

Chapter 530

Violet

My heart dropped, and my eyes widened as I leaned forward and searched his face. Basically anything that would tell me I had misunderstood.

Too late? What did that mean, too late? Had he already used them inside? In front of Sterling at that?

'Don't worry. I'm doing fine,' Kylan reassured me. 'I'll tell you about it later.'

Later?

'How about now?'

My blood was already boiling. He had some nerve, telling me what not to do when he had done the one thing Grandpa Aelius had warned him against. He had a smug look on his face.

I opened my mouth to give him a loud scolding he wouldn't be able to ignore, but Rochwall's voice pulled me out of the spiral.

"Team?"

We all came to a stop in front of the bridge. Rochwall walked past the whole group until he stood at the back. The same position he had taken when we entered this morning. Jorn and Sterling moved to the front.

"When we get off that bridge," Rochwall said, "I need all of you to



head straight for the bus. Do not stop. Do not look back...just let the commanders do their jobs and take over."

His voice wasn't as steady as he might've thought it was. I could hear the fear behind it, and it made my anxiety fly through the roof even more because yes, Rochwall might've been softer than Jorn, but this wasn't him. He did not sound like this.

Nate and Dylan had also been too quiet. They weren't bickering anymore. Whatever they had discovered inside piqued my interest, maybe even more than the object Sterling had hidden.

I looked at them. Nate, Dylan, and Trinity, who was holding his hand. Regarding Rochwall's words, we all seemed to be on the same page.

At least, I thought we were.

One second, he was asking if we knew how our gear worked. The next, he was telling us to let them fall.

"Violet and Trinity will go," Kylan stated.

I was about to tell him off, but Trinity was quicker.

"Excuse me?" She whipped her head toward him. "I was already training for battle when you were still wearing a bib, Your Highness. She and I are not going anywhere."

A surprised laugh burst out of Kylan. He was trying to do the same thing he always did to me to Trinity, only she wasn't having it. Defeated, he dragged a hand down his face before letting out a long, exhausted breath.



Rochwall let out a chuckle as if some small part of him had expected nothing less.

Soon after, we started walking across the bridge. Time passes, and we were about halfway when I came to the conclusion that, for some strange reason, the walk back felt shorter than I remembered. It was, of course, impossible. The bridge hadn't changed, but my pulse had quickened with every step. Even Lumia began to stir inside of me.

She was preparing for something big. I could feel it in my bones. My throat had gone completely dry. I tried swallowing, but there was nothing left to swallow.

"No one is waiting for us at the end," Kylan pointed out.

I followed his gaze toward the end of the bridge, which had come into view. The checkpoint was empty...too quiet.

"Where are they—" I started.

A loud groan ripped out of Kylan, and his hand flew up to his head.

"Kylan!"

My heart ached as I felt a fragment of his pain through the bond. It wasn't even all of it, but I could feel it wasn't right. If this was what reached me, I didn't want to imagine what was tearing through him. He let go of my hand, bent forward, and pressed his palms against his face.

Breaths escaped him as he tried to speak. His lips parted, but the words refused to come out. Each attempt only came out as more broken sounds, and his shoulders shook.



I didn't know what to do and felt completely useless. This was Kylan. Kylan, who barely let anything show, and he was breaking apart right in front of me while I couldn't do a single thing about it.

A sharp sound left him as he dropped to his knees. That's when the others closed in around us within seconds.

Nate was the first to reach us. "What is happening to him?" he panicked. Dylan hovered his hand near Kylan's shoulder like he wasn't sure touching him would help or hurt, Trinity standing beside him.

"Get him up!" Jorn barked. "We need to go!"

"N-No!" I stretched my arm out to create a barrier. "Don't touch him!"

Suddenly, the bridge started shaking beneath our feet. A scream nearly ripped out of me as I grabbed onto the railing to steady myself. My eyes flew to the water below. My eyes flew to the water below. The water beneath us was dark and far too deep. It wasn't safe. 

Rochwall's hand landed on Kylan's back. "Breathe through it," he encouraged. "You're okay."

He wasn't okay.

My heart was beating so hard it hurt. Kian was probably close, and Kylan was in so much pain he couldn't even stand.

I bet Rochwall and Jorn didn't even know what was happening. The rest of us didn't know how to deal with any of this, and Sterling?

Sterling said nothing at all. He had gone very quiet at the front, both



hands folded over his cane as his eyes fixed on the end of the bridge.

Tears burned behind my eyes, but I blinked them away before they could lead to anything more. Not now when he needed me. I was not going to fall apart while he was the one on his knees.

Focus, Violet.

This is your mate.

"Kylan?" I dropped down in front of him and grabbed his hands so I could see his face. He shook his head, refusing to look up. "Please!"

His jaw clenched, his head slowly raising to look at me though his eyes were shut. "Kylan, talk to me."

He finally growled something out, but I couldn't make out the words. "What?" I leaned in closer, my hands traveling to his wrists. "What is it? Tell me."

When his eyes finally snapped to mine, my heart stopped beating for a second. Because those eyes...those were not Kylan's brown eyes.

They were...his.

Baelor's...

Kylan grabbed my shoulders, his fingers digging in just enough to make me stiffen. And when he spoke again, his voice had dropped into something way darker, deeper.

"You need to get away from me...now."