

Obsession 114

Chapter 114

(Book 2) Chapter 35. When my Eyes Open

EVELYN.

The darkness wants to rip through this place from the anger and pain he's evoking within me.

"I will never stop." He says, his hand tightening painfully, and I feel something crack in my jaw, as pain rushes up it, making my eyes sting with tears of pain.

I almost scream when he tugs my face violently to the right, pain splitting through my head.

"You-your hurt ah!" I'm cut off as his hand tightens further, his eyes filled with a hatred that cripples me.

Why does he hate me so?

This time, I can't stop the foolish tears that trickle down my cheeks. He sneers.

"Foolish little mate." He whispers, letting go of me as if simply touching me, dirties him.

And it hurts even more when he wipes his hand on his trousers. With shaking hands, I grab my jaw, pushing it back into position, tears stinging my eyes from the pain, but I refuse to let them fall. What did I ever do for him to hate me so much and love Evangeline more?

"Zerachiel... Will you tell me why you always love her more?" I ask, wrapping my arms around myself again as I press myself back into the alcove.

Just leave me alone, if you can't love me... go away.. This is my fault. I became so foolish to think that because Zedkiel cares that Zerachiel would be loving too...

He cocks a brow. "She is a good mate, one who has always been so obedient..."

"No. She's the Goddess now. She will not be obedient!" I hiss, keeping my voice down.

Evangeline is good, but she isn't timid! He raises an eyebrow as he tilts his head.

"Hmph, she is... and I am her mate..." His eyes fill with a dangerous glint that sends another eerie shiver down my spine.

"You're my mate too." I whisper, longing for the love he has deprived me of.

He shakes his head, caressing my face gently, but it only makes my heart pound, wondering if he'll snap my neck next.

His eyes are cold and devoid of any emotion as he glares into my eyes.

"No, you're the one we need gone, and when

Zedkiel returns and realises what you have done, when they realise everything you've ever done. He will hate you again. He will cast you aside and wish you dead."

"But I'm behaving." I refuse to believe I'll mess it up. "I'm trying to be obedient! I won't mess it up. He won't hate me!"

He ignores me, tapping my face hard once. "I would do more, but this pretty face belongs to her..."

I fight back the tears as I stare at him.

"I know I've done things in the past that I did when I lost control, but I'm not going to

let that happen again." I say firmly. "Are you listening to me? I won't mess this up!" He chuckles darkly. "Who said you need to lose control? If anything bad happens, you will be the one who will be blamed..."

Blamed for what? My stomach sinks at what he's insinuating.

"Zerachiel, why... you're the one who has stopped Zedkiel from hurting me, the one who doesn't want me dead. Then why are you acting like this?" I whisper, trying to hide my confusion.

He stops the slow caresses of my face and smiles slowly, his teeth flashing.

"You are foolish, little mate, but I never pegged you for stupid." He whispers. "You've seen what I'm capable of, after all..."

My smile vanishes as I stare into his red eyes. What he's capable of...

He leans back, and slowly pulls up the hood of his jacket. His face becomes shadows, his eyes glowing as he slowly tilts his head, and reaching over he wipes his hand down my face.

A movement I remember from long ago, only back then, that hand was covered in blood...

"You're the man from the town... you killed them all You killed our mother...." I whisper, my heart thumping as realisation strikes.

Evangeline was a child and when I realised what was happening, I struggled to take control. With difficulty, I was able to protect her from seeing what was happening to those around us.

I had snippets of my past memories, but she didn't. No child should have to see that...

I had seen it all, seen the cloaked figure massacre them all...

"Don't act so shocked, you knew." His voice is so calm, it terrifies me.

The evil in those eyes... that darkness in his voice, it puts even mine to shame. He stands up, turning away.

Deep down I knew it, but I was in denial... I didn't want to believe it... I didn't want to anger him because I wanted him to love me, to accept me.

"Ah, like every lifetime you really are foolish..." He mutters. "Don't worry Little Lamb, Zedkiel gave you a befitting name, because when the time comes, you will be the sacrifice... just like you are, every.... single... time...."

I can't move, as I feel the veil lifted from my eyes. That's when my eyes open. It's him.

Zerachiel is the bane that will destroy us all. It's not me, it's him...

My mind is spinning as he gazes through the broken roof at the stormy sky.

Somehow, he has been able to pin it on me... Every single time... Goddess.... Who will believe me? I know the answer to that too.... No one.

Because in the eyes of the world; I'm evil... whilst the truth is... the one who is far more terrifying than me is walking free....

Walking amongst us, in a position of so much power, he will destroy us all...

Zerachiel stops at the arch that leads to the outer yard of the temple. He turns his head and smiles faintly and I know at that moment, that no matter what I say or do...

He will always have the upper hand.

No one will believe me...

Not one person...

Whilst the most dangerous evil walks free.

A/N: Muse cackles, hello my dearies! If you are on my social pages, please do not leave spoilers... I have been wanting to write this chapter since I planned this book last year!!!! Muahahaha, enjoy!