

Obsession 145

Chapter 145

(Book 2) Chapter 66. I Am Me

“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, his claws raking through my right shoulder. With such power and strength, it takes me by surprise. Pain rips through my arm and neck, spreading from my shoulder before I hit the ground; the wind is knocked from me, and I hear a menacing animalistic snarl from the left.

This was necessary as it was a wound that Zerachiel gave her, and the scars would always remain.

END OF A/N

EVELYN.

Pain tears through me the moment

Evangeline strikes Zedkiel, and I feel it shoot through us. I feel the bond breaking and the agony that rips through me takes me all not to scream at her in despair.

Goddess... let me die now...

I feel something snap and the darkness that is always eating up at me suddenly begins to swirl around me. It doesn't want to leave me, but it's dissipating fast. Sucked away with a vengeance it cannot defy.

Then a wave of soothing calmness envelops me, and I slowly curl up within myself.

Can I die now?

I'm exhausted... and although this was my favourite lifetime, I don't belong here.

I don't belong in Evangeline's mind.

I'm just tired...

I'm being pulled away and I don't fight it, ready to be free from it all...

The curse has been destroyed, which means I can die in peace.

Will I get to see our mother?

Will- will I get to meet Stella?

Ah... who knows...

My eyes are too heavy to open, and I keep them closed, waiting for whatever is to come.

A field?

I can hear the rustling of wheat around me... a wheat field... just like the ones we used to help sow the seeds in... the warmth of the summer sun hits my skin as I lay there in a fetal position.

Content and relaxed...

“Wake up, your royal highness, even now you will sleep?”

I freeze, my heart thundering when I recognise that voice, only she used to call me royal highness...

My eyes fly open as I jolt upright and look around the glowing field, my eyes stopping on the huge white wolf, who has flecks of grey running through her fur, her vibrant teal eyes, sparkling with amusement.

It can't be...

I guess I must have died.

I scream before it changes into an emotional sob as I rush at her and embrace her tightly, tears streaming down my cheeks.

"Stella! F*uck you're here! Or I'm here!

Wherever here is-we're... we're... together." I whisper as I tighten my hold on her and my heart thuds as I feel the connection between us bind once again.

It's her... her fur is real, her scent is real, her beating heart is real!

I got my wolf back.... Goddess... I got my wolf back!

A thousand emotions are coursing through me, but I'm no longer able to form words as she nuzzles her head against me. I'm getting to touch her and hug her, something I wasn't even able to do when we were one.

'We are one silly.' She replies in my mind, and that only makes me cry harder.

'You came back for me.' I whisper.

'We were always meant to be one and we will always be one.' She replies.

'The curse is broken, Stella, we are free! We can go to heaven or hell or wherever and be together.' I whisper, caressing her fur as I hold her tightly.

'Heaven? Oh, you wild one... don't wish us dead yet... you have no idea...' She chuckles.

Before I can ask her what she means. I suddenly feel as if I'm being pulled back.

Darkness envelops me and then I'm spinning.

Suddenly my eyes fly open and I'm staring through the dense trees, the glowing rays of the sunrise sneaking through the trees.

The smell of blood, sweat and earth fills my nose and I realise I'm back on the battlefield

Back in Evangeline's body... but I'm in control.

Did she die?

My stomach twists as I sit up, realising there's only one presence in my mind, there's no Luna, just –

'Just me.' Stella replies, amused.

I get to my feet, realising there's an entire group of warriors staring at me with gazes that can't hide the lust or hunger in them.

What, am I n*aked?

'I think so...' Stella adds, and I look down to realise I very much am, but I'm not Evangeline. What dirty dogs these mutts are...

I freeze as I stare at my rounded b*reasts. There on my b*reast is a tiny beauty remark I used to have as a child...

I look down, running my hands down my narrow waist and curvy hips. I'm taller than Evangeline... and my hips are not as wide...

I look at my hands, my heart thundering. They're long with a few freckles on them. My skin is pale, and I can tell my long waist-length hair is very thick and completely black.

I cup my b*oo*bs, confirming they feel different from Evangeline's, and then I look down at the tuft of hair that covers my pubic area.

A body that is oddly familiar... Hot damn, did I just get my body back?

"Stop staring at her, turn!" Ragnar's growl comes, his command ripping through the air and all the men are fast to turn away.

I spin around scanning the area and that's when I see the two bodies lying on a white cloth, side by side, yet covered in blood. Zedkiel and Evangeline...

"Oh, f*uc*k I really do have a body!" I exclaim.

"Cover the hell up!" Ragnar growls, and he throws a shirt at me, one that smells deliciously like him.

I c*oc*k a brow. "What if I don't want to?" I challenge, my hands still cupping my b*oo*bs.

"Then do you want everyone to look at you?" He snarls, jerking his head at the other men, some of whom are still stealing glances.

Am I pretty s*exy?

Hehe... Of course, I am.

I tilt my head, finding it amusing that even he isn't able to look at me directly.

"I'm a werewolf. There is no shame in nudity." I say haughtily, "Do you know who I am?"

He now turns his head to me, growling,

"Of course, I f*uc*king do. Even if you didn't look a lot like Evangeline, your snarky attitude isn't often come across."

I roll my eyes pulling on the shirt slowly, "My attitude is amazing." I shoot back before I slowly look down again. "And my body is beautiful."

"Don't kid yourself." He counters.

I don't reply, my heart racing as I stare down at myself.

Goddess... I am actually my own person...

"I can't believe I have a body." I murmur. He crosses his arms and nods.

"You deserved one." He says gruffly, but even if he's such a numbskull, I can tell that he means it.

"Oh?" I say, raising an eyebrow.

"Don't beg for a compliment, you won't get one." He says, stepping closer.

My heart skips a beat as our eyes lock. His eyes are a very deep blue... and they seem to darken...

I'm about to speak when Kash, Ziahra, and Kayla approach breaking up whatever weird thing just happened between us.

"Who..." Kash trails off and both Ragnar and I seem to snap back to reality when Kayla steps up next to him.

Oh yeah... he's married...

I turn my attention to Kash, trying to hide the sting of disappointment that rushes through me as I watch them.

Kayla hugs Ragnar, and he places his hand on her back, rubbing it gently. His gaze flicks to me and I look away first.