

## Obsession 105

### Chapter 105

#### 27. The Temple

ZEDKIEL.

I know she's heartbroken, and I know I did this to her. Even if I was trying not to hurt her, I still did.

"We're running out of time." Ziahra says warily, her eyes on Evelyn, observing her with nervous caution.

They don't trust her, and I know I shouldn't either, but I also can't betray her by stuffing her in a tomb without so much as an explanation.

"I know." I say quietly, glancing at Evelyn.

She has her arms folded, looking around at the runes and markings on the walls with a noted expression on her face.

'We have to still seal her away.' Zerachiel whispers as he urges me to keep moving forward.

Evelyn watches me and she's trying to hide her emotions, knowing that it's nothing good that's coming her way.

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Guilt gnaws at me at what I need to do to her. I need to put her back in the dark, somewhere she has spent the majority of this lifetime. First trapped in Evangeline's head, locked in the confines of her sister's mind, waiting for an opportunity to be set free. And now I need to ask her to trust me and remain in the dark again.

Only this time it's different. She would have to trust I would return for her, but would it be enough?

Would it break the work I've done, the trust she's put in me?

'Stop doubting yourself, Zedkiel.' Zerachiel snarls, his irritation rising. 'She needs to be locked away.'

'I can't.' I reply, as I take her hand.

She's limp, there's no energy or life left in her body or any spark in her eyes, her expression dead as her gaze holds mine briefly.

'Then you will risk us all?' He asks me quietly.

Ignoring him, I give her hand a squeeze, showing her more gentleness than I'm used to.

"Evelyn?"

She looks at me.

"Hmm?" she murmurs, tilting her head to the side, watching me with that knowing gaze.

"I need to go to the realm of the gods; do you think you'll be ok if we seal you away until I return? I promise that when I do, I will immediately unlock you."

She scoffs lightly and nods.

"Sure," she murmurs, like I asked her to take a stroll through the woods and didn't just ask her to climb into a dusty old tomb full of cobwebs and spiders and wait for me.

'She's agreeing?' Zerachiel asks, suspiciously.

His negativity towards her is disheartening because, before me, she yearned for his love and care.

She's agreed, but it doesn't ease the burden I feel inside of me, her agreement didn't make this right.

'She's evil.' He reminds me.

'She's cursed. There is a difference.' I snap back firmly, my tone coming out as an angry growl.

"Zedkiel, we need to move. We haven't got time. This way." Ziahra says glancing around before turning and leading the way.

Her vampire comrade, whose name I still don't know, follows and Kash falls into step by my side.

I glance at him, about to mind link him when I don't miss the fact that he's checking out Ziahra's derriere.

'The fuck are you doing?' I growl through the link, hoping since they had also lessened his drugs that he'd be able to hear me and respond.

Even if I haven't known Ziahra for long, she is still my biological sister. I do not appreciate that.

'Like you didn't kiss and almost fuck his sister.' Zerachiel adds unhelpfully.

'What?' Kash asks with a frown as he looks at me.

'Stop checking her out.'

'Let me appreciate the view.' He mutters with an infuriating smirk, his eyes trained on her backside as he licks his lips, looking like he wants to take a bite out of her.

'You don't even get on with her.' I remark, irritated.

He's riling me up and I know he knows it's getting to me, because it fucking is.

He cocks a brow. 'Thank the gods you only have one sister or you would not be able to handle shit.' He replies, clearly unphased that he was checking her out.

They've been either mocking, swearing, attacking or pissing each other off so much that I'm not even sure if he's joking or serious.

I do hope he is joking...

'Besides... even if she's a mean bitch, she's still sexy, and that ass is fine.' He adds. He sighs, just as she turns suddenly, shooting him a suspicious glare over her shoulder, which makes him look up at her face instead.

He sends her a wink and I resist the urge to roll my eyes, exhaling in frustration, while she gives him a disgusted look.

‘Quit it before she gives you a beating and I swear I won’t stop her.’

Kash smirks.

‘Or this time I could punish her. I wouldn’t mind bending her over my knee, especially with that peach and-’

I growl warningly, my voice rumbling in the temple halls. My eyes blazing red, but he simply smirks cockily, not bothered at all, but he never has been.

“Don’t fucking push it. Has the pain from that bite gotten to your head?”

“What? I’m just lightening the mood.” He says, but I simply frown at him, not liking the topic at all.

The fact that he’s still injured weighs heavily on my mind.

Time...

I need time, but there just isn’t enough.

We carry on through the broken temple until we reach the main hall, which is pillared, some still standing, others fallen or with cracks weaving through them. The mouldy, discoloured pillars are covered in ivy.

Ziahra and the other vampire push aside the overgrown ivy and we all step into a large open area that is otherwise empty.

There are old leaves and dirt that have come through the broken windows and the gaping open area in the roof, littering parts of the grounds, gathering in piles in the corners and on the old stairs.

I spot a few old blankets and food cartons too, probably from homeless folk taking shelter for the night.

Although with the chilling and evil aura I feel from this place, I wonder how desperate they were to enter the temple, let alone spend the night here.

She keeps walking up to the altar, the sound of her heels echoing loudly, too loudly, and I wonder if we’ll disturb whatever ancient evil that lingers here.

I watch as she bites her thumb and rubs the blood onto her palm before placing her hand on the enormous cross that hangs between the two large windows.

She speaks something in a foreign tongue and symbols begin to appear on the wood of the huge cross and the sound of cracking and grinding stone makes me take a step back.

She moves back slowly, staring at the floor, just as the ground rumbles and I see the stone beneath the cross move and readjust their positions.

Still holding Evelyn’s hand, I lead the way over to Ziahra until I can see that the ground has opened up to reveal extremely narrow, tiny steps.

Steps that lead into the darkness beneath through the small gap, I can see stairs.

The opening is small, but after a while it seems to get stuck, the gap far too small to fit through. The ground and rocks rumble, sending dust and sand into the air, making us cough, but it's stuck.

"Shit, no..." Ziahra says, muttering the same words again.

The ground trembles but it refuses to open further.

Please no, we fucking need this to open!