

Chapter 303

Kylan

I had Kayden cornered. His chair was pressed against the wall, and I leaned over him, blocking every way out.

That overconfident smirk was there, like always, and all I desired was to punch it off him.

After the mess with Nate, I didn't have a drop of patience left in me. My blood was already hot, and now it was boiling. I hadn't even heard any of the words that were said, didn't know how Violet had ended up in his room, and didn't care.

The only thing I cared about was the sight of his hand wrapped around her wrist like she belonged to him.

Pissed, I bent lower so I could look him in the eye. I was so close I could see the flicker of amusement in his eyes. He liked this. He enjoyed me being here because he had this strange obsession with me.

"I don't know if it's not getting through that thick head of yours," I warned, "but I do not want you around Violet."

Kayden tilted his head, grinning. "Oh yeah?"

I nodded once. "I do not want you looking at her, talking to her, in the same room as her or even thinking of her. I don't want any of it."

He let out a chuckle. "And I just did all of that," he said. "So what are you going to do about it?"

What was I going to do about it?

There was so much I could do about it, and it wouldn't end well for him. He was pushing me to a point of no return, and in that moment, I was forced to think about my own future. Violet's future.

My jaw clenched so hard it hurt, and then I heard a low rumble within me.

'Don't just stand there, Starlight brat!' Valerius growled. 'Let me out. I'll tear him apart!'

A chuckle escaped me. He hadn't shown himself in a while, and now he wanted to tell me what to do? It worked out so perfectly the last time.

I shoved him down and shifted my gaze from Kayden to the cage on my right. Thorne was in it—or whatever that thing had turned into. He didn't seem as aggressive as he had been in the mountains.

"Tell me," I whispered, curious. "If I killed you right now, would that raven of yours save you?"

When my eyes found Kayden's again, he simply shrugged with a mocking grin. "Let's find out."

He released a laugh, and the sound of it made my skin crawl. None of the words seemed to be getting through to him.

I leaned in until my breath hit his face. "I'm not playing, Kayden. This is your last warning. Stay away from her."

Kayden scoffed. "I didn't force her to come up here, Kylan. I asked her politely, and she said yes because she likes me."

"Did she have a choice then?" I asked, narrowing my eyes.

"There's always a choice," Kayden shot back. "She had a choice to say

no. Just like you had the choice not to poison me...but you did."

I balled my fist at the sight of him, ready to punch him again. His confidence had only grown since he drove a dagger through Chrystal's heart. He was too comfortable, too sure of himself, and I hated it. I hated him.

I had to slow my breathing and tell myself to calm down. He wanted me to snap so he could twist the story in his favor...play the victim, just like always.

"Lettie is like us, Kylan," he continued. "She has this dark energy inside of her that has yet to be unleashed, but she's getting there, and Lord Baelor's got big plans in store for her...for us!"

My pulse hammered as his words sank in. He had even gotten so far that he began speaking about Baelor with no shame. He spoke his name like it was holy.

"In case you were wondering, I was just telling her just now," Kayden smiled wide, "that she needs to stop holding herself back, and that goes for you too, but you almost proved yourself when you didn't flinch when we killed Chrystal—"

"What are you talking about?" I interrupted. It was the way he had said it that worried me. His words were serious, and maybe that freaked me out more than that smirk of his.

"I did not kill her," I said.

Kayden's eyes flickered for a moment. He seemed hurt, like he hadn't expected me to say it. But it didn't take long before he slipped right back into his smirk.

"But you also wanted her dead," he said, tilting his head. "Right?"

Yes, I did.

Prophecy or not, I could've stopped him, but I didn't.

And yet...

"But I didn't kill her," I made it clear. "Don't say that."

Kayden rolled his eyes and looked down with a bored expression. "Right, right. I forgot."

Then his gaze snapped back up to me. "I forgot that you pulled her by the strings for years, made your beta's twin your little fuck buddy until she drove herself right into a dagger," he said. "I should've known you carry a bit of guilt over that...because, you're right, your bond was complicated. But still..."

I threw him a glare sharp enough to silence him, though it didn't last. Kayden smirked again, leaning back against the chair. "Oh no, did I hurt your feelings again? My bad."

Once again, he knew where to hit me, and whenever he did, he hit hard. Every word he threw at me was a side I never wanted to face. I felt angry, but more so ashamed.

Shame that some part of what he said wasn't completely wrong.

Kayden opened his mouth wide and laughed uncontrollably. His hand rested on his chest as he threw back his head. "You know what the problem is with you, Kylan?"

"What?"

"The problem with you is that you are all talk. All threats, but when it's time to act? You don't act!"

I swallowed hard. The reason why I didn't act was that I had a conscience. The reason why I didn't act was that he wanted me to act, and had been wanting that for a long time.

In my head, I had already put my hands around his neck and squeezed until that laughter died a million times before.

"Do you know why I have control over everyone, including you?" Kayden lifted his brows.

I didn't answer, but that didn't stop him.

"Okay. I'll tell you," he nodded. "I either make people want to follow me or kill me, and that's a gift. I give them something real to hold on to, something to hate, to fear...and that's the difference between us, brother," he stated. "You're so strong, but so weak...and I will fix you because Baelor thinks you can still be saved."

Well, I didn't want to have do anything with him or that dark Lord of his. The thought of him dragging Baelor into this disgusted me.

"Keep talking," I growled.

"Sure," Kayden hummed. "You pretend you're tough, but you never do anything. You wouldn't even take the glory for killing Chrystal when I offered it, and you've become very boring, Kylan. Pathetic...all bark—"

"No bite," I finished. He had already said it before. "You're doing all of this talking, grinning, mocking, but you still can't tell me what's really been on your mind all these years. So who's really weak, Kayden? Me, or you?"

Kayden's jaw locked, and his smirk faltered.

"We've already come this far," I spoke, exhausted. "And I don't want a repeat of the cavern. So can we just get to the part you've been circling around and end this?"

His eye twitched. "The part where I finally admit...that I hate your guts for what you have done to me?"

"Yes."

"If that's really what you want, and if you're ready to have that conversation," his eyes pierced through mine. "I hate you so much that every time I see your face, I want to drag myself out of that chair and cut your legs off, just so you would finally know what it feels like to be me!" 



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