

Obsession 142

Chapter 142

(Book 2) Chapter 63. Beneath a Shadowed Moon

EVANGELINE.

Kash tenses by my side as Godric watches Zerachiel with keen interest.

'Remember, no one attacks unless I say so.' I warn through the link.

"We do not need to do this, Zerachiel. Let's take it aside and talk." I say clearly, my eyes simmering blue as Luna surfaces, her voice lacing with mine. "We are mates. Let's do this together."

"The only thing you want to do is kill me." He scoffs.

He knows.

"You're doubting me?" I ask, raising a brow. "Do your people know that they are not following their true King, but his Lycan who has imprisoned him within his own mind?"

I make sure my voice rings powerfully through the forest.

A few vampires exchange looks, their eyes simmering dangerously. I see their hesitation, but none stop. They are under his command... and they will obey his every order. He's compelling them to obey.

I glance around, trying to find Ziahra... but she isn't in the front line... Kash had managed to contact her, and she said she'll be prepared. He was on edge, and I know he wants to see her.

I never asked how things were between them, but it's clear he cares for her. She would be taking a huge risk to go against him from their midst. We had asked her to see if she could win over some of the vampires, but she had said they were under his command. The only ones who would be slightly immune were those of his own blood. That left Ziahra and Zeina, and Ziahra had told her when she had tried to talk to Zeina, she had refused to defy Zedkiel.

She's alone there and Kash's worry is legitimate.

"If we're done talking..." Zerachiel sneers before he turns a little to face his people. His smirk vanishes, and his face becomes deadly serious. "Bring the Queen to me and kill the rest."

Roars erupt from the vampires as they rush towards the werewolves. They growl in response and I fix my eyes on Zerachiel, unmoving as both sides meet in a roaring clash.

I step forward, my aim only to get close to Zerachiel.

All these years... all these centuries and lifetimes... it was he who caused our end

That nightmare I have had repeatedly was a warning I never heeded...

Zerachiel kills me... in every lifetime... but not because of the evil within me, but to stop me from ending this all.

It makes sense; the signs were all there. Looking back, I see it... When Zedkiel found me, his Lycan pretended to care...

The man who has always been misunderstood because of his Lycan, he became isolated because of his actions and rage...

Deep down, I know he regrets things he's done, felt guilt, and hated himself for it.

These are emotions I have sensed through our bond...

I walk towards him as vampires lunge at me, but my wolves intercept them. My powers are simmering at my fingertips, but until I get to Zerachiel, I will not use them...

The gathering of so many vampires and werewolves is already making the balance waver.

"Careful my dear mate, you don't want to destroy the planet after all... there's far too many supernatural powers gathered here..." He says coldly, watching me.

He knows why I'm here.

"So that's why you wanted to do this with such powerful armies behind us." I remark nonchalantly as I gaze into his handsome face.

'Careful Evangeline.' Evelyn warns. She's on edge, almost as if she knows what's coming. 'We always lose.' She answers the unspoken thought.

'We won't. Not this time.' I reply with such confidence that it even shocks me.

Believe it and it shall be.

"Maybe so..." Zerachiel replies, his eyes trailing over me appreciatively. "You look beautiful."

"Thankyou." I reply, my eyes not leaving him.

There are still a few meters between us. He's standing upon that raised rock, his confidence that nothing could happen to him radiating off him.

'Now, she's ready.' Kash's voice comes. 'Ok.' I reply.

"Are you scared, little mate?" He taunts.

"Who said I'm scared?" I whisper dangerously, raising my hand, and making Zerachiel tense. A glowing ball of light appears in my hand, but I don't plan to use it, but it's enough to capture his attention.

"Then come and get me." He hisses.

"This time you won't win, Zerachiel!" I shout.

The growls of the wolves grow louder, and I hear the whizzing of the bullet from Kash rush past me.

"You!" Zerachiel snarls. He ducks, but something hits him from behind. He freezes as the smell of blood fills my nose and he growls, spinning around just as I lunge at him. I see Ziahra backing away with a gun in hand as Zerachiel throws a dagger at her.

She ducks, and it misses.

"Cowards!" He hisses just as I slam him to the ground.

He grunts in pain, and I feel guilty, but this is the only way.

He throws me off him. With such power it takes me by surprise, I hit the ground; the wind knocked from me, and I hear a menacing animalistic snarl from the left.

One that makes me roll out of the way as I see Godric rush past, and knock Zerachiel onto the ground. He elbows him in the neck, choking him. Both men struggle and I see Ziahra run to Kash, flinging her arms around his neck, her heart pounding violently as he pulls her close, burying his nose in her neck for a split second before I spot Giordano, Kash's younger brother fight off a few vampires from around him.

My heart fills with warmth. I hope they can forge a bond because life is short...

And I hope Isa is safe... wherever she is. 'Take Ziahra away. If Zerachiel gets up he

will kill her, and he can command others to do so.' I warn through the link.

'Understood. Thanks.' Kash says.

I raise my hand as Zerachiel slams Godric to the ground, ready to rip his heart out, but Godric snarls as a purple light blasts Zerachiel back and both men stagger to their feet, bleeding and bruised.

Several vampires try to get closer to Godric, but the werewolves led by Ragnar are managing to fend them off.

"Thank you, Godric. I think I can take it from here, hold them off." I command. "Stand down! It is not our king in charge!" Ziahra shouts from a distance.

I turn sharply, my heart thumping. What is she doing?

'Kash!' I cry out as many vampires turn on her.

I spot Zeina now, fighting and defending her people, but there is sadness in her eyes, and fear when her eyes land on Ziahra.

'Fuck Evangeline, she isn't listening, and refuses to back off.' Kash growls. 'She's fucking stubborn.'

She's still trying to help, even when injured and in danger...

'She's a warrior.' I reply, smiling faintly. 'One with a death wish.' Evelyn mutters.

"I will kill you Ziahra!" Zerachiel hisses and I realise her shot had done more damage than Kash's or Godric's attack. He hadn't expected to be attacked by one of his own, nor from behind.

That was his mistake.

"No, you will not... because I'm going to end this first." I say, drawing my sword.

His eyes flash, and suddenly he's in front of me.

I hear a shout and then there's complete silence around us, the ground trembles as a powerful surge of energy bursts into the sky and I feel as if I've gone deaf.

His hand wraps tightly around my throat and sparks from the bond course through me at his touch as sadness washes through me, seeing the hatred in his eyes.

He's stronger now. I can feel the powerful energy running through him.

"I am your mate, yet you want to kill me ... but the question is, can you?" He whispers menacingly, and I feel something cold against my stomach. I don't need to look down to know he's holding a blade to my stomach.

He wants to kill me, like he does every single time...