

Hellbound Heart

Chapter 341 Please

A/N: Thank you so much for all your patience guys ~

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"Zeres!" Alex called out, swiftly making his way to Zeres' side. With a nonchalant grin, Alex playfully slung his arm around Zeres. "Did you leave Iryz all by herself?" he asked, his tone light.

"Lilith is looking after her," Zeres replied. His gaze then shifted towards Alicia. The moment his gaze settled on Zeke, a quiet rage and a deep grudge smoldered in Zeres' eyes.

Their gaze held. Time seemed to suspend, stretching out the moment as if it were reluctant to let go. Finally, breaking the silence, Zeres spoke, his voice carrying a hint of detachment, yet laced with determination. "I can assist in extending your stay," he offered, his words resonating with a quiet intensity. Despite the coldness in his tone, his sincerity was undeniable.

Zeres' words made everyone look at him with a flicker of hope and gratitude filling their eyes, except Gav, of course.

Gav's brows were slightly furrowed as he finally spoke up, his attention fixed on Zeres' hair, as if what he was seeing held some deep-seated disturbance. "And what would be the price?" he inquired. Gav was speaking in a way that told everyone he didn't trust this other silver-haired individual and suspected he would ask for a huge price in return.

Zeres locked eyes with Gav, meeting his gaze. "Save someone dear to me," he replied, his voice resonating with unwavering conviction. His silver eyes now looked desperate, and that sight alone made Gav decide not to say anything anymore because Gav just didn't like dealing with anyone this desperate.

When Zeres' gaze returned to Zeke, it gleamed even more intensely. "Rescue her, and I'll go to any lengths necessary to ensure your stay is prolonged. You know I have the capability to fulfill that promise, Kiel."

A heavy silence reigned, tension thickening in the air as everyone awaited Zeke's response. Though Zeres appeared outwardly calm, an undercurrent of animosity was still obviously emanating from him. And this animosity was clearly directed squarely at Zeke.

"It seems this dragon harbors an immense grudge and burning hatred towards you, Zeke. I can't help but wonder what you did to earn such enmity," Gav remarked nonchalantly, breaking the silence. He didn't look at Zeres again and just settled his gaze towards Zeke.

The atmosphere around Zeres grew even more oppressive, his jaws tightly clenched in barely restrained anger.

Realizing the need to diffuse the increasing tension, Alex interjected. "Oh right, Zeke," Alex sounded like he just remembered something very important. "I think it's about time for you to address the issues concerning Iryz and Elle's..." Alex's words trailed off as he glanced at Elle, worried about potentially divulging sensitive information in her presence. However, to his surprise, Elle nodded, signaling that she wanted him to continue.

Understanding that Elle clearly gave her consent, Alex continued. "I believe you have to clarify the unresolved matters surrounding the heart transplant you performed on Little Betty over a decade ago, Zeke."

In that moment, Zeke glanced at Elle. Everyone, including Elle, fell silent in anticipation. They all wanted to hear what Zeke's answer would be.

But suddenly, Zeres took a deliberate step forward, closing the distance between himself and Zeke. Then, to the astonishment of everyone present, he dropped to his knees before Zeke.

Lowering his head in a gesture of desperation, Zeres pleaded, his voice filled with raw emotion. "Please... save Iryz..."

They had realized that Zeres didn't seem to hear what Alex had just said at all. Right now, Zeres was in desperate haste.

Alicia's grip on Zeke's hand tightened, her silent plea for him to help Zeres and save Iryz resonating through the connection they shared. And Zeke didn't need Alicia to voice anything because he already understood.

"Rise, Zeres," Zeke said.

Zeres looked up, meeting Zeke's gaze once more. And as their eyes locked, Zeke assured him, "Rest assured, we will definitely find a way to save her."

Hope immediately flared in Zeres' eyes, its radiance piercing through the cloud of resentment that had consumed him. Despite the deep-rooted grudge he clearly harbored, it became obvious to all that Zeres regarded Zeke's words as an assurance. It was as if to him, anything Zeke uttered held the power to manifest, and he trusted his words above all else in this world.

However, in the midst of this exchange, an ominous breeze suddenly swept through the area. Grayish clouds coalesced, swirling in a seemingly feeble tornado above them. The surrounding trees swayed in response, as if foretelling an impending event.

It was a sign, an indication that the time for the two summoned demons to depart this world was drawing very near.

Azy unconsciously clutched the hands of both his parents, his grip tightening as if he was afraid his parents were going to be whisked away from him without any warning.

Feeling Azy's fear, Zeke turned to him and dropped to one knee before him. "Don't worry, you heard your uncle Zeres. He's going to prolong our stay, so this is not goodbye, yet."

Azy's eyes searched their surroundings. Relief visibly washed over his features as he nodded silently at his dad.

When Zeke lifted his face and looked at Zeres, Zeres immediately spoke. "I will perform the ritual now. Please come with me. It's going to be more challenging if the gate opens."

Zeke nodded at him, and Zeres disappeared after telling Zeke about the place where the ritual would happen.

Turning to Azy again, Zeke watched the boy struggle to control his demonic power that was now starting to emanate from his very pores once again. Sebastian, too, exhibited signs of being affected, though his manifestation was much more subdued compared to Azy's. Zeke knew that the two were being affected by the upcoming opening of the gates of hell once again.

Pressing his head against his son's, Zeke whispered, his voice filled with reassurance. "Stay with your mom. I'll be back."

Chapter 342 Days

Azy struggled to maintain his composure, even as his dark magic continued to pulse out of him. His concern for his mother's well-being was undeniable as he pleaded, "But Dad... it's starting again... Mom... can you take her with you? I'm afraid she will..."

"No, don't worry. She won't be affected this time," Zeke assured, placing his palm gently over Azy's eyes.

Silence reigned as everyone observed in awe. Azy's rampant magic gradually dissipated, settling into a state of calm. It appeared almost effortless, as if Zeke's simple

act of covering his son's eyes had brought about absolute control. They knew it involved his demonic magic, but Zeke executed it with such ease that it seemed like he wasn't doing anything amazing at all.

Azy's surprise and awe were unmistakable as he felt the calmness wash over him, thanks to his father's intervention. "Thanks, Dad, that was... amazing!"

Zeke couldn't help but smile gently at the admiration and pride reflected in his son's eyes.

"Stay with your mom, alright, Azy?" Zeke straightened, placing his palm on his son's head.

Azy responded eagerly, "Yes, Dad!"

With that, Zeke ruffled Azy's head gently before turning to face Alicia. Leaning in, he planted a tender kiss on her forehead and whispered softly in her ear, "I'll be back... babe."

The impact of Zeke's whisper, coupled with the touch of his warm breath against her ear, sent an electric surge through Alicia's veins. It rendered her momentarily speechless, and all she could manage was a reluctant nod as she watched her beloved disappear once again. But this time, she held unwavering certainty in her heart that he would return soon.

"Mom? Are you okay?" Azy's concerned voice broke through Alicia's reverie as he looked at her intently.

Alicia, now aware of her reddened face, felt a deeper shade of embarrassment flood her cheeks. She gathered herself and mustered a smile for her son. "I'm fine, Azy."

His worry persisting, Azy continued, "Are you sure? Your face looks reddish."

Realizing what her son had noticed, Alicia's embarrassment intensified, causing her face to turn even redder. "I'm just... blushing. Don't worry about it," she replied, attempting to brush off his concern with an awkward smile.

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As Zeke and Gav materialized in the designated ritual location, Gav couldn't help but question Zeke's certainty. "Are you certain about this, Zeke?"

Without a moment's hesitation, Zeke responded firmly, leaving Gav with a sigh of resignation. "Yes," he affirmed, unwavering in his decision.

"You know what kind of trouble awaits us once we return if we stay here for too long."

But Zeke's decision remained unshaken. "Archer and Ruka are more than capable of holding their ground in our absence. I had already given them instructions in advance, anticipating a situation like this."

Gav stared at Zeke in astonishment, momentarily speechless. "Bloody hell, Zeke. Not only do you know we would be summoned, but you also anticipated that we would stay here for an extended period of time?"

Zeke's gaze remained focused, his face expressionless once again. "I am aware of the possibilities. I possess knowledge of everyone's abilities in this world, allowing me to calculate events that could possibly happen and make the necessary preparations as well."

Shaking his head, Gav remarked in a mixture of disbelief and resignation, "Well, why am I still surprised at this point, considering all the crazy things you've done?"

Zeke offered no response, his attention fixed on Zeres, who was nearing the completion of the ritual preparations.

"How many days do you think we'll stay?" Gav asked. "If you ask me, no more than two days. If we exceed that timeframe, no matter how well you've prepared, I don't believe Ruka can hold on."

When Zeke still remained silent, Gav resigned. He knew that particular look Zeke was wearing right now. That was what Zeke looked like when he's fully engaged in his mental simulations and preparations, envisioning countless scenarios and formulating intricate strategies in his mind. And he knew it was better not to disturb him because in this state, Zeke was as unresponsive as a stone.

...

Lucas finally joined the group gathered in front of Alicia's house. He was a little disappointed when he couldn't see the man he was expecting to see, but when he sensed his presence, he relaxed. Because although he couldn't see him, Lucas was certain he was there in the Black Forest. He didn't ask about him, though, because everyone was there.

After exchanging greetings with Alicia and Azy, he swiftly approached Alexander, aware that he was already well-informed about the latest developments.

"Sir," Lucas reported. "I have handed over the unconscious individuals to the witches. They are now imprisoned in the underground cells. Shall I proceed with the interrogation?"

"According to Elle, those individuals were talking about werewolves," Alex informed Lucas. "It seems to me that they pose another problem unrelated to Elijah's current

agenda. So I believe we should prioritize dealing with the more dangerous issue at hand for now. Those little rats can wait."

"Yes, sir," Lucas immediately agreed, understanding the need to focus on the biggest and most urgent threat. "I have just received news that Elijah has successfully seized control of everything. It appears that the prophetess and the king did not attempt any resistance and simply acquiesced to Elijah's demands."

"It was a wise move on Rudy's part," Alex said. "He knew he lacked the true power to oppose Elijah effectively. And he might just unnecessarily risk losing his life if he tries to go against Elijah. However, the prophetess's actions and intentions remain unclear to me."

A flicker of curiosity colored Lucas's words. "Are you..." he paused, hesitating. "...doubting the prophetess' loyalty?"

Alex sighed. "Well, I've never been fond of her or any of the previous prophetesses, as you know. They can be quite bothersome and I honestly think their prophecies aren't really that needed in this era anymore. Perhaps, they're quite useful in the past but now... time and things has changed. I've always wondered how Zeke managed to handle them so effectively."

Chapter 343 Bonding

Meanwhile, Elle, who had overheard Alex and Lucas' conversation while her gaze was focused on Sebastian who was busy training himself to control his demonic magic, furrowed her brows in concern. She had recently discovered that the true power within Viscarria lay with the Reigns princes, and that King Rudy was merely a symbolic figurehead. Despite formal acknowledgments of Rudy's authority, the king himself understood his own limitations. He could issue orders, but if the princes rejected them, he lacked the authority to enforce them.

The intricacies of Viscarria's political system intrigued Elle, realizing that it differed significantly from the monarchies she had known. Everything about this country was unique, which was not really surprising given its citizens consisting of vampires and various supernatural beings. The country's politics were truly a reflection of its extraordinary nature.

As Elle contemplated the consequences of Elijah's successful takeover, she couldn't help but feel her worry grow. The possibility of a war between vampires and humans was something she couldn't even imagine. While fear didn't grip her, she was genuinely

concerned about the uncertain path ahead. If such a conflict were to occur, it would definitely pit Viscarria against the rest of the world.

As the group discussed the situation, Alexander turned the topic to Kyle, inquiring about his whereabouts. Lucas hesitated for a moment before responding. "I heard he is in Queza."

Alex raised an eyebrow. "Where exactly in Queza? Don't tell me he's in the palace."

"I heard he went there himself, shortly after I left."

Alex looked at Lucas with disbelief before he sighed. "So he's now Elijah's captive—"

"Uh," Lucas hesitantly interrupted, looking like he really didn't want to be the one to tell Alex about this certain news but didn't have a choice. "I just actually received new information that Prince Kyle was seen next to Elijah, and it seems that he is not being held against his will."

What Lucas said sent shockwaves through everyone present, their eyes fixed on Lucas, astounded by the unexpected news. Kyle was the very last person who wasn't with them right now in the Black Forest that they would expect to side with Elijah in this situation!

Alex chuckled briefly, both amused and annoyed at Kyle's actions. "What on earth is that kid thinking now?"

"I'm not entirely sure either."

Alex clicked his tongue in annoyance. "Let's just hope the kid isn't planning something foolish. He's been quite elusive for the past ten years since Zeke left, so I'm not really confident now that Elijah cannot sway him."

Lucas's gaze shifted away from Alex before he changed the topic and inquired if there were any specific orders Alex wanted him to do or follow. Alex shook his head. "No, let's wait for Zeke's return. He'll be here shortly anyway."

Just as they were discussing their next course of action, Sebastian, who had quietly approached them, interjected. "Why don't we make the decision right now? Zeke shouldn't have to deal with this mess. He should focus solely on Alicia and Azy. My brother has shouldered the burden of maintaining peace for so long on his own; it's time he's not bothered by all of this."

Understanding Sebastian's sentiment, Alex responded, "I see your point, Sebastian. However, in matters like these, it's best to seek Zeke's opinion. We won't ask him to do more than that. Though, I won't stop him if he decides to take action himself. The benefit of involving Zeke is that it will save us valuable time in planning the best course of

action. Besides, I have no doubt that Zeke already has a plan in mind. So why waste our time racking our brains?" Search the website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.

Sebastian could only look away, knowing that Alex's logic held true. Right now, Sebastian was even certain that his brother's very next action after Zeres' ritual was already set.

"Then help me insist that Zeke doesn't leave Black Forest, no matter what happens," Sebastian communicated to Alex through telepathy this time, his gaze determined. "I want him to focus solely on his family and not concern himself with the outside world. I will handle this mess. I want you to ensure he stays here, even if you have to use force, and let him spend time with his family."

Alex smiled in understanding, his eyes meeting Sebastian's. "Don't worry, I'm with you on that. This country and this world are no longer Zeke's sole responsibility. It's now our responsibility because we're the ones who are here."

...

In the quiet living room, Alicia and Azy were having their tender mother-son bond. As soon as Zeke left, Alicia had decided to be with Azy and spend every moment with him while she had the chance.

Azy and Alicia's favorite bonding moment was when Alicia was teaching Azy magic spells. So here they were, doing their favorite activity together while waiting for Zeke's return.

Azy had been an extraordinary witch. He had that innate command over his magic and possessed a unique ability that surpassed even Alicia's proudest dreams. Though Alicia could not wield magic herself due to her state, her knowledge as a former queen of witches remained intact, allowing her to guide Azy with unparalleled wisdom. She had taught Azy everything she knew he would need.

But today, she was going to teach him something different. A high-level magic—one that she had saved for last.

Sitting cross-legged on the floor, Alicia and Azy faced each other, meeting Azy's bright, determined eyes.

"My dear Azy," Alicia began, her voice filled with tender warmth, "today, I will teach you a spell that has been passed down through generations of witches. Are you ready?"

Azy's face lit up with eager anticipation. "Yes, Mom! I'm ready to learn!"

Alicia smiled, her heart swelling. Though she couldn't force away the sorrow gnawing inside her, she was filled with gratitude and happiness in this moment, knowing she could still have this time with him.

Taking Azy's hands into her own, feeling the magic that pulsed through him, Alicia began.

Chapter 344 Longing

"First, you must connect with the essence of light," Alicia said, guiding Azy through the process. "Close your eyes, take a deep breath, and imagine yourself in a bright place where there is no darkness, only light. Feel the touch of the light upon your skin."

Azy followed his mother's instructions diligently, his youthful imagination bringing the scene to life with such vividness. Taking a deep breath, he allowed his mind to transport him to the vibrant world of his imagination.

"Now," Alicia continued, her voice soft and soothing, "imagine your own magic intertwining with the magic of that place. Feel the connection, the harmony between your power and the power of light. You are one with the elements, Azy."

As Azy immersed himself in the visualization, a serene calm washed over him. He could feel the pulsating energy merging with his own magical essence.

"Now, open your eyes, Azy," Alicia said. "You are ready to learn the spell that has been entrusted to us by generations of witches."

With their hands still intertwined, Alicia began to guide Azy through the intricate movements and incantations of the spell. She explained its significance, its history, and the responsibility that came with wielding such power. Azy absorbed every word, his eyes fixed on his mother's face, determined and unwavering.

As they practiced, Alicia's heart swelled with love and admiration for her son. She marveled at his natural talent, his dedication to honing his skills, and his unwavering thirst for knowledge. Each successful execution of the spell filled her with a bittersweet mix of joy and sorrow—a celebration of his growth and a reminder of the impending separation that loomed over them.

Time seemed to both slow down and speed up, the minutes slipping through their fingers like sand. They laughed, stumbled, and persevered together, mother and son united in their magical activity. [search the * website to access chapters of novels early and in the highest quality.](#)

Finally, as the lesson drew to a close, Alicia and Azy shared a tender embrace. Their hearts beat in synchrony, the unspoken love and understanding between them transcending mere words. Alicia pressed a gentle kiss upon Azy's forehead, her touch conveying a depth of emotion that surpassed language.

"My dearest Azy," Alicia whispered, her voice quivering with a mix of love and sadness, "you are a remarkable young man. I am so proud of the magical abilities you possess, and I am honored to have been your teacher, your guide. Remember, my son, that no matter where our paths may lead, our bond will always be unbreakable."

Azy nodded, his eyes brimming with unshed tears. "Thank you, Mom. I will carry your love and teachings with me always."

As they held each other tightly, time seemed to stand still, the weight of their impending separation casting a shadow over the room. Yet, within that bittersweet moment, Alicia found solace in knowing that she had equipped Azy with the knowledge, love, and resilience he would need to navigate the challenges that lay ahead.

And so, as the rays of sunlight bathed the room, the mother and son clung to each other, cherishing the beautiful and heartwarming connection they shared.

As the mother and son separated, Alicia's keen gaze caught the intensity in Azy's eyes. And when he turned to follow his gaze, her heart leaped with joy at the sight of her husband, Zeke, leaning against the door frame—an ethereal sight that stirred emotions deep within her. His coat had been discarded, revealing a sleek white shirt that accentuated his strong physique. Zeke's sleeves were rolled up to his forearms, and his stormy gray eyes held a dreamy gaze that defied description.

The sight of him in that moment was nothing short of breathtaking, and Alicia felt her heart stir with a rush of emotions, feeling like she was falling in love all over again. But she knew she had to maintain her composure, for her son was right before her.

When did he return?

She hadn't sensed his presence, which indicated that he had deliberately concealed himself, not wanting to disturb them. She could already tell that the ritual was a success. But Alicia still longed to know how much time they had been granted to savor this precious reunion. She wished and hoped in her heart that it wouldn't be just one more day. Because that wouldn't be enough.

Just as Alicia was about to call out to him, her voice caught in her throat as she realized that Zeke was lost in thought. His gaze remained fixated on the scene before him, his head resting against the door frame.

As she studied him further, Alicia's smile faded, replaced by a sudden pang of heartache. She had never seen Zeke like this.

Feeling the urge to go to him, Alicia whispered to Azy, instructing him to wait patiently. The young boy nodded understandingly, immersing himself in the ancient spells journal Alicia had prepared for him.

With cautious steps, Alicia approached Zeke, her heart fluttering in her chest. In that moment, a wave of emotions washed over her, a mixture of pain and longing. She had never witnessed Zeke so lost in thought like this before, his gaze appearing distant and detached.

Zeke's line of sight remained fixed, seemingly oblivious to Alicia's approach, until she stood directly before him. His gaze shifted, meeting her eyes with a flicker of recognition. He blinked, slowly straightening. And then, Alicia embraced him tightly.

Time stood still as Zeke held Alicia tightly in his arms, his embrace both strong and gentle. In that moment, the distant look in his eyes faded away, dissolving like mist touched by the warmth of the morning sun.

Zeke's gaze briefly shifted to Azy, and when he saw that their son was engrossed in the ancient spells journal, Zeke swiftly pulled Alicia away from the door. The door shut closed quietly behind them and Zeke claimed Alicia's mouth with a kiss so full of longing and love that it felt as though eternity had unfolded in that very moment.

A/N: Hi guys, I just want to say thank you once again for all your patience with me. I just want you guys to know that this story has already reached it's final arc. So yes, the end is now approaching.

Chapter 345 Far too long

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Alicia and Zeke's lips met with a fiery and intense kiss so filled with consuming hunger. Their bodies pressed against each other, as if desperate to bridge whatever gap created by their long separation. It was as if all the years that they were apart had condensed into this very moment, igniting a hunger that had long been suppressed.

Their bodies pressed against each other as Alicia's fingers entangled in Zeke's dark hair, pulling him closer as their mouth moved in a dance of unspoken and intense desires.

Zeke struggled to contain himself, to hold back and stop, as the years of yearning for his beloved wife surged through his veins. Perhaps due to that long time of longing, their

kiss that moment was like an intoxicating cocktail that was simply impossible for them both not to indulge in.

As their tongues intertwined and as they devoured each other's mouths, Zeke's self-control wavered.

His hands started to trace the curves of Alicia's body, rediscovering the familiar contours that had haunted his dreams for years. Every touch sent more electric waves of pleasure through them, making it increasingly difficult to resist the overwhelming urge to...

Zeke pinned her against the wall, devouring her mouth in an insatiable hunger, as if he was trying to make up for the lost moments. The oh so composed man now turning to an untamed beast, as if the taste of her mouth had been the key to release the beast within him. And Alicia could do nothing but surrender, to let him devour her. She had been dying for this... longing for his kiss, for his touch once again, for years. So now she couldn't even make herself remember where they were.

She was quickly lost in a world of their own creation, oblivious to the passing of time. When Zeke's hand cupped her breast, Alicia couldn't stop the moan that escaped her mouth. Her hand moved as well and met his raging hardness bulging in his pants.

He made a rumbling growl that came from deep within his chest. And then he yanked himself off Alicia.

Somehow, he still managed to summon a fragment of restraint.

With ragged breath, he looked down at her, his strong arms now braced against the wall, jailing Alicia between them. His stormy grey eyes filled with an intoxicating mix of longing, adoration, and insane desire.

He rested his forehead against Alicia's, their labored breaths intermingling as they gazed into each other's eyes. Their lips still tingling from the intensity of their intense kiss, a sense of euphoria washing over their entire being as they stared at each other.

And then Zeke cursed under his breath, his lips curled into a tender smile. "You're going to drive me crazy, Alicia..." he whispered and Alicia smiled back at him.

"I say the same to you, Ezekiel."

Zeke's eyes seemed to shine even brighter. "Three days," he said, his voice filled with emotions. "Zeres managed to grant us three precious days."

Alicia's eyes widened with shock for a moment before her face lit up with pure happiness. She felt a surge of emotions, a mixture of overwhelming joy and gratitude. It was more than she had dared to hope for. Three more days to be with Azy, to be a

complete family. It was a gift beyond measure, one that she would treasure with all her heart.

Tears welled up in Alicia's eyes, threatening to spill over, but she held them back, not wanting anything to obscure this moment of happiness. She took a deep breath to steady herself, her voice quivering, "I... I can't even express how thankful I am. Three more days with Azy... It's more than I could ever ask for."

Zeke reached out, his hand tenderly cupping Alicia's cheek as he wiped away a stray tear that had escaped. His touch was gentle and filled with reassurance, a silent promise that they would make the most of every single moment they had been granted.

Three days may not have been enough, but they would seize each moment and savor the togetherness that had been denied to them for far too long.

"How about Iryz?" Alicia then whispered, her voice barely audible as she nestled against Zeke's chest.

Zeke's arms encircled Alicia protectively. He pressed a gentle kiss to the top of her head before speaking. "Gav and Izabelle are with her right now. We can trust them to take care of Iryz. They will do everything they can to help her."

Alicia nodded. She believed him wholeheartedly, without a single doubt.

She lifted her gaze to meet Zeke's eyes once again, and as their eyes locked, a flicker of desire and fiery longing ignited in Zeke's gaze once again.

Alicia's heart skipped a beat, and before she knew it, she closed her eyes, savoring the delicious anticipation that swirled in the air. But instead of their lips meeting, Zeke's tender kiss landed softly on top of her head.

Alicia's eyes fluttered open.

Zeke's voice was an intoxicating mixture of desire and restraint. "I'm afraid I won't be able to stop myself if I kiss you again right now," he confessed.

Alicia blushed because she honestly felt the same. Even now, she badly wanted to ask her husband to just... oh dear, get a grip of yourself Alicia!

"Me too," she admitted, and a mischievous grin tugged across both of their faces. Their shared grin spoke volumes, a silent promise that when the time was right, their passion would be unleashed, and they would let it consume them in a tempestuous storm of desire and love.

A sudden interruption came in the form of Alex and Sebastian's arrival. Their voices cut through the air, breaking the spell of Alicia and Zeke's private cocoon.

"Sorry to disturb your lovey-dovey moment, Zeke, Alicia," Alex chimed in, a mischievous grin spreading across his face. "But I promise this is the last time."

Alicia's cheeks reddened slightly at the unexpected intrusion, but Zeke remained unfazed. He looked at Alex and Sebastian looking ever so composed and undisturbed by their arrival.

Chapter 346 Mandate

Chapter 346 Mandate

Alex's smile faded, replaced by a grave expression. He gestured for Zeke and Alicia to join him in a more secluded area. Zeke nodded in acknowledgment, leading Alicia by his side as they followed Alex and Sebastian.

Without beating around the bush, Alex began to speak, telling Zeke of the current predicament they were in.

Zeke's expression remained stoic, his gaze locked with Alex's as he absorbed what Alex was telling him.

"In short... the situation is really dire this time." Alex said. "To the point that even with you now right here with us, it might be too late to solve this without spilling blood."

...

As they watched the videos of vampires Elijah had released in the internet, Zeke tapped his fingers. His expression stoic as he rested his temple against his knuckles.

On the screens, they watched the disturbing videos. Each video depicted acts of violence and chaos, carefully orchestrated to fuel the humans' suspicion and fear of the vampire population. The evidence was overwhelming, as if Elijah had designed the perfect trap, ensuring a constant influx of new videos that kept the humans on edge, stoke their suspicion and intrigue, and sow seeds of fear among the masses.

Sebastian's voice cut through the silence, his tone calm. "We've tried everything to take down these videos, but they keep resurfacing."

A sigh escaped Alex's lips. "Honestly, I fear there may be no bloodless solution anymore. Humans are both intelligent and insatiably curious. Sometimes, their curiosity leads them down paths that bring more harm than good." He paused. "Even if we manage to completely halt the spread of these videos and erase any trace of them, the humans' suspicions will linger. Worse yet, I fear they may resort to drastic measures, perceiving us as a dangerous virus that must be eradicated before it spreads further."

Before Zeke could even say anything, Lucas approached the group. His voice filled with urgency as he reported that a battle has erupted on the western border. And that an unknown militia has launched an attack, targeting civilians and capturing the violence on video.

Alex's jaw clenched, "Clearly, their purpose is to expose the truth, to see if the people of Viscarria are more than just humans." Alex said. "Those little idiots. And? Is any of them still alive right now?"

Lucas nodded. "Sadly, some human citizens lost their lives in the attack but no vampire is reportedly killed. And some vampires end up killing numbers of those militia out of anger. Right now, the ones who are left alive are held captive."

After Zeke gave him an instruction, Lucas immediately nodded and left.

"Have the world leaders begun their meeting?" Zeke then inquired, his gaze now fixed on Sebastian.

Sebastian nodded solemnly. "They have attempted to convene an urgent meeting online, but we have been intercepting their communications. It's a risky move that only heightens their suspicions, but at present, I see no better alternative to handle the situation."

person."

"Let them gather in one place," Zeke uttered, causing both Alex and Sebastian to regard Sebastian with a nod of approval, Alex interjected. "I believe they're now going to be forced to meet in person."

"Let them gather in one place," Zeke uttered, causing both Alex and Sebastian to exchange puzzled glances.

Questions filled their eyes as they sought to understand Zeke's reasoning. Before they could voice their concerns, Zeke continued, "By gathering them in one place, it will make the task easier."

"You're not going out there, brother." Sebastian rose. His voice rang firmly as he looked intently at Zeke. "We are here to hear your plan, but the execution will be done by us. You are you going to stay here with Azy and Alicia."

As the Zeke and Sebastian's gaze held in silence, their attention was interrupted by the arrival of Gav. The man sauntered towards the group, his confident stride and powerful demeanor drawing all eyes towards him. Rather than taking the vacant seat across from Alicia, he positioned himself casually next to Zeke.

"Why don't you let me be your substitute, Zeke?" Gav suggested.

Zeke's gaze met Gav's. "No, you're not allowed to go anywhere far without me," he replied, the firmness in his voice leaving no room for argument.

"Come on, Zeke. It's clear that your unique abilities are needed in this world's situation. Your brother wanted you to remain here, to spend time with your family before we depart. So the only logical solution is for me to step in and handle your part instead. After all, you can't just subject me in doing unexciting task like teaching Sebastian's woman healing magic, or I might burst."

Gav shrugged clearly letting Zeke and everyone know what he meant by letting his demonic power seeped out of him like he couldn't contain them anymore.

His power quickly turned the room suffused with dark and overwhelming energy that Sebastian own demonic power started to get triggered.

Zeke glared at Gav and the man sighed before his power subsided once again, making it easier for Sebastian to calm himself at the same time.

"You know it's not easy holding back this thing inside me, Zeke." Gav said.

"This task cannot be entrusted to just anyone, especially not you, Gav."

Gav leaned back, as if on the verge of rolling his eyes. "Don't tell me this is another boring task that requires no bloodshed."

"This world is different from the one you know, Gav. It's not brute force or overwhelming power that is needed here." Zeke said calmly before he returned his gaze back to Sebastian. "Don't worry, I'll only deal with this one thing... and it won't even take much time as it's the easiest task out of all after all."

A knowing smirk played on Alex's lips as he chimed in, his voice laced with a hint of amusement. "Indeed, Zeke. That's undoubtedly the easiest task of all. For you, that is."

As Alex playfully shook his head, Sebastian, his expression grave, captured Zeke's attention once more.

"Tell me, brother," Sebastian uttered, his tone serious and his gaze fierce. "Are we still bound by the mandate not to kill a Reign prince?"

a/n: Hi guys, my schedule will change this month. I think I'll be able to update twice or thrice a week. So there's only 2 chaps for now. I'll try to update tomorrow or the following day. Also, I think I surprised you guys by my announcement in my last update, so I'd like to clarify that though this story has reached its final arc and that I am finally seeing the end, it might still take a little while to get there. I am not very sure as often,

things change, but right now I think there might be less than 50 chapters left. Which isn't that much already. I hope you guys will stick with me and our beloved characters till the end. <3

Chapter 347 Who Are You?

Royal Palace, Queza, Viscarria...

After the prophetess departed, Elijah and Kyle were left alone together in what used to be Ezekiel's study.

Elijah was nonchalantly seated behind the desk while Kyle was on the sofa across from him. Glancing at his younger brother, a hint of amusement played on his lips as he broke the silence. "So? Why are you still here, my younger brother?" he inquired.

Kyle lifted his gaze towards Elijah, his expression showed nothing but nonchalance. "Are you tired of your brother's face already?" he retorted casually.

Elijah smirked. "You know you won't be able to fool me, Vincent Kyle," he remarked knowingly.

"Fool you?" Kyle echoed, a wry smile tugging at the corner of his lips. "When did I even start trying to do something like that?"

Elijah tilted his head slightly, his gaze sharpening as he studied his brother intently. After a few moments of silence passed, Elijah spoke. "It appears that you have grown wiser, Kyle. I can't help but wonder what thoughts occupy your mind in this moment. So far, it seems you have done absolutely nothing since all of this began."

Kyle let out a sigh, throwing his head back and directing his gaze towards the ceiling. "It seems like you've been waiting for me to take action. But brother, I hate to disappoint you, but I currently have no plans to do anything at all. That's why I find myself just hanging out in here."

"Because you refused to go to the Black Forest?"

"Not really," Kyle shrugged, a nonchalant expression on his face. "I just believe that even if I were in the Black Forest right now, I would still be doing the exact same thing as I am here."

Elijah arched an eyebrow. "You're starting to irk me, Kyle. When did you learn to be someone annoying?"

"Now that's news to me," Kyle replied, a small smile playing at his lips. "You, getting annoyed by anyone who isn't causing harm to a dog or cat."

Elijah tapped his fingers against his temple, his eyes glinting with a dangerous intensity. "There are only three beings I despise to the core, Kyle," he began, his voice tinged with quiet menace. "First, those who abuse and harm animals. Second, Sebastian. And last but not least... Ezekiel. And now I'm starting to really see Ezekiel's influence on you."

"I thought it was only Sebastian that you hated. When did you start hating Zeke as well? I recall you used to look up to him, or so it seemed."

Elijah chuckled darkly. "When? I always despised him. I could never fathom why all of you became his puppets. Well, now I've stopped trying to make sense of it. I simply concluded that all of you were fools, willingly allowing one man to control and manipulate your lives. And I can't hardly believe that even after he's gone, you all remain under his spell, as if he's your god. The level of idiocy is truly astounding that it's almost comical. Yet none of you seem to wake up from it or ever want to. Such fools," he scoffed.

Kyle's voice turned quiet as he responded yet his face still didn't betray any emotion. "It's true... even I can call Zeke a master of manipulation. But I don't believe that any of us are his puppets. If we were, my brother Kai would have never..." Kyle's voice trailed off, his eyes closing momentarily.

Elijah's smirk widened. "What if that's exactly why Kai met his fate? Because Ezekiel orchestrated it all to reach that point?"

Kyle's gaze flew open and locked with Elijah's. "I don't see any reason why Zeke would do something like that."

"The reason is simple," Elijah stated. "He wanted to eliminate Kai all along. One reason could be because Kai showed greater obedience to Alexander than to him. Ezekiel has a tendency to rid himself of those who refuse to bend to his will, after all."

Kyle still showed no visible reaction on his face. No one would be able to tell if he believed or even considered Elijah's reasoning. "Is that really the only reason why you despise him? I wonder what he did to you to have such deep-seated hatred against him."

Elijah smirked, but too soon, before he could even respond, his smirk faded into an expression of wary caution.

A mysterious woman then suddenly appeared. Clad in a dark crimson cloak that billowed around her, the woman's face was concealed by a large hood.

The dark red cloak... Kyle instantly remembered the red cloak that Sebastian had mentioned to him before. He was told that the witch who was said to be behind Elijah was wearing a dark red cloak. This woman definitely gives off an unnatural air around her. Her presence wasn't really the kind that awakens someone's flight or fight instinct. Kyle himself couldn't quite sense how strong or how dangerous she might be and yet... he felt like she was someone he must immediately kill without mercy and without hesitation. This was such a strange feeling that Kyle had never felt before. Just who was this woman?

Interrupting the silent atmosphere, the woman's voice slithered through the air, her tone needlessly seductive. "Did I interrupt an important private brotherly meeting?" she inquired, her words dripping with unneeded delight.

Elijah's gaze locked with the woman's, his features suddenly blank. "Nothing of great importance that you don't already know," he replied.

With calculated grace, the woman approached Elijah's desk, positioning herself between the two brothers. Then, with a deliberate movement, she turned her back to Elijah and fixed her gaze upon Kyle.

"So it's the youngest prince of the Reigns," she mused, her voice carrying some kind of over the top seductiveness it was disgusting. Slowly, she lifted her hand and raised her hood ever so slightly, revealing the lower half of her face. A sinister smile played upon her lips, stained with a crimson hue.

Her tongue traced her blood-red lips and then, her chilling whisper echoed through the room "I have been eagerly awaiting our meeting, Prince Vincent Kyle."

"Who are you?" Kyle asked.

Chapter 348 Familiar

Chapter 348 Familiar

A big shoutout to @MonsterUnderTheBed, @Lilli_Fiona, and @Lola_13! Thank you so very much for the Supergifts! <3

"Are you on our side, or just some spy?" the witch inquired, her voice remained overly melodic.

Maintaining an air of absolute composure, Kyle leaned forward, his elbows finding their place on his knees. Strands of his dark hair, carefully combed but slightly tousled, fell over his forehead, partially obscuring his penetrating gaze as he focused his attention on the woman before him. "Right now, I find myself on no one's side," he replied.

The woman flicked her long bright red nails. "And you expect me to believe that?" she challenged, her voice dripping with skepticism. "You were trained by your despicable older brother, Prince. And right now, you are reacting almost just like him."

Kyle's lips curved into a faint smirk and with a subtle shift of his posture, he reclined against the back of his seat. "Well," he sighed. "Since it appears that both of you have already made up your minds, then I shall provide you with the answer you want. Yes, I am, of course, on their side. Now, I ask you in return... who exactly are you?"

The witch's lips curled into a knowing smile. "You do realize that if I reveal my true identity, you will be forever bound to this side, don't you?"

"Well, it's not as if the other side truly needs me," he said. "At this moment, I find myself far more intrigued by the two of you and the hidden agendas you both carry."

"So your real reason for staying here is merely curiosity?" the witch questioned, her voice tinged with skepticism.

Kyle's eyes twitched, his curiosity burning brighter. "I don't understand what exactly both of you are aiming for. It intrigues me endlessly, and I honestly don't like the fact that I can't find an answer I'm quite satisfied with. Would you mind enlightening me?"

"You don't understand? What is it exactly that eludes your comprehension? Huh? Prince?"

Kyle leaned forward once more, resting his elbows against his knees. His hands entwined together, fingers interlocking with a deliberate and purposeful grip, reflecting the resolve that pulsed through his veins. His gaze, once curious and probing, now transformed into an expression of utmost seriousness. "Your motives." He answered. "You're trying to ignite a war and restore vampire dominance in this world... I can comprehend that sentiment to some extent. But what I fail to understand is why you both continue to pursue this risky path, knowing full well that not just one or two, but an entire family of immortals exists. Even if you succeed in leading a vampire takeover, how do you plan to deal with those whom you cannot kill? Your goals seem utterly foolish to me, and I struggle to comprehend them."

Silence filled the room. Kyle's gaze shifted towards Elijah, searching for a reaction. To his surprise, Elijah's expression remained impassive, void of any surprise or revelation.

The woman on the other hand chuckled. It was obvious to Kyle now that these two were of course aware about what he was trying to point out. And it seems... they weren't

bothered by it. Why? What exactly were they hiding for them not to be bothered by this huge issue?

"Your brother truly is another interesting character, Elijah," she remarked, a hint of intrigue in her voice.

"In a bad way," Elijah replied in a curt voice.

"Yes, indeed, in a bad way," the woman agreed, nodding. "And that is precisely why I find him fascinating and rather appealing."

Elijah's eyes widened slightly, a flicker of surprise crossing his features. He looked as though he hadn't expected the woman to take such an interest in Kyle.

Before Kyle could observe more of his brother's reaction, his attention was pulled back towards the woman as she began to move closer to him.

"I've heard that you're in love with a witch," she stated, her voice filled with a knowing undertone.

"You didn't answer my question..." Kyle tried to interrupt. His features betraying nothing.

But the woman acted as though he didn't hear him at all and simply continued. "A witch who now possesses silver hair, if I'm not mistaken." her voice taking on a seductive tone as she started to move closer to Kyle. "

Kyle didn't respond. His expression remained stoic as she closed the distance between them.

When she was right before him, the woman's touch grazed Kyle's face, sending an icy chill through his veins.

"What if I told you that I know a method for you to be with your beloved witch queen again... free from sacrifice or compromise?" she whispered, her voice laced with an enticing allure. "A way to be together without causing harm to either of you."

Still, Kyle didn't speak a word.

"The method is actually quite simple," she continued, a wicked smile playing on her lips. "And I am more than willing to show it to you myself, Prince."

In a swift and daring move, Kyle's hand suddenly shot out, his fingers latching onto the woman's hood. And faster than a blink of an eye, her face was unveiled.

Time seemed to freeze for a fleeting moment as Kyle's breath caught in his throat.

Before him stood a woman of ethereal beauty, her features both delicate and beguiling. Her eyes shimmered like a silver moon. Silvery tendrils of hair cascaded around her face,

framing it in an intricate and silken wave. It was a face that he hadn't seen in years. A face his mind had hoped to never see again even in his dreams.

"Li... Lilith?" Kyle muttered in disbelief.

A shiver coursed through Kyle's body when she smiled and continued to caress his face. His eyes began to darken. The longer he stared into the depths of her eyes, the more he felt himself succumbing to a dark enchantment.

"Yes, Kyle... it's me..." she whispered, so alluringly. Her voice had changed. It had transformed into a familiar and hauntingly beautiful sound—a voice from his past.

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A/N: For those asking, I do have a discord server. Though I've been long inactive there, you guys may join if you want to get pinged whenever there's an update>>
<https://discord.gg/UGTA3A4>

Chapter 349 unflattering

Chapter 349 unflattering

Kyle's lips parted, his throat working as his eyes remained unable to look away from her beautiful, enticing gaze.

"Come with me, Kyle," she said, holding his hand and gently pulling him. Her eyes never released their hold on him.

As Kyle stood, seemingly in a trance, her smile widened. "You make me so happy, Kyle," she drawled, her voice growing even more tempting.

Guiding Kyle toward the door, Elijah's voice suddenly rang out. "Wait," he called, his words echoing in the room.

Ignoring him completely, she asked Kyle, without stopping in her tracks, "Your brother can't stop you from coming with me, right, Kyle?"

"Yes," Kyle replied, still seemingly entranced.

"See?" she smiled sweetly. "So, just let your younger brother be, Prince Elijah."

Before Elijah could respond, she disappeared, taking Kyle along with her.

And in the blink of an eye, they materialized inside a dimly lit room.

She guided him towards the bed, never releasing her gaze from his eyes. Suddenly, the back of Kyle's feet hit the edge of the bed, causing him to fall into a sitting position.

"Oh, Kyle... what a handsome young man you are," she praised, and as her fingers caressed his lips, the woman shrieked. In an instant, she found herself pinned against the bed where Kyle had been sitting just moments ago. Kyle's fingers were wrapped tightly around her neck as he glared down at her with fury. "You," he hissed, his voice filled with venom. "Take off your damned disguise and reveal your true face."

The woman's surprise was fleeting, quickly replaced by a knowing smirk that played across her face. "Now, that's quite impressive of you... you really made me believe I had succeeded in compelling you, Prince," she said, her voice laced with a provocative tone, as she sensually ran her tongue over her lips.

Kyle tightened his grip on her neck, cutting off her breathing. "Show your true self now, or I'll snap your neck without hesitation!" he threatened, his voice seething with rage.

But the woman's smile didn't fade as her appearance shifted once again. Her silvery hair transformed into a vibrant shade of red, her eyes turned a deep green, and lovely freckles adorned her face like scattered constellations. Kyle's eyes widened in utter shock as he now gazed upon the face of the very person he had first fallen in love with.

She chuckled innocently, flawlessly mimicking the laughter of the young girl from his past. "Oh, Prince, can you truly snap my neck? Can you bear to harm your beloved? I highly doubt it," she taunted, exuding confidence. "You loved me far too deeply to inflict any harm upon me, let alone take my life."

A dark expression settled upon Kyle's face, his emotions churning within him.

"You can't... you're a kind-hearted man. The most innocent and gentle among your brothers. You could never kill—"

SNAP!

The sound of bones breaking echoed through the room. The woman's eyes widened, frozen in disbelief, as life abruptly departed from her body. Her features started to shift, transforming into those of a woman unfamiliar to Kyle. Any trace of Lilith vanished until only a lifeless body remained.

Kyle stood there, numb and expressionless, his gaze fixed upon the lifeless figure before him. In the silence that followed, a soft and seductive laughter began to fill the air, echoing around him.

"Hahaha... just as I thought," the voice echoed through the room. Kyle swiftly leaped from the bed, scanning his surroundings with an intense gaze.

"Did you know that I kind of saw this coming?" she continued, her voice filling the air. Kyle froze, his eyes now fixated on the floor, realizing that the voice belonged to something non-physical—a presence he couldn't touch, kill, or even capture.

The realization struck Kyle, unraveling the answer to the question he had posed to both her and Elijah earlier. Was this the reason they had seemed unfazed? Because this witch, or whoever this woman was, possessed an immunity to death? Because she could effortlessly transfer to another body if her current host dies?

His thoughts were interrupted as the voice spoke once again, drawing his attention. "Too bad for you, but I've encountered this trick before, young man. I know where you learned your moves... it's from Ezekiel, isn't it?"

Kyle's eyes stretched ever so slightly.

"I'll share a secret with you, sweet little prince... I've also learned to counter that tactic, thanks to that very same person. Hahaha," she taunted.

With lightning speed, Kyle dashed towards the door, hoping for an escape. But as he flung the door open, he was met with a sight that immediately halted his moves—thick prison bars, surrounded by powerful enchantments.

The laughter grew louder, mocking his failed attempt.

"Poor thing... you almost managed to deceive me if only you had been a bit more patient and played along a little longer. But alas... I would be damned if I allowed myself to be fooled by the same trick more than twice," she declared, her laughter resuming as if she had achieved a triumph worth celebrating.

Kyle slowly lifted his head, his expression blank, and turned around to face the empty space.

"So, it appears that you're some cursed ghost of someone who knew my brother quite well," Kyle calmly remarked, a smirk playing on his lips as if he had just found something amusing.

"What's so funny, Prince? Are you losing your mind already?" the voice sneered.

"Not really," Kyle replied nonchalantly, shaking his head with amusement. "I just find it amusing that our enemy this time is actually a ghost. It's quite underwhelming, if you ask me. I had set my expectations too high, and I can't help but feel disappointed by this... well, unflattering revelation."

She snorted venomously, "Unflattering, huh? Well, let's see if you'll still find it unflattering once I use your body to kill the woman you love."

A slow smile crept across Kyle's lips, his eyes taking on a dreamy expression as he tilted his head slightly. "I'd love to see you try... I'm curious to witness how my queen will ruthlessly exorcise you from my body, reducing you to nothing but smithereens."

Chapter 350 Exhausted

Chapter 350 Exhausted

Back in the Black Forest, Elle, Zeres, and Lilith gathered within the crystal cavern, where Elle continued her efforts to cure Iryz. The beautiful interior of the crystal cavern was suffused with a weak ethereal glow, but the crystals reflected and amplified the magical energy that filled the air.

That was the scene when Gav arrived. As soon as Gav's piercing gaze fell upon the two silver-haired individuals, Zeres and Lilith, his expression contorted with a mix of annoyance and discomfort. With a sigh, he shut his eyes tightly and pinched the bridge of his nose, as if battling against a growing headache.

"Could the two of you do something about your hair? Its color gives me headache," Gav spoke up, his voice commanding and laced with an air of authority.

Both Zeres and Lilith frowned, exchanging puzzled glances. Their expressions clouded with confusion at first, eventually turning offended. The silver hair that adorned their heads was not only a physical trait but also a symbol of reverence among witches—a mark of their power and status. For the witches, silver hair was the most exalted crown they could possess. That's why Gav's remark about their hair struck a chord deep within them.

With steely resolve, Lilith stepped forward, determined to address Gav's disrespectful comment. Her voice, calm yet firm, echoed in the cavern. "I am well aware of your tremendous and otherworldly power," Lilith stated, "but I, as the queen of witches, will not simply that shimmered with an enigmatic intensity. "Whoever said I am mocking anyone, huh, witch queen?"

stand here and allow you to mock us like that." Her voice carried a quiet intensity, and her silver hair seemed to shimmer with renewed vibrancy—a sign of her power being triggered.

Gav parted his fingers, revealing a pair of mesmerizing grey eyes that shimmered with an enigmatic intensity. "Whoever said I am mocking anyone, huh, witch queen?"

Lilith's gaze narrowed. "Your words imply disdain and disrespect. I will not let such comments go unaddressed, regardless of your power."

Sensing the growing tension between the trio, Elle stepped in between them. "Please stop... This is not the time for you guys to be like this," she said before turning to Lilith and Zeres, whispering to them. "Please don't get triggered by him. I know he's being rude, but it's true that he couldn't look at silver hair without experiencing pain." Elle's words were a plea for understanding. Lilith and Zeres, surprised by this revelation, gradually eased their defensive postures, their expressions softening.

"Alright," Lilith relented, her voice holding a touch of understanding. "Zeres and I will withdraw to the other chamber for now. Just call us if you need assistance."

Elle nodded gratefully, appreciating their cooperation.

"Let's go, Zeres," Lilith said, and with a final glance at Iryz, Zeres reluctantly tore his gaze away and followed Lilith.

When the duo was out of sight, a sigh escaped Gav's lips. He ran his fingers through his dark hair, his attention now fully directed towards Elle.

"So, how's the progress?" Gav asked, his voice carrying a flat tone.

Elle's expression reflected her worry as she met his gaze. "Her breathing is slightly better now, but..." Elle bit her lip, "I'm afraid my healing is not working on her."

Gav approached Iryz, his face remaining impassive. He studied her for a moment before redirecting his attention to Elle. His words were blunt, devoid of any sentiment. "The issue lies not with your healing abilities but with you," he stated matter-of-factly.

Elle's eyes widened in surprise. "What do you mean?"

"I've mentioned this before, haven't I?" Gav spoke as though he was exasperated by the need to repeat himself. "You cannot expect your powers to function optimally when you exhaust your essence by using your powers to heal Zeke's woman. You're drained and in desperate need of rest."

"But Iryz is in danger... You were the one who said she needed help as soon as possible. I can't rest when she's—"

"She's not going to die yet," Gav cut her off. "You don't see any progress, but your power definitely helped her tonight."

Elle blinked at him before eventually nodding, relief flooding her being. The tension in her shoulders eased slightly, knowing that her efforts had not been in vain. She sank into a nearby chair, her weariness finally catching up to her.

But a genuine smile filled her lips as she looked at Gav.

Her eyes shimmered with gratitude. Her hands, delicate and intertwined on her lap, conveyed the depth of her emotions. "I'm so grateful," she murmured softly. "Without your assistance and teachings, I would have remained a mere spectator, helpless and unable to make a difference."

Gav simply glanced at her, his expression inscrutable.

And then without a word, he turned away to leave. But just as he crossed the threshold of the door, Elle's voice called out. "Where are you going?" she inquired, her steps quickening to catch up with him.

"Beats me," Gav replied without pausing.

However, Elle didn't stop following him. And as she passed Lilith and Zeres, who had just emerged from the other chamber, Elle offered them a meaningful nod before continuing her pursuit of Gav.

Elle caught up with Gav at the entrance of the crystal cave, where they both came to an abrupt halt due to the unexpected duo that greeted them. Alexander and Sebastian were at the entrance and were about to enter.

Upon seeing Sebastian, Elle immediately rushed towards him. "Seb!" Elle exclaimed, relief flooding her voice as she ran towards him. In an instant, Sebastian, ever protective and possessive, enveloped her in a tight embrace. His hands cradled her face, searching for any signs of distress. His concerned gray eyes bore into hers as he spoke in a hushed voice.

"You look exhausted," Sebastian remarked in a low, worried voice.

Offering him a reassuring smile, she gently brushed her hand against his cheek. "I'm fine, Seb. I just need some rest. I promise I'll look better tomorrow after a good night's sleep."

He looked relieved, but he still appeared on the verge of whisking her away to tuck her in bed and watch over her until morning. As he hugged her tightly, Sebastian paid little mind to the presence of Alex and Gav, who stood nearby, until Alex spoke.

"Enough with the PDA, you two," Alex interjected playfully, a mischievous glint in his eyes. "Go and bring Elle to the house to rest, Sebastian. I'll meet you at the entrance of the forest after I speak with Lilith."