

## Obsession 113

### Chapter 113

(Book 2) Chapter 34 – Feelings of Despair

EVELYN.

My eyes fly open, and I jolt upright from where I was lying down. My heart thumps as I scan the dark surroundings.

Everything is the same as before, unmoving, dark and quiet...

What happened?

I run my hands over my arms and body. I'm fine. Nothing touched me... Then why did I wake up with a shock? Maybe it was an animal or something.

Ragnar's snoring is the loudest thing around here.

I sigh heavily, my eyes flickering to Zerachiel, who is lying a few metres away, arms behind his head. He looks as handsome and godly as ever.

My heart squeezes painfully. He has ignored me for the most part, and when our gazes do meet, he has only spared me a moment to give me a look of pure contempt. I don't understand it... I know he feels I ruin everything, but I also know he doesn't want to kill me. He stopped talking to Zedkiel because Zedkiel always kills us. So why is he like this towards me? I'm trying to behave.

"What happened?" Ziahra, the vampire princess, asks, as she and Kash step out from the temples.

Her lips look a little bruised, and from the way, Kash's hair is messier, I know they must have kissed at the least. I'm surprised they haven't done more; with the way, they watch one another when they think the other isn't watching.

"Nothing, I woke up with a start and wondered if something happened...."

They don't trust me, but I want to show Zedkiel that I can be trusted. When they return... even if I'm no longer in control of this body, he'll know that I did listen.

The reminder that when that happens, I'll be alone again fills my mind. Alone in that dark place, where sometimes there's nothing but loneliness.

"Your neck." Kash says, making me look up.

"My neck?"

Both he and Ziahra move closer when Zerachiel speaks.

"He marked our mate." He says, arrogance and pride clear in his voice.

My breath hitches and I feel as if I've just been punched in the gut.

He didn't waste any time... My eyes prickle and I nod, pulling my legs against my chest and wrapping my arms around them. I nod, as I watch Zerachiel trace his fingers over his mark, one he is so clearly proud of.

"He found Evangeline?" Kash says, looking at Ziahra who looks relieved too.

"Didn't take him long to mark her did it." Zerachiel taunts me.

"Hey, cut it out." Kash growls. Zerachiel's burning eyes turn on him.

"Don't disrespect me." He snarls.

"I can if you upset her. Zedkiel made it clear she is not to be disrespected either."

Kash snarls. He's defending me...

"I am stronger than Zedkiel. He is just my mere vessel." He says, his eyes blazing.

"He is also a vampire." Ziahra defends her brother. I'm happy they are because I'm too weak to do so... when it comes to Zerachiel...

"What the fuck are you all being so loud over." Ragnar growls as he sits up.

"Excuse me, may I go for a walk?" I ask Kash.

I know the other two men are awake too and their eyes are all on me. Zerachiel smirks and I can't help but notice the shimmering mark on his neck. I quickly look away, unable to cope with the suffocating pain in my chest.

"I'll come with you." Kash says.

I want to be alone...

I shake my head, "I just want to sleep inside of the temple... the weather is cold, and I don't actually have a wolf to keep me warm out here..." I say lamely, standing up.

He exchanges looks with Ziahra and when I stand up, making my way into that building that holds ancient powers that make me uneasy, I find an alcove and sit down, wrapping my arms around myself as I stare at the cracked stone floor.

My emotions engulf me. Kash comes over to me, a howling wind coursing through the temple, sounding like the agony I feel inside.

"Hey... are you alright?" He asks quietly, as he removes his jacket and places it over me.

I nod, "Of course I am."

There's a sadness in his eyes and he knows what's getting to me.

"The sooner Zedkiel is back, the sooner you don't need to keep an eye on me. I'll be back in my little corner of Evangeline's mind." I whisper, staring back at the cracked stone floor.

It reminds me of me... I'm trying to stay together, but even death is better than this. For the first time in centuries, rather than find love, I want to die. No one loves me or wants me. No one will want me for Zedkiel....

So why am I even living? No one will miss me when I'm gone...

He places his hand on my shoulder, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"I'm here if you want to talk." He says. I tilt my head, my eyes flickering black as I look at him, fighting back my tears.

"Don't force yourself to be nice to me." I say harshly.

"Zedkiel believes there's good in you. So did Evangeline and so do I, not because they said, but because I see you trying." He says quietly.

I hate emotions. I don't reply, and he gets up and leaves. I know he won't be too far, but at least he can't see my face. No longer able to hold back the tears, I let them fall. He marked her... but what else could I have hoped for? I shouldn't have let him go! I shouldn't have helped open the portal!

But he was so proud of me when I did... I close my eyes, wishing my pain away, but you know... it never goes away.... centuries of yearning for his love... it never stops... The sound of heavy calculated footsteps echo in the temple, louder than the wailing wind, and the crisp crunch of leaves under his boots makes my eyes snap open and I quickly wipe my tears away.

I know who it is before he even comes to a stop in front of me.

A sharp wind blows, rustling the dried leaves that gather in the corners of the temple

as his chilling aura drowns out the evil that lingers within these walls.

I look up slowly, from the heavy boots to those black pants and then up into the glowing red eyes of none other than Zerachiel himself.

My heart skips a beat, but I know he's not here to help me or comfort me... He's here to hurt me...

My lips quiver as he slowly crouches down in a similar manner to Kash, yet there's nothing soothing or comforting about him.

Instead, there's a sinister darkness radiating off him that matches my own powers.

"Ah... Little Lamb..." He smirks coldly as he strokes my cheek.

It's not the touch I yearn for... it's so cold...

"Zerachiel." I whisper.

He still hates me. But we never get the chance to talk without Zedkiel or Evangeline around. I want to know why.

I gasp when his hand grips my jaw painfully tight. "Look at you, pretending to be such a good little girl." He whispers. "You know you don't belong in this equation; you know where you belong."

Each word feels like a knife being plunged into my chest.

"You were the extra that no one wants, me above all." He continues.

"Zerachiel, please stop." I beg, feeling that same unease and fear settling into my chest...