

## Chapter 88

Kylan

Chrystal looked at me in disbelief, her lips parting slightly as if she couldn't process what she had just heard.

Her chest rose with each breath. She shook her head, her hair swaying side to side. "No," she said, her eyes shifting between me and Nate, looking for someone to deny it—but no one did.

Certainly not Nate, since this was just as new to him.

"No," she said again, her voice filled with desperation.

I knew she would react this way, and that's why I didn't want Puppy in the room. Chrystal was reckless, and had Puppy been here, she would've finished the job she failed to do last night.

That's why I had to tell her what the future would look like—so she would understand never to cross me again.

I took a step closer. "Yes," I stated. "Starting today, she is officially protected by the law of Lyperia—and you won't bother her anymore."

She drew in a sharp breath but didn't say anything.

"She's my mate," I continued. "Your future queen. And you will treat her with respect."

Those words weren't just hard for Chrystal, but for me as well. They weren't something I wanted to say, but they were necessary. It was the only way she would hopefully understand.

Nate, equally flustered, placed his hand on his sister's shoulder as Chrystal shook her head again, more violently this time.

"No," she whispered, refusing to accept the reality. Then she raised her voice. "No, she will never be yours. I won't allow it—"

"You will," I breathed. "You will respect her, and you'll stay out of her way."

"No."

"Yes."

"No."

"Yes," I said, leaving no room for further argument, although I knew she definitely would try.

Her face twisted with anger. "Our dads have arranged for us to get married ever since we were infants. I was born for you, Kylan," she started. "The king is already on his way, and he will—"

"Chrystal!" Nate barked, glaring at her. "That's enough!"

"Nate," Chrystal whispered. "I know you have a soft spot for that thing, but I also know you know that I'm supposed to sit on that throne, not her."

She looked at him, almost pleading for him to take her side—but Nate knew better than that. He knew I had, had enough of her, but what he didn't know was that I wasn't going to lose myself, and snap. Not now.

I gave Violet my word, and I intended to keep it.

"The king is not above the Moon Goddess, and if there's anyone who knows that, it's him," I lowered my voice. Memories of Mom and our life at the palace crept back into my mind.

The way we were neglected, mistreated because the king was forced to follow the law I hated so much. The one I was now using to prove a point.

Chrystal scratched her arms nervously, her lips trembling as she glared at me with wild, desperate eyes. "You'll have to kill me," she said through gritted teeth, her voice breaking. "You'll have to kill me before I'll let you choose that whore over me."

I exhaled sharply, my patience running out. "Right," I said, raising my voice. "I should kill you. I should execute you for what you did to her—for leaving her for dead. But I'm giving you another chance, and do you know why? Because your dad is the beta, and your brother is the future beta. If it weren't for them, you'd already be dealt with."

"That bitch isn't even a Lycan," Chrystal spat, her teeth showing. "It's not fair."

I let out a puff, done with this back-and-forth thing. We could argue all day, but this wasn't going anywhere.

"You don't get it, Chrystal—so I'll explain again. I can grab the law book my ancestors wrote, and we can sit down together to read exactly what happens to someone who goes against the one chosen by the Moon Goddess."

Nate, who knew the law better than anyone, stiffened. His eyes widened at my words as he knew exactly what I was getting at.

"It's punishable by execution, and it won't just be you, but your entire family," I said, my voice clear. "No matter the status. No one is above the Moon Goddess. Not even the king."

Of course, I wouldn't use a law to execute an entire family, but this was getting exhausting.

"Apologize to the crown prince, Chrystal," Nate clenched his jaw, stepping in. "Apologize for disrespecting him and his mate, and beg for his mercy."

Chrystal flinched, her eyes immediately welling up with tears. I could still see the rage behind them, and she was barely holding herself together.

"You planned on killing her yesterday, so I don't need your apology today," I said. "All I'm warning you is to leave her alone—do you understand me?"

She sniffled. "I-I understand."

Good.

That was a start.

I watched as fresh tears rolled down her cheeks, but it did nothing to me. Those tears were nothing compared to what she had let Puppy go through.

"And the bag," I said. "Since you failed to kill her, you won't be needing to hide that anymore, so I'll be needing that."

Nate exhaled, shooting her a glance. He had come all the way here, but he didn't have much to say. After hearing what Chrystal had done to Puppy, he had just been quietly observing the situation.

"Now," he released a low growl, tapping Chrystal's back with his hand.

Chrystal's lips pressed into a thin line before she turned on her heel to go to her room.

Nate and I locked eyes as we waited, neither of us saying anything. I could feel the tension between us, but I didn't let it get to me. This wasn't about him—it was about his sister and her needing to be put in her place.

He would understand.

He always did eventually.

When Chrystal returned with the bag, she shoved it into my hands. I opened it, seeing Violet's gear, her phone, and a few other belongings.

"See," I gave her a nod, my voice cold. "That wasn't that difficult."

I clutched the bag in my hand, then started walking away. "Maybe if you find another hobby, the Moon Goddess will also bless you with a mate."

This conversation was over.

"Wait!" Chrystal yelled just as my hand reached the doorknob, her voice hoarse. I turned to face her. "Is that it?" she asked. "After all those years of disrespect, leading me on, using me for nothing other but my body—is that really all you have to say to me?"