

Burning in hell ch. 6

Omgf chapter six already jut wanna say thx to all u loyal readers :] <3 yas.

kat.

Btw yes I know it's been almost a more than a month very sorry you are all very welcome to kick me :) please not too hard though I'm very weak :)

Guilt

Walking back to the cells, she couldn't decide which hurt more. Guilt for her fellow friends whom she saw in the courtroom, or guilt at hearing Ethan had been dealt the same fate. She decided the latter.

While she always believed he would, Tasha had always held out with hope that he would at least be given a chance to live. Sure it would be in prison and, yes, it would be limited, but to her it wouldn't matter. At least he would still be alive; she couldn't imagine a world where he didn't even exist.

She vaguely felt herself walking down a flight of stairs, taking turn after turn through the narrow corridors that led to the underground prison; she was so caught up in her emotions. It wasn't until she was shoved through a white door that she realised she wasn't in her old cell. It was the cell from the morning.

At least, Tasha thought so. Much had been changed since then, obviously prepared for a more permanent stay. The kitchen, for a start, was larger, packed with more objects like an oven, dishwasher, cupboard and food; so much so that Tasha believed it would keep them full for a month. Not that she would have that long to test out the theory, she hastily reminded herself.

Walking through the room she realised it wasn't the last room she was in. That had consisted of one room, like that of a motel, with things cramped together in any way that looked more spacious than the last. This room, or maybe apartment suited it better, led off into a hallway passed the kitchen and den, which in turn separated into multiple rooms. Bathrooms with spas, large bedrooms, it was more like she'd been teleported back to her old life of royalty, games and money, let alone as if she were a treasonous criminal preparing for her final week alive.

In fact, despite how shallow she now knew her old life was, she was hoping, begging, that this would all be a dream, that she would wake up in the arms of some boring, bland royal, who wasn't nearly as interesting or perfect as Ethan. That she would go to visit Christian and his parents would open the door, usher her in and greet her warmly, not one trace of the strigoi they became visible.

Tasha hazily felt someone strong tugging at her arms, pulling her into a warm embrace, but she was too determined to wake up in the past to acknowledge it.

*"Tasha. Natasha, love."* Something about this endearment, this voice, brought her up short. *"Tasha, can you hear me, Tash."*

"No!" She cried, somewhere between a sob of desperation and anguish. "No! I can't hear you, I don't want to." She felt hot, salty tears making a path down her face as she frantically tried to fend off the arms. She didn't want comfort, not now. Not when she couldn't look the man she loved so greatly in the eye, for fear of dying on guilt, and guilt alone.

"Tasha, please. Tell me what's-"

"No!" she interrupted. "I just want-" a sob caught in her throat and she turned her back on her love to at least try and gain some resemblance of control, not that Tasha saw it happening anytime soon. "I just want, need, to be alone right now." She continued. "Please, can you, at least please, understand, I need." Another sob stopped her process, so she turned to see if maybe her expression could at least convey what she needed.

Slowly, so she wasn't hit by an onslaught of guilt and hurt and anger at her own choices, knowing she wouldn't be able to deal with more right now, she turned to face Ethan, only to be hurt even more by what she found.

He was already gone.

Alright, alright, what do y'all think? Let me know, please. Though I probably don't deserve thanks to the time I made you wait for this. I also understand some might have different ideas for the direction this story is headed, maybe in the form of plotlines or hints, or maybe you want spoilers to see where in fact this story is headed. And no I can't let Tasha live, because I'm guessing Ms. Mead is going to want her dead by the time bloodlines comes out, if not to kill her herself. So if you want to either suggest some tips, or some spoilers for the next chapter, maybe the story, just ask and I'll be more than happy to deliver.

Btw ~~little~~ HUGE thank you to D. Kelly for being the driving force behind getting this chapter finished ☺

ilyxx

kat