



Chapter 479

Violet

Left, right, right, down, cave.

That was the path I had engraved in my mind. The one I would never forget, even though I hadn't walked it that often, and the one leading to the cave hiding Bloodstone Haven.

We had left the car near the road, just like the previous times, and from there, we walked. The ground was bumpy, the trees dark, and the sky dark, but not even that could stop me.

Kylan's hand was in mine as I led the way in front.

Behind us, Trinity walked between Dylan and Nate. She struggled with her boots.

"Thank you again!" she huffed loudly. "For the heads up?"

A small laugh escaped me. She had been complaining ever since we left the car. But when Trinity complained, she did it with love. With that thing she always had where she could be in a bad mood and still make sure the rest of us weren't.

"I want to know," Nate said, grinning, "what exactly went through your head when you heard the word caves."

I let out a giggle.

"I don't know!" Trinity said. "Just...a cave, and not all of these bumps!"

"She's right," Kylan defended, glancing back over his shoulder. "These bumps are not normal."



"Thank you!" Trinity began before her eyes suddenly narrowed. "But also, Kylan, I love you, you know that, but you're still in red with me."

He let out a defeated sigh.

"I'm glad Violet forgave you," she continued. "I really am, but I still don't know what for. So don't think we're back to being besties."

Were they?

Kylan exhaled deeply, then looked at me.

I just shrugged with a small smile. There was nothing I could do.

A warmth spread through my chest. Trinity hadn't pushed too hard for the truth, and had just taken what I told her. She kept her own opinion, waited, but never pressed too much.

"That's why someone is going to have to tell us what he did," Dylan said, "so we know whether our hatred is justified."

Kylan's brows drew together. "Our?"

I gave his hand a small tug before it could escalate, forcing him to look ahead again.

"They're not that serious," I muttered. "If they were, they would have killed you a long time ago."

A short, forced chuckle came out of him.

"They might still later," he said. "If I tell them."

I let out a small breath through my nose. Fair point.

I focused on the path again, recognizing a particular tree that bent too



much not to remember. “We need to turn right here.”

We kept walking, and the further we walked, the more nervous I got. It didn't mean that I didn't want to go anymore because I really did. Especially now more than ever. I needed answers about the nightmares, my eyes, Kian, what would become of Kylan...

I tried to keep my breathing steady, but Lumia could feel it. I knew Kylan could feel it too. I could feel it.

‘Calm down, Witchey,’ Lumia muttered. ‘Or your nerves will rub off on me, and I do not appreciate that.’

I drew in a sharp breath.

Calm down...

It was easier said than done. How could I calm down when we were walking to Aelius? My grandfather, who I wanted to embrace in more ways than one while all he could do, besides helping me of course, was bring me down. The grandfather I wasn't good enough for.

What if he would refuse to answer the million questions he wouldn't want me asking, and just give me his task instead before telling us to get lost?

My stomach turned.

I felt sick.

“How are you feeling?” Kylan asked.

“Like I'm about to shit myself.”

A short laugh slipped out of him. “Pup.”



"What? You asked."

He shook his head, still smiling. "Just so you know," he said, "if Aelius pushes you tonight...if he says something he shouldn't, treats you like he did the last time...I will do something about it."

His face was so serious that I almost burst out laughing.

"What?" he asked.

"Please don't fight him again," I told him. I was serious. I appreciated the offer, but that wouldn't get us anywhere.

I shook my head, laughing under my breath, and his lips curled into the smallest smirk. He glanced back over his shoulder, and I followed his gaze.

Nate and Trinity were deep in some quiet conversation, while Dylan's eyes stared straight ahead, right into Kylan's. Glaring.

Kylan's throat bobbed as he turned forward again, then back, and then to me. "I should probably tell them now," he said softly.

"Probably," I mumbled.

My heart raced. Telling them out here, in the middle of the woods before we walked into Aelius's home, felt right and wrong at the same time.

Right, because they deserved to know and would most likely agree with my stance on this. That Kylan had done something completely reckless.

Wrong, because there was no good place for news like this. Ever.

Kylan squeezed my hand once, then he slowed his steps until the others caught up to us. We were still walking in front, but the gap was way



smaller now.

“You guys.”

Nate and Trinity stopped talking, their eyes immediately on Kylan. It was so quiet the only sound left was the wind, leaves, and Trinity's boots.

Kylan took a slow breath in, then out. “There's something I have to tell you.”

The vibe shifted instantly. There had been laughter just seconds ago, but all of that was gone now. The three of them looked between me and Kylan, waiting for someone to speak.

“We're waiting,” Dylan said.

“So...remember when Baelor's half got sealed inside of Thorne?” Kylan began. His tone had drastically changed. He was speaking carefully now, like he was trying to test how far he could go with this confession.

It was the kind of voice I used to use when I was younger, when I knew whatever I was about to say would land badly in Fergus's eyes, and I tried to soften the blow before it hit.

Nate was the first one to react. A snort escaped him. “Of course we remember. That night was a disaster, especially for Vivi.” He glanced at me with a small apologetic shrug, then back at Kylan. “Sure, there's still another half, but whatever that Soothsayer brought us here for tonight, at least that part is over.”

A laugh scattered out of me before I could stop it. Nothing was funny, and I wasn't supposed to laugh. I just felt bad for Nate because that's what we all wanted.

Kylan hummed.



"So about that."

Dylan exhaled deeply behind us. He could already feel the bad news coming.

Trinity blinked at Kylan. "Don't tell me you've lost the raven."

"No," Kylan shook his head. "Thorne is fine, it's just that the shadow..."

"Is still inside the raven, right?" Nate interrupted.

Kylan closed his eyes for a second, then looked forward again. See? Even he was skeptical of saying it out loud. Could he not see that?

It was ridiculous, and sounded even more ridiculous out loud.

"He isn't inside Thorne anymore." A small cough came from Kylan's throat.

"He is inside my body."