

Chapter 529

Violet

'Pup. We're going. Now.'

Kylan's voice pushed through the mindlink, making me stop mid-step. Jorn and Trinity also stopped walking.

"What's wrong?" they both asked at the same time I linked to Kylan. It was a stupid question on my part.

Everything was wrong. Everything had been wrong from the moment we had gotten here, and it had only gotten worse when Jorn had shoved us both into that tiny storage room to tell us this place was dangerous.

We had not stopped wandering the halls since without the feeling that anything could happen at any time. Now I couldn't help but wonder what Kylan and Sterling might've experienced.

'Too much to explain,' Kylan said. 'Meet us at the front. We don't have long.'

Don't have long for what?

My eyes looked at one of the grand clocks on the wall, and the thirty minutes hadn't passed yet. It was something else.

I did not push Kylan for more. "We need to leave," I turned my head to the side to inform the others. "Kylan..." I glanced around me. "We can't miss the bus."



Both of them understood me clearly, and we quickened our pace. "I'll tell Dylan," Trinity said. Jorn was already leading at the front. Not surprising since he had been vocal about wanting to be anywhere but here.

As we continued the same way we had come, my eyes landed on the guards once more. I scanned them as we passed, immediately noticing the same blank expressions on their faces. I couldn't believe Jorn had to be the one to tell me they were under some kind of spell.

But looking at it, there was no doubt about it. Would it have been Kian? Gloria?

"Vi?" Trinity said softly, nudging my shoulder. I frowned at her.

"Are you happy? With the visit."

I let out a small breath and gave her a shrug. The visit had been shorter than the visits I had made to my grandparents' house back home. It was still worth it. I wouldn't have traded it for the world, but I had ultimately come here in the hopes of finding out more about where Mom and Dad were. Other than that cryptic vision Jorn and I had somehow shared, I had nothing.

My head lifted as I heard footsteps and a familiar cane coming from up ahead. Kylan's gaze locked with mine with a somewhat relieved expression.

Sterling was slightly ahead of Kylan again, looking like he was in a hurry. His free hand was pressed against the front of his coat, like he was holding something in place underneath it. I looked from whatever he was trying to hide to Kylan.



Kylan's jaw was clenched, even tighter than it had been before they left.

More footsteps came from the stairs on the left. This time it was Rochwall, Dylan, and Nate. Rochwall kept a hand against Dylan's and Nate's backs, as if he were urging them to move faster.

Dylan was already looking around the entry hall by the time all three groups reached the same spot at almost the exact same moment.

Nobody said a word. We just looked at each other, like we all knew.

"Does everyone still know how their gear works?"

Rochwall's question cut through the silence. My breath hitched, and my head turned to Kylan.

Why would he ask that?

Our gear was just in case, only if we needed to battle. Panic rushed through me while Kylan remained calm. It was the same for Dylan and Nate.

And especially Sterling, who had squeezed his eyes shut with a suspicious look on his face. "As expected," he said to Rochwall. "You have also found something, haven't you? You know what's about to happen."

My eyes flew back to Rochwall. Know what?

"I've got a hunch," Rochwall said. His voice was flat. Slightly aggravated in a way I had never heard from him before. "And I am getting tired of getting hunches," he hissed out.



His gaze traveled across the group. All of us.

"So when we get to that bus, it is time for everyone to speak up," he said. "If we had known everything from the start, this visit would've looked very different. These kids aren't ready to fight."

"They are not," Sterling cleared his throat. "But if we leave now...we might still make it."

"I-I'm sorry," I interrupted, my fingers rubbing my temples. "F-Fight? Who?"

The words tumbled out of me before I could stop them.

I had never gotten my answer because, right at that exact moment, the door opened and a familiar face stepped into view. It was the supposed Alpha's son whom we had met earlier. Would he also have been under a spell?

"Leaving that soon?" he asked, tilting his head. When I saw the fabricated smile curling his lips, I already had my answer. "You still have ten minutes."

Sterling stepped in front of him. He lifted his cane, brushing it against the man's leg for a brief moment. "We have already seen everything," he said. "But thank you for guiding us, and please thank your father for this incredible opportunity."

The man was left looking perplexed as we all walked past him, following Sterling's lead until we stood at the top of the steps again. Kylan was quick to wrap his fingers around mine and gave me a tug, as if that would somehow make us move faster.



I still didn't know what was going on, but every instinct in my body was screaming the same thing the rest of them already seemed to know, so I just allowed it without a single word of protest.

'They're going to ambush us,' Kylan linked. A gasp escaped me, and I looked up at him. He looked ahead, focused as if he were searching for any danger.

'Who is, they?' I asked.

'The packs...Kian,' Kylan answered. 'And whoever he has standing behind him.'

Fear spread through my body. I knew he was around here somewhere, and it wasn't supposed to scare me anymore, but it still did. The last I had seen him was in my nightmare, where he had looked very unstable.

I didn't even know how Kylan had found out about the ambush. Or how Rochwall had gotten his so-called hunch. One thing I did know was that this was serious and that this was happening with my friends here. Yes, Aelius might've involved them, but I didn't want any blood on my hands. I knew they would do anything to protect me, and I couldn't let that happen.

Rochwall was right. It was time to get real, because the secrets were going to get us all killed.

'What does he want?'

Another stupid question. Of course I knew what he wanted. He wanted the other half of Baelor. 'I mean,' I corrected. My steps



I assumed that meant it had to be something big. Maybe good, bad, or both? Who knew at this point. Apparently something worth risking our lives for.

After a while of walking, we had left the citadel and spotted the bridge from a distance. Suddenly, the silence that fell upon the group was even more intense than before.

Understandable since none of us knew what exactly was waiting for us on the other side and could only brace for the unexpected. Just an hour ago, we had crossed this bridge as visitors, and now Kylan was telling me that we were crossing it as enemies.

My eyes drifted up to Kylan again, and I gazed at him. He was so set on protecting me. Watching me, being there for me, while it was him who had that thing inside him. 'The same goes for you, you know,' I said, unable to keep the words in any longer.

Kylan furrowed his brow at me. 'Don't do anything reckless,' I reminded him, throwing his own words back at him. 'Whatever happens out there...do not let him out under any circumstances.'

A deep breath came from him as he faced the front again. 'Little too late for that, Pup.'

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

get it