

Obsession 123

Chapter 123

(Book 2) Chapter 44 – Tears of Doom

KASH.

I'm behind her within a split second and we both leave the motel. I make sure to shut the door behind us as I rush after her. We don't need someone seeing that body or blood right now, that will only add to everything that is already going on.

Title of the document

Her heart is pounding violently as I try to ask her what happened.

"What happened?!" I ask again.

"Gray! He tried to connect with me! "

Something's happened...

She keeps running. We're on the road now and I have no f*uc*king clue as to where she's going. But it's clear she knows.

"He! One of the princes!"

She isn't making sense but before I can ask her, she suddenly stops, as she stares at the ground.

I look down, the smell of blood reaching my nose, and then I see it.

The trails of blood cover the stone ground.

What the f*uc*k....

I try to mind link Zerachiel, but I'm met with a block. The same goes for Ragnar and Jeremiah which leaves me one option.

Adonis.

Taking a deep breath, I mind link Adonis.

'Check on Zerachiel and Evelyn right now.'

'I'll check now, is everything ok?' He replies.

'Not sure, get Ragnar and Jeremiah to stay on alert, too. I couldn't link them.'

'Got it but Ragnar hasn't been here for a while. He snuck out saying he had something to do.'

'And you didn't think you should tell me that?' I snap back harshly.

There's a moment's silence.

'He is a prince... and you may not have realised, but you've had me blocked out... even when I've tried linking you over the last few days.' I can hear the regret in his voice and I stay silent.

I hadn't even noticed I had been doing that...

'Sorry... I didn't realise. Just do as I say.'

'Evelyn is here, she's fine. I can't find Zerachiel.' 'Just take care of Evelyn and get out of the motel. I feel like something isn't right. Keep hidden.' I command as a cold, sharp wind blows through the fields.

The night is making me uneasy...

I end the link as I scan the surroundings when I pick up on Zerachiel, Ragnar's and Jeremiah's scent.

What the...

I wave to capture Ziahra's attention before motioning to the right.
She nods, clearly having picked up on something as well. We break into a run,
rushing through the field of crops that reach as high as our heads.
The sound of scuffling and the smell of blood get stronger, and I come to a stop when
I see the scene in front of me.

What on earth...

Ragnar and Jeremiah are fighting, blood covers them, and I can see the rage on
Ragnar's face whilst Jeremiah looks troubled as he tries to defend
himself. Clearly supporting far more injuries than Ragnar.

"Gray!" Ziahra runs to the body that I didn't even notice off to the left.

And my stomach drops when I realise that he's dead.

"What the hell is going on!" I growl, looking at the two princes.

"Ragnar tried to kill Zedkiel!" Jeremiah says as he backs away from his brother,
wiping his mouth.

Ragnar growls. "I didn't! He was the one trying to kill him!" He snarls, "He's the one
who was in the woods that night! When I confronted him, I knew something wasn't
right, so I've been watching him!"

I glance between them, and both of them look angry, but I can't deny that I don't know
who is in the wrong.

"Ragnar... Adonis said you have been out for a while. Where did you go?" I ask.

"I've been keeping tabs on him. How else do you think I found him before he did
something?" Ragnar growls. "Don't fall for his pretences, Donovan!"

His face is twisted with rage, and Jeremiah is shaking his head.

"You should have told me if that was the case." I say quietly.

"You've always wanted to best him, Ragnar. Why would I kill Zed? I didn't even enter
the tournament to try for the position of king. I have no interest in these games of
power. Everyone knows that." Jeremiah counters, and he has a point.

He's never been one for power and was the calmest alongside that d*ic*k-face
Chasyn.

"Jeremiah is right." I turn sharply to see Zerachiel standing there frowning deeply as
he clutches his waist, blood covers his hand and waist and in his other hand, he's
holding a bloody dagger.

One that I know contains poison.

"I saw you, Ragnar." He snarls.

Ragnar frowns, "What?"

"You tried to kill me with poison!" Zerachiel snarls, advancing on him.

Whoa, what the f*uc*k...

I look between the three men, Zerachiel looks angry, Jeremiah is frowning and
Ragnar's face, despite the anger, seems to be holding some level of confusion.

I know him. He's arrogant and c*oc*ky, but why do I feel there's more to this story?
I'm about to say something when Ziahra speaks up. "What happened to Gray?" She
asks, her voice trembling as she tries to control herself.

Jeremiah sighs, sadness and regret in his eyes.

"I'm sorry, I came when he was trying to get Ragnar to return to his room and- "

“F*uc*king Liar!” Ragnar roars, and a menacing growl rips from his chest before he’s on top of Jeremiah, slashing down his chest.

His anger is raging off him as he tries to attack Jeremiah again, but I stop him, trying to get him away from him.

“I won’t fight you, Ragnar,” Jeremiah says quietly as he simply moves back.

“F*uc*k you!” Ragnar hisses.

“Stop it!” I snarl “We’re in a human town if someone hears us, shits going to go down fast!”

I shove Ragnar away from Jeremiah as Ziahra turns to me.

“We must act now... With two of my men dead, the rest will not stand by me... Take your people and leave.” She whispers.

I can see the silent tears of pain that run down her cheeks, but she refuses to let her voice break or even a sob escape her.

I’m about to speak, when she turns sharply.

An eerie silence seems to still the very air around us and her chest begins heaving, the look of fear washing over her face.

“They’re coming, go, Kash, save Evelyn. Now!” “Who?” Jeremiah asks.