

729 The Game Isn't Over Yet

Ravenscroft Manor.

The moment the servants reported that the Queen had been officially deposed, Maxwell's father collapsed with a heart attack and was rushed to the hospital. When Maxwell received the news, he could hardly believe it.

He had expected the royal announcement to be about the princess's coronation or perhaps a celebration of her return. Instead, the King had dropped two bombshells—divorce and dethronement.

Why would Leif suddenly divorce his sister? Because she hadn't returned to the palace? Or was he clearing the way for Kelly? Whatever the reason, this would devastate the Ravenscroft family. Without royal favor, their influence would shrink, and their rivals would circle like vultures.

He went straight to the palace and demanded an audience with the King.

Leif VI agreed, but forbade him to bring guards—only a single personal aide was allowed inside.

When Maxwell entered the royal study, his tone was sharp from the start. "Your Majesty, I saw the news. Is it true? You are divorcing my sister and stripping her of her title?"

Leif's voice was calm. "Of course it's true. You've seen the announcement. The divorce papers are already signed."

"She hasn't even returned to the palace! How could she have signed them?"

Shane stepped forward and handed him the document. "See for yourself. Her own signature."



Maxwell clenched his jaw. "This is outrageous. Why wasn't I informed? What crime has she committed that deserves this?"

Leif's tone hardened. "You of all people should know. Many others share your doubts, which is why I've called for a parliamentary session in three days. We will address it then."

Maxwell's mind raced. Until the decree was ratified, the decision wasn't final. He still had time to rally the nobles, to block the King's move. The Ravenscroft legacy would not fall so easily.

Outside the study, his aide Gunnar waited by the door, unaware of the maid who suddenly passed beside him. A glint of silver flashed—

Gunnar collapsed soundlessly.

Caitlin crouched to check his pulse, then nodded to Harrison. He dragged the body away while she began her work. Moments later, Harrison — disguised as Gunnar — stood precisely where the real one had fallen.

When Maxwell exited, he gave only a curt command. "Let's go."

Harrison followed him out. The most dangerous part of their plan had begun.

Leaving the palace, Maxwell's thoughts were in chaos. As he reached the front steps, a figure caught his eye.

Bathed in golden light, Caitlin stood in an elegant gown, her presence radiant, every inch the princess she now was.

"Maxwell," she said softly.

He froze, then gave a tight smile. "Your Highness is waiting for me?"



"Indeed. Without your help, I wouldn't be standing here," she replied, her tone graceful but edged with irony.

Maxwell's mouth curved into a faint smirk. "Flattering words from a princess. But I assume this meeting isn't just for pleasantries."

Caitlin met his gaze. "You have my mother. Tell me what you want in exchange for her freedom."

His expression darkened with satisfaction. "Direct. I like that. You have Yun's Aromatic Codex—the map to Atlantis, the key to the Shard of Life. Bring the elixir to my manor tomorrow morning. Hand it over yourself, and your mother will walk free."

Caitlin's eyes stayed calm. "Fine. Tomorrow morning. But she must remain unharmed."

"Of course."

As Maxwell turned to leave, a cold smile flickered on his lips. He thought she was walking straight into his trap, unaware that the game had already turned against him.

The hunt had begun—but who would be the hunter, and who the prey?

The game wasn't over yet.

That evening, Caitlin's phone rang. The voice on the other end made her freeze.

"Sebastian? You're already in Sanctis?"

"I missed you," he said quietly.



She immediately arranged for royal transport to bring him into the palace.

When Sebastian stepped into the princess's chambers and saw her again, he drew a deep breath, as if afraid she might vanish.

"I couldn't stand being away from you," he murmured, pulling her into his arms.

"I'm fine," she said with a soft smile.

"Zeke told me you found your real father. Who is he?"

Before she could answer, Margaret entered with a tray. "Your tea, Your Highness."

"Your Highness?" Sebastian blinked. "Wait... your father—?"

Caitlin laughed. "Yes. I came here searching for my mother, but I found my father first."

Sebastian's eyes widened. "That explains it. I always thought the King's old portraits looked so much like Harrison."

"Come," Caitlin said, taking his hand. "You should meet him."

Leif VI welcomed them in his study, smiling warmly. "No need for formality. You are my son-in-law, which makes you family."

Then his expression turned serious. "Now that you're here, everything is in place. Tonight's operation depends on all of us."

"Yes, Father," Sebastian said firmly.



Night fell.

In his office, Maxwell worked late, arranging votes against the King and preparing his trap for the next morning. Just as he was about to rest, “Gunnar” burst in.

“Minister, bad news—Kelly tried to kill herself!”

Maxwell shot to his feet. “What?!”

“She’s barely alive. You need to come, now!”

Without a second thought, Maxwell grabbed his coat and rushed out. Harrison followed him to the car, secretly activating the tracking signal on his communicator.

Elsewhere, Caitlin, Sebastian, Zeke, Alicia, and Tyler gathered in a safe house in Sanctis.

Alicia grabbed Caitlin’s hands in excitement. “You’re actually a princess! I knew you had that aura about you.”

Caitlin smiled. “Let’s skip the titles. We have work to do.”

She glanced at the tracker. Tyler confirmed, “They’re heading southwest.”

“Good. Move.”

Three teams mobilized simultaneously:

Zeke’s Lightwing unit, Sebastian’s Obsidian Order, and Magnus with the royal guards.

Tonight, they would risk everything to bring Kelly home.