

## Obsession 128

### Chapter 128

(Book 2) Chapter 49- Freeing a Queen

ZEDKIEL.

The man before me is nothing like how I pictured. He has brown hair with a few stray grey strands. He has bright blue hooded eyes, and he's wearing a suit. There's no emotion from him. I can't tell if he's angry or not.

I'm not sure if my appearance has shaken him or not.

It's almost as if he's bored or tired and doesn't want to have to deal with me. He's not even surprised or pretending not to be, anyway.

"You wanted me, right? I'm here." I state coldly, my eyes burning red.

His gaze dips to the swords in my hands, but he says nothing.

"Yes, but I did think you were already dead... that is what Ziahra declared. Lies are punishable by death." He sneers.

"Oh yeah? Well, you don't seem surprised to see me ... you knew I wasn't dead, as for who will be punished. I'll be the one deciding that." I remark coldly.

I keep my eyes on him, but I'm aware of how many vampires are surrounding me. He may not give a signal openly to them as he has the link to them, and that's even more reason to keep an eye on them and him. I can't take any risks...

"Of course, it was a fool's mistake on my behalf to allow her to be the one to lead this mission... Yet, if you were the real heir... I would welcome you open- armed, but we know you are not." His eyes blaze red as he stares at me.

I hold his gaze and I think I see a glint of emotion in his eyes, but I'm not certain.

"Oh? Think what you want, Vadam Exodus, but I am the rightful king. If I wasn't... would I be able to defeat you in battle? Let's duel and get the answer to that." I say.

Evangeline is out there, and every minute wasted here is risking her safety. I know she's powerful, heck she's a goddess, but she's still my responsibility to protect.

Vadam smiles humourlessly. "A duel? You are a no one, not the true king, not the true heir, so why would I duel you?" He says icily.

I c\*oc\*k my brow. "Oh yeah? Then killing me should be an easy feat for you, should it not?" I say coldly. "Fight me." "Take him away!" Vadam commands, raising his hand.

"Stand down." I growl, pouring everything I have into my command. The Alpha command did not work on Vampires, yet surely there was some authority in me as a vampire.

I've seen Ziahra command her men. She held power over them.

The men hesitate, some don't move, a few step forward at Vadam's command, and others hesitate when they realise their comrades did not move.

"Kill him!" Vadam thunders, and several men jump into action.

"I'm not here to kill my people nor to cause a scene. You are my only target. Step down from your position or I will not hold back." I snarl.

My people...

They are my people.

'Let's just kill him.' Zerachiel snarls. 'And all those who dare defy us!'

‘Calm down.’ I growl. ‘We need to think before acting! Some may be acting in fear or he’s holding something against them!’

“What lies, you think that you, a tainted blooded Vampire, can lead us?! After everything! Kill him or you will face my wrath!” Vadam commands.

They move into action, each one lunging at me, trying to tear me apart, and I frown. I can feel my aura rippling around me. I spin my swords, knocking the vampires in the neck with the butt of my sword. It’s harder not to kill someone... But this is not my kingdom, not yet.

“Stand down! I’m not here to fight.” I growl.

“Prove that you are the heir!” One of them growls. “Can you not sense it?” I hear one of them mutter. I can see some are fighting half-heartedly and I know I need to take this chance.

“Choose your side, because under his reign, if even your queen can’t be free, what chance do the rest of you have, aside from living in fear?” I snarl.

A few hesitate, but some do back off.

“Fools.” Vadam snarls, in a flash he’s in front of me and I see the glint of metal, as he pulls out a weapon, but I block him kicking him back as the gun goes off, hitting something above us.

Our eyes meet and everyone backs off. Power radiates off both of us, but no matter how powerful he is... I’m stronger...

This is now just between him and I...

“Then so be it... let’s duel for the throne.” I snarl, as I fall into stance...

EVANGELINE.

Pain erupts through me, and my eyes blaze, pushing Ziahra away from me.

I turn to the guards, knocking them all back with my powers. I’m only using a speck of it, and I make sure it’s not too intense. Ziahra rolls over onto all four as I glance at the unconscious guards. Her eyes flickered back to a shade very similar to Zed’s.

“Shit...” She curses.

Our cover is blown. I know they have alerted the castle. We needed to get to Zedkiel immediately. (She needs a good slap.’ Evelyn says, as I look at Ziahra.

“I’m sorry...” She groans, hissing as she tries to stand. “What are you doing here, Evelyn? Is Kash...” ‘Lovers.’ Evelyn scoffs.

I look at her curiously as I help her up slowly.

“I’m Evangeline, and I’m not alone. Zedkiel is with Vadam right now. We need to find your mother.” I say.

It’s the first time I’m officially meeting her, but from what I know from Zed and the snips that Evelyn has shared with me, I know I can trust her. “Yes, we do, wait... why are you here? When did Zedkiel return with you...” She asks, looking me over. “Well, I didn’t think he’d come.” She says quietly. I reach over, placing my hand on her arm.

“He promised you he will. The rest is not important.” I reply with a gentle smile.

Her eyes soften and she nods.

“He picked a good girl.” She adds, making me blush as Evelyn snickers. “Thank God you’re back then... I hope Zedkiel got the answers he needed.”

“I think we did.” I reply, remembering what Evelyn told me, too.

"This way." Ziahra says, I can see she's slowly healing. Whatever was keeping her in that state in that room, the effects were now lifting.

"I am going to tell you something... something Zedkiel doesn't know yet and we can't tell him." I whisper as I sling her arm around my shoulder, and we head back down the hallway.

"What is it?" 'She won't believe it, especially since I told you.' Evelyn says.

'I feel uneasy, almost as if something might happen. We need to make sure more people we can trust, know.' I explain to her gently. 'Evelyn, we are your friends and family. I promised you, this time, I will not let you suffer.'

She's silent, but I can feel her turmoil.

'Thank you...' She whispers before she recedes to the back of my mind.

"Zerachiel... he's the one behind it all." Saying the words out loud crushes me.

Luna's agony makes it harder to breathe.

'Please Evangeline... don't blame him without getting his side.' She begs me.

'Luna...' I don't know what to say and instead I look at Ziahra who motions down a hallway, but my words don't seem to shock her as much as I thought they would.

But before I can ask her, I see two vampires, and they've seen us.

"Hey!"

I let go of her as I rush at the guards, knocking them out in one swift move.

"Behind you!" Ziahra shouts, I turn just in time to see another vampire rush at me, he manages to scratch me, and I kick him in the neck, twisting around, I send a wave of my force at him and it throws him back.

He hits the wall before falling unconscious.

"You don't seem so surprised." I ask Ziahra, brushing my hair back, as she holds the wall for support, approaching me.

"He... I was more worried about him. After Zedkiel left, I initially thought Evelyn was the one to watch out for, but Zerachiel gave me more negative vibes, but I put it down to him being a Lycan. A beast." Ziahra says.

I nod as we hurry down the hall.

'We are not beasts.' Luna growls.

'Please Luna, lets-'

'No! You are spewing the same nonsense as Stella!' She howls.

I stop in my tracks, as I feel Evelyn come forward too.

My heart thumps, and even Ziahra turns, hearing the difference.

'Luna... did Stella ever question Zerachiel's intentions?' I whisper, my heart thumping, thinking could this have all been avoided centuries ago?

She falls silent before she whimpers.

'She was wrong.' She whispers. 'It was the darkness in her. I thought she was lying to protect herself. I never believed Zerachiel would- I don't want to believe that I killed her wrongly... I can't believe Zerachiel...'

The agony in her voice makes my vision darken before she whimpers.

'I... am not worthy of being your wolf...' Luna's voice begins to fade, and I know she's hidden herself away.

'No, Luna! Don't go! Wait! We can sort things out!' I plead, but it's futile.

'She killed Stella for pointing out the truth!' Evelyn hisses, and I can feel her anger rising. 'She deserves to be punished too!'

'What is done is done. We need to stick with one another. Please, let's not let history repeat itself!' I plead, hoping Luna can hear me, too.

The darkness and pain in my head are growing and I try to send calmness to them both.

I'm struggling though...

"So his Lycan...What's the plan? How will we tell Zedkiel? Is there a way to split them? Are they not one?" Ziahra asks as she motions down the hall. There's a door, padlocked shut but with no guards outside.

It's clear, powerful magic is used to keep the room sealed.

"We are somewhat one, but a Lycan is more of their own person... one can survive without their wolf, but I'm it's harder for a Lycan..." I say softly. "I don't know how we will do this. "

"Zedkiel is also a vampire. Perhaps it'll be easier." Ziahra says. "So, we just need to find a way to kill a Lycan without killing his host."

I nod, my stomach churning at the thought of killing Zerachiel. Was this not a betrayal again?

'It's our only option... Zedkiel will understand.' Evelyn murmurs.

I nod as I motion for Ziahra to step back. Focusing on the door, I summon my powers and blast the door to pieces.

A huge wave of energy rips through the hallway, and the howling of the wind rushes through the halls, as shards of the thick door fly around us. Then it all stops and the entrance to the room is now a gaping hole...

Ziahra slowly inches closer to the entrance but before she reaches it, she stops as the light sound of calculated steady footsteps reaches us.

The shadow of a woman appears first before she comes into view.

She's tall and extremely gaunt, and her hair is matted and tied up messily. Eye bags line her eyes and you can tell from her face she has seen hard times, but even then there's a fire in her dark eyes. A fire that no suffering, pain, or agony was able to take away...

"Mother..." Ziahra murmurs before rushing over as fast as she can in her weakened state.

This is Zeina Aton, Zedkiel's mother...

We've found her.