

Chapter 527

Kylan

I glared at him through the throbbing headache that refused to go away, waiting for him to say something else.

"You do not look surprised that I know who your mate is, Young Prince," Sterling said after a while of silence.

"Neither do you," I answered. "That I know that you know."

He lifted his chin, scoffing softly. Right then, the pressure at the back of my head had fully eased again. I drew in a short breath and let my shoulders drop. What was I going to do if this would end up showing itself in never ending waves?

"What I do not understand," I began, finding my voice again, "is how you know Alaric is still alive. How you suddenly remembered a scroll none of us have ever heard of before." Not even Aelius had mentioned it. "Or why you came here for it now."

Sterling went quiet for a moment. He rested both hands on top of his cane, then tilted his head to the side to look at me. His eyes had changed as he seemed to drift back to the past. "I believe you know a lot, including that Alaric was once a student of mine."

After I gave him a nod, Sterling turned and began making his way around the large throne room again. I supposed he didn't want to waste any time. "When he first came to Starlight...he only had your dad. He didn't have many people to talk to."

I pitied the man even more already. Having only Elyx seemed worse than a fate inside the Veil. "He talked a lot, I listened, and he had told me



about the scroll once," he said. "Told me the Alpha King had hidden it in this very room, and that it was meant to ensure the throne would always pass to his only son, whenever he's ready, no matter what."

I took in Sterling's words.

No matter what...

"No matter what...as in, not even the Alpha King himself could stop him whenever he was ready to take his rightful place," I concluded.

Which meant...Sterling must've known Eamon was still alive somewhere.

This information was new to me. The thing that surprised me the most was that even with this scroll, Alaric still chose to remain with Adelaide in Bloodstone Haven instead of fighting back, to give her the life she felt most comfortable with.

He could've convinced her to go back, claim the throne, and find another way to fight Baelor.

He could've left her.

Perhaps Eamon wasn't too worried at first because that's what he expected him to do.

But the one thing he didn't know was just how much he loved her.

"An extra set of eyes would help."

Sterling blinked at me, his hand flat against the wall as though a secret passage would somehow reveal itself. I didn't even know why I let him order me around, but my legs moved too, and before I knew it, I was also randomly touching walls.



"But isn't it his birthright anyway?" I questioned. "The scroll doesn't matter much, does it?"

"Oh, but it does," Sterling said immediately. His eyes widened as he looked at me from the side. "You do not need to confirm this for me, but I do not believe Alpha King Eamon is dead," he said. "And if he is still alive, and would somehow return from wherever he has been trapped—which you also do not need to confirm to me, and claim his position, he would be able to control all the packs in the most malicious ways...which has never happened before because it isn't an easy task, but we have to be prepared."

I looked between the crystal wall sconce, looking for something I knew we wouldn't find. Though it was definitely worth a try.

A small smirk curled my lips. Sterling's intentions were clear. He didn't want to know too much, but already knew a lot and just wanted to be on the right side.

I remembered Aelius telling us that Sterling had come to the caves to find Adelaide and Alaric. Back then, Aelius had told him that he mustn't worry and that they were okay.

As the spell thinned, pieces of his memories must've come back to him over time, and he was intelligent enough to understand what was going on here.

There was no doubt he knew about the connection between what had happened in Lyperia with Elyx, the secrets...all of it. Maybe even about Kian...

Esther...

Would he have known about our visits to Bloodstone Haven?



"How did you know Violet would win the race?"

"I did not," he admitted. A weak chuckle slipped past his lips. "I was going to take this team from the start, and when Stellan suggested a battle, there was no doubt in my mind that one of you would win. The Lycan princess, the Alpha princess, Alpha Fergus's son, and Beta Jack's son...it was a given."

A given...

"All of us want the same thing, and all of us have been carrying pieces of this big puzzle," I told him. "None of us has the whole picture...but if we were to put what we know down on a table in front of each other, I suspect we would come a long way."

"I am aware." Sterling scratched the wallpaper with his fingers. "I came to this palace to put my piece down first...I trust you kids will do the rest."

He had remained too calm about this, and hadn't even flinched once. I was quite certain by now that he must've also known that all of us had been sneaking off to Bloodstone Haven, and he just didn't care.

Would he be like that if I told him about the other thing? About half of the God of the Underworld being trapped inside my body because I had done the unthinkable to protect the one I love?

I cleared my throat. "There is so much more you do not know yet. About Adelaide and Alaric. We have been—"

"Nuh uh!" Sterling held a single finger up at me without turning around. "First the scroll. Time is ticking, Young Prince."

I let out a small breath through my nose.

He was right. He said it would matter. I trusted him, so the least I could



do was help him find what he had come here to find.

Together, we tried to look for the scroll. By now, I had inspected every stone, even crouching on the floor. I checked everything, including the long purple carpet and the pillars, but could find nothing.

I wasn't even sure if there was a scroll.

I was on my way to another pillar when the pain returned again. This time so hard, I nearly lost my balance.

A grunt slipped out of me, my hand reaching for my forehead. Sterling glanced at me from across the room, but didn't bother asking me if I was alright this time.

Same as before, I tried to breathe through it, but then I heard a dark and deep laugh coming from somewhere underneath my lips.

It was really inside my body. It wasn't me, and it wasn't...

I froze. 'Valerius?'

It couldn't have been him either. Valerius didn't laugh like that. That could only mean...

A deep sigh escaped me.

What the hell was that idiot even doing in there? He was supposed to be holding him down like he had been doing all this time.

The hairs on my body rose as a voice filled my skull.

'Kylan of Lyperia.'

I did not know whether to brace, panic, or do absolutely nothing. My



body decided for me, and it went for the latter. I just waited, still in pain though it had started to fade away.

'I can save you the trouble, little prince,' the dark voice spoke. 'I can help you.'

No...

No. Go away.

I released a tense breath, trying to think of anything else. But it was impossible. There was no way I could escape him when I didn't even know how to control him.

'You and the old coot are going to be at this all day...and you do not have long anymore.'

He spoke in a breathy tone with each word, and I could feel the hunger in his voice.

'Valerius?' I barked.

The laughter came again, only more amused this time. Like he knew I was asking for Valerius, but couldn't get through him, and found the whole thing hilarious.

'The throne, ungrateful little prince,' he said. 'Use our eyes to lift the seat. Do it.'