

Obsession 122

Chapter 122

(Book 2) Chapter 43- An Intense Awakening

ZIAHRA.

I killed him!

Title of the document

My heartbeat rings in my ears, my entire body freezing up as I realise what I have just done.

Blade's body drops to the ground, and I jump back.

A shaky gasp leaves me as I stare at the dead body of one of my closest comrades.

Memories of the past ring through my head, and I grip my head as I stare at the blood that now spreads across the laminate flooring.

'I'll always have your back Zia... Yeah? I'll always have yours too... if anyone tries to turn on you, I'll have your back... Oh sure, I'll try to never turn my back on anyone...'

I killed him...

I fall to my knees beside the two bodies, feeling as if everything is going wrong.

What have I done?

F*uc*k!

I close my eyes, taking a few steadying breaths.

"You've got this Ziahra." I tell myself.

Breathe in... breathe out... I've got this...

A sharp gasp and the sudden thumping of a heart makes my head snap up.

My heart leaps when I see Kash's eyes fly open, blazing red as he jolts upright. His fangs are out as he scans the room, a look of pure hunger on his face.

I move fast, knowing he'll leave the room to hunt for human blood if I don't give him what he needs.

Quickly, I grab the bottle that Gray had brought for me earlier and swiftly unscrew the lid and hold it out to him as he glances around.

The final step of his turning...

Once he tastes human blood, he will have completed his transition.

He snatches the bottle from me and, throwing his head back, knocks it down faster than I can stand up.

He lets out a satisfied sigh, licking his lips as he rolls his neck before those burning red eyes find me.

He'll know what I did... and being a vampire means that every single one of his feelings will be heightened... including his anger...

"Kash..." I murmur.

I don't want to hurt him, but if he tries to attack, I'm going to have to restrain him.

He tilts his head to the side, his hair falling in his eyes s*e*xily, as he advances on me.

"How are you feeling?" I ask, trying to stay calm. New vampires can be unpredictable...

His scent makes me feel light-headed and even when his hand wraps around my throat, I don't fear him, even if I am wary of him.

Deep down, I don't think he'll hurt me.

"You killed me, princess... and now I'm f*uc*king pissed off." He growls, his eyes shift to black, and I'm relieved to see that he still has his wolf.

"Thank god." I mutter, closing my eyes in relief.

I know how important a wolf is to werewolves, and I've seen him seep through at times. He is a part of Kash and he is drawn to me. The last thing I wanted was to end up killing even a small part of Kash.

His grip on my neck tightens as his gaze dips to my lips.

Something about that anger makes my core knot.

He c*oc*ks his brow, as he backs me up against the wall.

"I can sense your thoughts." He growls huskily.

Ah... the connection between us...

"And what exactly do you sense?" I whisper.

He presses his body against me, caging me between the wall and his body.

"You want me." He whispers huskily, and before I can reply, his lips press against mine as he kisses me roughly.

I can't fight it and I don't really want to. He's alive and healthy.

I lock my arm around his neck, the other resting on his abs as I kiss him back.

I can feel the power radiating off him, feel his thick hard c*oc*k press against me...

Feel his rage as he grips my neck tightly, kissing me as if he hates and wants me all at once...

KASH.

Power, anger and desire.

These emotions run through me, head to head.

Right now, I want to f*uc*k her senseless and at the same time I want to unleash my anger on her for f*uc*king turning me.

The haze and hunger for blood has been satiated, but now I want more than just a taste of this feisty nymph.

I kiss her harder, relishing in the fact she killed Blade, her f*uc*k buddy, because of me.

I was able to assess that much pretty fast.

I hated him to the core, but the fact she killed him, for me...

Well, that satiates me a little.

A soft moan leaves her lips and I reach down for the front of her pants, slipping my finger into the front of them, making her gasp as she sucks her stomach in, only to allow me more space.

"You f*uc*king turned me. The least you can do is let me f*uc*k you." I growl, ripping open her zipper.

Words that I wouldn't usually say in such a situation, but I couldn't care less right now.

I wouldn't mind covering her in blood and f*uc*king her hard.

"We can't..." She pulls back, her gaze flickering to the dead body on the floor.

"Someone might come and...."

"And I don't really care." I snarl.

Who cares if he's dead on the floor?

Her eyes soften, and I hate how I don't even sound like me.

"Kash..."

S*e*x when there's a dead body there?