



Chapter 341

Violet

After a very long and exhausting day, all I wanted was a bed, a blanket, Kylan...

And he was here, but it wasn't just him. The whole group had gathered in the library exactly like we had planned.

Us, Dylan, Nate, Trinity, Lian, and Sora.

It was clear most of us had a tiring day, because we all looked exhausted, but at the same time, we were all well aware that there was no time to rest. The next full moon was only days away, and we were all on the same page at least about keeping Baelor inside the Veil under any circumstances.

"I think the important thing for now is to find out how much time we'll have, and what it is we want to achieve once we get there," Dylan began. "And I think the most important thing we can do is remember what was done to lock Baelor back inside that Veil, but if we do have enough time, we should just...end him right there for once and for all."

I let out a sigh, dropping my eyes to the empty spot on my finger. Now would've been the right time to twist it so it could calm my nerves.

The ring, which had been safely secured in my pocket.

The only true worst-case scenario was reaching the exact moment when whatever had happened to my parents finally came to light.

I closed my eyes, trying not to picture it. There wasn't much I remembered from back then, but there had been whispers that the 'rogue



' attack had been so horrible that there was barely anything left of them.

I felt a hand on my shoulder and let out a quiet gasp, then snapped my head to my left. Kylan shot me a worried glance, one I played off with a small smile.

"If our next full moon is in two days," he began, "then maybe we should go as soon as possible, even tonight," he suggested. "We'll have to go anyway, so we'd better just get to it—right?"

We all went quiet.

That was the thing about something this terrifying. We would have to go anyway, and there was no point postponing it to tomorrow, or the Howl. At some point, you either step forward or you don't.

I lifted my head. "I'm in."

Nate didn't even hesitate. "Me too."

Trinity pushed her hair back and huffed. "Dylan and I are just doing whatever Violet wants to do."

We all looked at Lian and Sora. Lian's eyes were strong, full of determination, but Sora...

Not a lot had changed, and she looked as if she was close to fainting.

"Not us, right?" She pressed a hand to her chest. Her voice cracked as she spoke. "We're staying with the box, right? As discussed?"

Lian gently elbowed her, but Sora shook her head rapidly. "I really want to help, I really do," she sulked. "B-But if the Devil really is involved, and there's an opportunity that I do not have to face him, I'd rather not




because I'll only hold everyone back, and we'll all die, and —"

Dylan chuckled. "No one is forcing you to go," he said softly.

Kylan let out a scoff at Dylan's kindness. "Yes, definitely doing us all a favor," he muttered, loud enough for me to hear.

"You can stay here, keep everything together, because that's also an important task," he smiled at her. It was so strange to hear him talk like that, knowing the Dylan from months ago would've had a reaction even worse than Kylan's.

Kylan let out a low hum. "You think we can trust her to take care of us while we're in that box?"

Dylan shrugged. "It doesn't matter what we think, and it's too late to 'think,' because we're all in this together," he said. "But since you asked... yes." His eyes shifted to Sora. "I think her fear for Baelor is big enough to do that." 

And that was the truth. We were all already in this together, whether we wanted to be or not, and we all wanted the same thing. To prevent Baelor from fulfilling his plan.

"You should take Lian!" Sora blurted, her eyes big. "She's much stronger and braver than I am, and unlike me, she won't hold you back."

Lian's head snapped toward her. "Sora..."

But Sora just nodded fast. "I'll watch the box," she said. "I'll keep it safe. I'll keep you safe."

Then she turned to Kylan. "And maybe this way the crown prince will finally believe in me."



She tried to say it lightly, but I caught the vibration in her voice. She was a Lyperian, after all, and I could only imagine what it meant to someone with a heart like hers to be liked by him, to feel validated by her crown prince.

Kylan stared at her. I could sense he wanted to argue, but he didn't. He just gave one accepting nod and turned away again. 1

I couldn't help but wonder whether he felt relief because she wasn't being forced into something he genuinely thought she couldn't handle or guilt because part of him had been so annoyed with her fear earlier, and could now see her trying.

That despite everything, she was choosing to be useful in her own way.

"Okay," Trinity called out. Everyone turned to look at her. "Now that we've decided who's going where, can we go back to the part where we don't know how we'll even stop that thing that we don't even really know about yet?"

Dylan began talking. "I've actually been thinking about that too—"

Trinity's face softened, and she rubbed his arm. "I know, baby," she almost cooed. "I was just trying to hype you up so you could take the spotlight from Kylan."

I let out a small chuckle of disgust. Those two really were something. Kylan leaned down to whisper in my ear. "How come you never hype me up like that?"

I elbowed him, trying not to burst out laughing.

He always made these little jokes when he could feel me getting overwhelmed, and as much as I pretended not to react, I felt grateful



every time. I knew he didn't care about all of that and was just making fun of the situation.

Dylan slipped right back into strategist mode.

"The best thing we can hope for is that we don't land right in the middle of the actual event," he said. "If we get even a little time beforehand, we can figure out who those people were...the ones Little Violet mentioned," he continued. "There's no way she faced Baelor alone, let alone stopped him, and I'm sure they must've helped her—and even if our aunt and uncle were there, they must've known there's not much a shifter can do against a force like that. They were smarter than that."

"So what are you implying?" I asked carefully. It was something that hadn't crossed my mind yet.

"I believe they went against another shifter, possibly a strong one, and I know you told me Thorne can shift into whatever he wants to—but he is still as strong as Baelor, so I don't think they shifted to fight Thorne..."



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