



Chapter 330

Violet

Betrayal...

The way he said that word didn't sound right to my ears at all. My stomach twisted with unease. Betrayal...from who? About what?

I slowly looked at Kylan, who just stared at the King with a stoned expression, but even then, I could already read his mind.

Was this about us?

The throne room filled with confused whispers.

"I was inspired," the King continued loudly, lifting his hand to shut everyone up. "Inspired by one of my beautiful daughters, from my fifth mistress."

People parted as a girl stepped forward — Kylan's sister. She walked with her chin raised, a confident smile, and a notebook pressed to her chest. Her dark hair was in a sleek bun, and her fierce brown eyes never left the King.

"Here you go, Dad," she said, handing him the notebook. "Thank you for always being so supportive and appreciative of my work."

Kylan scoffed beside me.

"Thank you, Kirelle," the King answered. As she walked away, he stared at her back with a proud, real fatherlike smile. It was the same one he gave Kaelis when she went for her dress fitting.



I almost wanted to cry for that poor girl because she clearly had been instructed to bring that notebook and say that line. The King was being dramatic as always.

What could possibly be in that notebook that was so 'inspiring'?

"She writes the most beautiful poems," the King announced. "And there was one in particular that stood out to me. I...could relate to it."

He flipped open the page as if it were rehearsed, then cleared his throat.

"What is trust?" he began.

"You said you wouldn't go.

You said you got why I said no.

But you went with him anyway."

He slowly paced down the dais, dragging his eyes to Lady Mona. Her lips trembled as she looked at him with a slight smile.

"And then you looked me in the eye," he continued, raising his voice, "as if compliance was optional. As if loyalty is a costume you can take off."

He took one more step closer. "But it is you who betrayed me!"

His voice snapped, and Lady Mona's eyes darted up and down as she clenched the armrest. She looked cornered and uneasy, and if she could have run away, I know she would have.

It got me thinking...

Was this about Mona bringing Kayden to the mountains behind his back?

Was this his twisted grand reveal?

His way of saying I know.

I glanced at Kayden. He was talking in every sentence, his brows pulled tight.

It went so silent that there was not even a breath. The only thing anyone could hear in the throne room was the sound of his boots as he now walked toward the Queen.

Cecilia did not flinch. She met his eyes like they were equals, and there wasn't a single tremble. Her gaze said it all. Say whatever you have to say because I haven't wronged you.

The King chuckled before lifting the notebook again.

"And you. It is not only they who have betrayed me, but you as well, who laughs too comfortably with the one I am closest to."

The Queen lifted a single brow, and her lips curled as she waited for him to continue.

"You keep saying I hurt you, when both of us broke our vows. You just happen to hide it better."

I stared at Queen Cecilia, waiting for her to crumble, but a weak sigh was all that escaped. She didn't look ashamed or surprised, but rather annoyed. I guess she had already lived through every knife this man could possibly stab her with, but Mona...for Lady Mona, it was different.

But if the first part was meant for Lady Mona, what vow did the Queen break?

The King stared at her for a while longer, then turned to face everyone. "So tell me..." his voice boomed. "How do you expect me to trust any of you, when those who claim to love me act like my boundaries are not law!"

The last word left his mouth so loudly, it echoed through the throne room. No one breathed, no one reacted...well, almost.

Lady Mona pressed a hand to her heart, her chest rising rapidly. She suddenly rose from her chair, and her face went pale.

Kylan let out a chuckle beside me.

"Mona," the King spat, looking over his shoulder. "I do not want you ruining my next announcement, so if you feel unwell...leave," he said coldly.

Lady Mona's breath hitched as she forced herself into a curtsy. "T-Thank you, Y-Your Majesty."

She hurried away, pushing people aside while her daughters and Prince Khaedric scrambled after her. Kayden remained exactly where he was.

He didn't flinch, he didn't run, but his jaw clenched and his eyes were darker than before. Just like Kylan, if he could've killed his father by now, I'm sure he would've. The only difference was that I knew that he was really capable of doing so.

Killing...

The King lifted both hands. "Are none of you going to 'snap' for the princess's poem?" he scoffed. "Isn't that what they do?"

He started snapping his fingers aggressively. "Come on," he said louder.



"Give me something!"

Still, nothing...

"Snap!" he shouted.

And suddenly, the entire room, council, royals, nearly everyone began snapping like brainless puppets. No one really wanted to, but they were all terrified.

I stared at them. Horrified.

"Aren't they supposed to clap at the end?" Nate asked, leaning closer.

"I'm not sure," I told him. "But this gives me the creeps."

Kylan let out a dry chuckle.

"Your sister's got talent," I whispered under my breath, leaning forward to look at Kylan.

His eyes rolled back. "Don't lie, Pup. The poem sucked ass, and it's about the worst thing I've ever heard in my life."

As he spoke, his eyes were fixed on Kayden.

Kayden's arms were folded over his lap, and his eyes turned even colder. So cold, I wasn't sure how long it would take before he would really snap.

"Thank you, idiots," the King said, satisfied.

The snapping finally stopped, and someone from the council stepped forward to take the notebook from his hands and moved aside again.

This whole thing was sick, and I had a feeling that we were only at the

beginning...

"That leaves us to the final announcement," the King spoke. He turned halfway, just enough to face Kylan, and that's when I knew why he had been so tense.

This had to be the King's real punishment for giving back the necklace. A public humiliation...

I felt Kylan's hand tighten around mine. It was so tight, it was almost too painful. "Kylan," I nudged his arm gently. He was in a completely different mood from this morning.

"Sorry," Kylan apologized, dropping my hand. He shot me a worried glance.

"Son," the King called out.

Kylan's jaw flexed. "Your Majesty."

The King's eyes drifted to me. He tilted his head with a smile. It wasn't a kind one, but one that basically said he had already decided exactly how this morning would end for us.

"Now tell me, Kylan," he hummed, "do you want to share the good news about the royal ceremony...or shall I do the honors?"

Commented [Ma1]: