

Chapter 534

Violet

Kian lifted a single finger. That was all it took to stop the light bursting from my palms. A red shield appeared in front of him, splitting the light in two before it faded away.

My hands trembled. That one attack had nearly drained every ounce of strength I had, leaving me breathless. He had brushed it aside like it was nothing.

He didn't even pay attention to me. His red eyes went right past me, straight to...Kylan.

No...

I looked behind me. Trinity, Nate, and Dylan formed a tight wall around him. He had two wolves and a Lycan circling around him, but I didn't know if that was going to be enough.

Sterling was moving too, slowly making his way toward them in case something went wrong. And I knew it would.

Gloria's laughter echoed through the woods, joined by the laughter of the other witches. Esther stood beside her with a hungry look in her eyes. She was only waiting for her turn.

As Kian drew closer, I analyzed the situation further, trying to figure out our chances. Rochwall and Jorn were fighting against the wolves. They were fast, rough, but not too rough. They kept knocking them back, but neither of them was going for the kill.



Because those wolves were under a spell.

None of this was their fault, and they were just as stuck in this as we were.

What were we supposed to do in this situation? What could I do?

"What are you waiting for, Kian?" Gloria called out. "Go get our other half."

My breath hitched as Kian started walking again. The red in his eyes deepened and burned as bright as the red streaks in his hair as he moved. His eyes were fixed on Kylan with determination.

Suddenly, a loud groan of pain tore from Kylan's throat. I immediately spun around, my heart almost stopping. "Kylan!"

Kylan's hands flew to his head as he crashed to his knees. He hunched over, his body folding forward.

What was he doing to him?

Trinity, Dylan, and Nate closed in tighter around him. That's when I decided to do something too. Anything was better than standing there. I bit back my fear and balled my fists, releasing more energy. Then I lifted both palms and sent another blast at Kian.

One after another until I lost count. I just kept sending blast after blast, and every single one slammed into the same magical red shield Kian raised in an instant. He never stopped walking. His slow pace never changed, and he looked completely unfazed.

Come on, do something!



My arms started shaking, my knees buckled, and sweat prickled at the back of my neck as the glow behind my eyes began to flicker. I couldn't go on like this any longer.

If it were just the wolves, we might've won this. But it Gloria, a whole group of witches, Baelor's vessel included.

This was not working...

I was simply too weak.

We needed to get to the bus, and that was the only way out of this.

If I could just clear a path, hold them off long enough for the others to push through...

"Just give it up already, sweetheart!" Gloria's eyes gleamed with satisfaction. "If you keep going on like this, I fear I might actually start feeling for you!"

No, Violet.

Don't listen to her.

"Kian, please!" I shouted his name, begging him as another burst came from my palm. He still blocked it without so much as a glance in my direction.

"Kian, it doesn't have to be like this." My voice grew weaker with every blast. Something warm trickled down my cheek, and I knew I was already bleeding. It hadn't happened this quickly the last time. Not even when we fought Baelor.



My throat burned, and my eyes began to sting. Even then, there was still something inside me. A small, stupid hope that he didn't want to do this. That he was only after power, and things had gotten out of hand when Gloria came into the picture. Because despite everything, he loved Kylan.

He kept walking, and when the next blast barely made it to his shield, I knew it was only a matter of time before I reached my limit.

"Kian!" I pleaded over the chaos around us. "Kayden!"

I called him by his name. His real name before all of this.

His steps didn't stop, but something in his red eyes flickered. It was just for a second, but I recognized it. That same look of regret that I couldn't fully place.

Whatever it was, it hardened just as quickly. His head turned, and then he glared at me. It was ice cold, like there was no heart in there. Nothing left to talk to.

Maybe it did have to be this way.

I released a small grunt to gather my strength, then pushed everything I had left into my hands. Every drop of glow I could pull from my veins got thrown into the light dome I spread around Kylan and the others.

My body weakened, and I prayed to the Moon Goddess that the shield would hold. But when Kian lifted a single finger again, it only took a matter of seconds before it shattered like glass.

Once again, I had given it my all, and he hadn't even used an ounce of



strength.

"This," Kian said, his voice low, "is what happens when you decide to be weak." His voice was emotionless and flat. Not the same obviously happy tone that used to creep me out back in Lyperia.

No wonder he was taking his time. He had just been humoring us this entire time. All of us. He was in no rush because none of us were a threat, and he knew it.

Kian had shown me mercy, because if he really wanted to, I believed he could have ended me by now. Probably all of us.

So would he really kill Kylan? His own brother?

"No..." My voice came out weak. I promised to protect him. I told him... I had to protect him. They were all in the positions they were in because I had instructed them, and I couldn't fail them. I ran, almost stumbling. Then I turned and threw my arms out wide in front of the group.

It wasn't going to do anything. I was well aware. But it would show I was willing to die for them. It would show Kian that he'd have to do more than simply use one percent of his strength to stop me before I'd ever let him get to them.

I glanced over my shoulder, seeing Sterling stand right behind me. He shot me a stern look. "You need to get away," he ordered.

"No." My eyes were still glowing as I faced forward again. I could feel my heartbeat throughout my whole body. I was scared, but I had already decided.



"Listen to the old man. You need to move, Violet," Kian breathed out, his voice still calm. Not Lettie. Violet. "It is not your time yet. I do not want to hurt you while there's so much more potential to reach."

"You will have to hurt me!" I told him, shaking my head. "I won't move."

Kian stopped in front of me, leaving about ten feet between us. The side of his mouth twitched as his hand rose. "I'm not going to hurt you, Violet."

Branches creaked around us as the wind pulled toward his palms, tearing the remaining fog apart in one go. It only grew stronger, his cloak fluttering behind him as his red-streaked hair blew in the wind. Leaves and dirt began to swirl around his feet, spinning faster and faster.

My gaze shifted to Jorn and Rochwall, who already seemed to be struggling because of the wind. Something told me this would end very badly.

When Kian had gathered all he could, he pushed his hands forward, and the wind crashed into us. So strong it knocked the air out of my lungs. He was trying to remove us, so he could get to Kylan without hurting me.

Loud breaths escaped me as I tried to keep myself standing. I forced myself to turn and see what was going on behind me. Trinity's paws left the ground first, and she was sent flying sideways across the dirt. Dylan slammed into a nearby tree, and Nate tried to reach for Kylan, who was digging his hand into the soil. It didn't take long before the wind caught Nate too, sending him flying into another tree.



It was as if Kian had the ability to control who it would hit first, and he executed it with such precision. The control behind it could only come from training.

He had spared Sterling, who drove the tip of his cane into the ground and leaned heavily against it. I was still convinced there was no talking to him, but seeing him ignore Sterling and not hurt Trinity, Dylan, and Nate as badly as he could told me everything I needed to know about who was responsible for the bus driver's fate. That had been Gloria. Entirely.

I was his next target. I could already feel the wind framing my face. My hair whipped so hard around my eyes I could barely see, and my boots struggled against the dirt.

The wind kept coming.

"Kylan!" I screamed his name. I had to get to him.

"Witchy!" Lumia's voice cut inside my head. 'I can't sense Valerius, and Kylan is still too weak. This is not good. You all need to leave. Now!'

'I can see that, Lumia!' I snapped. "Thanks for pointing out the obvious!"

A laugh across the field caught my attention. It was Gloria. Her head was thrown back as she watched everything unfold exactly the way she'd wanted.

As soon as our eyes locked through the flying leaves, she stopped laughing. She looked at me as if to say, Do you understand now? It



was the kind of look that made me realize all of this had only been a simple warmup.

She was done letting us waste her time. My eyes widened, and everything seemed to move in slow motion as she lifted two fingers to her lips and whistled loudly.

"Friends," she chuckled, "our sentimental Kian, who hasn't adapted to our ways yet, is still learning...show him how it's done."

A loud roar I didn't recognize, but still felt deep in my bones, came from somewhere I couldn't place. I felt Lumia stir within me. 'It can't be...' she said, her voice shaking. She must have also heard it. I wanted to ask further, but my attention was elsewhere.

All the wolves pulled away from Rochwall and Jorn, suddenly shifting their focus to Kylan.

My stomach sank as I looked around me. What was happening?

The witches, Esther included, pulled back their hoods and made their way toward us. Their hands were already in the air. Everyone's attention was on Kylan.

I tried to move through the wind, but my legs felt stuck. Rochwall and Jorn were already running, slower than they wanted to. Trinity was on her paws again. Dylan too. Nate pushed himself off the tree he had slammed into, and they all started running, but I knew they wouldn't reach him in time.

None of them would.

But I could make it. I was the closest.



I didn't expect it to be possible, but I managed to gather what was probably the last bit of strength from my eyes, allowing me to lunge forward through the wind.

My body moved without thinking, and when I had finally reached Kylan, I threw myself over him. I pressed myself against his back, holding my arms around his head like that would somehow cover him. Impossible, of course. I was too short, but I would still try. My body would be his shield.

His hand was still buried in the soil beneath us. I could feel him shaking, trying to fight through the pain. "No..." he groaned. "Violet, go ..."

"I told you, I've got you," I whispered. I lifted my head briefly, seeing not only the wolves, but Kian and the witches as well.

They had the advantage over all of us because Kian, who was still standing a few feet away, head lowered, allowed them to. I squeezed my eyes shut and pressed my forehead against the back of Kylan's neck. "You'll be okay. I'll get you out of here. I promise."

And while I made that promise, I could hear the sound of footsteps, the paws only drawing closer and closer.

big sale: 100 bonus free fou you

get it

