

Obsession 117

Chapter 117

(Book 2) Chapter 38. Love or Hate

KASH.

Two more days have passed, and we have been travelling mostly by car since then, without stopping, but today something wasn't right and Ziahra was adamant we'll be stopping at a place to stay for the night.

Title of the document

The decision was abrupt, but no one questioned her and I didn't manage to get her alone to ask her what was going on either.

It was actually the last of my concerns, especially since Evelyn was no longer eating and she was refusing to speak, simply nodding when spoken to, almost as if she didn't want to communicate with anyone.

Zerachiel was as arrogant as ever, but didn't seem bothered by her silence.

Ragnar had said she had been crying after Zerachiel had talked to her, and it makes me wonder if he had said something to make her end up like this.

I've been watching him, and the more I see of him, the less I like him. To me, it feels as if he's the only bad thing about Zedkiel himself. O

"Are you alright?" I ask Evelyn as she settles down onto the bed in her motel room. She nods but says nothing.

"Want to talk about whatever's bothering you?" I ask.

"Nothing." She says, glancing at the door and then at the floor.

"Alright... Adonis will watch you for the night, or until Ziahra gets back, you two are sharing a room." I say, glancing at my brother. We barely talk, but often I find him watching me.

But if he thinks I'm going to bother with him, then he's extremely delusional.

"Kash." He says when I get up to leave the room. "What?" I ask.

"Maybe we should ask Alpha Godric Astorath for help, he is from our mother's- " O

"No." I snarl, my eyes blazing as I glare at him. He frowns slightly and nods.

"It was just a suggestion."

"A stupid one." I say, that man hurt my sister. I will never ask for his help. O

I walk out, shutting the door behind me.

We had stopped at a motel for the night per Ziahra's command and I now head to the room next door and take a quick shower.

I open the front door, glancing up at the cloudy, starless sky, when I hear the sound of hushed talking and the smell of cherries and chocolate.

Ziahra?

She is meant to be on look out here with Blade tonight... and I f*uc*king hate that guy but he's nowhere in sight...

They're this relaxed thinking we're drugged, but she's stopped giving me for a while now... Ragnar too and Evelyn.

"... please. I know what I am doing. Tell Lord Exodus I will not disappoint him."

Ziahra's voice comes.

Since when does she address him as Lord? Unease fills me and I slip back inside, not wanting to be seen out by anyone else.

I keep the door slightly ajar, listening silently to what's been said.

I can't hear who she's talking to, or what they're saying, but her voice comes back soft yet clear. I can hear the urgency in it too.

"Three nights, and he will have him. How is my mother?" She asks.

"Alive." I hear the deep voice.

Silence falls and only when I hear the sound of her heels approaching do I step back from the door.

"I can smell you." She says quietly.

"I just showered, never knew I still stink. Do I need to go have another shower?" I say, sliding the door open.

She's worried, even as her eyes trail over me, or the quick swipe of her tongue along her lips when her gaze dips to the front of my sweatpants. She inhales deeply before she closes her eyes.

"Yeah you do, this time do a better job." She says haughtily.

"Well, since I don't seem to know how, want to help?" the words are out before I can even f*uc*king stop them.

I'm expecting her to hit back with a sassy reply, but she simply sighs and crosses her arms.

"Maybe another time." She replies, surprising me. "What's wrong?" I ask, my smirk vanishing as I observe her.

"He's watching us, and I think he doesn't trust me anymore." She says.

I frown, as I slide the door shut. Taking hold of her elbows I turn her to face me.

"Why do you think that?" I ask, trying to hide the unease that I'm feeling.

If she's worried, then it must be serious.

"I know. He sent someone to me today, one of the Dark Crows, that is in itself a symbol of his distrust. Look, we need to change the plan. I know Zedkiel said to continue and act as if everything is ok, but we can't. You will all die."

"Then what should we do?" I ask.

"You need to get away from here. I'll say there was a clash, and we ended up killing you all. I'll bring a head back and say that we managed to kill Zedkiel and that the throne is his." She says, placing her hand on her forehead for a second.

She's far more worried than she's letting on, meaning whoever is out there really is bad news. "No. You are not going to risk that. You said he has your mother hostage. What if he does something to you?" I growl.

I'm not sending her into the lair of that monster alone and especially without the real deal, because if he were to find out it's not Zed's head.... She'll face the consequences.

She looks up at me, and I see the longing in her eyes, before she slowly shakes her head.

"I'm not your problem to deal with Kash."

"Whether you like it or not, you are still my mate. " I warn her, my eyes flashing.

"There's no other option." She replies. "I'm going to be fine. You don't need to pretend

to care.”

“Want me to say I don’t care?” I ask, trying to hide my anger.

“I’m not trying to anger you, Kash... but for this to work, you need to be healed. You need to pretend to escape, I will have everything ready and a head for Vadam, I just need you to be strong enough to lead your people away.”

“Is the vampire princess actually concerned for a pack of mutts – Those are your words, right?” I reply softly.

She rolls her eyes.

“Keep wishing.” She tosses her hair before her gaze dips to my shoulder. “Mark me, Kash... when you do ... my blood will heal you.” O

It’s not that simple...

“And if I do... I’ll be forced to turn.” “That or you die, Zedkiel is a hybrid. Is it that bad?” She counters.

“No, but tell me... will you then allow yourself to mark me?” I growl.

“No, because this is vital, you need to mark me so you can heal.”

And then she’s pretending she doesn’t care.

“Do you know the meaning of a mark Ziahra?” I ask quietly letting go of her elbow and wrapping my hand around her throat.

“I do.” She says unphased.

“Yet you think I will simply mark you and let you go? A mark means I’m claiming you as mine and once I do, it means you’re mine. Completely.” I growl huskily my gaze dipping to those lips. “I will expect you to mark me too.”

“I know, but I won’t because if I’m to die, I don’t want that to impact you in any way.” She says, pulling away as if only now realising how close we are standing.

My eyes flash as I look at her. “Don’t talk about dying so easily.”

“I’m a vampire. I’m born to die.” She says quietly. “Ziahra.” I begin, but she raises her hand.

“Don’t Kash, this is bigger than you and I... It will buy us some time... But if you die... you will fail Zedkiel. That girl out there, she also needs you. She’s not herself and she’s become so withdrawn I’m beginning to worry for her.” She says quietly. She isn’t wrong... I have been worried too.

“So, you expect me to simply mark you so I can live?”

She turns her head sharply to me and raises her fist before cursing and lowering her hand. “Stop being such an irritating prick! You are Zedkiel’s next in command, right?!? So act like it, do this for your people! God, you are so annoying!” She turns her back on me, wringing her hands.

“No, if I’m going to mark you, it’s because I want to.” I growl.

“Then do you want to?” She counters, with a challenging look over the shoulder. A look that only makes her look even more seductive.

I feel my resolve breaking. She may be a vampire but even my wolf wants her.

I step forward, snaking my arm around her waist and yank her back against me.

Her heart races, but she doesn’t fight me, and I can’t stop myself from wrapping my free hand around her jaw and neck, tilting her head up, my gaze falling on that gorgeous neck.

I don't need to answer her because I plan to show her, once she's marked, she will one day want to mark me. I'll make sure of it.

Leaning down, my canines elongate and I sink them straight into her neck.

She gasps as my grip on her neck tightens as I let them sink into her neck. I feel the bond strengthen and the delicious taste of her blood enters my mouth.

I'm not a blood drinker, but there's something about hers... a salacious moan leaves her lips making my c*oc*k throb against her ass as I extract my teeth and suck hard on her neck.

"That's it Kash, harder." She moans, and although I know she means to drink her blood to allow me to heal, it's still a f*uc*king turn-on.

I can feel the area on my shoulder burn painfully, reacting to her blood, but it does nothing to me in comparison to how this feels. My hand runs down her taut stomach.

F*uc*k, she's s*e*xy as hell....

I stop sucking her blood when I feel the pain easing, instead running my tongue along her wound.

"Now the hard part." She whispers,

"What do-" I'm unable to finish, when she turns as fast as lightning, grabbing my head with both hands and snapping it to the left.

Pain slams through me and then- everything goes black.