



Chapter 436

Day 1

Violet

Witch?

The entire atmosphere shifted the moment that word left his mouth. While it was clear the crowd had first come here for entertainment and curiosity, the energy turned into something else.

It couldn't be true.

Jack had turned his head toward Cecilia, his brows drawn, though he didn't look shocked. He seemed more interested in where this was going, what she was about to do, and whether she had a plan. Or perhaps about the alleged adultery.

Who knew.

I leaned closer to Kylan.

"This has to be fake," I whispered. "He's just saying anything without concrete proof."

Kylan released a small puff, his gaze still fixed ahead. "The adultery surprised me more," he muttered.

That wasn't what I expected him to say.

"What do you mean?"

He glanced at me briefly. "Nothing. You're right," he said. "He doesn't have any proof and is just building up as much drama as he can until the



last day of trial. He won't touch her."

"How do you plead?"

"Not guilty!" Cecilia called out, her voice clear.

"Obviously!"

A faint scoff left her. "These accusations are insane. You're hallucinating."

A wave of reactions spread through the room.

"Am I?" the king asked.

"Yes," Cecilia replied. "And I won't allow you to entertain this any further because if you are going to stand here and accuse me, your queen, of being a witch."

Her chin lifted. "Then you will have to address Lady Mona going to the mountains behind your back to seek help from those same witches to heal her son after you specifically begged her not to."

Loud voices filled the room, and every head turned at once to one person. Lady Mona froze, but the panic in her eyes was visible. Her gaze darted around the room, her hands brushing her dress.

Cecilia didn't stop. "Goddess knows," she continued, "she has sold her soul to the dark lord just to have her son walk again."

Her lips curved into a smile. "Because no one simply walks again overnight...and suddenly develops red streaks in their hair."

The room fell silent as everyone shifted their gaze from Lady Mona to



Kayden. Too many eyes traveled from his legs to those strange red streaks in his hair.

And suddenly I understood why Kylan hadn't been all too worried. She knew Kayden's red hair didn't come from that, but she made everyone believe it did. She wasn't just defending herself, but redirecting everything.

"You want to make up stories and take me down?" Cecilia said, her voice stronger now. "Fine!"

Her gaze locked onto the king. "But I will take everyone down with me...I am your mate. I am the queen, and you will not treat me like this."

Every single person in that room waited for a reaction, but the king didn't respond immediately. He let out a hum, then started laughing. It wasn't a quiet laugh, but one that grew louder with each breath.

"Guards!" He called out once he composed himself, his finger in the air. Two of the guards stepped forward instantly.

"Take Lady Mona to the dungeons," he said, unbothered. "I suppose if the queen's claims are true..."

The guards gave the king a confident nod, then rushed toward her. "Mom?" Kahlia's voice broke through, panicked.

I saw Kayden's lips move. 'No,' he mouthed.

He stepped forward quickly, placing himself in front of one of the guards before they could reach her. The guard stopped immediately, lowering his head as if he feared him.

"Not her," Kayden said, looking up at the king. "You promised!"

My eyes flicked to Kylan, and he was already staring at me. I knew we shared the same thoughts.

Promised what?

Before either of us could process it further, Kayden was pushed aside. It was clear he had no say in this.

Lady Mona was grabbed, then pulled away.

"Wait! No, this is unacceptable!"

She pleaded, but no one listened. Only her children rushed after her. All of them, Kayden included.

And when they were finally out, it still wasn't enough for the room to return to normal. There were no laughs, no giggles. Everyone was serious. The king was unpredictable, and I was certain they must have feared for themselves as well.

Kylan released a chuckle beside me. "It's all so clear now."

"What is?"

His eyes stayed on the king. "That the two of them are working with each other, working against each other, and that everything Kayden has been feeding us today...is complete bullshit."

My eyes narrowed as I looked at him. We knew we couldn't trust Kayden, but this changed everything.

Was Kylan saying that Kayden knew this would happen?

That he knew what would happen to Varius, to the witches, to my friends?



My head started spinning, replaying everything Kayden had said, everything he had done. He had looked so remorseful, and it had all been an act.

"I have stood by this kingdom," Cecilia stated. "I have fulfilled my duties as queen, as mate, and as a mother, even when those duties were not returned with the same respect!"

She addressed the king, and everyone listened. There was a small crack in her strong eyes, and there was no doubt that this hurt her. "I have endured your silence," she exhaled, "the disrespect, distance, your choices. Choices that humiliated not just me, but also our children."

The king shifted uncomfortably, somehow still carrying that smirk on his lips.

"But I have never once acted against this kingdom, and never once turned to forces that would threaten it."

She took a small step forward. "I will not stand here and be accused of something that doesn't make sense. I know you hate me, and I know you want me to be because you need an excuse to hate me, but I am not a witch."

An uncomfortable sound tore from the king's throat. It was clear he didn't know how to respond. "Very well then," he said.

Just like that?

That was it?

Where was the pushback, the argument?

"You will hear your fate regarding this matter on day three, but I would



now like to move on to the adultery charges.”

The room began to stir as he fixed his gaze on his beta. Beta Jack.

Jack's shoulders had already dropped a while ago. He had too much on his mind to focus on these baseless accusations. His eyes flickered once toward Cecilia before settling forward again.

“How do you plead?”

“Not guilty. I haven't done anything—“

“I want to believe that, but I can't,” the king said dramatically, placing a hand over his chest again. “I am not dismissing you as my Beta. I'm just trying to get to the bottom of this.”

Jack let out a weak breath. “I have served this kingdom my entire life,” he said. “You know me best. I have stood by my position, by my duties, and everything that was expected of me, even when I haven't always agreed with you—“

“And yet!” the king interrupted. “These accusations against the queen, against you, come from someone who knows you best as well.”

He lifted his chin to the door. “Your mate.”

The words landed so hard, the color drained from Jack's face. Even the queen had lost her composure. Her hard eyes softened.

“She wouldn't...” Kylan whispered.

“I don't understand,” Jack said quietly. He looked lost and broken. We were all lost...



The doors opened again, pulling every gaze toward the entrance. And even though Kylan said she wouldn't, it was really her walking through that door.

True...



Comments



Support



Share