

## Chapter 52

### Adam POV

Over the years, I found out that being king and wanting to be king were two different things. I now understood the pressure a king was always under when it came to protecting the kingdom, and yes, I admit I had some things I was still working through, but at the end of the day, I still loved this kingdom, and I wouldn't trade the throne for anything. I spun the story to fit my narrative well, but Uncle Ellis always seemed suspicious of me, though he had no proof of anything. My narrative of what happened fits perfectly. The events of how I came to be king five years ago circled my mind as my dragon stirred. Something was troubling him.

"What is wrong?" I asked Flame, feeling anxious for an unknown reason.

"Something is coming," he replied, and I stood up, but as soon as I did, I felt what Flame felt, as both the kitchen doors burst open at once and I saw Atlas. His eyes flashed at everyone before finding me, and I knew I was his target. I hadn't seen my brother in five years since he was pulled through the portal I created. The witch spelled it so I wouldn't come and save him if my guilt overtook me, and I was guilty. I hadn't realized just how much I had missed him these past five years, and he looked different. His hair was shaggy and reaching his back, and his eyes looked older somehow. He was also leaner. He was home. Then I thought of Sorena. My poor mate and what he did to her-guilt turned into anger as it all came rushing back. I spent five years grieving over my mate. She is grieving not only for her loss but also for what he did to her.

As I was lost in my head, I lost sight of what was happening but was brought to reality quickly by a punch that landed on my face. Good. If it's a fight he wants, it's a fight he will get. We traded blows back and forth as dishes went flying around, breaking. Uncle Ellis and his wife pushed the girls and boys out of the room before coming back and attempting to break my brother and me up. We were trading blows that were so deadly that we were both a bloody mess by the time we had separated, only because of what I revealed. Flame was healing me, but Atlas had already seemed to be back at full health as his bones were already popped back into place and his black eyes were healed. Not a scratch was on him. What the hell?

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" Uncle Ellis roared. Even though I was king, Uncle Ellis was still an elder and was to be respected. I was not backing down, though. The ends justify the means. Atlas just looked at me, cracking his neck, looking like he was getting ready for round two. He came back for me, which meant he was coming back to his throne. I would be damned if I was going to let him have it. He has yet to feel what I have felt, but soon he will.

Atlas Pov

Death. It was all I could think about as I charged at Adam with the full intent to kill. King or not, one look at him, and I couldn't erase the last five years. The damage was done.

"You motherfucker," I roared, punching his face in a fit of rage. He fell back, flipping backwards, landing back on his feet before charging at me.

"You should have stayed where you were," he growled back, trying to land a punch, but I had already dodged it. I picked him up and threw him on the table, which broke in half from the impact.

"You got our father killed," I growled as I grabbed a sword from the wall, but he was ahead of me as he pulled him out and breathed fire on it. The family scrambled out of there as Uncle Ellis directed them to the other room before he and Aunt Katrina came back, attempting to break us up. By then, Adam had given me a black eye and a few broken ribs. It hurt a lot, but I couldn't focus on the pain. He had to die. I charged at him again, but Aunt Katrina used her elemental wind power to push us away from each other as we both slammed against opposite walls.

"Father is not dead," he yelled, and that paused me. I didn't charge at that moment, as what he said sank slowly but surely. That was impossible, though. I knew what I saw. I saw my father's heart ripped from his chest. He was dead. I stood up slowly as the pain from the injuries started magnifying, but I was ignoring it.

"WHAT IS THE MEANING OF THIS?" Uncle Ellis yelled, but I was still focused on Atlas.

"You're a fucking liar. I saw his heart ripped from his chest by that witch. You traitor' I growled at him, cracking my neck as I strangely started to feel myself healing faster than I was used to.

"Tell them, Adam. Tell them what happened that day. That day, you sided with that witch and sent me away. Tell them that your actions got your father killed." I growled at him while stepping forward. He was already on his feet again, looking at me confusingly, but getting prepared for me to charge again.

"What he says is true, Atlas. He's not dead. He is in jail," Ellis says, looking at me worried and confused at the same time. I knew he was probably told I was dead.

"But I saw..." I started to say, but Alas just chuckled.

"You saw what that witch wanted you to see before I killed her. I told her to make you suffer, you arrogant fuck. Since we're being so honest here, tell them. Tell them what you did to Sorena!" He growled, making me confused. I had always wondered what his reason for betraying me was, given that we were so close.

"I didn't do a damn thing to that girl," I said, seething.

"I saw her coming from your room that night," he growls at me.

"She tried to fucking throw herself at me, and I knew she was yours. I made her leave and told her not to come back to my room in that type of way." I growled back at him, but I could tell he didn't believe me.

"Is that before or after you raped my mate, you pathetic piece of shit?" he said, charging to me again as I did the same, but as before, we were separated by Aunt Katrina as she held us against the wall of the kitchen hall, still opposite from each other.

"I NEVER TOUCHED HER THAT WAY!," I growled at him. I couldn't believe what I was hearing. He thought I raped Sorena. Is that what she told him? It was all starting to make sense now.

"Her story was genuine," he said, and it looked like he was close to a meltdown.

"I never lied to you before. Why the fuck didn't you just come ask me, Adam? Instead, you plot behind my fucking back with that witch bitch, who I know you know had something to do with mom's death, to send me away to another dimension. Demons Adam. I was taken by the son of the Demon Lord and used for my power and looks, among other things," I told him, leaving out the rape. That is something I would never trust anyone with.

"Hold the fuck up. You told us she killed him," Uncle Ellis said, looking at Adam with distaste along with Aunt Katrina.

"None of it matters now. The witch is dead. I snapped that bitch's neck the second she sent Atlas through the portal. You raped my mate. I don't care what happens to you. Everything that happened to you, you deserved it ten times over. Blame yourself for your father being in jail too," Adam said, narrowing his eyes at me. I could hear

each word of his sentence laced with venom, and my bloodlust was still raging at that, but Katrina still had me pinned. I was strong enough to overpower this hold she had on me, but I knew once I did, she would get hurt, and I couldn't have that. Kaii, on the other hand, didn't care and wanted blood.

"Why is he in jail??" I asked Uncle Ellis.

"Shortly after you left, he came to the castle. When no one was looking, he pulled out a knife and stabbed Sorena several times in the chest, shouting at her. He has been in the cells ever since, not talking. He has been silent these last five years," Uncle Ellis explained. I looked at Katrina to release me, as I was going to go to him. Adam was spared. For the moment, Katrina released us both, and we dropped to the ground before straightening back up. I looked around at the mess all over the kitchen hall. What a hell of a mess!

My bloodlust was still strong, and yes, I was going to get my revenge, but my father filled my thoughts. For five years, I had mourned his death, and on the day of my kidnapping, he just saw fit to go and stab Sorena. It didn't make sense. Maybe I could get him to talk. "I didn't just come back for you, traitor. I came back to my throne. Keep the seat warm today, because I'll be back on it tomorrow." I told him before turning my back. As I did, everything happened too fast. Adam grabbed his sword off the floor and threw it at my back, just as a portal opened right at my back.

The blade went into the portal, I thought to myself, but as I finished turning around, there she stood. Ava. She turned around to me, and we both looked down. The blade was with her. Right in the middle of her chest.

"AVA"!!!!!!!