

## Obsession 102

### Chapter 102

#### 23. Against my Conscience

ZEDKIEL

She turns when I enter what looks like a broken-down lift of some sort, and motions for Blade to leave us.

"Are you sure?" He asks wearily, as he glances at me.

"I'm sure." She replies firmly. "We're in a metal box, Blade. If a fight breaks out, you'll hear

He nods, but he doesn't seem too sure, but he obeys and pulls shut the metal door that scrapes loudly. I raise an eyebrow as Ziahra turns to the other side, and pressing a button, motioning me to step out

I follow and we're in a small room, but it's a bit bigger than the lift at least.

The door shuts behind her, and I glance around the tiny room.

"You changed your mind about talking to me?" I ask, crossing my arms.

She crosses her arms and walks over to me. "What can you do?"

She doesn't beat around the bush as she looks up at me, determination burning in her eyes.

"Depends on what you want from me?" I reply, looking her dead in the eye

There's a reason she called me and I'm not going to make this easier for her

She sighs, turning away and wrings her hands.

"I don't know what I want, or what is the right thing. Am I making things worse? Mother had faith in you. She believed you will come and take your place. That you would be one of the greatest kings we've ever had..." She says, turning back to me.

She no longer looks like the fearless vampire princess, but a girl who is trying to hide her fear

"But she said the timing must be vital. I don't know what timing she means, I think we need you now, or never." She continues.

Timing... could it be what Evangeline mentioned, being offered power? What exactly does this woman know? Could it be something that can help us?

"Where is she now? You said the steward is holding her somewhere?" I ask.

"In the fortress, where he resides and rules. He wants her to marry him by tying himself to her It will only strengthen the approval of the people, at the moment they are split. Some willing to serve the true bloodline, others wanting the power and life that Vadam promises." She says as she begins pacing in the small room.

"How long has he been in power?" I ask. It's hard to think that my mother is alive and out there.

I've never cared, and I don't even know if I even want to meet her... but seems that we may just be destined to cross paths.

"Fifty years?" She replies, not sounding too sure. Vampires do live longer..... "But it was when he found out about you several years ago that things changed. He feared the loss of his position because you are a male heir, something that has not been born in the Aton line for centuries. "You are the rightful king."

I lean against the wall, observing her  
“Out there, you were keen on handing me over. How did that change?”  
“You can’t trust everyone now, can you? I’m not sure which of my men are loyal to me.  
I’m certain he’s  
placed a few in there to keep an eye on me” She says icily will ask you one more time,  
what power do you hold?”  
She’s asking me to defeat an overlord for the sake of their people my people.  
If I agree  
Time is ticking and I need Evangeline back, and something tells me I need to get to  
the realm of the gods. to find the answers that Evangeline was after.  
What power do I hold?  
She’s waiting for an answer, and I can see she’s out of options. They are struggling as  
well.  
7 can overthrow him. My mate is the true ruler of the werewolves, next in line to the  
throne. With her by my side, I will have the manpower to take him out, but...”  
“But?” She pushes, her eyes narrowing.  
“I need to find the answers she was looking for. She’s not been able to, so I need to.”  
‘Smart.’ Zerachiel hums.  
“She’s out there in the room. What do you mean?”  
“It’s a long story, but that’s not her. She’s the darkness to her light.”  
I don’t know why I told her that.  
She frowns, as if trying to make sense of it.  
“So then what? How do you get her back?” She asks, strumming her fingers on her  
elbow.  
“I need to find the answers and somehow get her back.” I reply, my eyes flashing  
dangerously.  
I hate that I don’t know how!  
She shrugs. “Fair enough. So, what do you want in return for you to free us?”  
“I heard that the vampires hold great power, that they excel in the ancient arts.” I reply.  
For a moment, her eyes meet mine calculatingly.  
“I don’t know where you heard that.” She says, about to turn away, when I grab her  
elbow and force her to look at me.  
She frowns and I’m reminded that she’s my sister.  
“If you want my help, you need to tell me.” I warn quietly.  
She sighs. “Very little is known about them or are meant to be spoken of.”  
“As the rightful ruler, I have a right to know though, correct?”  
“You aren’t the ruler yet. Why are you asking about the ancient arts?” She frowns.  
I have nothing to lose. I need answers.  
“I need to find a way to cross into the realm of the gods,” I say seriously.  
“The realm of the gods? Is this a joke to you?” She replies in disbelief.  
“Either you find a way, or the deal is off,” I growl!  
She frowns. “You are asking for a miracle. We don’t just enter the realm of the gods!”  
She hisses, glancing at the door to the lift  
“No, we don’t, but I need to ”

You will be lucky to find someone with enough power to fuel the ritual that would be needed to be carried out!"

My stomach twists.

Fuel?

Fuck, don't say that I came here with hopes for a solution...

My answers lie there in that realm... surely as Evangeline's mate, I hold some power to be able to cross over? Am I enough to fuel it?

"She looks guilty. Zerachiel murmurs.

I narrow my eyes. I'm so lost in my own dilemma I didn't even pay attention, observing her carefully.

He's right, she is withholding something, you can tell from the slight unease in her eyes.

"The truth, Ziahra..." I snarl menacingly. "What do you know about the ancient arts or crossing into the realm of the gods."

"I may...I might know a little." She admits quietly, "but that is something that must never be revealed to anyone."

"You?"

"I may not be the heir, but I am of the Aton line, and most likely you also hold the power, but without experience, you won't be able to channel it." She sighs.

"What about fuelling it? Won't I be enough?"

I look at her sharply and she nods.

"Perhaps... But it will require time, blood, and power. You are asking for a portal to be opened to another realm. You need enough power to sustain yourself there. Who else holds such powerful essence?"

"I'll figure it out, bottom line. It will have to be me... and there's one more thing. If I go, it means Evelyn is left on her own accord. She's powerful and dangerous."

She frowns before she looks up at me sharply.

"I actually have the perfect idea..."

I cock a brow. "Oh yeah?"

"In the temple where I will need to go to perform the ritual, there are the crypts, powerful enough to hold even the undead. We can seal her in one of them, and we can draw the power from the undead!" She says quietly, her eyes flashing as she realises she's onto something.

The undead... The first vampires who had gained immortality, pure evil beings who were said to be locked away somewhere unreachable, clearly not.

"Did you hear what I just said?" She asks. "This may be the solution!"

I nod slowly, glancing up at her

But locking Evelyn away in a crypt, will she see it as a betrayal?

Of course she will.

'We can't risk leaving her to harm anyone. Zerachiel adds.

I feel uneasy

She's beginning to trust me. Do I break that trust?

It's only until I return.

"Keep kidding yourself that you care.' Zerachiel growls.

Will that work, Zedkiel?" Ziahra asks.

I frown, making up my mind.

"Yes, I guess it will."

Hours had passed, and I am back with the others, but I can't sleep. Not when guilt is consuming me Zerachiel's gone quiet, but I am unable to think of anything other than what I am about to do.

Ziahra had already laid out the plan, the main being making sure I don't mention anything to any of her men, and she had asked if I trust the ones with me... did I?

I scan the room, Ragnar... he's rough around the edges, yet he is to the point and open. Jeremiah. he's kind, observant and prefers to stay in the background.

My brother's may not like me entirely or see me as one of their own, but I don't think they would betray me. Not these two.

Alcazer and Draven, maybe.

Adonis, despite Kash, disliking him, or not wanting anything to do with him, he has given me no reason to suspect him and then Kash. I would trust him even if he came at me with a dagger.

My gaze falls on Evelyn. She's curled up on her side, her hands tucked under her cheek, and that guilt returns to me with vengeance.

I know Ziahra had explained the plan that she has created for me. How we will drug her and then lock her away, right down to where and when... but I don't know if I'll be able to do my part...

Fuck

Her eyes flutter open and I feel suffocated.

"Why haven't you slept?" She asks, sitting up and crawling over to me.

There's genuine concern in those sharp eyes of hers.

I feel terrible.

I shake my head. "Just thinking about the future." I say quietly.

It's hard not having Evangeline here, hard knowing I am going to betray Evelyn, hard knowing that the future rides on my shoulders. I need to make the right decision.

She nods, but she doesn't believe me. I can see it in her eyes.

"What did that annoying woman want?" She says, wrinkling her nose. Her gaze falls to my lips, and I pretend not to notice

"Not much." I reply.

She nods, and I'm unable to stop myself from reaching out for her Taking hold of her arms, I pull her in front of me and wrap my arms around her tightly from behind.

"Sleep." I say quietly.

Her heart's racing as she holds onto my arm, leaning into me.

She doesn't reply and silence falls, save Ragnar's snoring that fills the room.

Soon her heart calms and I think she's fallen asleep. Closing my eyes, I try to swallow the pang of regret and guilt that is eating me up.

I'm sorry.

I begin to succumb to my own sleep, when she speaks, her voice a soft whisper in the quiet room.

Speaking the words that rip me apart completely.

“It’s ok Zedkiel... whatever you are planning to do... I forgive you.”