



Chapter 292

Violet

"You're a witch."

She had only said it once, but in my head, Chrystal might as well have screamed it a million times. You're a witch...

It was what I am, and I wasn't embarrassed, but her words stung. She had said it as if only a witch was capable of the pure evil I had just committed.

She sounded cold, cruel, and my chest ached as the world around me seemed to spin.

They were all looking at me, I knew they were.

I could feel it.

Everyone's eyes, but most importantly, the ones who didn't know yet.

Lian, Sora...Nate.

His eyes went wide as he looked at me like I was some kind of monster. Then he looked at Chrystal. Her blood was dripping onto the floor, and the red on her pink dress was getting darker. At her feet was the pink dagger I had almost used to kill her.

I did that...

How could I even try to deny her words when I had just exposed myself?

Chrystal threw her head back in laughter, her eyes glowing with something I couldn't quite describe. She clutched her side, squeezing her wound. "I knew it—I knew it!" she growled.



She then let out a gasp. “Guys...we need to go and tell everyone!”

No words could leave my mouth. Not even when Nate wrapped his arm around his sister as he led her away. She took one slow step, then another while her blood left behind a trail.

“Chrystal—” Kylan called out, but before he could say another word, she fell to the ground, her body hitting the hard soil with a heavy thud.

Kylan reached out his hand from a distance, but then quickly pulled back and turned his head.

No, no, no...

Was she...dead?

Did I kill her?

My chest squeezed, and I couldn't move as the sound of the thud kept replaying in my mind. Nate was at her side within seconds, kneeling beside her. Only after taking one deep breath did I manage to step a bit closer, and the rest followed.

It was like no one really knew what to do.

Chrystal winced as Nate lifted the edge of her shirt, revealing the wound. The wound was surrounded by a dark, black ring that almost seemed rotten. It looked like a bad bruise that couldn't stop spreading by the second.

My stomach dropped as I realized what was happening. Chrystal's dagger had been poisoned. It wasn't just me who had noticed, but everyone else as well.



A weak sigh escaped from Nate's lips. "No..."

Nate wasn't calm, far from it. His hands trembled, his voice broke, and then he eyed the group. "Is no one going to do anything?" he called out, his face wet with tears. "Are you going to let her die...Kylan?"

Even as he called out to him, Kylan kept his head turned, making his stance clear without a word.

Nate could apply as much pressure as he wanted, but poison was poison. Chrystal struggled more with each breath. "You need to take me back, Nate," she gasped. "We need to get away from...the witch, all of us...tell... king!"

Nate shook his head. "Don't move," he said. "Please don't move."

The silence was suffocating; no one offered a plan or wanted to do something about it...not even Kylan.

It was ugly...

I forced myself to move and dropped to my knees in front of Nate. My hands trembled. I looked at them, then at Nate's hands smeared with blood as they pressed against the wound. "I can save her," I said, nodding. "I can try to pull the poison out. I will need help because it will take a lot of energy, but I studied this...about toxins...I can help."

Chrystal's eyes shot to me, and a scream left her throat. "Do not let her touch me, Nate. I would rather die," she spat. "I would rather die than let you touch me, you...witch bitch!"

Her body began to shiver, and her tears had dried on her face. All I could see was anger...rage...hatred, even as she bled. The color drained from Nate's face as he glanced at me for half a second, then looked back down



at Chrystal.

Nate's eyes still glistened with tears, and if he could've ripped the ground open to get her help, he would have by now, but he kept his hands where they were.

His eyes were full of hopelessness...fear...

Was he scared of me?

"Please," I said, softer. "Just let me help her. I won't let her die —"

"Do...not let her touch me," she rasped, struggling with every word. "Go back, and...and..."

She was dying in front of us. She would not let me touch her, and no one seemed to care. I glanced toward the back. Kylan still hadn't said a word and still had his head turned. Trinity and Dylan stood with arms crossed, as if waiting for her to take her last breath. Lian stared at the ground. Sora's face had gone pale.

Only Kayden sat still in his chair, his expression blank as stone.

My desperate eyes found Trinity's. "Trin..." I pleaded. "I need your help."

Her jaw clenched. "I'm not draining my energy on her."

"She won't help!" Dylan spoke at the same time.

The two of them shared a glance. At least they were united, but I couldn't care about that right now. My heart pounded in my throat. It wasn't even about saving Chrystal, it was about something way deeper than that.

"Please," I whispered, my breath shaking. "I don't want to be a murderer

...please."

Trinity stare pierced through mine, and we just looked at each other for the longest. I could see the conflict written across her face. Something inside me told me she wanted Chrystal to die, as did I. But I also knew that both of us had a conscience.

At least, that's how I felt. I was torn between justice and mercy. I wouldn't mind if Chrystal were gone...But I couldn't handle the thought of direct blood on my hands.

Before Trinity could decide, Sora suddenly rushed and dropped to her knees beside me. Her brown eyes seemed determined. "I'll do it with you," she said. "I'll help!"

My eyes widened. "You're a healer?"

She nodded. "Yes. Let's go."

"N-no..." Chrystal tried to protest, her voice weak. Nate brushed her hair back from her face and pressed a kiss to her temple. "Yes," he whispered. "You'll be okay."

I took over from his hand, pressing my palms over the wound before giving him a nod. His eyes relaxed as he pulled back, and I closed mine, channeling my energy.

Sora placed her hand on top of mine, and our power flowed as one. When I felt another set of hands, I knew it had to be Trinity. Despite everything, she had decided to help me.

The moment her energy merged with mine, a warm sensation went through me, but I forced myself not to lose focus. The energy was too much to control, but I could not let my eyes glow. I didn't even know if



that shield I'd made before had affected the Veil somehow, but I did know that I couldn't risk it again.

I just had to focus, and heal the way I had been taught.

Despite the force of energy, I felt weaker with every heartbeat. My hands shook as I felt the poison drag from beneath Chrystal's skin.

"It's working!" I gasped.

Nate released a shaky, but relieved chuckle.

"I will make sure they'll burn you at the stake, like they used to," Chrystal whispered.

Her voice sounded clear again, but despite her threats, I didn't stop. If it wouldn't be for me not wanting to have blood on my hands, it would've been for Nate. She didn't deserve him, but losing her would break him.

Still, a voice in my head screamed at me to let go, to stop healing her and let fate take its course. But I didn't...

I did not stop healing.

The harder I pressed my eyes shut, the more my energy drained. A loud cry of the Raven suddenly circled above me, but I did not stop, and just kept focusing.

Almost...

We were almost done.

"Don't you hear me?" Chrystal whispered again.

"I will speak in front of the council about how you've been deceiving all



of us, and then I'll —"

A strangled gasp cut her words short, and something heavy crashed against me, knocking my hands away. Then a loud and broken scream rang in the air.

Nate...

My eyes flew open.

Kayden was on top of her, his hands pressed against the pink dagger buried deep in Chrystal's chest, right where her heart should have been.

I sucked in sharp, quick breaths as my eyes moved from the dagger to her wide eyes. Her lips parted, but no sound came. Her body jerked once, then went completely still beneath him.

He had taken a life for me...

This was it. The prophecy.

It all happened in a split second.

"No!" Nate roared, yanking Kayden off her with all the strength he had. He dropped to the ground and pulled Chrystal onto his lap, cradling her head in his trembling hands. "Chrystal, no, no..." he sobbed, resting his head against hers. "You are fine, you'll be okay—you're okay—"

But she wasn't...

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Kylan. He stood still, his face hard and his eyes cold. He didn't move toward Nate or look at Chrystal. His focus stayed on Kayden, and Kayden only.



A lump slid down my throat as I shifted my eyes to Kayden as well. He lay on the ground, leaning on his elbows, as if he had been waiting for this moment the whole time. There was no feeling there, no regret...nothing.

But I didn't particularly have any feeling either, and I think that scared me the most. Me, Kylan...everyone.

Only Nate...

A grin spread across Kayden's lips, a proud, unashamed grin as his eyes locked on me.

"Can't speak if you're dead, now can you?"

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