

Chapter 0196

Killian's P.O.V

I should have been over the gut-wrenching feeling that settled in my stomach whenever I approached my family crypt where my father lay.

The more time that passed, the more secrets I learned about my parents. Every secret I learned about them made me hate them a bit more.

Joselin stood before the doors to the crypt, holding my father's crown in her hands. She had been stalling on doing this, and I knew it would be hard for anyone, even her. Disturbing one's rest in the afterlife was frowned upon, not that she hadn't done it before. But my father was different.

Not only had he taken her in as family, but we already knew he was still wandering between realms. He hadn't made contact since before the war, and I was almost positive he had moved on. Yet, disturbing his body could anger his spirit; if he was still here, that could mean trouble for her.

"I can do this if you would like, Joselin." I offered, moving to stand at her side, our shoulders only inches apart. "He's my father."

Joselin looked away from the building before us, her hands tightening around the crown. "That won't be necessary. I

need to reseal the vault anyway since someone was able to get it. It shouldn't take long, but if his spirit is angered, his wrath should not be targeted at you. You have more important things to deal with."

Only five steps led down into the crypt beneath the church where my family was buried, and we stood at the top, surrounded by beautiful flower arrangements to honor our people's fallen leaders. If only the people knew just how awful the ones before me had actually been...

If they didn't before, then after my mother's speech on the battlefield, they probably were getting an idea. My mother hadn't been laid to rest here. After what she did, I refused to let her lay with the rest of our blood. She was cremated and released into the wind so no one could ever find her remains.

"Do you want me to go in with you?" I offered, curling my top lip in disgust at the idea of seeing my father's preserved body.

Joselin snorted as she smiled, but I could see the tension on her face. "I don't need an escort."

"Then what's stopping you?" I raised my eyebrow at her, amused when her face turned pink with anger. I was taunting her, and I knew getting her worked up was the only way to give her the push she needed to go in there. Over time I learned that the easiest way to get Joselin to do something was to challenge her.

"Nothing!" She snapped like her usual headstrong and stubborn self. I watched, amused, as she stormed down the steps and into the crypt. Joselin was in there only a few minutes before she came racing out empty-handed like a demon was chasing after her. "There, it's done."

We were all scared of something. Joselin, in particular, hated being around corpses even though she could cut any creature down faster than anyone I had ever seen. She was lethal, but she still had a soul.

"Was that so hard?" I joked, eyeing the goosebumps on her arms, the only sure sign that she had been affected by going in there.

"You're such an ass," Joselin muttered as she stopped at my side, looking back at the castle. "I don't know how Natalie puts up with you."

I smiled at the thought of my mate. I didn't know how she did it either. A woman that strong and beautiful was bound for greatness no matter who the Goddess chose for them. I was proud that Natalie had been tied to me instead of someone else. Before her, I never thought I could be loved the way she loves me, nor did I think I could ever give my heart to anyone and walk away unscathed. "She doesn't. She's stuck with me."

Joselin laughed, bumping her shoulder into mine as we continued to face opposite directions. My eyes were locked on my future, on the entrance to the crypt holding my parents

' bodies, which would one day hold mine.

Hers was on our present, on the castle where our loved ones were.


"You were wrong," Joselin muttered, and I looked down at the little witch who had stuck by me for so many years. She had been through her own hell. Our shitty childhoods helped us to form a connection, and I wanted her to be happy even if I didn't know how to talk to her about it. "When Natalie first arrived, I told you to go for it and be happy, and you told me to do the same thing. I should have just kept my feelings to myself. I made a move, and he wasn't interested."

My eyes widened in surprise as I turned and faced the castle with her.

Tobias always had his eye on her. I had never talked to him about that specific topic, but his feelings for her were obvious since we all grew up together. His rejecting her was the last thing I expected.

"So, make another one. You've never been one to give up."

Joselin shifted uncomfortably as I threw my arm over her shoulders supportively. She had also never been one to need comfort, at least not from me. She used to go to Tobias, and I was glad about it. It saved me from having to have uncomfortable conversations. But if he was the issue, maybe it was time for me to step up... or encourage her to talk to Natalie.


 +5 BONUS

"Trust me, I have made dozens at this point. I did everything except strip down and crawl into his bed to get his attention. I may not act like it, Ian, but I do feel it. It hurts each time he turns away from me or pulls back at my touch. At some point, I have to move on."

This kind of events will not be posted on the current date

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