

Obsession 74

Chapter 74 His Bitterness

EVANGELINE.

I watch him with my heart racing, praying and hoping he agrees to shed some light on all that has happened.

He doesn't respond to my coaxing for him to complete his unspoken sentence as he begins pacing on the other side of the river.

I have to try to fix this. We won't get the chance to come here again and right now, Evelyn is screaming to be released. I'm struggling to hold her back, but my own determination is winning, for now.

"I will say nothing." Raziel growls menacingly as he glares at us. "I made my move, my choice, and with it resigned myself to a life of emptiness on earth. Only when all comes to an end will I see some reprieve..."

He looks towards the largest c*ack in the cave's ceiling, the faint glimmer of the moon seeping through and I frown as I realise what it means.

He wants to see this world end...

"Fine... then tell me, how did this chamber become a place where all Lycans come to pay respect to you? You hate the Lycan's correct?"

His huge head turns toward us, and he bares his teeth in what I think is a grin, but it looks nothing but terrifying. "Seeing them bow down and offer me their blood may seem to you like I enjoy it, but with every drop, it only strengthens the barriers that keep me here... I'm forced to tell them their future... by Him."

The Eternal G*d.

"Then are you saying what you told Zedkiel was his future? Because no one sees you, those whom enter are given a vision, but Zedkiel's was different, he saw you." I murmur.

"Exactly, what you told me had nothing to do with my future. It sounded more like a warning..." Zedkiel trails off, and his frown deepens.

"A momentary lapse in judgement..." He replies.

Meaning he said something he now regrets?

"What was his actual vision if not what you told him?" I ask.

He glares at us when Zedkiel suddenly looks up. "Or did you tell me that to throw me off from becoming one with Evangeline?" He growls.

His power seems to grow, and he lets out a sinister growl. "Think what you want! I told you what I did... there is truth in it... but you are too much of a fool to see it! As for your future, I know nothing save death." He sneers resentfully.

“Your bitterness comes from Selene’s abandonment... have you ever thought that she may simply be upset with you cursing her own daughter or for sentencing her creations to da*nation?” Zedkiel asks icily.

I gasp when a tremendous roar fills the cave, the impact of his power almost throwing me off my feet. Zedkiel grabs me, his arms wrapping around me protectively as he snarls viciously. His own aura fills the cave as he glares at Raziel.

“You will control that anger!” He growls at him.

Both glare off, Zedkiel’s blazing red eyes full of anger, and I know inside of him Zerachiel is probably also fighting to come out.

“Please, if you don’t want to help us... at least tell us what the scriptures cannot. You were there when it all happened.” I plead.

I can feel Evelyn’s anguish and irritation, but when I ask that question she stills. Just like us, she deserves to know. She wants to know.

“I will NEVER assist you.” He hisses. “Now leave!”

‘No! No! Tell him I need to know!’ Evelyn screams.

There’s a blast of power and both Zedkiel and I are thrown back, and then there is silence. Gone is his aura, and it’s like he was never here.

I feel my vision blur as tears spill down my cheeks.

“What’s wrong?” Zedkiel asks, although his anger is clear on his face.

I shake my head, wiping my tears gently, and stare at my fingertips.

These tears... they aren’t mine...

Evelyn...

She’s hurting too...

Raziel may be the first Alpha... but he... he’s turned his back on us... on Evelyn...

“We need to help her.” I whisper.

He frowns before nodding and pulling me close.

“At least we know this place is worth nothing, not our respect, not our beliefs... When I win that throne, I will find a way to destroy it and if I don’t... then I’ll make it unreachable!” He growls, walking back towards the entrance, his hand tight around my wrist.

I look over my shoulder, staring at the cave.

“This can’t be it... we have to try harder!” I say, trying to pull free.

“Evangeline! He doesn’t want to help. He’s the f*cking root cause of this s*it, his bitterness, his hatred. He cursed his own f*cking child! He is the reason Evelyn has that evil inside of her!” He snaps.

My heart skips a beat and I stare at him, like me... he at least believes that Evelyn is the way she is because of the curse.

"I know... and that's why I want to try to get the answers-"

He cuts me off when he grips the back of my neck and kisses me hard.

"I know Beautiful, I know. But not everyone has the heart you do." He says when he breaks away.

I refuse to believe that this is the end... and... I will find a way to come back here... a way to beg him for answers...

Zedkiel leads me out of the cave, and out the way, we came

Tonight has been an utter failure... Why does it feel like everyone is turning their backs on us?

Philomena... Raziel...

What will it take to have people willing to be on our side to understand us?

The door to the cave slams shut, and I feel exhausted as if I had run for hours, but I know it's because of the struggle against Evelyn and the effect the room has on us.

"We'll find answers. I'll talk to father tomorrow, without anyone interrupting us." Zedkiel says quietly.

I nod, resting my head against his chest. His strong arms wrap around me and I'm simply glad that I have him.

We return to where Kash and Isa are, and both have gone through several bottles, although it's clear it is mainly Isa who has been drinking. Kash tosses Zed his shirt and Zedkiel changes back into it and I realise the exact purpose of it now.

Since the scent disguiser is still on him, his old shirt would hold some of his scent.

"Did you get what you needed?" Isa asks, tilting her head.

I shake my head in disappointment. I don't know how much they know, but the truth is we didn't get any answers and it's not like I'm sharing any more details.

She looks disappointed too as Kash frowns.

"F*ck." He curses as Zed grabs the half-drunk bottle from Isa's hand and gulps it all down.

"Yeah, f*ck." He says, making my stomach sink as he slams the bottle onto the table.

But the only thought that is going through my head is that he was totally ok with sharing a bottle with her. Yes, I'm being unreasonable, but I don't care.

I pout as I begin to walk towards the exit.

"Evangeline?" Zedkiel calls.

"I'm tired." I say, feeling all three of their eyes on me.

"Sure, let's head back." Zed's deep voice comes, and I sense him approaching.

I turn back to the sibling duo. "Thank you for your help and goodnight." I say quietly before I pull open the gate, spotting our guard leaning against the far wall, dozing off. He stands up straight upon seeing us and

lowers his head.

I can feel Zedkiel's eyes on me, but I refuse to look at him.

I'm not sure if it's the disappointment of the night, or because of Isa, but either way, my mood is awful.

We return to the castle and to our quarters soon enough. When the door is locked behind us, I walk over to the closet to select some pyjamas when Zedkiel comes up behind me, his hand slipping under my top and resting on my stomach firmly. A move that sends my core clenching.

"What is it?" He asks quietly, his hand running up my stomach and I bite my lip, trying not to melt into his touch.

"Nothing." I say quietly, managing to grab the satin purple Cami and shorts.

"Rule no 1. Nothing always means something." He murmurs, kissing my neck. I lean into him, unable to ignore the pleasure of those plump lips of his against my skin.

"Rule no 1 from where exactly?" I ask, trying not to think of his c*ck that now throbs against my lower back.

F*ck, don't distract me....

"From the women's handbook." I can sense the amusement in his voice, and I make the mistake of looking up at him, frowning slightly.

"We don't come with handbooks." I retort, displeased- pushing him away and walking over to the bed.

I slide my top off. I may not be as toned as all those pretty women, but he is the one who can't keep his eyes off me!

Then why am I feeling so insecure?

I sigh heavily, about to slip my purple Cami on, when strong arms wrap around me from behind, pushing my breasts right up.

"Oh? It would be much easier if you did, or am I making you madder?"

"Who said I'm mad as it is?" I frown, glaring up at him.

"You are, my s*xy little booty goddess." He smirks, and as much as I want to continue glaring at him, I can't deny that he makes my heart soar.

I pout, turning away from him, and sigh. He pulls me closer, nuzzling his nose in my neck. "So, tell me... why are you so pi*sed off, and I know it's not because of Raziel." I close my eyes when his lips nibble on my neck, sucking hard on it. I let out a soft sigh of pleasure, but he stops and I know he's waiting for an answer.

"Maybe I got a bit jealous." I mutter.

He stiffens slightly before he releases me and turns me to face him. "Of who?" He asks sharply. The light mood of his is gone as he looks down at me.

I feel ashamed to even admit it....

"Isa... you two felt close." I mumble, ashamed at my own silly thought, now saying them out loud. I realise how crazy they are, but it's too late for me to take it back.

"Look at me." He commands, his voice cold and I slowly look up, my heart thumping nervously. But the words he speaks next are not what I'm expecting. "You're f*cking crazy... but I really don't give a s*it. You're s*xy as f*ck when you're jealous."

Then, he's kissing me, pulling me close, the taste of the alcohol lingering in his mouth as he pushes me onto the bed and straddles me. His hand wraps around my throat as he leans down and whispers huskily.

"Allow me to show you how f*cking into you, and only you, I am."