

# Hellbound Heart

## Chapter 331 Teach me

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Despite her powerful magic, Alicia had still had to give up some of her power when she had accidentally been sent to the Underworld. It was a sobering thought to consider what she would have to give up for a longer stay in another dimension.

"This isn't going to be a brief visit to another world, so I'm certain the price she has to pay would be something precious," Gav added.

"Something precious?" Alex piped in.

"There are only three things considered most precious in the Underworld: soul, power, and memories. With Alicia no longer having her power, and since she obviously can't give up her soul, she could only have one plausible option now... her memories. Zeke will most likely let her memories be taken in exchange. Though that isn't actually the main challenge here since I believe Zeke isn't planning to take Alicia to the Underworld but somewhere else. Again, that's another complicated thing that will require a lot of sacrifices to work."

"Are you saying that you and Zeke had sacrificed something too for coming here?" Abi asked.

"We were summoned here. We didn't force our way to another world, so that's a different story," Gav answered simply.

"So, there's a big possibility that Alicia will lose her memories?" Abi mumbled before looking at Gav with so much worry in her eyes. "Please tell me that's not something permanent."

Gav looked away. "I don't know how Zeke will deal with all this, but knowing him, he must have something up his sleeve already."

"Of course," Alex breathed as he held his wife closer to him. "Don't worry, everything will be fine in the end." Alex whispered to Abi in a comforting tone. "This is Zeke we're talking about, after all. There's no way he'd let Alicia lose her memories and forget about him, Azy, and us forever."

She nodded, acknowledging Alex's agreement. "You're right, Zeke must have a solution," she repeated. However, a lingering sense of worry remained within her.

Turning to face her husband, Abi held his hands tightly as if seeking solace and support. "We can't just sit here and do nothing," she expressed, her voice now determined. "Gav mentioned that it might take years for them to return. We need to find a way to help them, Alex."

Abi's worry deepened as she contemplated the possibility of Zeke and Alicia being away for years. Even though this was for Alicia's sake, Abi just wanted to at least do something for Alicia to wake up. She can't leave just like that without even seeing or talking to her son!

Alex's gaze lifted to meet Gav's, seeking guidance and confirmation of the reality they were facing. Gav met his gaze nonchalantly, emphasizing the challenges that lay ahead. "She's right, it might indeed take years," Gav said casually. "I told you, this won't be an easy journey. It's not just the healing process that will take time. Alicia's path to return to this world, especially as a non-summonable being, will be a complex and arduous one."

Abi's grip on Alex's hand tightened as she began to plead with Gav, her eyes filled with hope. "If it's going to take that long... Alicia needs to wake up. It's crucial for the three of them to be together, even if only for a little while. Especially for Azy's sake. Can you and Zeke stay a bit longer? Just a little longer, so that Azy can have some time with both his parents before they leave?"

Alex chimed in. "You and Zeke are not ordinary demons. I believe you both are among the most powerful beings in that realm, if not the most powerful. Isn't there any way for you to extend your stay, even if it's just for one whole day at least until Alicia wakes up?"

Abi's plea and Alex's question hung in the air, their hope evident in their eyes as they turned their attention to Gav. They couldn't help but believe that, given the extraordinary powers possessed by Gav and Zeke, there might be a way for them to extend their stay.

But Gav fell silent, his gaze shifting elsewhere. Alex and Abi followed his line of sight and found Elle, receiving Gav's attention.

"That," Gav finally spoke, "should be up to that red-haired lady. She's the one who summoned us, so it should be her decision whether or not to keep us here for a little longer. If she's capable of doing so."

The revelation left everyone astounded, including Elle herself. She hadn't anticipated being at the center of this crucial decision. Her expression reflected a mix of surprise and contemplation as the weight of the situation sank in. She couldn't believe that the fate of allowing Azy to spend more time with his parents now suddenly rested in her hands.

"H-how?" Elle's heart raced as she approached slowly, her mind swirling. She had listened attentively to the conversation, absorbing every word about Zeke's decision to take Alicia away and the potential years of separation from their son, Azy. The thought of Azy being left behind tugged at Elle's heart, filling her with a profound sadness.

While Elle understood the necessity of saving Alicia, the idea of her leaving her son without even saying goodbye felt almost unbearable. The weight of that realization weighed heavily on her.

As Gav had mentioned that the decision was now in her hands, Elle felt a surge of determination and responsibility. She knew deep within that she had to do everything in her power to help Azy and his parents, even though she had no idea how to make it happen. Regardless, she was driven by an overwhelming desire to take action, to find a way to extend their stay, even if only for a little while.

"Please teach me how to do it," Elle told Gav determinedly, her gaze fierce as she held Gav's stare. "I'll do anything to make it happen. I just need someone, anyone, to tell me what to do."

## **Chapter 332 I Can Do That?**

Gav's gaze remained fixed on Elle, his expression seemingly detached despite her plea. It appeared as though he might reject her request. Doubt crept into Elle's mind, but she refused to let it deter her.

"I can help with that. But..." Gav's voice trailed off as he tilted his head, scrutinizing Elle's physical form. "I don't think you're strong enough to handle it. You might end up getting hurt."

Elle's lips pressed tightly together, her determination unyielding. "I still want to try," she insisted firmly. "It's unfair for you to judge me solely based on one glance."

A smirk tugged at the corner of Gav's lips, his response teasingly cryptic. "You think I'm merely judging you for your physique, little fae?"

Elle bit the inside of her lip but then lifted her chin, refusing to back down. "Teach me how to do it, and we will see," she asserted. "I can't dismiss the possibility of doing it without even giving it a try."

Gav looked resigned, recognizing Elle's stubbornness. "You're quite the stubborn one," he commented. "But before I teach you, you need to convince that man of yours," he

said, referring to Seb. "I don't want to waste my time teaching you only to have him come at me for risking your safety."

Elle's eyes lit up with relief. "That won't be a problem!" she exclaimed confidently. "Don't worry about Seb. He will definitely let me do it."

Gav raised an eyebrow skeptically. "I'm not entirely convinced about that, given the temperament he's shown me so far," he replied. "And even if you're right..." He paused, his gaze shifting towards Alicia's window. "I don't think Zeke will stall. His woman is in real danger, and time is of the essence."

Everyone's eyes widened, and the atmosphere suddenly grew heavy. Until Elle spoke again. "Can't you at least temporarily heal her?" she asked Gav. "You healed my wounds with your magic. That only means that... you have healing powers. I believe you can do something to give Alicia some strength for a while."

A hushed silence filled the room as Elle's question hung in the air, gripping the hearts of those present. The weight of the situation settled upon their shoulders, leaving them yearning for a glimmer of hope.

After pausing for a moment, Gav's piercing gaze shifted between Elle and Alicia's window. The look in his eyes betrayed a complex mixture of emotions, difficult to decipher.

Elle couldn't quite explain why, but she just knew that there was something more to Gav than met the eye. When he had healed her, she had felt a surge of power emanating from him, a presence that held an unmistakable touch of magic and healing. With his extraordinary abilities, she couldn't shake the strong belief that he held the key to helping Alicia.

"You're right," Gav finally admitted, his voice carrying a hint of resignation. "I did heal your wounds with my magic. But Zeke's woman's situation is far from simple. My healing powers are limited, as I am a dark fae. Light faes, on the other hand, possess the ability to heal more effectively."

The group's hope began to wane, their expectations dampened by Gav's explanation. But his gaze fixed on Elle, his eyes searching her face intently. "However," he continued, his tone shifting, "I believe there might be something you can do for her. It's the light fae blood within you that holds potential."

Elle stood there, wide-eyed and speechless, as the weight of Gav's words settled upon her. The disbelief in her voice was palpable as she slowly pointed at herself. "Me...? I can... I can do that?" she stammered, her voice tinged with astonishment.

Gav responded in his usual flat tone, his expression unreadable. "Why so surprised? You do know you have fae blood in you, don't you?" His words held a hint of impatience, as if he expected her to be aware of her own heritage.

"I..." Elle was at a loss for words. Before she could gather her thoughts, Alex interjected, providing some context to the situation.

"She barely had any idea because even we recently discovered her true nature," Alex explained. "She grew up believing she was nothing more than human. And, as I mentioned earlier, in this world, superhumans or magical beings are considered nothing more than myths."

Abi chimed in, adding her own perspective. "Elle only discovered her magical abilities recently as well. For a long time, we wondered what she truly was."

Gav's interest seemed piqued by Abi's words. "Are you saying that even you couldn't discern her true nature?" he asked Alex, eyes a little narrowed.

"Faes no longer exist in this world," Alex replied, causing Gav's eyes to widen subtly. "They are believed to be the first race to have gone extinct. As far as we know, Elle is the only one known to carry their blood."

Gav fell quiet for a while before leaning his head back and staring up at the sky. "This world of yours truly is a strange place. To think that the supposedly most powerful race is the first to be erased from existence," he mused. He smirked, but there was something mysterious in that smile.

His gaze then shifted back to Elle, his scrutiny intensifying. "I must admit, I'm impressed to learn that you are not even a halfling but rather possess only a part of fae within you," he commented.

With a decisive motion, Gav pushed himself off the pillar and stood upright. "Well, I'll go inform Zeke about this discovery, while you go to your man and explain what you're about to do," he declared, his actions swift and resolute.

Before Elle could respond, Gav leaped towards the window. Turning her gaze towards Abi and Alex, Elle locked eyes with them, a silent exchange conveying their shared understanding before exchanging nods with them.

With a determined stride, Elle set her sights on the task that lay before her. She retraced her steps, making her way back into the house she had left a while ago.

## **Chapter 333 Growth**

The conversation between Elle and Sebastian had been difficult, filled with worry and concern. Sebastian's apprehension was evident, his love for Elle driving him to be protective and cautious. However, Elle reassured him, promising that she would take every precaution to ensure her safety. She implored him to have faith in her, to trust that she would return unharmed.

Despite his initial resistance, Sebastian relented not only because of Elle's plea for his trust and faith but also because of his desire for Alicia to wake up, be healed, and spend precious moments with Azy before she left. He understood the importance of Elle's role in this and could only reluctantly give his consent.

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As Elle and Gav ventured a little further away from the house, a mix of nervousness and determination coursed through Elle's veins. She knew this was her chance to be more than a bystander, to step up and make a difference. The opportunity to be useful and help those she cared about.

Elle had come to the realization that fighting might not be her forte. She had learned that even with her best efforts, she had often found herself in need of rescue. However, she refused to let that define her.

Of course, with a realistic outlook, Elle understood that she wouldn't suddenly become incredibly powerful after just a few training sessions. But she yearned to contribute in any way possible not later but now. If she could provide support and aid through her healing abilities in this crucial moment, it would be more than she could ask for.

Her desire to be useful, to help those close to her during these chaotic times, burned brightly within her. Elle was determined to grow and become a valuable asset to the group, even as she acknowledged her current limitations. This was her chance to step out of the shadows and contribute in her own way.

"Are you ready?" Gav's strict tone echoed through the air, underscoring the seriousness of the task at hand.

Elle stood tall, lifting her chin, displaying her readiness for whatever lay ahead.

"Good," Gav's hand slowly ascended, its movement captivating Elle's gaze. A mysterious aura surrounded him, as if veiled in an enigmatic shroud. Suddenly, wisps of darkness materialized, encircling his arm in an ethereal and mesmerizing dance. The interplay of shadow and light painted a haunting spectacle before Elle's eyes.

Gav conveyed clear instructions to Elle. He revealed the key to unlocking her latent healing abilities, urging her to delve into the depths of her untapped potential. However, a note of caution accompanied his guidance. The path to harnessing this power was fraught with pain and discomfort. Gav warned her that the awakening process would be

anything but gentle; it would forcibly rouse her dormant abilities, demanding her endurance in a single, intense surge. Because there was no luxury of gradual training or time for her abilities to emerge naturally.

Gathering her courage, she prepared herself for the onslaught that awaited, determined to embrace the pain in order to unlock her true potential.

Elle took a deep breath, her resolve firm. She could see the seriousness in Gav's eyes, and it made her realize the gravity of the situation. Compared to her previous trainers, Caelian and Alexander, Gav seemed far more intimidating and merciless. Doubt began to creep in, tempting her to reconsider.

But she steeled herself, refusing to give in to fear. She knew that this path would not be easy, that it would demand her utmost strength and resilience. With fierce determination, she held Gav's gaze, her blue eyes shining with determination. "I understand," she declared, her voice steady. "You may start now. I am ready."

A ghost of a smile flashed across his handsome face. "I suggest you not scream too loudly, or that man of yours might come flying here and end up interrupting everything. We'll have to start all over again, or I might lose interest in teaching you if that happens," he warned.

Elle clenched her fists. "I understand," she replied, her voice resolute.

As Gav's gaze turned intensely serious, he pointed his hands towards Elle, and in an instant, the pain struck. It felt as if a blade had pierced straight through her chest, rendering her breathless. The sensation was agonizing, as if her very bones and flesh were being torn apart. She fought the urge to scream, feeling as if her very breath was being ripped from her lungs. The dark magic surged, blazing in front of her, consuming her from the inside out. Dark magic blazed before her, surrounding her in its all-encompassing embrace. It felt as if she were being devoured from the inside out, consumed by the intense and overwhelming force of Gav's power.

In the depths of her being, Elle sensed the transformative energy beckoning to her, calling for her surrender. It was as if the very fabric of her existence was on the precipice of a profound shift. She took a deep breath, anchoring herself in the present, and surrendered to the forces at play.

The dance of shadows enveloped Elle, their touch both chilling and electrifying. A surge of raw energy coursed through her veins, searing through every fiber of her being. The pain was a symphony of agony and revelation, each sensation amplifying her resolve. She gritted her teeth, refusing to succumb to the overwhelming intensity.

In that crucible of awakening, Elle found solace in her unwavering determination. She embraced the discomfort, allowing it to fuel her growth. Time seemed to lose its

meaning as she surrendered herself to the process, trusting that the pain would give birth to a newfound strength.

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Sebastian stood like a statue, his gaze locked on the direction where Elle and Gav had disappeared. The urge to rush to their training area surged within him, but he fought against it, remembering Iza's plea for trust and faith.

He strained to hear any sound that might give him a clue about what was happening, but there was nothing except the gathering darkness over that spot.

## Chapter 334 I'm Ready

This chapter is dedicated to @edi\_o! Thanks so much for the Supergift!!

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The dark energy emanating from the training area was intense. It moved with such control, like ripples on a serene lake, yet its power was enough to send shivers down the spine of anyone who came near. Sebastian's instincts urged him to go, to intervene and ensure Elle's safety. But he held himself back, conflicted by his desire to protect her and his desire to trust in her strength.

Unbeknownst to Sebastian, his body betrayed his inner turmoil. Dark magic leaked from him, seeping into the air like an ethereal mist. The unconscious manifestation of his emotions revealed the intensity of his worry and fear for Elle's well-being. The ground beneath him trembled slightly as his powers surged, a reflection of his inner turmoil and his struggle to maintain control.

"Sebastian," Sebastian's attention snapped towards the sound of Zeke's voice, causing him to turn around abruptly. His brother stood there, radiating an aura of calmness amidst the chaos of Sebastian's inner and external turmoil. "Rest assured, Gav won't endanger Izabelle's life. I've instructed him to cease in an instant if it becomes too much for her."

Despite Zeke's reassurances, Sebastian found it difficult to relax. His body seemed to resist his efforts, growing increasingly aggravated. The dark magic that emanated from him intensified, swirling like a tempest, threatening to consume him.

"You must learn to control your dark magic, Sebastian," Zeke advised, and finally, Sebastian understood what was happening to him. It was occurring once again—the shadowy smoke pulsing around him, threatening to drive him to madness if left



unchecked. "Control it. Bend it to your will. Because if you don't... you may put those around you in danger."

"H-how..." Sebastian struggled to speak, his words catching in his throat. He could feel the tendrils of his dark magic tightening their grip, threatening to overwhelm him completely. He couldn't help the panic that surged within him, afraid that he would end up attacking his brother again before he realized it. But Zeke's voice cut through the chaos, demanding his attention.

"Don't fight it," Zeke commanded, his words penetrating Sebastian's mind. It felt as if he had become a puppet, succumbing to his brother's influence. Sebastian could feel the vice-like grip on his shoulder, the painful sensation coursing through him. And then, as if melting away, the tension in his body released. The dark magic that had surged out of control slowly receding.

"Go along with it," Zeke's voice continued, urging Sebastian to flow with the magic. Sebastian found himself obediently following Zeke's every word, as if his own flesh and bones no longer belonged to him, but to Zeke. Intently, he listened to Zeke's guidance, his body obediently responding to his brother's instructions. It felt as if his very being had been relinquished to Zeke's control, allowing him to guide Sebastian through the process of regaining control over his dark magic.

"And then... guide it gently, guide it to return back to where it came from." Following Zeke's words, Sebastian visualized his power flowing and swirling around his body, no longer pulsating with uncontrollable force but finding a calm and steady rhythm.

Sebastian didn't fully understand what Zeke was doing, but as soon as he imagined his power moving and swirling around his body instead of pulsing uncontrollably, a sense of calm enveloped him. It was as if he had finally reached the eye of the storm, as if he had reached the eye of the tempest that had consumed him. Zeke's guidance continued echoing in his mind, "Yes... that's it... make it submit to your will... and then make it stay still."

Panting heavily and drenched in sweat, Sebastian's eyes snapped open. He hadn't even realized when he had closed them. The darkness that had surrounded him was gone. He was back to normal again.

"What... what did you do?" Sebastian asked Zeke, as Zeke finally removed his hand from Sebastian's shoulder.

"I've shown you a way to control your power, Seb," Zeke replied. "I did it forcefully, and that's why it was painful. But now you have the gist of it. You just need more time to practice. Once you've mastered it, you can help Azy next. I'm entrusting that task to you, Sebastian."

Sebastian's eyes widened slightly as he watched his brother. Zeke offered him a faint smile and patted Sebastian's shoulder. "Stay here. I'll go check on them," he said, before turning and making his way towards the forest where Iza and Gav were.

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Elle remained on her knees, panting heavily, her body pushed to its limits. Her fiery red hair clung to her sweat-drenched face, strands sticking to her skin. She had lost track of time, but it felt like an eternity had passed. Exhaustion consumed her, pushing her to the very edge of her endurance. Raising her gaze, she found herself facing the merciless teacher who stood tall before her, his heartless eyes bearing down on her. He spoke with a cold, calculated tone, squatting down gracefully. "You did well, but you haven't passed yet, little fae," he stated. "One last challenge awaits you, and then you'll be ready to heal Zeke's woman."

Elle swallowed, her throat dry and parched. She couldn't fathom how she was still conscious after enduring everything he had subjected her to. She couldn't explain the well of strength that seemed to linger within her. It all felt surreal, but she recognized that this seemingly heartless man was an exceptional teacher. It was as if he possessed an intimate understanding of her abilities, her powers—knowledge that no one else in this world possessed. He was merciless, indifferent to her pain, but she couldn't bring herself to be angry with him. Deep down, she understood that he was doing what needed to be done, what she had asked him to do. She wasn't about to complain now, not after coming this far.

"I'm... ready," she said, her voice filled with determination as she glared at him, willing him to see her resolve.

## Chapter 335 Too Much

This chapter is dedicated to @Lilli\_Fiona! Thank you so much for the supergift!!

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A smile stretched across his face, but it failed to reach his eyes.

Suddenly, droplets of blood splattered across Elle's face, shocking her into wide-eyed disbelief. She stared at his arm, which he had just brutally smashed with a pointed stone. Blood soaked his arm, the wound horrific and severe.

"What... what the hell are you..." Elle stammered, utterly taken aback by the man's actions.

"Seems my hand slipped," he nonchalantly murmured, his expression devoid of pain. "At least it's a fair exchange."

"Oh God!" Elle exclaimed, reaching out instinctively to touch his injured arm, her mind racing with concern and worry. "Are you mad?!" Her frustration and worry poured out in her words, unable to comprehend why he would deliberately harm himself in this manner.

"Maybe," he simply replied, unfazed by the severity of his self-inflicted wound. His commanding voice echoed once more, leaving no room for hesitation. "Now heal it, little fae. If you can properly heal that wound from the inside out, then you will pass."

Elle's jaw dropped in shock, unable to comprehend the extent to which he would go to teach her. Did he truly have to hurt himself so severely for her to learn?

"Now stop wasting time. You know well enough that I don't have much patience for waiting," he coldly stated, his gaze sending a chill down her spine.

"You shouldn't have hurt yourself like this," Elle protested.

"Stop talking and just do it. I warned you not to make me wait, little fae," he interrupted sharply, his tone brooking no further argument.

Gritting her teeth, Elle pushed aside her shock and objections. She knew she had no choice but to comply. With determination, she reached out and placed her hands over his arm, fully aware that he had likely broken his own bone.

Elle closed her eyes, surrendering herself completely to the teachings and guidance she had received. In the depths of her consciousness, she found a place of serenity where the wisdom resonated, waiting to be channeled. As she embraced the essence of the teachings, the words flowed effortlessly from her lips, their rhythm resembling a delicate, slow-paced melody. Each syllable carried a weight of ancient knowledge, an incantation whispered with an air of mystery that seemed to infuse her very being.

Simultaneously, a subtle transformation began to unfold around her. Her lustrous locks of hair lifted and danced, defying gravity as if responding to an invisible force. They swirled and twirled, creating an ethereal aura that surrounded her like a celestial crown. Her hands, poised in front of her, emitted a gentle and mesmerizing silvery glow, casting a soft illumination upon her face.

With unwavering focus, Elle delved deeper into her concentration. The furrow on her brow deepened, reflecting her unwavering determination to channel her healing abilities. Beads of sweat formed on her temples and trickled down her neck, evidence of the intense effort she exerted in this sacred endeavor.

As her concentration reached its zenith, the radiant light emanating from her hands intensified, casting a brilliant glow that filled the space around her. The wound before her, a symbol of pain and affliction, became a canvas upon which her healing powers flourished. Like a delicate tapestry being rewoven, the edges of the wound began to mend and close, as if guided by an invisible hand.

When Elle finally opened her eyes, she was greeted by the sight of the healed wound. However, Gav's words shattered her momentary relief and triumph. "Failed," he stated bluntly, his tone devoid of any sympathy. "You managed to heal the surface, but the most critical part, the core of the wound, remains unhealed."

Elle's heart sank, disappointment washing over her. She refused to accept defeat, though. Determination immediately burned within her, fueling her desire for another chance. "I'll do it again!" she exclaimed, her voice trembling with a mixture of frustration and resolve. "Please, give me one more chance. I'll do it right this time. I won't fail."

Gav clenched his jaw.

"I promise. Just one more time, please. We've already come this far," she implored.

"Fine," Gav relented, his tone filled with exasperation. "You better do it right this time, little fae."

Elle's relief washed over her, but it was again short-lived as she watched Gav reach for the stone once again.

Elle's eyes widened in horror as Gav lifted the stone, intending to inflict harm upon himself once again. Reacting on instinct, she let out a sharp shriek and quickly grabbed hold of his arm, preventing him from carrying out his self-inflicted act of pain. Her voice trembled with concern as she pleaded with him to reconsider. "Are you crazy?! What the hell are you doing?"

Gav met her gaze with a look of impatience, as if her reaction was unwarranted. "You asked for one more chance, didn't you?" he retorted, his tone sharp.

Elle's voice trembled as she pleaded with him. "Yes, but do you really need to harm yourself like that again? Please, don't do that anymore..."

Gav's smirk deepened, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "You're seriously worrying about the wrong creature, little fae. I'm not like you or like everyone in this world of yours. Well, maybe except for a couple of individuals. My point is, this is nothing more than a minor inconvenience to me. So don't concern yourself with such insignificant matters and just finish what you started—"

"That's enough, Gav," Zeke's calm yet authoritative voice cut through the air, halting the exchange between Elle and Gav.

Elle watched as Zeke placidly approached, his presence bringing a sense of reassurance.

"It's not enough. She's barely managing herself," Gav argued as he stood, discarding the bloodied stone onto the ground.

"No, I believe she's ready to do it," Zeke asserted.

But Gav scoffed, seemingly unconvinced by Zeke's words. "You've been watching for a while already. You saw she didn't manage to heal me properly, Zeke."

"Because you're pressuring her too much, Gav," he replied.

## Chapter 336 Weak Voice

This chapter is dedicated to @MonsterUnderTheBed!! Thank you very much for the supergift!!!

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Gav's posture relaxed, a hint of amusement crossing his features. "There you go again, acting unlike yourself and being uncharacteristically gentle," he remarked, his words laced with a touch of teasing. But then, Gav shrugged elegantly, running his fingers through his dark hair.

As Gav turned to walk away, Zeke extended his hand towards Elle.

The moment Elle looked up at Zeke's outstretched hand, she couldn't help but linger her gaze to the black leather glove that covered it. A rush of memories flooded her mind, fragments of her past where she had held onto a gloved hand. It was a peculiar sensation, a feeling of déjà vu that left her momentarily speechless.

But as she placed her hand in Zeke's, she felt a comforting familiarity. His grip was strong and reassuring, enveloping her smaller hand in his larger one. The warmth that radiated from his touch sent a wave of reassurance through her.

"You've done well," Zeke commended, and Elle immediately beamed. The simple compliment held so much weight, filling her with a sense of pride and accomplishment.

"Thank you," Elle replied, her voice filled with gratitude. "It's all thanks to that merciless teacher, though. He taught me so much in such a short period of time. I don't even know

how I managed to absorb everything without my brain exploding." She chuckled, the excitement of her progress evident in her voice as she walked beside Zeke.

A slight smile tugged at the corner of Zeke's lips, his gaze fixed ahead. "Gav hails from a world where magical creatures like faes dominate. His wife, is the most powerful and the queen of the light faes," he explained.

Elle's eyes widened in surprise at what Zeke said. "Gav has a wife? And she's a queen?!" she exclaimed, her voice filled with a mix of curiosity and astonishment.

Zeke nodded. "Yes, and a family," he replied, his words carrying a sense of underlying complexity.

Before Elle could inquire further, Sebastian appeared, rushing towards her and enveloping her in a tight embrace. His eyes scanned her form, searching for any signs of invisible injuries. Elle reassured him that she was alright, and with Sebastian's support, she took a moment to rest and gather her strength.

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Finally, the time came for Elle to enter Alicia's room. As she stepped inside, a mixture of anticipation and trepidation coursed through her. The room was filled with an air of quiet tension, and Elle approached Alicia's bed with a mixture of reverence and resolve.

Gav and Zeke stood by Elle's side as she prepared to begin the healing process. The rest of the group waited outside the house, giving her the space she needed.

Zeke's voice resonated with a soothing tone as he spoke, offering words of encouragement. "Don't pressure yourself too much, Izabelle. Don't rush, and just do your best."

Elle nodded, grateful for Zeke's calming presence. His words reassured her, alleviating some of the nervousness that had settled within her.

Gav's piercing gaze met Elle's, his eyes reflecting expectation. "Remember what I taught you," he said, his voice steady and firm. "Trust in your abilities, and stay focused and centered."

Elle nodded. She took a deep breath, grounding herself in the moment.

As her gaze settled to Alicia's unconscious and pale form, the memories of her past intertwined with her determination to wake her up and heal her, albeit temporarily, fueled a fire within Elle. Alicia was Zeke's beloved wife, Zeke, the man who had saved her life and given her a second chance. If it weren't for him, she wouldn't be standing here today.

In the depths of her heart, unanswered questions lingered, particularly about the enigmatic condition of her own heart. She longed for a conversation with Zeke, a chance to unravel the mysteries that lay within her. But for now, those questions would have to wait. The urgency of the present moment demanded her undivided attention. In this room, at this very moment, nothing held greater significance than the success of Alicia's healing.

The room seemed to pulsate with anticipation, an electric current that matched the fervor burning within Elle. With closed eyes, she shut out the external world, focusing all her thoughts, intentions, and energy on Alicia's well-being. The air crackled with an intensity that echoed the depth of her resolve.

Taking deliberate, deep breaths, Elle centered herself amidst the profound silence that enveloped the room. Each inhale brought with it a renewed sense of purpose, while every exhale carried away any doubts or distractions.

The world seemed to hold its breath, as if in synchronous anticipation of what was about to transpire. Elle harnessed her willpower, allowing it to surge through her veins, infusing her very core. Finally, with a sense of profound reverence, she lifted her hands and positioned them with gentle precision over Alicia's chest, commencing the ritual of healing.

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Outside the room, everyone sensed a shift in the atmosphere. Hopes and prayers intertwined, as they anxiously waited for Elle to awaken Alicia from her slumber. Time stretched on, with each passing moment feeling like an eternity.

And then, as if responding to the fervent wishes of those outside, a brilliant light erupted from Alicia's room, bathing everything in its ethereal glow.

As the light gradually dissipated, leaving behind an air of tranquility, Sebastian's anxiety propelled him forward. He stormed into the room, his eyes scanning the scene until they landed upon Elle, cradled in Gav's arms. Without hesitation, he rushed to her side, his voice laced with concern as he gently lifted her from Gav's grasp. "Iza!" he called out, his voice filled with a mixture of relief and worry.

With weary eyes, Elle forced herself to open them, seeking Sebastian's reassurance. Her gaze met his, and with a tremor in her voice, she uttered her plea. "Please, Seb, tell me I... I made it." Her heart raced as Sebastian's eyes shifted towards the bed, where Alicia lay.

But before Sebastian could respond, a weak voice filled the room. "Ez... Ezekiel?"

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a/n: Thanks for your patience guys! Please make sure to read my notes. My update from now on is once a week, every sunday (gmt+8), EXCEPT the first week of the month.

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## Chapter 337 Real

Alicia's hand trembled slightly as her fingertips were about to make contact with Zeke's face. She halted, her lips parting and closing, unable to find the words to articulate the overwhelming emotions coursing through her. Her eyes remained wide with disbelief as they fixated on the man she had been yearning for with every fiber of her being, the man she loved beyond measure.

Zeke's face, still exuding its timeless handsomeness, bore a subtle transformation. She couldn't quite tell put to words what exactly had changed but there was something about his appearance had hardened, toughened. And it only made him look even more breathtaking. Whatever had changed certainly had molded him into a more intriguing figure than ever before.

His grey eyes... they shone with an intensity she had never seen before. The enigmatic calmness that once defined his gaze had been replaced by a whirlwind of emotions, mirroring her own inner turmoil. His eyes seemed to reflect her deepest sentiments, except for that flicker of unadulterated relief. In this moment, he seemed so vivid, so achingly real. Despite the dreamlike quality of his appearance, Alicia couldn't shake the overwhelming sensation that this Ezekiel before her was not just a figment of her imagination.

"Ez... Ezekiel?" Alicia's voice quivered with a mixture of longing and disbelief. Her yearning to touch him, to embrace him, and validate that he was indeed real surged like tidal waves within her. She needed confirmation that this was not another fleeting dream but a reality.

Yet, a lingering fear coiled within her, threatening to overshadow her longing. She feared that the moment her fingertips touched his skin, he would dissolve into nothingness and vanish like a wisp of smoke. If he were merely a figment of her imagination, Alicia wished to at least prolong this precious illusion, to etch his face into her memory a little while longer.

But then, Zeke's smile unfurled, accompanied by a gentle and deep hum. His eyes sparkled with a warmth that transcended words. "Yes, Alicia... it's me," he assured her,



his voice filled with tenderness and sincerity, looking at her like he was already more than aware of the exact doubt and turmoil that was consuming her.

As Alicia's body remained frozen and her hand was still suspended in midair, Zeke slowly lifted his own hand, and gently grasped her wrist. With a tender touch, he guided her palm to rest against his cheek.

"I'm not a dream this time, my love," Zeke whispered, his voice carrying an assurance that echoed in the depths of her being. Then he leaned forward, placing a gentle kiss on her forehead. The sensation of his lips against her skin sent waves of relief cascading over Alicia, mingling with overwhelming joy and disbelief.

In that moment, as Zeke pulled away from the tender kiss, Alicia's hand moved swiftly, capturing his face between her palms. The touch was filled with fervor, a silent declaration of her longing and the uncontrollable relief that was coiling within her. She felt the texture of his skin, the contours of his face, and it was real— so undeniably real.

Alicia pressed her palm harder against Zeke's cheek, as if seeking more confirmation in the solidity of his bone and flesh.

"You're... really real..." Her voice escaped in a fragile whisper, choked with a mix of awe and vulnerability as tears began to well in her eyes.

Zeke's gaze remained fixed on her, his eyes filled with remorse and an unspoken apology. He watched as her lips trembled and as her tears threatened to overflow.

"Alicia..." His voice wavered with a tenderness that only deepened the ache within him.

And in a heartbeat, she cried out his name, her voice carrying a mix of relief, longing, and the weight of all their shared pain. Her tears cascaded uncontrollably, and Zeke, without hesitation, pressed his forehead against hers.

"I'm sorry..." His whisper held the weight of remorse, of regrets that stretched beyond words. He yearned to ease her pain, to bear the burden of his absence and the impact it had on her heart.

As their foreheads touched, bridging the physical and emotional space between them, Alicia's tears mingled with a cathartic release of emotions, while Zeke, seemingly calm, carried a tempest within. But his hand trembled against the bedsheet, knuckles white and veins strained—a testament to the depth of his emotions that threatened to consume him.

The room was filled with an atmosphere of surprise and disbelief as Zeke's voice resonated with a vulnerability that none of them had ever witnessed before. Gav, in particular, was the most stunned among them all, his features etched with shock.

Recognizing the need for privacy and space, Alex, subtly gestured for everyone to leave the room. And with a shared understanding, the others followed suit, their footsteps silent as they exited.

Elle, cradled securely and lovingly in Sebastian's arms, turned and looked behind as the door slowly closed. The scene she saw made her smile. Despite the heartache underlying the reunion, there was an undeniable warmth in witnessing the reconnection of two souls who had long yearned for one another.

As the group gathered outside the room, their attention turned to Azy, who had quietly followed them. Alex was ready to offer his thoughts and was about to speak when Azy, with a single uplifted finger, urged his uncle to remain silent, his sweet smile conveying a message that resonated with each of them: "It's okay. Let Mom and Dad have their moment."

Azy's expression said it all, assuring everyone that this was what he wished for—his parents having this long-awaited reunion. His genuine desire, coupled with the joy radiating from the boy's face, left them all unable to find words. In that moment, they understood that honoring Azy's wish was more important than any immediate questions or explanations.

Amidst the silence, Alex reached out, his hand coming to rest gently on Azy's head. With that gentle pat, Alex silently conveyed his support and understanding for Azy's decision.

## **Chapter 338 Comfort**

Upon entering to the adjacent room, where Elle could rest, Sebastian settled Elle onto the bed, his face still etched with concern and worry.

Sensing his emotion, Elle met his gaze and could see the underlying tension in his expression.

"Are you... alright, Iza?" Sebastian's voice was low. "Are you in pain anywhere? Or do you need anything? Let me..."

Elle gently caught his face, her touch interrupting his words, and a smile played on her lips. "I'm alright, Seb. I'm not in any pain, and all I need right now is... you, by my side." The love in her eyes and the sincerity in her voice conveyed her reassurance.

Sebastian paused, his eyes scrutinizing her face, searching for any signs of distress. Gradually, he released a shaky breath. He pulled her back into his embrace, holding her close as he whispered, "Thank you... for waking Alicia up. You don't know how incredible you are, Iza."

Elle was taken aback by Sebastian's words, her heart swelling with warmth. She could feel the depth of his worry and the depth of his appreciation. In that moment, she realized how much she had accomplished, how she had played a pivotal role in bringing happiness and healing to her loved ones. Albeit temporary, she felt an unparalleled sense of fulfillment and joy.

This feeling, of being able to do something so significant, of being a source of relief and happiness for those she cherished, no matter how short—it was beyond words. Elle's heart overflowed with gratitude and a profound sense of purpose. Knowing that she had made a difference, that her ability had certainly turned a course of something into something better was a feeling she would cherish forever.

"And thank you for believing in me despite all your fears and worries, Seb." She told him, her voice filled with gratitude.

Sebastian didn't respond with words, but instead buried his head in the crook of her shoulder, holding her even tighter. As Elle returned his embrace, wrapping her hand around his head, she suddenly caught sight of Azy, their innocent observer, and her cheeks flushed with a blush.

Whispering softly, she alerted Sebastian to Azy's presence, and he turned his attention to the young boy. Reluctantly, Sebastian released his hold on Elle, his hand absently rubbing the back of his neck.

"Do you have something to say to your aunt, Azriel?" Sebastian asked gently, giving Azy the opportunity to express himself.

The boy nodded meekly, his steps hesitant as he approached Elle.

Elle on the other hand smiled warmly, encouraging him to speak without pressure or expectation.

As Azy stood before Elle, his fingers fidgeted nervously before he mustered the courage to lift his gaze and meet her eyes. Elle, sitting eagerly on the bed, couldn't contain her excitement at finally being able to have a conversation with this adorable young boy.

"Princess Elle," Azy began, but his words were interrupted by Sebastian's interjection.

"When we're not in public, call her Aunt Elle, Azy. I've told you that a few times before," Sebastian corrected, a hint of feigned displeasure in his voice.

Azy turned to Sebastian, blinking innocently. "But she's not your wife anymore, Uncle."

Sebastian's expression froze, caught off guard by Azy's remark. For a brief moment, it seemed as if he had malfunctioned, trying to process the unexpected statement.

"I'm sorry... I overheard that information accidentally," Azy confessed, looking away with an apologetic expression. He seemed to sense that he had stumbled upon something that wasn't meant for his ears.

Elle on the other hand pressed her lips together to stop herself from giggling. That utterly speechless reaction of Seb was priceless she wished she could have immortalized it in a photograph.

After taking a deep breath, Sebastian seemed to have finally gathered his thoughts and responded. "That's a terribly incomplete information you've overheard, Azy. I divorced your aunt because I wanted to marry her again."

Elle and Azy blinked in surprise, their minds struggling to comprehend the revelation. Azy tilted his head, his gaze fixed on Sebastian as if he was already attempting to piece together a puzzle, the gears turning in his young mind.

But Sebastian didn't wait for Azy to speak first. His hand rested on Azy's shoulder and explained, "Our first wedding was... a bit ordinary. So we've decided to have a real wedding this time. A traditional and yes, extravagant wedding."

Azy's eyes widened in genuine surprise. "Like Mom and Dad's wedding?" he asked, referring to the cherished memories he had seen in the form of wedding pictures and videos.

Sebastian nodded with a smile. "Yes, just like that. And if you'd like, you can be the best man."

Azy blinked, taken aback by the suggestion. "But am I not too young for that? Or are you trying to say that you'll wait for me to grow up before..."

Sebastian interjected, cutting off Azy's train of thought. "Who said only adults can be a best man? Age doesn't determine the role. If you're up for it, you can definitely be the best man."

Elle could no longer help but chuckle at their exchange. Azy's innocence and genuine curiosity were always endearing, but now she saw another side of Sebastian. He seemed to have shed the weight of guilt and distance that had once plagued his interactions with Azy. It was heartwarming to witness his growing comfort and openness with his nephew.

As the atmosphere in the room lightened, Elle gazed at Azy and Sebastian, her heart brimming with warmth. In that moment, she realized that the Reigns journey as a family was filled with surprises and unexpected turns, but it was those very moments that made their bond even stronger. And with Azy now standing as a beacon of hope, Elle believed that they were ready to embark on the path of a new beginning—a journey that would weave their lives together in a tapestry of love, growth, and shared moments of

laughter and happiness and pain as they overcome whatever more challenges that was waiting ahead of them all.

## Chapter 339 Only Way

Sebastian redirected the conversation back to Azy, curious about what the boy had wanted to say to Iza. "What was it that you wanted to say to your aunt, Azy?"

Azy turned his attention towards Elle. After a few moments of silence passed, he dropped his head with a polite bow and he addressed her.

"Princess..."

"This little..." Sebastian interrupted with feigned frustration, but Azy turned to him, his expression serious. "I'll call her Aunt after you two are married again, Uncle," Azy stated, causing Elle to chuckle at his words. Why was this book so cute? He was seriously saying those words so seriously like that and he was just adorable!

However, her laughter ceased when she saw the genuine sincerity in Azy's eyes as he focused on her. "Thank you... thank you so much for healing Mom, Princess."

His words struck a chord deep within her heart and Elle's heart melted at his gratitude. Without hesitation, she opened her arms wide, inviting Azy into a warm embrace. Azy responded eagerly, throwing himself into her arms. She held him tenderly as she whispered, "I may have only offered temporary healing, but you're very welcome, my dear."

"You are so... amazing, Princess," Azy continued, his words filled with shy admiration.

...

Back in Alicia's room, Alicia's tears finally subsided. Zeke lovingly wiped the remnants of tears away. His gentle touch accompanied by silent kisses on her eyes.

Even though his eyes regained their calmness, she could still sense the slight trembles in his fingers as they caressed her face.

When she gazed into his face once more, Alicia couldn't hold back any longer. She wrapped her arms around him, burying her face in his broad chest, inhaling deeply the scent she had longed for. His presence, his warmth—it was a sensation she had been yearning to feel again. The intensity of her longing was overwhelming, as if the very depths of her soul had been starved for him.

Zeke held her tighter, his heartbeats echoing loudly in the stillness of the room, his breathing shallow.

"I've missed you so much," Alicia confessed, her voice filled with raw emotion. She no longer held back the words that had been brewing inside her, the depth of her longing for him laid bare.

Zeke remained silent, but she could feel his breath hitch, his embrace tightening. Without uttering a word, he communicated volumes. His love, his yearning, his unspoken devotion—she felt it all in the way he held her.

"Alicia..." He spoke her name softly. In that moment, they held onto each other as if their lives depended on it, unwilling to let go. The depth of their connection transcended words.

In each other's arms, they found solace, love, and the reassurance that their separation had only served to deepen their love. The world around them faded into insignificance as they clung to one another, cherishing the precious gift of being together once more.

It had been over five long years since Zeke last held Alicia in his arms. During that time, he had encountered her presence only in his dreams, hearing her voice as a distant echo. Those dreams had served as his solace in a world consumed by blood, power, and death. But now, in this moment, as he held her, Zeke finally felt alive again. He felt like he had returned home, no longer a monster but just himself, the man he was meant to be.

This woman, Alicia, held his heart and soul in her hands. He now understood that if ever he were to lose himself in the darkness, she would be the one to guide him back to his true self. She possessed the power to bring him back from the brink, to remind him of what and who he truly was.

For what felt like an eternity, they remained locked in each other's embrace, until Alicia's gasp broke the spell that enveloped them.

"Az... Azy... Did you already..." Alicia's words trailed off as she caught sight of the gentle expression and the proud smile tugging at Zeke's lips.

"Our son is just as you described... he's as incredible as you," he affirmed, his voice filled with pride.

Alicia's heart swelled with joy at his words. "I wish I could have witnessed it... your first meeting."

Zeke cleared his throat, his smile growing crooked but tinged with a shy charm. "Well, Alex ended up teasing me because I was so stunned that I forgot to say anything when he called me 'dad'."

Alicia's mouth formed an 'o' shape, her eyes shimmering with happiness. "And...?" she prompted eagerly, wanting to hear more about her husband and son's very first encounter.

"I told him I was his dad, and he didn't hesitate to hug me." He sounded really happy but then the look in his eyes dimmed slightly as he uttered his next line. "He then asked me to come see you immediately." A flicker of worry shadowed Zeke's features. "He was so worried and desperate..."

The memories began to flood back into Alicia's consciousness. She finally recalled the feeling of being in grave danger just before she had passed out.

"You are in grave danger, Alicia," Zeke told her, his eyes dimming. He hated that he had to broach this topic so soon after their reunion, but he had no choice. He needed to tell her everything while they still had the opportunity. So, he proceeded to explain the events that had transpired, her real situation, including Izabelle's temporary healing and his plan to take her away from Azy.

Pressing his forehead against Alicia's, Zeke whispered, his voice filled with remorse, "I'm sorry I couldn't find another way other than this. I'm sorry..."

But before he could continue, Alicia silenced him with a tender kiss, causing him to grow still. Her lips spoke volumes of understanding and acceptance. "I know you tried everything, Ezekiel," she reassured him. "I know you exhausted every possible method and concluded that this is the only way."

## Chapter 340 A Little Bit More

This chapter is dedicated to @Lilli\_Fiona and @MonsterUnderTheBed! Thanks so much for the supergifts!!!

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Alicia caressed Zeke's face tenderly, "I have already faced death before, so I understand that my chances of survival this time might... I know this isn't going to be easy at all. I had felt before I pass out that... that my situation is going to be hopeless. But you found a solution. You found a solution that no one else could find. So please... don't be sorry."

The door creaked open, drawing their attention. Their eyes turned to see their son, Azy, standing there. Just the sight of her beloved son filled Alicia's heart with both overwhelming love and bitter ache. She couldn't believe she was going to leave him... this precious child of hers. But a temporary separation was better than leaving him

forever, right? "Azy, my dear," she called out to him, her arms outstretched in an open embrace.

Without hesitation, Azy ran into her waiting arms, uttering a single word, "Mom," with a sense of utter relief. His small body shuddered as he finally released the fear that had been lingering within him since the moment he felt that his mother's life was fading away.

As Zeke observed the scene before him, a soft smile tugged at the corners of his lips. These two—Alicia and their son—were the very air he breathed now, the essence of his world and his life. The mere thought of separating them shattered everything within him.

When Alicia looked at him, she gestured for him to join their embrace. There they formed their first hug as a complete family. Zeke's arms enveloped them both, and an indescribable feeling coursed through him. No words could capture the depth of his emotions in that moment.

In that moment, Zeke vowed silently that he would do anything, everything, to ensure that they could be together like this again one day. He would make any sacrifice, even challenging the gods themselves if necessary. This time, he would not allow anything to go wrong. It was time for him to choose his very own world. Yes, Alicia and Azy were his world now, and he would prioritize them above all else from here on.

As their embrace loosened, Azy spoke, his words filled with a deep longing. "Mom, Dad... I can't explain it, but I would love for us to hug like this again someday."

Alicia's eyes shimmered with tears, moved by their son's heartfelt desire. Zeke reached out and pressed his forehead against Azy's, a silent promise passing between them. "I promise," he vowed, his voice steady and resolute.

Azy smiled confidently, gratitude shining in his eyes. "Thanks, Dad. And as I promised, I will be waiting here for you and Mom's return."

And so, they held onto that promise, cherishing the moments they had together and looking forward to the day when they would embrace again.

...

As the three of them remained locked in their heartfelt embrace, Zeke's attention was briefly diverted by something that was occurring outside the house. He instinctively chose to ignore it, wanting to remain in the precious moment with his wife and son. However, Azy broke the silence.



"Uhm, Mom, Dad," Azy began, his voice hesitant. "I actually came here because... that powerful man, Uncle Gav, asked me to tell you both to come out first. He said there's an urgent matter you both need to settle."

Zeke met Alicia's gaze and when she nodded at him the tree of them rose.

As the trio stepped out of the house, Alicia's eyes that were filled with renewed vitality and strength was the most noticeable. The pallor that had plagued her complexion moments ago had been replaced by a healthy glow, and her steps were steady and determined. Beside her, Zeke stood tall and resolute, while Azy had never looked so contented.

The trio, now a picture-perfect image of a united family, commanded attention as they walked towards their companions.

When Alicia spot Elle as soon as they were out of the house, Alicia hurried over to her, taking hold of her hands before silently embracing her.

"Thank you so much," Alicia whispered, her voice filled with heartfelt gratitude and emotion.

Elle returned the embrace, her eyes brimming with warmth and relief. "You're welcome," she replied softly. "I'm just glad I could help, Alicia. Seeing you awake and well is all the thanks I need."

As Elle and Alicia hugged, Zeke approached Gav. Gav was covering the upper half of his face again with his hand as if he suddenly had a terrible headache.

Zeke stepped closer, deliberately blocking Gav's line of sight to ensure he wouldn't catch a glimpse of Alicia.

"I know you already feel it, Zeke," Gav stated, peeking at him between his parted fingers. His words hanging heavily in the air. "Honestly, the summon has already been remarkable, considering the length of time both of us have stayed in this realm."

The revelation left everyone in shock. They couldn't believe that the time for their departure had already arrived. Alicia had just awakened, and it seemed unfair to be faced with such a limited amount of time. Couldn't they have a little bit more time together?

Elle stepped forward, facing Gav. "You said I have the power to prolong your stay since I'm the one who summoned you." She spoke. Wanting to hear from Gav that she could still do that. Refusing to believe that this was really it.

Gav glanced at her. "Yes, you are right. However, I honestly don't believe you are capable of that now after performing the healing ritual. No matter the ability you

possess, you can't possibly perform two rituals of that level just within a short period of time. Well, you can, if you don't care about what would happen to you next."

As the weight of their impending departure settled upon the group, a voice echoed, capturing everyone's attention. "I believe I can help with that... extending your stay for a bit more, I mean."

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a/n: Thanks so much for your patience as always. <3

Also, I would like to announce that I've dropped a new story here on WN titled 'Deadly Nightshade'. I have no plan to ever contract it because I wanted to be able to print it have a physical copy of it one day. This is a story I've made for a comic which is now under production but I decided to turn the script to a novel version. The update will be slow since I'm only writing it when I'm having writer's block while writing my ongoing books. But I still hope you guys will check it out and let me know if it's good.

Here is the blurb by the way.

Once a queen, now an assassin. Burned and cursed, she rose from the ashes of her fallen kingdom to exact revenge on those who betrayed her. No one was spared, not even the allies who had turned their backs on her in her time of need. But her quest for vengeance isn't over yet. With just one target left—the powerful High King of the Winter Court—she faces her most dangerous adversary yet. He is handsome, charismatic, and cunning, and she finds herself drawn to him despite her burning hatred. Will she be able to resist his seductive charms and complete her mission, or will her blackened heart be conquered by the very man she seeks to destroy?