

Obsession 115

Chapter 115

(Book 2) Chapter 36. In the Dark

ZIAHRA.

"I don't think that's wise." Kash says to Zerachiel. Kash had just stepped out of the temple when

Zerachiel had tried to get past him. Being dutiful and loyal towards Zedkiel, he has been taking care of Evelyn and making sure nothing upset or hurt her.

Something that has only been getting on Zerachiel's nerves, but nothing compared to how annoyed he looks now that he has blocked him.

"I didn't ask you. I said I am going to speak to her." Zerachiel says coldly, frowning at him.

"Why?" Kash counters,

"The bond... I may not be one with Zedkiel, but we are still linked, and he will want to make sure that she is ok. I don't want to, but no matter how much I don't care for her, she is still our mate." He mutters.

Kash frowns, but his words have relaxed him. I don't understand it; I don't feel comfortable around him, but perhaps because he is an animal, he is just a rude and obnoxious Lycan.

Kash's judgement is surely better on these matters than mine. After all, they are of the same kind.

"You've got five minutes, and if I sense anything, I will come in." Kash warns him as he allows him to pass.

"Do not test me with that attitude, remember I am Alpha, not you, pup." Zerachiel growls at him and strides off.

"D*ic*k." Kash mutters as he approaches me.

"Is it wise? I mean, do you trust him?" I ask doubtfully.

"Yeah, he's just a rude d*ic*kh*ead. I'm going to wait here, just in case." He says quietly, running his fingers through his hair.

My stomach knots as his gaze locks with mine. The memory of that burning kiss we shared not long ago returns to me...

(FLASHBACK – A SHORT WHILE EARLIER)

I kissed him. I shouldn't have, but I did. His hands instantly grab my waist, pulling me against him. He tastes so good... pleasure courses through me as his hands roam my bare skin, his lips dominating mine.

Fireworks explode in my mind and my eyes flutter shut.

I moan against his lips, my fingers threading into the long hair at the top. He groans, throbbing against me, and I press myself further into him.

F*uc*k he's so...

My mind is blank, save for the desire and possessiveness I feel for him.

I know he refused me, refused to allow me to turn him to save his life. He doesn't want me, and even I know it's foolish of me to even think so. We can't be together, yet this pull between us messes with my head.

The moment his hand slips lower and rests on my ass, squeezing it, I pull away.
“That was a mistake.” I say, my heart thundering as I try to not focus on the way my core clenches or the pounding of my heart.
His eyes flash dangerously before he pushes past me.
“Yeah, it was.” He says, walking off.
I don’t know what overtook me, but hearing him talking to that woman... made me lose control.
What am I doing?
(END OF FLASHBACK)
“Sure, I’m going to keep a lookout.” I say, turning away.
“Ziahra.” He says, taking hold of my arm. My heart skips a beat, but I freeze and tilt my head to look up at him.
He’s about to say something but we hear the sound of footsteps making him let go of me quickly. I take a quick step back just as Ragnar, Zedkiel’s brother, comes into view.
“Am I interrupting?” he asks, looking between us.
This one has a temper, but I feel whatever he is inside, he is outside.
“Not at all. What is it?” I ask.
He moves past us, walking down the narrow stone path of the temple, and stops at the murky pond at the bottom, kicking a rock into it.
I wouldn’t disturb anything here...
The place makes me uneasy.
“So, care to fill me in on exactly what’s going on here, because I’m not a fool. I’ve been thinking there’s been something off about Zedkiel, not to mention his eyes are stuck in Lycan mode.” He says, his eyes cold as he looks between us.
“I have no idea what you’re talking about.” Kash says smoothly.
Ragnar looks at him, his eyes burning red.
“Don’t try me Kash, I heard what he said earlier before Evangeline disappeared into the temples. I can put two and two together. Something isn’t right and I want to know what it is. Answer me or I walk.”
We can’t have anyone leave, I need things to continue smoothly. Vadam is watching and I already know soon I will have to give him Zerachiel. I can’t delay anymore.
Blade has already begun questioning things.
What can I do aside from continuing on our way? “Tell him.” I say to Kash. He looks at me.
“Ziahra-”
“No Kash, he’s right. We need people on our side. Right now I don’t see many.” I say quietly.
He nods, exhaling heavily.
I’m not sure if it’s the right choice, but I can’t afford a scene here...
I glance at Kash, giving him the signal that I’m leaving it to him before focusing on the surroundings as he quietly fills him in...
Ten minutes later, Ragnar knows almost everything save the fact where exactly Zedkiel and Evangeline are or how long they’ll be there. Kash made it sound far less serious than it is, and he left out the part about the crypts and the ritual. Simply

stating, that they had somehow split from their bodies.

"So, let me get this straight. Somehow Evangeline and Zed left their bodies, and we are heading into a death trap, with a cocky Lycan and a serial psycho"

"That's one way to put it." Kash shrugs.

Ragnar nods slowly, "Evangeline will be back soon ... Then what's going to happen to her alter ego?" he jerks his head towards the temple, and I frown.

In all honesty, I feel the same. I've asked myself that too...

She's been behaving so well. I don't understand how they even call her evil. She seems like someone who would fit in perfectly with the vampires. I actually don't mind her. Unlike Zerachiel, who has been grinding on my nerves more than anyone else.

"I don't know," Kash replies to him quietly, "I do feel bad for her. She's broken. I genuinely believe she deserves a chance."

Ragnar shrugs. "Yeah, yet no one's going to give her that."

"That's not on us... you just make sure no one knows what I have just told you."

Ragnar nods, frowning as he mulls over things, as he stares at the murky water.

"I better head back. I don't trust Eve being up to no good." Kash mutters.

"I'm not one to care, but if Zedkiel wasn't even held accountable for killing his brother's woman, then I don't get why she's being treated like this." Kash looks surprised as he looks at Ragnar.

"What's your angle? I wasn't expecting that."

"I don't have an angle." He snarls before shoving Kash right where he's injured.

My eyes flash as Kash glares at him, rubbing his shoulder.

"Well, you aren't known to fucking care."

"And I still don't, but the thought simply came to my mind, that if there is a way to give her a body of her own, then why not?" He shrugs, frowning. "I fucking don't care. She's a psychotic bitch."

Kash seems to be pondering over that suggestion, and I knew his question before he even asked it. "Is there a way to do that?" Kash asks me.

"No, soul transfer is dark, even for us, not to mention dangerous," I reply. "Plus, I don't know anyone who can."

He didn't mention my abilities to Ragnar, and I'm glad, because not even all of my own people know. Mother made me keep it a secret since I was young, mainly from Vadam.

"Risky..." Kash murmurs.

"What's life without risk?" Ragnar asks, cocking a brow.

"Really Ragnar, I don't-"

"Stop." I cut in, tensing. I thought I heard something...

Both men freeze and I can hear the loud silence, the rustle of the branches, the howling wind...

Everything stills as I focus on where I thought the sound came from. Both men look around but say nothing. Kash is about to speak when I raise my hand.

There. My eyes flash as I draw my dagger, throwing it through the trees and I hear the slight crunch of gravel, it's faint, very faint, but it's there.

"Someone's there!" I hiss, and in a flash, I'm running towards where I threw my knife,

the men hot on my heels.

"There's no one here..." Kash says, just as I spot my dagger on the floor.

I didn't hear it fall... nor did it hit anything...

Someone caught it and placed it down... or it would have gone much further.

Someone was here...

Did they overhear us?

I hope not, because I don't want to think of the consequences if this gets to Vadam Exodus.

"Maybe it was Eve. She can't really be sensed." Kash murmurs.

"I don't think it was." Ragnar says as he scans the woody surroundings calculatingly.

"How can you be so sure?" Kash asks quietly. Ragnar walks over to my dagger and picks it up, sniffing it. They really are animals.

"I saw her return to her sleeping bag, in tears." He remarks.

"Then who was out here?" Kash asks the question that is looming on all three of our minds.

"Who knows..." Ragnar murmurs, as he scans the trees from where he's crouching.

"Let's head back, I'll ask Blade if anyone left the clearing." I mutter.

That's not going to go down well. Blade and I are somewhat in a casual relationship, or we were... He knows there's something going on between Kash and me, he's already questioned me and each time, I deny it. But I can sense his hostility towards the werewolves growing.

"If he's trustworthy." Ragnar says, making my eyes flash.

"He may not be to you, but I do trust Blade." I counter icily.

"Do you?" Kash says, I know why he's asking...

He wasn't the one I had chosen for the ritual... but that's not because I don't trust him, but because I don't think he'd want to help them...

"I'm going to check on Zerachiel and Eve." Kash says before he runs off.

"I wonder who..." Ragnar mutters.

I turn sharply to address him, but he's staring off into the darkness,

"What is it?" I ask.

"Nothing." He says, standing up and heading back.

For a second, I stare at his back. Why do I feel like he knows something?