

Chapter 528

Kylan

Our eyes...

Those two words were enough to confuse me as I stood in the middle of the throne room with my hand still against the side of my head. I was trying to figure out why the half of that thing that had been fighting me for weeks had just offered to help me find the one thing the Common Land's future was riding on.

Why would he?

There were a hundred reasons for him to keep me in the dark, yet not a single one for him to do me a favor.

What if he had something to gain from me using our eyes together for the first time?

If letting me pull the seat off that throne would open something in me that could not be undone. Not even with this 'teacher's' help?

What if there was a catch?

A sharp gasp came from my throat as the pressure behind my chest pushed down. I could feel Valerius again, taking the upper hand. He had managed to control Baelor.

'Kylan!' His tone was worried. 'Do not listen to him!'

But it was already too late. I let out a slow breath, closed my eyes for a moment, and when I opened them again, they were already set on



the throne.

Sterling was still searching the walls, his back to me again as he mumbled under his breath. He had not noticed me.

I lifted my feet, then took the first step.

'Kylan!' Valerius's voice was still present, still fighting to stop me.

A frustrated breath pulled out of me. It had to be a trap. I knew there was a chance it might be. But if I had to rely on the chance that it might not be, and believe that Baelor had just given me the location of the paper that would put Alaric back on that throne, so be it. It was the one thing that would take Eamon out of the picture, which would be one less thing for us to worry about, and I would take that risk.

No matter what, I could not afford not to look.

A small chuckle slipped out of me, causing Sterling to turn around. His eyes were finally on me.

'I know you can hear me, Starlight brat...'

'Valerius?'

'Finally!' He gave me a low growl.

'I do not think he is lying.'

'And how are you so sure of that, Prince?'

I let out a small breath through my nose as I continued my pace. 'He has been quiet for some time now. Didn't fight against you while he could've, and now, suddenly, he is offering to help, I said. He fears



something...or someone.'

Valerius let out one more low growl, but kept quiet. That's when I knew I had him.

Meanwhile, Sterling turned fully toward me. His attention was on me as I climbed the steps leading to the throne. I stopped at the top.

A calm washed over me as I stared at the crystal throne. I ran my fingers along the top of one of the armrests, feeling its coolness under my fingertips, and lowered my hand until it eventually reached the seat.

"You have found it," Sterling whispered somewhere from behind. It wasn't a question. His cane tapped the floor until he stood at the bottom of the steps.

But what now? How would I be able to connect to Baelor?

My eyes closed as I tried to think of only Baelor, pushing past Valerius's layer. I already hadn't expected it to be easy, but when that pressure hit my skull again, I realized I hadn't expected it to be this bad.

I sucked in a breath through my teeth. I did not like this feeling. I did not like it at all. It was that part that was becoming more and more unbearable.

Baelor?

There was a short moment of silence before a voice slid up the back of my head.



'You have called upon me again?'

'You just heard everything I told Valerius,' I called him out. 'So tell me now. Is it true?'

A simple hum was all I heard. Slow, but amused.

'Something is indeed coming for you, Crown Prince, he said. Well...I suppose for me, but I do not feel like fighting yet,' he went on. 'That's why I need you to take the old man's scroll, the child of blood, and leave this place immediately. That's unless you want all of us to die.'

I glanced back over my shoulder. Sterling was looking up at me with the smallest, most hopeful expression I had ever seen on the man in the entire time I had known him.

My head spun back to the throne, palms resting flat against the seat now.

'I will do this, and you will not fuck me over...'

'Wouldn't dare to,' Baelor spoke. 'I have no desire to fight the old man, Crown Prince, he said slowly. Whatever strength I can feel sitting inside him is not a strength I care to test today...our body is not strong enough yet.'

'Our body?'

A short laugh slipped out of me, and I almost forgot about the pain.

'Is it strong enough to fight Kian?' I wondered. 'If you'll tell me where I can find him, I'll stop him...reunite you with your other half.'



'You cannot fool me, Kylan of Lyperia,' Baelor said. 'Well, it was worth a shot. Even I do not know where he is hiding because he doesn't want me to know,' he continued. I could hear the dismay in his voice.

'And why is that?'

'Because he's convinced you've taken control of me while it is that weakling who has surrendered himself to the witch and Kian.'

Were they not the same?

I am going to push through now, Baelor decided. You will accept me. You will not enjoy it, but it will be over quickly.

A nervous breath escaped me, though my jaw locked with determination.

'Do it.'

Seconds later, it felt like a flame had been lit inside my chest, spreading through my whole body. A sound tore out of me as I grew lightheaded. My hands gripped the crystal armrests.

I could hear Sterling saying my name from somewhere at the bottom of the steps, but it barely reached me. All I could do was stare at the red in my eyes reflected in the crystal.

It was bright, alive, and definitely Baelor. But I was still in control. This wasn't like the night he had first entered my body. Before I could think about it, my hand jerked up on its own and grabbed the underside of the cold seat.

A grunt escaped me as I pulled. With a loud crack, the seat lifted. A

scroll sealed with a purple wax rose from the space beneath it and floated into the air. It kept drifting higher, but I couldn't reach for it. Every bit of my strength was keeping the seat lifted.

"Grab it, quick!" I shouted. I felt a deeper voice underneath mine. Whether it was the sudden command or the strange sound of my voice that had made him react, I wasn't sure, but Sterling's eyes widened.

His cane dropped with a thud, his arm stretched out as he took a stumbling step up and took the scroll. He then pressed it against his chest.

"Unbelievable," he whispered, eyes still on me.

I let out a strained breath as I lowered the crystal seat back into place. It clicked shut, looking the way it had a minute ago. Like nothing had changed at all.

The red disappeared from my eyes, and with it the flame that I had experienced within my body. So did the headache.

I knew my own strength. I could break wood in two with my hands if I wanted to. I could climb a mountain with my bare hands if I wanted to. But I could not have lifted that seat off the throne with my own arms in a thousand years. That strength had come from those eyes.

It had been there, and then it was gone. It had vanished with Baelor. It was as if this emptiness had filled my body. I wasn't hungry for Baelor's power, and I knew that was the way it was supposed to be. But I could only imagine what that kind of power could do in the hands of the wrong person.

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:



I closed my eyes briefly, taking a small breath.

Baelor had held up his end of the deal. As expected, he had not lied about the throne.

He had given me exactly what he had said he would give me, and he had pulled back the second the work was done.

And as much as I wanted to celebrate that moment...the thought of him not fighting back really did scare me. Because why?

Sterling cleared his throat, making me look at him. He held the scroll against his chest, his cane still on the floor. His eyes blinked, waiting for me to explain.

"Well," I said, my voice hoarser than I had meant for it to. "There's no hiding it anymore.. You know what is inside of me now."

He was a man with a lot of knowledge. I didn't have to tell him what the red eyes were or who was inside of me. A small, awkward chuckle slipped out of me.

"But at least I got you the scroll, right?"

I waited for his reaction. This wasn't how I wanted to tell him. In fact, I hadn't planned on telling him at all. But we were in a hurry, and I didn't really have a choice.

Sterling did not smile. He just squinted at me.

"I am not the type to ask for explanations, Kylan Lythoria," he said. "But I have a feeling all of us are long past the point where...some kind of talking probably needs to happen." A soft scoff came from



him. "And this...seems more serious than I understood it to be."

My jaw tightened as I waited for more. I expected fear to fill his eyes, but it never came. It was Valerius who finally pulled me from my thoughts.

"Your friend says we need to leave now..."

"Friend?"

"Baelor," he murmured. "Now, Kylan."

"We need to leave," I told Sterling, not questioning any further. I would trust Baelor for today. "Now."

Sterling bent down with some effort to pick up his cane, then slipped the scroll inside his jacket.

"I can feel it," he mentioned. "The energy in this place is turning for the worse. We need to get the others and get out."

By the time I reached the bottom of the steps, he was already walking. His cane tapped quickly against the floor as he headed for the door. I caught up to him and walked beside him.

"Since the darkness of this place has been whispering to you," Sterling said as we moved, "would you happen to know what that... energy is, so we may prepare ourselves?"

"Valerius?"

"The Demon inside you says his other half has gone rogue," Valerius answered quickly. "It knows you cannot control it yet. It wants to take



care of it directly,' he warned. 'Not just your eyes...he fears Violet's as well.'

A short, bitter chuckle slipped out of me as I already knew what was coming next.

'Prepare for battle, Kylan,' Valerius finished. 'Today.'

So this was what Kian was up to. He couldn't get us on his side, so he wanted to eliminate us right away.

"A battle is coming. Today," I said to Sterling.

In an instant, his eyes snapped to me.

"A battle with who?"

I reached for the handle of the large door before us. My hand squeezed the metal for a moment. I wasn't sure what to say. Kayden, Kian...

"My brother."

