

Obsession 106

Chapter 106

28. In the Crypt

ZEDKIEL.

"Maybe if I can get in and try to see if something is stuck..." Zlahra says, falling to her knees and peering into the tiny opening.

"None of us are going to fit down there." I say, unease filling me.

"And you may be the smallest of us all, but I think you forget that your ass is far from tiny." Kash says bending down beside her.

"Piss off." She hisses, shoving him right where he's injured.

He curses as he clutches his shoulder and looks forward again.

"Force won't work. The building is in ruins." Ziahra says, looking up.

"Let's try to pry it open." I suggest, letting go of Evelyn's hand as she steps back silently.

It takes the four of us to pry the sandstone entrance open, pulling and pushing the rocks that should have repositioned themselves.

I hear something crack and break and the stones begin moving again and we all move back.

"Thank the gods," Ziahra says.

"More like us for getting it working. You were giving up hope, remember?" Kash reminds her arrogantly.

"I doubt you did any of the hard work. You're pretty useless with that injury." She taunts him back as she edges forward.

That darkness I can feel, the chilling, sinister vibe of this place growing stronger.

"Should we draw straws to see who goes first?" Kash mocks and exhales done with his antics.

Can he not feel the evil? He smirks as he pushes past me.

"I'll lead." He offers, brushing past Ziahra who was about to take her first step. He smirks mockingly at her.

"I do hope you fall and break that face of yours." She sneers.

"You sure you want to ruin this face?"

What the fuck is with these two?

He confidently takes the first few steps. Ziahra steps onto the first step slowly, the stone crumbling from beneath her feet.

"Want me to hold your hand?" Kash asks, looking back at her.

She cocks a brow. "No, I'm perfectly fine. Don't tell me you're scared?" She frowns,

"Na, whatever is down here should be scared of having to be in your presence." Kash shoots back. "Even the dead would rise to get away from you."

"Keep talking and I will push you." She snaps, giving him a light shove.

He growls, grabbing the walls for balance, and I hear Evelyn chuckle at this.

I glance at her and then back at the entrance, the weight of the situation once again settling over all of us.

Ziahra falls quiet, following Kash down, her vampire comrade right behind her.

I step in next, and Evelyn hesitates.

"It's going to be ok." I tell her.

She nods.

The stairs are never ending and I don't let go of Evelyn, who is right behind me.

Once we reach the bottom Ziahra says a single word, and torches held in sconces come alive, bathing the entire area we are in, with light.

But a quick glance around makes it clear that we are not just in any room, but in a crypt.

"Holy hell..." Kash mutters as we stare at the twelve tombs that fill the room. Each one sits on a 1-foot pedestal, and each is fully covered in seals and encryptions.

Eleven are sealed, yet one is open, the lid leaning against the tomb.

"You will be putting me in there?" Evelyn asks, and for the first time, I think I see fear in her eyes as she steps back.

"Not yet." Ziahra replies as she heads to the altar that overlooks the twelve tombstones.

"Not yet." Evelyn breathes as Ziahra began lighting some old candles that sat to the side.

"We're doing magic in a crypt? This screams dark arts." Kash remarks.

"Don't call the ancient arts something as cheap as magic." Ziahra says coldly.

"You can't really stop me..." Kash counters cockily.

"Keep going and I might just bury you down here instead of her." She shoots back, her eyes darting to the tombs. "That one there looks cosy and it has your name all over it." She taunts him, giving him a scathing look before she turns back to what she's doing.

Kash looks where she pointed, and I think just picturing that puts him off. His gaze flickers to Evelyn and I think I see the flash of sympathy in his eyes, but it's gone as fast as it came.

I look at him when he notices the large black stone coffin that's being strangled in dead vines of ivy, cobwebs and critters.

I wonder how the ivy got on the tomb... Was there a time when this place breathed any bit of life in its surroundings?

It's deep, deep beneath the surface, the air is heavy and suffocating too.

"Are you picturing yourself in there?" Ziahra remarks, as she finishes what she's doing.

Kash cocks a brow. "You really are coated in sugar, aren't you?" he says sarcastically.

"I might be, shame you will be covered in spiders and who knows what else, if you don't shut your face hole." She hits back.

"Can you two stop fucking bickering!" I growl, my eyes flashing red.

The irritation and stress I'm feeling aren't helping with these two constantly at one another's throats!

Ziahra sighs and turns to the vampire.

"Gray..."

We finally have a name for him.

I was beginning to wonder if I'd have to give him one for her lack of introductions.

He steps forward, raising his head to acknowledge that he is listening.

"When I complete the ritual, I will be weak. I need you to make sure to carry out everything exactly how I told you."

He nods before she takes a breath.

"I don't know how strong I am... or if this will work..." Ziahra says. "My essence may not be strong enough."

"Take what you need from me." Kash says.

"You're dying." She says quietly. I'm unable to see her expression but is that guilt I hear in her voice?

"Well, then you can finish me off sooner." He smirks.

"Kash..." She bites her lip guiltily and Kash sighs.

"I won't die that quick. You can't get rid of me that easily." He replies, his voice not giving away any emotions.

They exchange looks and I know I'm missing something.

We will be using mine but only to an extent, as I need to keep my strength for when I cross through to the realm of the gods.

'You will be in charge of this body when I'm not here, don't do anything I won't do.' I warn Zerachiel, something we've been through several times.

Ziahra had explained to me that only one of us will be able to cross through, because I needed a tether. Kash had voted to keep Zerachiel drugged but Zerachiel had promised to behave, saying if he didn't, then they are welcome to drug him.

Kash's point didn't go to waste on me. Zerachiel's anger is something I am worried about too.

"Then use mine."

All eyes turn to the one who had spoken.

"I'm powerful and if I'm drained of power, you won't have any struggle in locking me in that crypt."
Evelyn says quietly.

That surge of guilt only grows as Ziahra nods and Evelyn slowly pulls away from me and steps up to the altar.

This is wrong.

We're using her.

Again.

'She offered.' Zerachiel sneers.

"Zedkiel... Let's begin."

Ziahra's voice brings me out of my thoughts, but nothing can take away from the guilt that had sunk its claws deep inside of me...