



Chapter 559

Violet

I just stood there, blinking while hoping I had misheard him. Who wanted an apology from whom?

An apology from our wolves?

My head instantly turned to look at Kylan, and he did the same. It was one of those looks where we both just knew how ridiculous all of this was without having to exchange a single word.

The mighty Baelor, the cruel self-proclaimed God of the underworld, wanted an apology. I suppose Kylan most likely repeated the same nonsense inside his head because a chuckle slipped out of him.

I felt one bubble up in me too, and chuckled right back at him. Then neither of us could hold it in, and we burst into full laughter.

"You're a funny one," Kylan told Varius. "I knew there had to be a sense of humor buried somewhere in there."

I let out another short laugh, wiping my eyes for a second. But when my eyes locked on Varius's again, it had become obvious that he wasn't laughing. He hadn't even cracked a smile.

He just stood there, patiently waiting for us to finish. That's when my laughter died in my throat.

I had absolutely nothing to giggle about. Not when he was just telling me the one thing that might actually get my parents out of that realm. To be honest, it was the only door left.

"An apology," I muttered to myself. Somehow, it got worse.

The word was small, yet so big. It was more than a word, but convincing



Valerius and Lumia? Two wolves who already wanted nothing to do with any of this, let alone bow their heads to the thing that wanted us dead.

Neither of them would want to. Not in a hundred years.

And the awful part was that they would be in the right. After the way Baelor had tormented them for centuries, why would they even say sorry to him? Why did he even want it from them, when it was Kylan who'd struck the deal and Kylan who'd broken it?

None of it made sense...

I let out a long breath, and that was all I could do.

"Would my apology not do?" Kylan asked. "It was me," he said. "All of it was me, so we can just leave them out of it, and—"

Varius shook his head. "Baelor has had his grievances with those two for centuries," he spoke. "He was never fond of sharing a body with the great Valerius to begin with." His eyes flicked to me. "And as for Lumia, he believed it was she who pushed your mate to end the deal."

"But that is not true!" I defended quickly. That had been me. All me.

Varius continued. "Either way, I believe they should better listen," he said. "See it as a truce. A way for all of them to get what they want," he went on. "You all want to reach the realm, and Baelor wishes to become whole again. To reunite with his other half, and—"

"Well," I cut him off, "not inside Kylan's body, I hope."

A deep sigh came from Varius, and Kylan matched him, though I was pretty sure they did it for entirely different reasons. One because I wouldn't listen, and the other because he would really be stupid enough to do it.

"Violet?"



I looked over at Kylan, who was watching me with a gentle smile on his face. "Yes?"

"I already told you," he said, almost defeated. "I'll do anything to get your parents back," he stated. "Anything...so if Valerius has to swallow his pride and apologize to Baelor for us to get his help, then that's what happens. So be it."

I looked into his eyes, searching for any doubt in them, but found none. He meant every word of it. He was really prepared to go above and beyond, drag his own furious beast into doing something he wouldn't want to. All for two people he had never even met. All for me.

The temple's silence was interrupted by Varius. "Very well then." He reached for his cane. "That means I shall see the two of you back one of these days?" he asked. "We don't have a lot, so the best would be tomorrow? Maybe the day after?"

Kylan frowned. "Wait. That's it?" He took a step. "You said you would help me connect to Baelor. That you would help me handle the problem right away."

"And I have handled it," Varius argued, his voice unbothered. "I looked and found what he wants. You now know exactly what Baelor demands, and unless the two of you can make it happen right now, there is nothing more for me to do." He glanced back.

"There are no eyes to train if he will not open them."

As annoying as that sounded to my ears, he was right. Varius held onto his cane and began making his way out of the temple.

"Where are you going?" I asked.

"I assumed you would want some privacy," Varius said, "to sort out your little..." He waved the cane vaguely in the air. "Problem."



Then he chuckled to himself. "The most interesting part of all this," he added, "is that had you gone with Aelius after all, Baelor might've not involved you or Lumia at all," he told me. "He only wants the girl's wolf because the girl chose to be here." A short sound left him. "Interesting."

I clenched my teeth, watching him walk out. For some reason, that landed worse than everything I had heard in these past days.

Still, I didn't regret coming here. The thing was, I felt safe now. Because I knew Kylan would be safe. As strange and abrupt as Varius was, he hadn't forced Kylan to charge straight at Baelor today, to connect with someone who didn't want to connect.

Because that was exactly the kind of thing that would have happened if it had been someone with a bit less patience. Knowing Varius, there was a good chance that he had already expected this to happen.

Varius worked quickly. He found the problem and left us to figure it out on our own until he could be of use to us again.

Kylan swallowed. "So," he said. "Looks like I won't be dealing with Baelor today after all."

I looked at the small relief on his face. One he tried hiding behind a blank expression. However, his shoulders had dropped again, and those visible nerves had disappeared.

"You don't have to be nervous. I'm with you," I told him softly.

Kylan scoffed. "It's not like that."

"I know," I said, nodding, smiling anyway.

He cleared his throat and awkwardly gestured toward one of the mats laid out across the temple floor. "Might not be a bad idea to try what we learned in Professor Jane's class," Kylan suggested. "I already know Valerius won't answer me, so maybe paying a visit is the only way I get



anything out of him at all."

I thought about Lumia. Convincing her wouldn't be easy either, but she was also someone who would do anything to get Lumen back. Right? So my chances with her were a little better than Kylan's would be with Valerius. I just had to find the right words.

"Yeah," I agreed. "Let's try."

We sat down on the mats, facing each other. Our knees were so close they nearly touched. When I glanced up at him, his eyes were already closed.

My lips curved into a slight smile. If he was truly giving it his all, then I couldn't afford to fall behind either.

So I closed my eyes too.

'Lumia?'

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