



## Chapter 329

Violet

The moment the guards opened the doors to the throne room, there was a slow creaking sound, and every head inside snapped toward us. All the noise and chatter that filled the room a second before had disappeared.

I held onto Kylan as I scanned the room, taking in all the faces. The council members and the royals, including the mistresses and their children. Before I knew it, my eyes found him.

Kayden...

He sat in front of his siblings, but he wasn't looking at me. He stared down at the marble floor beneath his feet, and yet...the corner of his mouth curled.

It was a silent smirk, but also a silent acknowledgment. He was still enjoying whatever game he thought he was playing, and after hearing from Little Violet what he had planned for not only him, but maybe Kylan as well, I knew that whatever he was planning for the full moon must've been big.

Would he have been in contact with Gloria as well?

Thorne was nowhere near him, and neither was Camille. Understandable, since this seemed to be some kind of formal gathering.

"Why are they looking at us?" I whispered, leaning into Kylan.

"I don't know," he mumbled. "Maybe because we were the last to arrive?"



The dryness in his voice pulled a short laugh from me, but when my gaze moved to the front, the laughter died just as fast. Suddenly, nothing was funny anymore.

The king sat on his throne with an arrogant look plastered on his face. On his left was Lady Mona, who mirrored his expression, and on his right sat Queen Cecilia. Her hands rested on the armrest, and her face seemed tense, but the second she saw us, her expression brightened.

I gave her a quick nod, which she returned, but Kylan's eyes were stuck on Elyx. Both of them released scoffs at the same time.

"Do we know what this is about?" I asked, keeping my voice low.

He arched a brow. "You tell me. You're the —"

"Yes, I know," I cut him off, swallowing.

Psychic, Child of Blood, witch, or whatever...

I felt a presence right behind me, and just when I was about to turn around, I heard a voice. "Morning...I would like to say good, but I'm not sure if it'll be a good one."

My body stiffened, and so did Kylan's hand in mine.

Nate...

He was back.

I turned my head to look at him, and the first thing I noticed was his eyes. They were back to normal. His expression was calm, but there was no smile. Just a quiet stare.

He greeted Kyran with a soft pat on the back, and my heart sank a little. It was a start, and something told me the letter Kyran had sent might've been the push their friendship needed.

I hadn't seen Beta Jack or True and had no idea what they could be up to, but Nate was here.

The two held eye contact for a moment, but no words came out. Still, so much could be said without speaking. They both still carried the weight of what happened to Chrystal, and Nate still felt like his feelings were brushed off because Kyran was not there for him when he needed him.

I was also sure there was even more that Kyran felt he needed to say.

Kyran shot his eyes to Kayden, who still had his head lowered, then back to Nate. He parted his lips slightly. "Nate—"

Nate shushed him and pointed his chin toward the front as the king rose from his throne. My eyes squinted slightly as I counted the chairs again and realized there were only three.

"Doesn't the crown prince get...a chair?" I muttered, confused.

Both Nate and Kyran chuckled at the same time. "Does the king look like someone who hands out chairs to his sons, Violet?" Kyran joked. "Not even Kayden has a chair."

Just as I was about to answer, the king cleared his throat. "Family," he announced. "Council members. I would like to apologize for dragging you all out of bed so early."

He grinned directly at Kyran before continuing, "But I have some announcements to make, and these are announcements that simply cannot wait."



He snapped his fingers. "Can someone please bring me my scroll?"

His oldest son, Eryas, stepped forward immediately and handed him the scroll. The king rolled his eyes at him as he walked away for no reason other than the fact that he could.

It was kind of sad, but no surprise. He had quite the reputation for belittling his own children, and it came to him like breathing. I would pay a good amount to see his memories through the box of ashes, and see what happened to him as a child, for him to be this way.

The king who got rid of his own father...

"The first thing I'd like to address," he continued as he unrolled the scroll, "is our recent trip to the mountains, and how successfully we helped those poor witches," he spoke. "Which we of course could not have done without...The Royal Mate."

Every head turned toward me, and my cheeks already began to glow. Why would he do that?

I looked down instantly, my heart racing.

"All of this...because of a necklace," Kylan muttered.

My breathing turned uneven. Was this really some kind of punishment for giving back the necklace, and if it was, what else could he have planned?

"Look up, Violet," Nate whispered.

Because it came from him, I had somehow gathered the courage to look at the king again, and his eyes pierced through mine. Despite the smirk, his glare was as cold as it could be, and I gave him the same look in



return. A smirk and a glare.

Why was I still fearing this man at this point?

"Because of her, the witches will be able to regain some strength," he continued. "And she was the ultimate push that my son needed to convince me...no, to beg me to help him bring the Lyperian stone back to life again so that the mountain kind can be at their ultimate power and can finally live among us again."

A chuckle left him. "Because we all know that worked out so well centuries ago."

A few chuckled, and others muttered nervously. Opinions seemed divided, but Queen Cecilia lifted her brows in surprise. Even Kayden had raised his head, grinning as he turned to the king.

That's what he wanted, right?

"I'm just kidding. I'm sure we'll all get along because even though this is a Lycan kingdom, we're all Lyperians," the King added, shaking his head and laughing. But he wasn't kidding at all. He wanted his people to remember how powerful the witches used to be.

I felt sick...

This was intentional, and all he wanted to accomplish was throwing everyone under the bus because I hadn't accepted the necklace.

See, I had good hopes that the witches would behave, but if they wouldn't—and if there would be some truth to Varius' words, this would all come back to Kylan.

The one who begged him to help him with the stone.





The veil would open, and one of us would have to take the blame...

Just for that reason, I was willing to do everything in my power to make sure that it wouldn't, and Grandpa Aelius could fight me on it if he wanted. I knew Varius would agree. That was why he gave me the box.

I felt Kylan's hand tense in mine. His jaw set so hard, I could hear his teeth press against each other. He wanted to rip the man to shreds, and I knew he had wanted to do so for a while.

"Calm down," I whispered, drawing slow circles over his knuckles. Kylan inhaled slowly, and his shoulders moved as he tried to relax.

"I am calm," he whispered. "We're not even at the worst announcement yet."

What?

"The second topic I want to discuss," the King began, keeping everyone in anticipation, "is actually..."

He paused long enough for the whole room to feel the threat under his words. The king turned toward Cecilia first, but then he looked back to his left...straight at Lady Mona.

"Betrayal."