



Chapter 295

Violet

We ended up finding a secluded area in the woods, not far from the path, but tucked just enough behind the trees to stay hidden.

An hour had passed since we had all been busy.

Sora, who couldn't bear to be near the digging, kept watch at the edge of the woods. Lian cleaned the path where Chrystal's blood had spilled, Dylan and Trinity searched for particular leaves to mask her scent so she couldn't be found.

Something we had learned back home.

That left me with the hardest part.

The grave...

Kylan and I had already dug most of it with the same shovels we used to set up the tents. Each strike into the soil reminded me of what we had actually been doing. Digging a grave, hiding a body...none of it was normal, but we didn't have a choice.

"Can we throw her in already?" Kayden's voice broke through. "And can someone please remind me again why you couldn't just shift and dig the hole?"

I took the longest breath before snapping my head toward him. "Kylan already told you it will draw too much attention," I said, bothered.

He sure had some audacity...



He had been sitting in his chair with Camille behind him. I could understand that he was in no position to help, but that mouth of his just kept going, and going and nothing useful came out of it. All he could do was give instructions no one asked for.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Kylan's jaw tighten as he continued. He had really been holding himself back, and there was no telling how long it would last.

"You are all slow and it's taking forever," Kayden added, rolling his eyes. "At this point, we should just let Nate drag the bitch over the shoulder, walk back to court, and accept our fates."

I bit down on my tongue and turned away before I said something I would regret. There were many other ways to refer to her, especially with...

My eyes found Nate. He leaned against a nearby tree with Chrystal still cradled in his arms. His cheek brushed against her hair, and his lips moved faintly as he whispered to his sister. He pressed a kiss to her head before his eyes lifted to me.

He didn't say anything. Just shook his head like he had been doing whenever our eyes would meet.

I gulped and focused on the grave again. "I think it's deep enough," I cleared my throat.

Kylan measured the depth with his eyes. "No. I don't think it is," he gave a low chuckle as he stood, brushing the dirt from his hands. His gaze shifted to Kayden.

"Do you know how many years you get on Prison Island for accessory to murder?"



"No?" Kayden frowned, chuckling back. "Don't ask me. You're the crown prince, remember?"

Kylan nodded once. "Everyone here did something to cover this up... except that maid of yours," he spat. "Camille?"

Kayden turned his head slightly, as did Thorne. "What about her?"

I blinked, unsure where Kylan was going with this. She was indeed an issue yet to be handled. The king's eyes and ears...

"Sora is keeping watch, Lian is cleaning," Kylan pointed out. "Dylan and Trinity are out looking for leaves. You murdered her, and Violet..."

His eyes flicked to me for a second, and then they softened. I knew what he wanted to say. Or what he could say.

Violet is a witch, Violet stabbed her first...

I knew he didn't think I did anything wrong, and I couldn't do anything about who I was, but both were true.

"I helped with the grave," Kylan continued. "Nate got exposed as an... addict."

He lifted his chin at Camille. "But she...she hasn't done anything," he said. "When you all go down because she can't keep her mouth shut—and I say you all because I am the crown prince, they'll use the truth potion, and when they do, they won't have anything on her."

"I trust Camille," Kayden said quickly. "She won't tell."

Hearing him say that almost made me feel sorry for him. He relied so much on the raven, yet even the raven couldn't see what that maid of his



had been doing. Any small doubt I had that Kayden might have known and simply chosen to look the other way vanished right then.

"But we don't know that," Kylan answered, holding out the shovel.

Then it struck me all at once. As always, I'm sure Kylan must've had his reasons for not telling his brother about Camille, but for now he was making sure that she would be tied to us. That she could never tell the king without putting herself in danger too.

Kylan must've known the consequences of being directly involved in the murder of the Beta's daughter were not even something he could help her with.

"I won't—" Camille started, her voice tight.

"I don't care," Kylan cut her off. "Get over here and start digging."

Kayden released a laugh, leaning back in his chair. "Camille," he tilted his head to her with a grin. "When my brother tells you to do something, you better do it."

"Yes, Your Highness," she mumbled.

Her hands trembled, but she obeyed. She came forward, her eyes fixed on the ground, and when she was close enough, she took the shovel from Kylan. Then she slowly lowered herself to her knees and pressed the blade into the soil.

One dig, two digs, but before she could reach the third, Kylan kicked the shovel out of her grip. Camille let out a quiet yelp and stumbled forward, catching herself with her hands just in time. Her hair fell around her face as she took several breaths.



Kylan could be cold, but this Kylan...

It reminded me of Starlight Kylan.

I could understand why he was pissed, because I was just as frustrated with her. For how much longer was she going to pretend like she was innocent?

"Now it's deep enough," Kylan decided.

Kayden's laugh faded a bit, and although he was the one who had sent Camille over, he seemed obviously affected by the way Kylan treated her.

A pleased hum escaped from Kylan's lips like this was the reaction he had been waiting for. Hoping for.

"I see you're kicking people to the ground again, Kylan," Kayden spoke. "Just like the old days."

I knew exactly what he was talking about. The battle, the poison...

"You just murdered someone," Kylan said.

"And you watched me do it, and did not do anything to stop me," Kayden raised his brows. "Right?"

As Kayden opened his mouth to say something else again, my eyes dropped to Camille who was still in the same position on the ground. All it would take was a good kick. Just one.

She could meet her end. I could take care of her, and then one more problem would be gone. We would've really hit the jackpot today.

Jackpot?



What the hell was I even thinking?

I sucked in a sharp breath and looked down at my bare hand where my ring was missing. Could it be...

I covered my hand with my palm and rubbed the empty spot as if that could somehow make these feelings disappear, but it didn't.

Camille slowly got to her feet as she kept her eyes on the ground. She thought she could leave unnoticed, but before she could even take her first step, Kylian wrapped his hand around her wrist, holding her in place.

She gasped, her eyes flashing to his. Just by that look in his eyes I could tell how much he hated her...maybe even more than he hated Kayden.

He opened his mouth to speak.



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