

## Obsession 103

### Chapter 103

#### 24. The Night

ZEDKIEL.

Two days have passed as we continue on our way, but I am unable to remove her words from that night from my mind. She knows I'm going to betray her, and I am.

Each passing day, each hour, brings me closer to doing just that.

Zerachiel has been quieter, almost hesitant about what's to come, but still, he tries to reassure me that all will be fine, but will it? I have my doubts.

The tension in the air has become thick as we travel alongside the vampires. Evelyn is quieter, almost as if knowing what is to come.

Ragnar had almost killed several of the vampires a few times, and only when he lost it did it bring any emotion from Evelyn, who would giggle in excitement at the violent scenes playing out around her.

It's almost like she gets off on it, and craves the violence. The madness I see sparkling in her eyes at the slightest taste of violence is particularly disturbing, yet somehow amusing to watch.

"Fuck off!" Ragnar growls as a vampire tries to guide him out of the van as we take a pit stop, we're still bound even though I can break free, Ziahra said we needed to keep up the impression we are her prisoners. So for now, I shall play the part.

"I swear, princess, I don't know why you are bringing the rest along!" Blade growls.

"Shame you don't call the fucking shots." Ragnar growls, elbowing him in the nose.

I close my eyes when something crunches.

Power surges from all sides and everyone's on edge again as silence follows.

Evelyn giggles, covering her mouth with her hand, being the only one not bound.

"Stop it!" Ziahra growls.

"Ragnar." I warn.

He rolls his shoulders and cracks his neck, a shudder rolling through his body, and his eyes blaze red as he carries on walking.

"Don't touch me if you don't want to lose those hands." He warns Blade.

"You heard him." Kash remarks, he's another one who's been getting into it with Blade, taking an instant dislike to him.

'Usually, you're the hot head.' Zerachiel grumbles.

'Maybe.'

I'm more concerned about what we're about to do.

Tonight.

We all stretch our legs for a bit. A few of the vampires go off to hunt for food. In most cases, they'd drain them of blood and we'd eat the animal,

"We should clear the forest tomorrow and head to a temple near a small village." Ziahra announces. We'll stay the night there."

"Why wait when we are so close to home?" Alaia muses, looking at Ziahra seriously.

"

"Because I said so, end of discussion." Ziahra replies, turning her back on her.

You can't trust everyone...

Those words of Ziahra's return to my mind, and I wonder how many are truly on her side...

I glance at Evelyn where she's sitting drinking some water as she stares into the distance.

Ziahra walks over, her eyes flickering to Kash, who cocks a brow at her. She doesn't respond and turns to

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"Here." She says, holding a bottle of water to my mouth. "Drink."

Our eyes meet and she gives me the smallest of nods.

We're ready.

"Untie them for a bit. Let them eat." She commands, turning away.

Something that had become the routine. They'd untie us for food and to sleep, although we are constantly drugged and kept under watch.

Only, Ziahra is no longer giving me the drugs she's meant to.

She tosses a second water bottle at me and a third at Kash, and I know this bottle holds the drug that I need to give to Evelyn...

My stomach sinks as my gaze flickers to Evelyn, where she's staring unblinkingly at Alaia.

She knows she's unnerving her, and she's finding it amusing as she taunts her with a wicked smile. She truly is unhinged.

Alaia glances at Evelyn nervously, whose grin only grows larger seeing Alaia's fear.

She can smell it emanating from her, and so can I. Watching them intrigued, Alaia ends up moving away, and Evelyn smirks before she looks at me. Our eyes meet, her smile fading and her eyes darkening, turning vacant almost before she slowly looks away...

The moon is high in the sky when Ziahra gives the signal. We are camping near some old run-down temple grounds, the building so old the brick and mortar are crumbling.

The energy in the air is tense, yet stagnant.

The unease rolling through the vampires is palpable as they watch the shadows through the trees, like they are expecting the ghosts that haunt this place to show their faces at any second.

Peering up at the old temple, the arched windows are cracked and stained. The glass is smokey, the colour and hues of what was once stained coloured glass, almost unnoticeable from mildew and mould that clings to them.

The entire place, you could tell, was abandoned and in desperate need of repair.

Even the old tile roof was slowly caving in. The tiles are cracked, and the gardens are overgrown; the vines entangled around the building like it was trying to strangle it, making the place creepier.

Although Evelyn seems to be enjoying it even more, noticing the vampires were uneasy around it, but if she knew what this place was, I know that smile would be gone.

"Can't sleep?" Evelyn murmurs.

"No, let's go for a walk." I tell her, leaning closer so I can keep my voice low.

She pauses for a second before she nods. The vampires were keeping a lookout and Ziahra had managed to get me alone long enough to direct me to where I will need to take Evelyn.

Ziahra, Kash and one other she said she trusts, would be waiting for us. To help carry the plan out.

I had the drug in my pocket and although I had plenty of time to slip it to her, I was unable to bring myself to do so.

"A walk?" She questions, looking towards the broken-down temple.

"Yeah." I shrug, while my guilt nags at me.

"Ok." She gets up and glances around. "I'm surprised they aren't glued to us, out in this semi-open place. As werewolves, we can easily get away from here."

She's not wrong. Although we were on the premises of the temple, it was still a partially open area. Of course, I know why security was a little lax. I wonder if she did too...

"Can I hold your hand?" She asks after a few moments, holding her hand out to me.

Guilt washes through me as I glance at her outstretched arm, her fingers twitching to touch me.

Swallowing down my guilt, I nod, holding my hand out to her. She looks down at my hand before her eyes meet mine once again.

For a second, I can't bring myself to think I'm looking into the eyes of a monster. Her eyes sparkle, revealing the slightest hints of green amongst the hazel. Her eyes soften, before they flicker black, and her expression darkens, a small frown etching across her forehead.

"There just wasn't enough time..." She murmurs, more to herself as the first drops of rain begin to fall. The cold drops hit her face, and she looks up at the sky that's littered with stars that can barely be seen.

The dark clouds rolling across it, threatening to obliterate their lights as lightning makes the sky flash and glow.

Her lips part as the rain gets a little heavier, and she giggles as the drops cascade down her beautiful face, so much like my Evengaline, yet extremely different, seeing her like this I can almost forget the evil she harbours until she giggles, showing the little sanity she has.

I watch her for a few moments more when her words truly sink in.

Time...

She knows. She fucking knows.

"You don't love me, Zedkiel, do you? I mean, without a wolf, there is no strong bond... Zerachiel does not just love a homeless vessel to a counterpart that is long dead... right?"

Our eyes meet and I shake my head.

"That's not true. I care for you, Evelyn. Life has always been cruel to you." I say quietly.

"The answer is no then... But that will never change. I'm always the reject. Always the unwanted one." She murmurs, as we slowly trudge along towards the temple. I'm slowly guiding us closer and closer to the looming broken arch at the threshold.

I glance up at the dulling sky as the clouds hide the stars from view, using the rain as my excuse as I slowly pull her under the shelter of the broken building.

She smiles as she looks up at me and I know this is it... I take her in now or...

'Keep walking Zedkiel.' Zerachiel warns.

I take a step, and it's taking all my willpower to take another.

I know deep inside Ziahra and the others are waiting for us. Waiting for the moment to capture her. I still haven't given her the drugged water, the bottle held loosely in my other hand.

Fuck...

I take another step, but I am unable to walk any further.

"Are you alright?" She asks me.

"Yeah... Evelyn..."

"I liked you calling me Little Lamb, although I think I'm more of the predator than the prey." She chuckles with a smirk.

"Alright, Little Lamb." That's why it suits her so much, because she can act like she's the most vicious one around and I know she can be, yet I also know that she is just a little lost soul yearning for love. Yearning for the bonds that are always taken from her.

Stepping closer, I wrap my arms around her, making up my mind as I take a deep breath.

This might ruin it all, but I had to give it a chance.

“There’s something I want to tell you.” I breathe out.

‘No, don’t be so selfish and reckless!’ Zerachiel’s panicked voice comes. ‘We need to find answers to get Evangeline back!’

I block him out, my heart thundering. I know I’m risking the only chance of sealing her away that I have, but I had to.

I’m ready to tell her the truth about why we are here...