

## Obsession 110

### Chapter 110

(Book 2) Chapter 31. The Taste of Cherries and Chocolate  
KASH.

Another night has passed, and we're heading on our way again.

Despite the fact we're stalling, we are going to have to keep moving and ultimately think of a way for the so-called steward not to get his hands on Zedkiel.

It is wishful thinking to hope Zed would make it back the same night.

I know Ziahra said time passes differently there, and that's what is f\*ucking stressing me out.

Sometimes days in there could be years for us, or vice versa, ten years could pass there, and it could be a blink of an eye for us.

How much time has passed? Will he make it back in time?

Evelyn has been behaving fine. She's pretty quiet, spending her time watching Zerachiel.

He actually holds so much arrogance. I f\*ucking don't know how Zed lives with him constantly. Maybe the fact he ignored him for so many years was a blessing in disguise.

Right now, everyone is sleeping or meant to be as I sit against one of the pillars, far from the rest. I'm keeping an eye on them but I'm worried about Isa too.

Since earlier today I've had this feeling that has niggled at my mind and I just think I need to call her, to ease my mind. Maybe it's just the fact tension and stress are running high, but it would at least ease my own worries.

The only problem is, I don't have a phone and I'm tempted to ask Ziahra to allow me to make a call.

But as much as her a\*ss is absolutely f\*uckable, she herself is a f\*ucking brat.

She's on watch tonight, leaning against a tree not too far from me. I wonder if I picked this spot so I can get a good view... I'm not so sure...

Her black leather trousers are so tight they look painted on. I wonder how she got them up her ass, the crease of her ass cheeks and those sexy thighs perfectly emphasised.

I trail my gaze up her curvy hips and tiny waist. She's in a cropped top tonight, and despite the cold, she's not wearing a jacket.

She stretches, flexing her abs as she turns sideways, resting her gorgeous head of braids against the tree.

"I can sense you staring." She says quietly. "Yeah? I'm just wondering if vampires don't feel the cold at all, or if it's simply because your heart is as cold as ice." I reply. She turns and cocks a brow as she walks over to me.

I stand up, crossing my arms as pain rushes through me like I've been electrocuted by a thousand live wires.

It's getting worse, and at times, I feel as if my heart is about to stop.

"We may not feel the cold, but we feel the heat." She says, her eyes dip, as she looks me over as shamelessly as I had checked her out, before those gorgeous eyes meet

mine again.

That intense pull between us sizzles, and the defiance in her eyes fades slightly.

"You know there is only a price to pay, and you will be healed..." She says quietly. O

"A price. I'd rather not be in anyone's debt, so I'm not going to accept." I counter, our gazes lock as we stare into one another's eyes.

The price to be healed... is a price I know that will be hefty.

She steps closer, "Hmph." She murmurs as she looks up at me.

Her scent is enticing and sweet, reminding me of cherries and chocolate, but I also know how lethally poisonous she is.

"Your loss." She says. "Walk with me."

There's a command in her voice and as much as I don't want to, I also know that if I want access to a phone, I need to compromise or at least not p\*iss her off.

"Why didn't you tell him?" She asks as we walk towards the temple.

She doesn't need to explain what she's talking about as we step inside, but instead of heading straight, this time she takes a sharp left and my gaze dips to her ass again.

She really does have the s\*exiest a\*ss.

Damn.

"What's to tell? When nothing is ever going to come of it?" I say, looking at the ivy that has dug its claws into the stone walls of the temple. With time, it's managed to destroy the very foundation of the temple.

Slow and steady... but in the end, they succeed...

"I guess that's true." She replies. I look at her sharply, sensing the change in her heart rate.

We have reached a broken archway that has steps leading down, but I stop.

"You don't sound pleased."

"I'm perfectly fine." She denies.

I'm not stupid.

She's about to walk down them, when I'm unable to stop myself from grabbing hold of her arm and turning her roughly, wanting to see her expression.

Her eyes blaze a beautiful red, her breasts heaving as she stares at me.

"That was your choice, remember? So why do you care so much?" I ask, unable to keep the anger from my voice.

She blinks, her dark lashes caressing her cheeks before she looks into my eyes.

"Who said I've changed my mind? I was just trying to offer you a chance to live." She says, tapping my face hard. "Don't get too excited."

I scoff, yanking her closer, my hand tightening on her arm. "Don't push me Ziahra."

I hate how her name gets to me, every f\*ucking time...

"Likewise." She responds defiantly.

Our eyes meet and my gaze dips to her perfect cherry-red lips.

How do you f\*ucking hate someone, to the point they f\*ucking piss you off over every little thing, yet at the same time you're drawn to them so f\*ucking intensely that you want to hate f\*uck them into oblivion?

She smirks, almost as if she can read my mind before I let go of her.

"So, I need a favour." I begin, clenching my jaw. Yeah, I hate this idea already.

She cocks a brow. "Oh? I'm afraid I don't do favours." She says, her gaze dipping to the front of my pants.

I narrow my eyes. "Yeah, I wouldn't trust you anywhere near my d\*ick. I actually need to make a call, just to check up on someone. Can I borrow a cell phone?"

She frowns, as if not expecting that, hesitating for a moment before she exhales and nods.

"Fine... but if you mention anything about what's going on, I will deliver you to the grave even faster." She threatens, reaching into the side of her crop top and I raise my eyebrow, watching as she pulls out a slim, small phone she had tucked in on the side.

"Those things sure must be deflated if you can get a phone to just blend right in." I smirk.

She looks at me scathingly. Grabbing my hand, I try to ignore the tingles that rush through me when, to my surprise; she places it on her left breast. And I'm f\*ucking unable to stop myself from giving it a squeeze.

Firm, f\*ucking firm and perfect.

Pleasure rushes south, and I let go so fast, as if I've been f\*ucking burned.

What the f\*uck did I just do... my wolf's excitement isn't helping, and she chuckles, switching the phone on – entirely unphased by what just happened.

I don't know why I'm acting like this. It's not like I've never touched a f\*ucking boob before. Only none of those women were her...

"You have two minutes." She says, holding the phone out to me. "And I'm not going anywhere."

"Fine." I say, taking the phone from her and turning my back on her. I dial Isa's number and place it to my ear. Pickup...

Just when I'm about to give up hope, she answers.

"Hello?" I don't miss the tension in her voice.

"Isa."

"F\*uck Kash, are you ok? I've been calling!" Relief and worry are mixed in her voice.

"I'm fine. How are you?"

I want to ask about the nephew I have yet to see, but I can't risk it. I get why she never told me, but it still stings. But I'm just glad I got to speak to her, and she's ok.

"Better now that I heard from you... is everything going ok? Are you all alright?" Ziahra taps my arm from behind me and I raise my hand, telling her to give me a minute.

"We are, but I may not have any chance to call again. I miss you." I say quietly. She's silent for a moment.

"I miss you too... I love you, Kash, no matter what happens, always remember I love you." "Hey don't get so sentimental, I'll be home soon."

"Yeah." She replies and I can sense the smile in her voice.

"Times up." Ziahra says, and I glance at her to see her eyes are burning red. Her chest heaving and a look of pure rage is on her face.

"Hey... I got to go." I say.

"Sure, take care."

"Love you. Bye." I hang up and she snatches the phone from me, her nails scraping my hand, drawing blood.

“What the hell is your problem?” I growl, my own eyes flashing as I turn toward her.

“Who the f\*uck is she?” She hisses. My eyes flicker with surprise as I stare at her. Is she f\*ucking jealous?

Although I know the smarter thing would be to tell her Isa is my sister, there’s a bigger part of me who wants to see her lose her shit. “None of your business.” I say instead.

“You heard the conversation.”

“F\*uck you.” She snarls.

I tilt my head, my hair falling in front of my eyes. “Why so angry Ziahra?”

Her aura flares and the next thing I know, her hand is around my neck, and she’s slammed me against the wall a few feet away.

“You know why! We may not accept our fate, but you are still destined to me and unless I say so, you will not disrespect me in my presence!” She snarls.

Well f\*uck... I guess I’m f\*ucking messed up but I like her angry and so I decided to see how much further I can push her...

“The thing is princess, there’s actually nothing you can do to stop me from doing whatever the hell I want.” I whisper tauntingly.

Her hand tightens around my neck, her scent clouding my senses. Chest to chest, nose to nose, her anger fuels the hunger within me.

“F\*uck you, Kash Donovan.” She whispers.

“By all means, go right ahead.” I reply huskily.

She tenses when she feels me throb against her, but there’s no f\*ucking shame because I can smell her a\*rousal too...

“F\*uck! ” She curses before she pulls me down and crashes her lips against mine.

Explosive sparks course through me and I can’t help but groan.

She doesn’t only smell like cherries and chocolates.... She tastes like that too...

Absolutely delicious...

I finally get it... these sparks, this feeling that only your mate can ignite within you... I get it, because after this kiss... I know that I will never experience anything like it again...