

## Obsession 136

### Chapter 136

(Book 2) Chapter 57- Taking the Lead

ZEDKIEL.

She left.

Without even a glance back... because of what?

I wanted to keep her safe, that was all. Things had blurred out for a few moments, and I'm left feeling empty.

I had focused on the plan at hand. I know the way werewolves work, obviously, it's been a part of me. Right now, they are just outside the forest that keeps us apart. I know their battle formations... heck; I helped them plan most of them. If they had any brains, they would toss it aside and come up with something new.

Why are we even fighting?

I frown, massaging my temples. Everything is murky, and sometimes I find myself questioning why I am doing this?

'Don't confuse yourself, you are doing nothing wrong.' Zerachiel growls.

Is Evangeline right? She is level-headed...

'No, she isn't! The werewolves- our own people are trying to kill us! You being a hybrid, has always been an issue!'

Calm down... I take a deep breath. 'I get that... she shouldn't have left.' I reply quietly.

'You're right. She left when she should have stuck by our side. It's a shame, but she must think she's better than us now. Since she is a Goddess.' Zerachiel growls, I can feel his anger and pain.

'Let's not jump to conclusions.' I growl, 'She still loves us, or me.'

He growls at that, but I try to block him off. My head is already feeling f\*uc\*king weird, I'm not sure if it's the poisonous fumes affecting my vampire side or what, but I'm not myself. Putting that block up is proving difficult too.

I'm struggling to keep my sanity. She just left me. Just like that...

I stare down at Ziahra, who is finally stable. I have more things to worry about. Maybe Lvangeline is trying to fix things from her own point.

'Yes, she's probably trying to find a way for the werewolves to be forgiven. The damage is done, Zedkiel, as the king of these people you need to step up.' Zerachiel reminds me.

Arguing with him is making things worse. I get his point.

"We march out at nightfall. I have already briefed our warriors. Unless they forfeit, this war will not stop." I say to Zeina, she frowns and nods.

Isn't that extreme? I think I need to think with a clear 'What you are doing is the only way.' Zerachiel's voice fills my head.

His talking alone is weighing me down, I don't know why, but I feel as if I'm being put into a window and I'm looking at my life from a back window... kind of like when he takes control but allows me to be present. But he isn't taking over. That much I know.

"Are you certain you wish to do this?" Zeina asks me calmly.

'Of course, we are! They tried to kill us all!' Zerachiel growls.

'I told you to calm the f\*uc\*k down!' I snarl. His hatred and rage are bleeding into mine and my head is only thumping harder.

"Yes, I am sure. Twenty-seven vampires are already dead thanks to the poison in that forest... They knew I was coming here to sort things out, yet they still came. That's chance enough."

My heart is pounding and I can barely focus. The pain and anguish in my chest are crippling.

Is it because she left?

'Yes, and the fact that on the day you became king... so many of your people died. That's not the reminder any king would want on the day they took over... enough is enough now.' Zerachiel says. I frown. It can't be the only option. 'Evangeline.' I try to call through the link and my stomach twists when I'm met with a block. She's shutting me out...

'She doesn't care as much for you as she does for her own kind... They are her only priority, let her be... She'll come around Zedkiel, after all, she loves you but we need to prioritise this attack, remember those who have died because of them.' Zerachiel hisses.

I massage my temples; it can't end like this. 'When she was leaving, she wanted to say something, but you took control. What was she saying?' I ask him. Zerachiel sighs, but he's hesitating.

'Nothing important. She was just saying she loves you.' He mutters.

He's lying.

My heart thuds as I tense, clenching my fists. 'Tell me the truth, Zerachiel!'

'Why do you think I took over, Zedkiel! I didn't want you to get hurt... you will end up hurting, mate, and I ... love her.' His voice is strained and my stomach twists.

'What did she really f\*uc\*king say?' I growl. He's silent, struggling with himself. 'Tell me NOW,' I thunder.

'Fine! She said you've chosen your path. That she's ready to lead her people as the queen, regardless of what she must cast aside!' He shouts.

I tense, feeling Zerachiel's anguish mixed with my own stab of pain, my heart squeezing. Does she really not care?

I know' she's mentioned countless times that she's willing to sacrifice herself for everyone else. It comes down to am I really that f\*uc\*king unimportant to her?

'Don't say that. It was just a moment's anger from her. She'll come around. We need to find out who is responsible for poisoning our kind!' Zerachiel growls. It hurts, but I can't wallow... I refuse to believe

Evangeline would do that to me. I look down at Ziahra.

"Zedkiel... I know I have not been a mother to you, and I have no right to advise you, you are king and the rightful heir... but as an elder and... perhaps a wiser person, I want you to rethink this." Zeina begins. I get that, I need to calm down. "Many more will die, perhaps we-"

I growl, or Zerachiel does, making Zeina's eyes widen.

'Let me listen-' I begin, but Zerachiel's aura is growing. 'F\*uc\*k, back the hell down!' But he doesn't listen. I'm struggling to keep control. Intense emotions course through

me.

Evangeline...

Her betrayal, her rejection, her constant fear and hate of me.... her wanting to run away... her meeting up with Sinclair Welhaven... her telling me she wanted freedom... herStop!

F\*uc\*k, that's in the past!

My head is about to burst, white-hot pain crippling me, and I fall to my knees.

'Zerachiel stop!' I growl, but he isn't.

He doesn't want to...

I can feel him ripping through my head, gaining control, not just to say something or for a second, but he's trying to push me to the back.

What the f\*uc\*k is he doing?'

'I can handle my emotions, Zerachiel!' I shout, but his emotions are only rising.

'No. Zcdkiel! The time has come for me to handle matters. Your indecisive nature is... a problem.' Then I'm thrown to the back of my mind, and I feel something heavy slam down on me as darkness envelops me entirely.

I can barely breathe, the weight crushing my chest, and I look down to see chains wrapped around me. My arms, wrists, chest, legs, and neck. What the actual f\*uc\*k?

'ZERACHIEL,' I snarl.

'The stars are almost aligned...' His voice is calm... eerily calm.

'ZERACHIEL F\*UC\*KYOU! LISTEN TO ME!' I snarl. Silence. F\*uc\*k... what has he done?

My heart thuds as I realise I'm no longer in charge at such a critical time, I'm f\*uc\*kin not there.

My anger knows no bounds, but Zerachiel's? His is worse...

Far worse.

I close my eyes trying to calm down, every time I struggle the chains around me tighten, suffocating me further.

Unease fills me as Selene's words return to me. She didn't want us to talk to anyone else, or each other...

We all have evil within us... Evelyn is a victim...

Find the one whose life force was tainted before it was even breathed into its body...

Find the monster and destroy it. Zerachiel?

Coldness washes over me as the signs that have always been right there hit me in the face and I realise what I've done.

Zerachiel... It makes sense...

Everything f\*uc\*king makes sense...

The signs were there: his attitude, his behaviour, the blocks in my memory, through all of this, he was the one who wasn't keen on us trying to break the curse. Evangeline knew... she figured out Zerachiel was the enemy...

In the end, I broke the one promise I had made to her, that I will always protect and stay by her side...

I frown. He may be my Lycan... but this body is mine. I won't simply stand back and let him do whatever the f\*uc\*k he wants.

Not this time.

ZERACHIEL.

My heart races as I look down at my hands. Zeina is leaning over me, a hand on my shoulder, concern in those eyes.

"Are you ok?" She asks.

"Yes," I reply.

Oh yes...

I'm in control...

The fool was about to listen to her. He really is so foolish.

She's watching me and I keep my aura reined in. "Another three dead." Zeina says.

"See?" I say, but inside I'm almost laughing. I had planned all of this.

Right from the moment I had overheard Ragnar confront Jeremiah....

(FLASHBACK)

"What were you doing in the woods last night, Jeremiah? And why didn't you step out?" Ragnar asks Jeremiah.

"I have no idea what you are talking about." Jeremiah denies.

I keep hidden behind the tree; I was out here setting my own plan into place when I had heard them talking.

"What are you up to?" Ragnar asks quietly, but even then, his voice is coarse and rough.

Jeremiah scans the sky before looking Ragnar dead in the eye.

"Nothing... now move along..." He replies calmly, the opposite of his brother.

"I'll be watching you Jer, remember that." Ragnar growls before turning and leaving. I remain quiet, watching Jeremiah's passive face twist into one of disgust and rage. An expression I've never seen on his face before. He clenches his fists, glaring at the ground.

Oh, so he is up to something, but what...? I slip away, deciding I'll keep an eye on him too, for my own reasons.

(END OF FLASHBACK)

He had then tried to poison me, and I had caught him. When I managed to prove that I was not Zedkiel and that our visions were similar he agreed to help me. Of course, I didn't plan to give him anything I promised, but he was a good ally to have on my side to get some things done when Kash and this stupid Vampire began observing me.

I look down at the woman wanting to finish her off myself. She's such a stupid one.

Jeremiah was the one who had left the supplies I had asked for in the woods, before he had 'taken' Ragnar back to the Moonstone Pack, and just before Zedkiel had returned I was halfway through placing the poison gas bombs I had created in the woods, each set to go off at a certain time.

Their return had messed up my plan, and I didn't even manage to place half. I am just glad that I wasn't with my stock when Zedkiel returned.

Many more vampires were meant to be dead, yet they survived...

Irritation simmers through me. I'm tired of Zedkiel thwarting my plans, and like every other time, I will kill Evangeline because she deserves it. We're stronger now because she's come into her role as Goddess and as we have marked one another, part of that

power now runs through me...

Suddenly, Ziahra gasps as her eyes fly open and she jolts upright, scanning the room feverishly before she turns to me.

"What happened?" She asks, looking around. "We didn't attack, did we?!"

"No, but we will. You weren't out long." I reply. Shame you didn't die...

"Zedkiel, listen to me. Kash wouldn't betray you. He is on your side!" She says, gripping onto my arm.

I raise an eyebrow, wanting to push her away, but I can't because I have to pretend to be Zedkiel. Instead, I place my hand on her delicate one. I wouldn't mind breaking them, sadly I just tap them lightly.

"I agree... but I'm afraid since I decided to create peace with the vampires, he will pick the werewolves. I understand your concern though, after all, you were sleeping with him... correct?"

Zeina looks sharply at her daughter as Ziahra looks at me, shocked.

"No... no! This is not about me! I'm telling you, there's a misunderstanding, Zedkiel."

Ziahra says firmly.

"There isn't, if you want to sit this out, you should. After all, you almost died... We leave at nightfall." I say, before I turn away and exit the room, gazing out of one of the windows.

Now...

Time to take over both kingdoms... Jeremiah has probably done his part, and of course, the others who are behind him, thinking they'll be kings in their own rights once I win. How foolish...

The power thrumming through me has heightened, as king of the vampires and the mate of a Goddess... Oh, I am so powerful.

I smirk as I carry on walking down the hall, running my fingers along the stone wall...

Ah... What fun!