Explosions of black and gold from Sylvie and the scythe’s battle resounded in the distance but I was focused on the man I had in my grasp.

“I-It can’t—no, it’s impossible. There’s no way—”

“That I’m…Nico?” Elijah coughed as he pried my fingers apart just enough so he could speak. “If you’ve reincarnated into this world, Grey, why is it impossible for anyone else to as well?”

The hand currently wrapped around Nico—no, Elijah, trembled uncontrollably. I squeezed harder. I didn’t want him to talk. I wanted to deny everything. I couldn’t bear whatever it was that he was about to say.

“Art! Watch out!”



Tess’ scream jolted me out of my thoughts, but I couldn’t fully dodge the back spike that Elijah had launched from the ground.

My grip around the black-haired traitor’s neck loosened and Elijah took advantage of that moment perfectly, prying himself loose and punching me square in the jaw with a hellfire-clad fist.