip the dress that looks so good on her, but one that would look even better on our bedroom floor.

I run my tongue along her lips, and she parts them, allowing me entrance at the same time. I slide the dress down her arms, allowing it to fall to the floor. Her breath hitches and she fists my shirt tighter as she kisses me back. My hands run over her bare, smooth back, and my fingers graze the strap to her bra. I throb hard as my arms tighten around her as I kiss her deeper. She moans softly and I flip us around, lifting her and dropping her on the bed. She bounces slightly and my gaze dips to her t*ts. F*ck, tonight I’m going to taste every d*mn inch of her.

I stand above her, pulling my own shirt off, my eyes lock with hers, her heart pounding and her eyes run over me, her cheeks heat up and she bites her lip. As much as I don’t mind giving her a show, and not wanting to be so restricted by these pants she looks nervously at my h*rd-on with a look that changes to obvious lust as she slowly licks her lips.

I run my own eyes over her body. She’s perfect, with s*xy curves, smooth, perfect skin and hair that contrasts beautifully with her eyes. She really is the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen. Clad in that satin white bra that has a little silver moon and star latch between her ample breasts with matching.

panties, she looks somehow pure and innocent, yet at the same time with a body that's made to sin, it's the perfect concoction of perfection.

I put my knee on the bed, forcing her legs open as I lean over her. "You look like a dessert that I just can't wait to devour..." I growl huskily, pinning her wrists to the bed before kissing her hungrily.

Her soft whimpers of pleasure only fuel my hunger for her. I kiss her lips harder, before kissing her down. her jaw and neck, her scent, her taste... the ravenous hunger I feel like a man starved for far too f*cking long. I kiss her over her breasts. Her arousal smells as good as her blood and my eyes blaze.

Focus Zed... I tell myself as I move back slightly as I reach down for the clasp on her bra which I unhook. letting her breasts spill out, I throb hard, a low growl escaping me as I grab them, and flick one of her stiff soft pink nipples with my tongue.

She whimpers, clearly. They are sensitive, and I smirk, rubbing the other one with my thumb. She gasps, her back arching, and she wraps her arms around my waist, gripping my shoulders. I play a little longer with her breasts. Her eyes are shut now, and she's moaning in pleasure, and when I go lower, she doesn't pull away, her heart thumping with anticipation.

I run my tongue down her stomach, my hands raking over her hips, and she whimpers when I bite her hip, gently sucking on the soft skin.

"Zed!" She whimpers.

I like when she calls me that... I glance up at her but all I can see is her hands on her breasts, breasts that I will do a lot with... Ah Little Mouse, you're all mine to play with....

I h*ok my fingers into the fabric of her panties that are soaked and slowly drag them down, admiring every inch of her p*ssy as I do. I've not gone slow with any woman... usually, it's fast... but I never remember anything by now... was it a positive? I couldn't be so sure, I still have to be careful...

"Remember the syringe." I say quietly as I slide her legs out of her panties and toss them aside.

Her eyes flutter open, and they meet mine. There's a look I don't understand in them and it feels... too raw. I look away and instead go down on her, cupping those lush thighs as I slide my tongue into her wet folds, making her cry out in pleasure.

Oh f*ck, this is d*mn good. I can feel my claws come out, feel my aura around me as I flick and suck on her cl*t, her moans a f*cking turn on and it's taking my all not to f*ck her right now. She's nearing and I focus on retracting my claws that have dug into her thighs and slip a finger into her.

She gasps and I can feel how d*mn tight she is. I'm losing my own control. I've not f*cked a woman since I've seen her, and I know I need to take her now when she's turned on. I slip my finger out, making her whimper and I quickly unzip my pants.

"Zedkiel..." She murmurs, her eyes half closed as she pulls me close, her nails raking down my back.

"Patience Little Mouse." I murmur, leaning over and kissing her to satiate the hunger she feels. She sighs softly, her lips brushing my neck, and I feel a rivet of intense pleasure rush through me.

That felt... strong... I kiss her shoulder, enjoying the feel of her lips on my skin when I suddenly freeze as I realise something. Something that f*cking messes with my head.

I'm falling for her, badly.

I pull away, my heart thundering as I stare down at the beauty in front of me.

I don't want to think about that now. I can't. Frowning, I get rid of my pants and boxers fast before I climb on top of her, pinning her wrists to the bed. I can feel the anger rising within me at my own storm of emotions, but when I look down into those eyes that look so vulnerable, I calm down. She's trusting me right now... I'm not going to break that trust because of my own mess of emotions...

"It's going to be ok." I say quietly, pressing my lips against hers. I release her wrists as I reach down and press my c*ck against her entrance.

Her heart's pounding as she slowly locks her arms around my neck tightly and nods.

Deep down I believe I won't hurt her... but I also know if she needs to, she won't use the syringe. She's far too consumed to stay alert...

I slide my free hand under the pillow, grabbing the syringe. I press the needle to my palm, my thumb on the edge, the moment I feel myself losing control... I'll inject myself...

She cries out when I slowly push into her, her whimpering moans making me caress her hair with my free hand, whispering quiet words of encouragement that seem to come naturally as I slowly squeeze into her, inch by inch.

She's f*cking tight, and I groan into her shoulder, realising I won't get to f*ck her exactly how I want, not tonight...

"Relax..." I murmur, knowing it's f*cking easier said than done. "F*ck..." I swear as I thrust into her, hating the s*b that leaves her lips, she's holding onto me tightly.

"A-are you in?" She asks.

I'm not even half in....

"Almost." I lie, as I slowly begin moving in and out, each time I try to enter her a little more.

A mix between a s*b and scream escapes her when I thrust into her to the hilt, feeling her hymen break. The smell of her blood makes my own eyes blaze and my hand tenses on the syringe.

Focus Zed...

But it's hard when all I can feel is pure pleasure and the intense urge to f*ck her hard. I speed up a little, but I'm still trying to go slow, and only when I feel her body relax a little do I start f*cking her.

I can feel her eyes on me but I'm unable to look into those eyes and so I keep my head buried in her shoulder. The sparks that course through me seem to be growing and suddenly I feel my Lycan surge forward.

There's a powerful hunger in him. It almost feels manic, and I sense myself losing control. A fear like never before envelops me and the last thing I remember before I'm slammed into the abyss of my own mind is pressing the end of the syringe, feeling the blistering white hot pain of the serum rush through me before everything goes blank.