

Obsession 107

Chapter 107

29. My Stance

ZEDKIEL.

I step forward as Ziahra holds her hand out to Evelyn, willing to take her offer.

"Your blood will power the portal." She explains to her. She's serious again, the weight of what she needs to do hanging above us all.

"I love creating rivers of blood." Evelyn replies quietly, but there's no humour in those eyes of hers and it only darkens the atmosphere surrounding us all.

Ziahra slices through Evelyn's palm, her eyes staying fixed on hers.

She doesn't trust her. No one in this room does, but I do.

I just don't think she's given that chance...

'You are a fool.'

"If she pulls away mid-ritual, the chance is over. I will not be able to do this again." Ziahra says to me as she lets her blood drip across the symbols on the altar.

"I trust her." I say firmly.

"Fine." Ziahra shakes her head before turning to Evelyn. "Now place your hand in the middle. It will hurt a little, but you have to bear it, Evelyn. This is absolutely vital."

Evelyn nods and places her hand as commanded.

Her breath hitches and I see her aura swirling around her.

She's in pain, but she's trying to hide it.

Ziahra begins chanting and we're all on edge. As Evelyn's breathing becomes shallower, it feels like hours although I know it's simply minutes.

The torches on the wall are blazing brightly, the power in the room becoming darker and more powerful as Evelyn's aura keeps growing.

I can sense the one radiating from Ziahra and I can also see Evelyn's dark aura being sucked from her and the surrounding air, straight into the stone of the altar.

The smell of blood in the room is potent, and the temptation to have a taste overcomes me.

I push the thought away as Ziahra keeps chanting, her hands held palm upwards and I can see the glowing runes burning into the palms of her hands. Her arms are beginning to shake as she does her all to remain steady.

A layer of sweat covers her body, and her heart is beating violently.

“More power!” She groans. “We need more!”

I instantly step forward, slicing my hand with the discarded knife and slashing through my own palm and placing it on top of Evelyn’s.

I feel the faint spark of the bond and our eyes meet before pain rips right through me.

It’s as if every bone in my body is being crushed.

Is this what she’s feeling? If it is, she isn’t showing it.

Coppery blood fills my mouth as I try to focus on breathing steadily.

I gently close my hand around hers as my blood is pulled from me, covering her hand as it is sucked into the stone beneath.

This feeling is unexplainable. I can feel my power and blood being drained from me. Weakening me as we force our hands to stay fixed upon the runes.

Sensing Evelyn watching me, I turn to her. Her eyes are blurred with tears, and I wonder if they are because of the pain she’s feeling or because of what I’m going to do to her.

I’m sorry.

She doesn’t deserve this.

I gasp as I feel as if something is being torn from my chest, and I fall forward. My knee hits the stone side of the altar.

“Careful! You ok?” Kash asks, about to move forward, but the force that is radiating off the altar is far too strong for him to get any closer.

I don’t know how Evelyn is holding her own, but she’s far more powerful than I am.

“Almost.... there!” Ziahra’s strained voice comes as she keeps her stance, no longer chanting anything.

Her eyes are fixed ahead, blazing a fluorescent red.

My vision blurs, but I hold on, feeling Evelyn’s body begin to tremble.

“She won’t die, will she?” I ask Ziahra, the doubt suddenly sending a glimmer of fear through me.

She isn’t able to reply, but she gives me the tiniest shake of her head, or I think she does.

The wind is beating too violently, her hair whipping across her face.

“Evangeline’s body will be fine.” Comes Evelyn’s voice, it’s devoid of emotion.

“I’m asking... because of you... I didn’t consider the body.” I reply, my voice strained as I fall to my knees, keeping my hand firmly in place.

Barely though.

Before she can even reply, she collapses to her knees, her body slumping against me as a blinding light fills the room and a surge of power fills the room, throwing Ziahra back.

She's flung into the air before her body is slammed downwards.

"Ziahra!" I hear Kash shout as he catches her body. Both were thrown to the ground, getting to her before Gray could. He sits up, instantly cradling her in his arms.

I squint through the light, trying to see if it worked.

My heart racing when I make out the outline of a circular portal. The entrance is hazy, as if we are looking through a blurred veil.

She's done it.

She succeeded in opening the portal.

"Zedkiel... it's risky to pass through... you're weak." Ziahra mutters as Kash helps her sit up. Her head rests on his chest and only now do I see the dark blood that leaks from her nose and mouth.

"I have to." I say,

There is no other option but to find the answers we need.

"Then hurry before it shuts," Ziahra says.

Nodding, I slowly lift Evelyn into my arms.

She's awake but unmoving.

'Leave her and go!' Zerachiel snarls.

"Leave her Zed. The portal won't stay open forever." Kash says.

I know... but before I go, I need to reassure her that it's going to be ok.

"Little Lamb..."

"I told you... it will be easier... I'm drained..." She murmurs,

I pull her into my arms, hugging her tightly. My arms feel dead heavy as does her body, but I refuse to just let her go like this.

"The empty one..." Ziahra murmurs.

I look at it, my stomach churning as Gray stands beside it, ready to seal her away.

"You'll come back for me?" Evelyn asks quietly.

nod, "I promise to." I vow as I slowly lift her limp body which suddenly feels so fragile.

My body feels like lead as I drag myself towards the awaiting stone casket, coming to a sudden halt a few feet away.

I can't do it.

"I'm... I can't do this." I say, turning to Kash as if wanting guidance. "I can't do this to her. She's done nothing for us not to trust her."

“Zed... She’s killed, people.” Kash says, but I shake my head.

“I’ve killed people. Zerachiel has killed people! She’s not any different, she’s not going in there, not on my watch. Kash, keep an eye on her. Don’t let anyone hurt her.” I say urgently.

He frowns but nods, and Ziahra looks worried as she stares at the portal that has begun to shrink.

“Hurry.” She warns me.

‘Zedkiel! This is a mistake!’ Zerachiel thunders ‘You are dooming us once again! Lock her away!’

‘I don’t know if I am, but I can’t do this.’ I reply to him. ‘Please, take care of her. Do this for Evangeline, if not me.’

He doesn’t reply, but I hope he does take care of her, for us all. He needs to let his anger towards her go.

I look down at her, and this time the tears are flowing down her cheeks.

“Thank you...” She whispers, she’s still breathing weakly, her body still limp in my arms. Her hand weakly clutching my shirt.

“Be on your best behaviour for me, alright?” I ask softly.

She nods and I give her a small smile, glancing at the shrinking portal.

“I will... I promise.”

I believe her, even if no one else does, I do.

“I’ll be back.” I murmur before I press my lips against hers in a soft kiss.

Her breath hitches as she kisses me back. The moment is fleeting, but I know she’ll treasure it. I move back slowly, planting a soft kiss on her forehead and wiping her tears away.

Resting her head on the floor, I stand up.

I need to go.

“Good luck.” She says quietly.

I nod.

“Take care Zed, be quick.” Kash says, and I know he’s worried about how risky this is.

I nod and without another thought; I stride to the entrance of that portal and place my hand on it.

I feel it.

The physical feeling of having my soul torn from my body, I see my body jerk back as it’s ripped away from the portal. But I’m still here, touching the entrance.

I see Zerachiel look around, now the sole owner of my body and I truly pray I have done the right thing.

More than Evelyn, I’m concerned about him.

Frowning, I push forward through the portal, and I'm sucked in. The blinding light grows stronger and my ears ring as I feel myself falling faster than I can comprehend.

Then suddenly my feet hit something solid, and I gasp as I fall forward, almost smacking my head into the ground. The light clears up and I look around.

A heavy fog has replaced the light, and it's all I can see as far as I look.

Glancing down, I see I'm wearing a white fabric around my waist and my hair is in dreadlocks and falls to my shoulder.

What on earth, or more like what on God's realm.

Maybe I did hit my head harder than I thought.

There's no scent, no sound, nothing aside from this mist.

I begin walking, hoping that I'll see something other than nothing.

A short while has passed and I am losing hope, the seed of doubt growing inside of me.

I've walked for miles but found nothing.

How long will this take?

What if I'm stuck here forever?

Fuck, did I do the right thing?

Suddenly I stop, spotting something a little ahead, the outline of something on the ground...

Inching closer, my eyes widen in surprise as I realise that it's the body of a woman. Black hair covers her face, her skin pale as snow.

A sheer white fabric wraps around her ample curves, curves that I recognise.

My heart begins beating faster as I rush to her side, turning her onto her back.

Plump cherry red lips, a slender nose with a dusting of freckles, long thick black lashes...

My breath catches in my throat as I stare down into the beautiful face of none other than the woman I love.

Evangeline...

It's her.

Fuck it's her!