

## Obsession 104

### Chapter 104

#### 25. My Fate

EVELYN.

He steps back, his heart thundering, and I know he's going to do something. Will he stab me again? Snap my neck? Or will he be more inventive this time, make it more painful, slower, really go for the heart by ripping it from my chest?

A soul can only break so many times before it is irreparable. Peering up at him, it makes me wonder what

his next move will be.

Is someone hiding out here? His loyal friend wasn't there when we left the gathering.

I can see the raw guilt and regret in his eyes, but are those feelings genuine? Or just a mask to hide his true intentions.

I'm telling myself they are, because it is all I have.

Ever since he returned from talking to the she-vampire, I knew he had a plan... he is going to side with them as he does every time. He'll turn his back on me, throw me away like every other time.

He will become their king and he will have no remorse for me...

His hands cup my face and my heart squeezes, pounding violently in my ears.

Why does it hurt more than ever? Just once I want to know what it's like to be wanted, to be loved, and not seen as the monster, the burden and the one responsible for the destruction of a never-ending cycle of heartbreak.

However, the more I think of his intentions, the more his betrayal hurts, and writhes through me like an infection, as I crave what I've never wanted before.

The feelings I feel for him are foreign, and for once, I wish for my normal sadistic nature, the uncaring, dark version.

Is it because this time he treated me with some care?

That he showed me some level of love?

I'm not sure, but my heart is breaking knowing that even Zedkiel doesn't want me. That he'll never want me. He just wants her back.

For the first time, Zerachiel's counterpart is showing me some love, something that I couldn't ever imagine.

Unlike them, I hold memories of our past lives, even if they are blessed with no memory of me or the pain. I'm the one who has to relive it every time.

He still looks the same, he always does, maybe sometimes he has dreads, or locs, the last time he had even dyed his hair... but it's always him. Always the same man.... just a little more broken each time we meet, but for the first time, those golden-green eyes are showing me a version of him that I have always yearned for.

But I am struggling to understand why he is giving up on me? I've tried to behave. He's shown tenderness, instead of blatant hate, and showed love instead of vengeance.

I can't bring myself to hate him for what he's about to do and I find myself speaking words I haven't spoken or meant in such a long time.

"I love you." I whisper, unable to stop myself from showing the vulnerability I am feeling as the darkness inside of me begins to rise.

I'm fighting it, because I don't want to disappoint him, but for what?

He will betray me...

He always does....

Yet, I want to hear those words too...

Need to hear them at least once...

"I love you too." He says softly, making my eyes widen in shock.

I scan his eyes, trying to understand him.

His eyes are full of such intense emotions and, for the first time, I feel weak.

No, it's not the type of love I want, but it is real. It's there in some form. I blink up at him, my mind replaying his words on repeat.

He said he loves me.

"Listen to me, I want you to listen to me until the end, ok?" He says quietly. His deep voice is like a pleasant hum in my ear, his touch sending soft tingles of pleasure through me.

I'm going to miss him.

Miss his touch.

A crack of thunder fills the air outside as the rain begins to pour down, hitting the cracked stone, and spraying us with splatters of cold water as we simply stand here, staring at one another.

"Ok." I murmur.

"I promise that I will always protect you, no matter what happens. It's not goodbye until all hope is lost. I'm going to break this curse, for you, and for Evangeline."

My heart thumps as he says that, and I feel an icy wave of dread wash over me and my heart twists painfully in my chest, yet I can't bring myself to be mad at his words.

"You will always choose her and that's ok... I'm used to it." I whisper, looking away from him when he grips my chin, tilting my face up and forcing me to look at him.

He shakes his head, his thumb brushing across my lips gently, and his eyes soften.

"No, if I have the choice, I will always choose the both of you before myself." He murmurs.

My eyes prickle oddly, but I refuse to give in to that emotion. His words, as much as I long to believe him, history always repeats, and I am never chosen, never loved or missed, but hearing those words, it's almost like he truly means them.

I am delusional.

No, you won't Zedkiel. You will always choose Evangeline.

I simply nod, knowing he is struggling. If I can make it better for him, then why not?

We don't both need to suffer.

"Shall we keep going?" I ask, looking into the darkness ahead as I pull out of his hold.

He doesn't move and I look at him sharply.

"I need to go to the realm of the gods to get the answers and find a solution to breaking this curse upon us." He says suddenly,

Evangeline! If he goes, she'll be there!

My heart thumps as I feel the darkness inside of me flare up inside of me, threatening to take over and I can't help the coldness of my tone when I answer.

"And why are you telling me?" I ask icily. My eyes flicker black as he reaches for me, but I step away.

"Because I need your help." He says, making me pause.

He wants my help?

"With what?"

I don't want her back! Surely, he doesn't expect me to help him get her back!

He doesn't know she's there, but if he goes, then he'll know, and they'll be together again!

And me?

I'll be alone once again...

"What are you doing?" Ziahra's voice comes, and I turn sharply seeing her, Kash and another silent Vampire step out from inside of the temple.

This place holds power, I can feel it. The evil that resides here is vast, but there is also more. An ancient magic that makes me uneasy.

It's potent, making unease settle in my bones and the hollow of my stomach open to an even vaster void.

"I'm doing the right thing." Zedkiel says, his eyes hardening.

"I can't betray her." He snarls, looking at them. "I can't."

## 26. A Little White Lie

EVELYN.

His gaze returns to me, and I don't know what to do. I can easily unleash my wrath upon them all, but...

Is he really going to tell me the truth, or is he just trying to manipulate the situation?

"I need to go to the other realm. Time is running out and we won't keep getting chances to right the wrongs of our past. I need you to trust me, Evelyn. I don't want to hurt you; you have to know that." There's an urgency in his voice as he pleads with me, cupping my face in his huge warm hands. "Will you trust me?"

Trust him?

How? When I know every single time, he will cast me aside for her...

Once upon a time, someone who used to be my world became my greatest rival...

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(CENTURIES AGO FIRST LIFETIME NINE YEARS OLD)

"Evangeline!" I giggle as my hand taps her shoulder. "You're it! You're it!" I giggle as I spin around, my white dress tangling around my legs, and I grab two fistfuls of it as I rush away.

"Eve! Wait for me, it's so hard to run in the snow!" Evangeline giggles, as we plough through the powdery snow before we both tumble over our white dresses, falling face-first into it.

She giggles in excitement as she tries to get back up, whilst I roll onto my back and lay there staring at the snow falling down. The snowflakes glitter as they rain down around us, and I hold my hand out trying to catch them.

I chuckle as my palm glistens with the flakes. Turning my head I spot Evangeline making snow angels, her tongue poking out from between her red lips, as she tries to catch the snowflakes. I chuckle and her eyes

narrow as she smiles at me.

"What? I just wanted to know what they taste like." She giggles. I open my mouth, trying to catch one and giggle when I feel the iciness touch my tongue, the snowflakes melting instantly.

"Tastes like.... Water." I laugh and she giggles, rolling on her side. Her raven dark hair falls around her angelic face like a cascading waterfall, we are identical in every way, except for the scratch across her freckled nose, from us playing yesterday.

She smiles deviously, her eyes sparkling with mischief, and I know she is about to do something when her hand reaches out and taps my shoulder. "Ha! You're it, you're it! Can't catch me!" She taunts playfully, rolling out of arm's reach, away from me.

I giggle, looking at the sky that is almost as white as the snow, the clouds heavy as the snow continues to fall, casting everything in white.

Ah, so pretty!

"Come on Evie, let's play, I got you!" She shouts, and I turn my head. She pouts, waiting for me to get up and I shriek in excitement as I try to roll away from her, eating a mouthful of snow.

"Evelyn!" She scolds, sitting up, and she scurries closer to me as I puff out the snow in her face. She grabs a handful, smearing it down my face, and I laugh excitedly, trying to brush the snow away with more snow-covered hands.

Evangeline laughs too, and shakes her head, the snow falling from my hair.

It's surely up to my knees!

She chuckles as she kneels beside me and bunches up her lace dress, she wipes the snow off my face before leaning forward and pecking my nose.

"So silly." She coos. "There's your beautiful face."

She smiles brightly at me.

I giggle before I grab a handful of snow and toss it in her face. She freezes in shock, giving me a stunned look, having not expected it a second time. Her shock turns into a radiant smile as she wipes the icy powder from her face, and I jump to my feet with a giggle.

"Na, na, can't catch me!" I tease, before bursting out with laughter.

I plod and stumble through the snow to get away from her. "That's cheating. I was helping you!" She calls

after me.

I hear her laugh and she's once again hot on my heels... Giving chase as we play. "You're going to get it this time, Evie!" She teases chasing me and I squeal seeing her catching up to me, and I force my little legs to move faster...

(END OF FLASHBACK)

I'm brought back to the present as I look at the other three as they move closer, edging around us.

I've been uneasy about the she-vampire for a while. She holds power... and even the other two are ready to attack if needed.

Scanning the temple walls, the symbols and runes on the walls capture my attention.

This place may be falling about, but it's still a stark reminder of what this place truly is, of what power it holds inside these crumbling walls.

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My stomach sinks as I realise where we are. What the marking on the walls that are glowing brightly are. Despite their age, it is a language I understand, because, unlike Zedkiel, Zerachiel and Evangeline, I remember more... remember things that fuel the darkness within me... things I wish I could forget and remain oblivious to, like them.

We are in the temple that holds the crypts of the undead.

Crypts.

With a sinking realisation, I understand his plan and it shatters my heart.

He's going to trap me here...

Never has he been so cruel...

How could he?

How could he say he loves me and then betray me?

I feel as if I'm drowning in pain at the torment of his words but still, I keep a strong front as I return my gaze to him.

His hands reach for mine and he squeezes them, placing his fingers through mine. I stare at our threaded fingers, his thumbs brushing over the backs of my hands are warm.

I'll miss this...

He lets go, letting his hands caress up my arms to my neck.

"Do you trust me, Little Lamb?" He urges quietly.

I know he's relying on my answer.

Is it because he wants me to trust him, or so he feels better himself?

Do I trust him? Can I?

His thumbs brush the sides of my face when he cups it in his huge rough hands, looking at me as if I myself hold all the answers, like the stars do for me.

1 peer out at the sky, saddened that the clouds have extinguished them from sight.

Just the way he'll extinguish the hope that I hold.

No matter how many life time's pass, the stars always burn bright, telling the stories of times come and gone, and a future that is not yet set.

But if history is one thing to go off, our future always ends the same.

“Evelyn?” Zedkiel whispers, turning my face back to him. He tilts his head to the side, his eyes scrutinising my face.

I want to trust him, but this man never changes. He’ll hurt me, he always does.

So, no I can’t trust him. As much as I wish I could, history doesn’t lie.

“Can you trust me, just this once,” he whispers, his lips so close they graze mine as he speaks.

My eyes flutter shut at the slightest temptation, his scent overwhelming me, but my mind has never been clearer.

No, I can’t, and I won’t. But one little white lie won’t hurt, and so I reply, anyway.

“Just this once, I will trust you.” I whisper and I feel him smile against my lips and then he exhales, pressing his forehead against mine and nodding, his eyes boring into mine.

“Thank you,” he breathes.