

Chapter 398

Violet

There was this look in Kylan's eyes. One that confirmed that he meant every word he had just said.

I wanted to argue, tell him he was wrong. That he didn't get to say things like that, not now, but my throat was still stuck.

And when it finally felt like I could breathe again, the presence of the others closed in around us.

"Did Kayden just threaten you?" Trinity asked, squinting her eyes.

Kylan shrugged. "Looks like it."

"Are we—" Trinity started.

"Nothing has changed," he interrupted. "We're still doing it."

"I agree," Dylan said. "Delaying it is the last thing we need right now."

My eyes drifted to Sora.

Considering we had locked him inside a pantry and angered him even more, I already felt like shit, but she just looked awful.

One hand pressed to her chest as she tried to breathe through her nerves. Her head rested against Lian's shoulder, and her eyes were visibly glossy.

"He's going to kill me first," she whispered. "He's going to kill me."

Kylan rolled his eyes. "There she goes again," he muttered.

"It's okay," Nate reassured. He stepped closer and awkwardly patted



Sora's back.

"When it's time," Kylan said, "we'll move to the raven and finish this."

A lump formed in my throat.

Finish this.

He still said it like it was something simple. And the closer we got to the point of no return, the more I couldn't fully understand why this group of people, who had seen me fail before, trusted me to do this just because I had told them I was capable.

Trinity lifted her chin, her gaze finding mine. "Are you still up to it?"

I took a slow breath. "I'm ready," I said.

I think..

My voice was calm, but my mind was a mess. Other than the fact that we were going to seal Baelor, there wasn't really a plan.

We would seal him, and then what?

Let Kayden live his life, knowing someone like him wouldn't stop until he got what he wanted?

Just the thought made me feel nauseous because there was no way we could just leave for Starlight in a few days and let him be. It was not an option.

"Where is Kayden anyway?" Nate asked.

Good question.

We all turned our heads at the same time, a little too synchronized to



look natural. It would've been funny if the nerves weren't present. Our gazes traveled the garden before landing on the same spot.

Kayden...

Still surrounded by nosy guests, he stood near one of the tables, a drink twirling between his fingers. One leg crossed in front of the other like he had nowhere else to be, and he was staring at us. His brows lifted, and his lips curled as he raised his glass in a slow, mocking gesture.

"He doesn't seem worried one bit," Lian commented, pointing out the obvious.

He looked too calm.

Nate shifted. "He might have a trick up his sleeve," he chuckled, though I could hear the worry in his voice.

"No," Kylan said. "I doubt it."

I glanced at him. Nothing ever seemed to alarm him. He was so sure of everything, and even though I trusted him with all my heart, I could not shake the fear in my chest.

Dylan turned to face us again. "Kayden is the same person who found every way possible to kill...you know who."

Chrystal.

His eyes flicked to Nate, apologetically. Nate's gaze dropped to the ground instantly and a chuckle escaped him.

"Whether he can or can't do something," Dylan continued, "if he wanted any of us dead, he would've done it by now."



I swallowed hard.

"So no," Dylan added, "I don't think he has strange new powers, the ability to summon anything, or even shift."

A forced breath escaped me, as if his words were somehow meant to calm my nerves.

"But...that doesn't clear him," Dylan went on. "We've all seen how dangerous he can be without any of that."

Silence settled over us.

What was he actually saying?

That we should be afraid, but not afraid at the same time?

Trinity let out a slight chuckle. "Really, who can stop him at this point?"

Kylan seemed to be deep in thought. He released a slow breath. "People are staring," he said, stretching his arms. "We look suspicious. Let's at least pretend we're enjoying ourselves."

He did it first. He planted a smile on his lips, urging us to do the same. I knew he had done it many times before, so it came very easily to him.

"We'll all meet up later."

He reached for my hand, lacing his fingers through mine before pulling me along with him.

"Where are we going?"

I let him lead me, but the gardens kept pulling my attention. They were full of music and laughter, people dancing and eating everywhere. The



king sat at a table with one of his mistresses on his lap, looking completely unbothered.

But we weren't going to the king.

Kylan led us to Cecilia.

She stood slightly apart from the crowd. Her arms were folded, and her eyes were full of fury. She wasn't pretending anymore, and Kylan's words from before suddenly clicked into place.

The people in question was just one, and it was the queen.

She had been watching us.

And even now, her eyes never left us as we crossed the garden. She had already sensed we were coming.

"What are we doing?" I whispered.

Kylan didn't slow down. "She said I could ask her for help," he said quietly. "Remember?"

She did.

"So you are worried?"

Kylan glanced at me, and his eyes gave it away for just a second.

He clicked his tongue. "One of us has to keep it together."

Of course he was at least a bit worried. How could he not be?

We stopped in front of Cecilia, who unfolded her arms at once. Her gaze moved from Kylan to me.



"At last, you need my help," she stated.

Kylan didn't answer. As prideful as he could be, I feared he might turn around and walk away.

He didn't.

His jaw tightened, but no words left him. Cecilia didn't give him the chance.

"You are going to tell me, correct?" she asked calmly. "About what has pushed your brother to shamelessly threaten everyone on the night of Kaelis's howl?"

An uncomfortable chuckle slipped past Kylan's lips.

"What is he after?" Cecilia asked. Her voice softened at the end, and I could already tell the situation was exhausting her before she even had the answers.

"Kylan..."

"Baelor," he breathed. "He's after Baelor."

He had said the name twice, and both times a chill ran down my spine. I watched Cecilia, whose reaction was anything but what I expected.

She didn't flinch, gasp, or appear shocked.

None of that.

No, she chuckled.

Then she laughed softly, holding her stomach as if to keep herself from bursting into full laughter. I stared at her, confused. Had she gone



through so much that this didn't scare her?

"Ah, the devil," she muttered. She stopped laughing and looked at me, her brows lifting slowly.

"And there's nothing even a witch can do?"

What?

My eyes widened, my heart slamming against my chest. Kylan tensed beside me as Cecilia's lips curled into a knowing smirk.

"Well?"

I squeezed Kylan's hand, my pulse racing.

She knew.

Cecilia knew.