Amy scratched at her scalp. “No, no. I can’t do this. I can’t sleep like this. I need air.” Amy opened the window a crack, letting the breeze come through. Silver hair glinted in the distance. Opal. *What is she doing out now?*

Amy squinted, trying to determine who Opal was talking to, but the figure was covered in a dark cloak, obscuring their features. *No. I shouldn’t, but…*

Her curiosity pulled her from the window. She tiptoed past her mother’s room and into the sitting room where she pulled on her shoes and slipped into a dark cloak before slinking out of the front door and sneaking in the direction that she’d seen Opal.

Amy darted from building to building focusing on the silver hair in the distance until she got close enough to make out their conversation.

“I take it this will be enough for your cooperation?” Opal said and handed the cloaked figure a weapon from their vault. A chalice embedded with a moldavite.

Amy gritted her teeth together. *She’s so desperate to have my head that she’s selling forbidden magic to however that traitor is.* Amy’s cheeks heated. *Unbelievable. Who does she think she is?*

She leaned to the side slighted, craning her neck in hopes of glimpsing the person. Her mouth gaped open. The dark beard and that midnight blue aura. It was the representative from the sorcerer clan and her last hope of having any representatives on her side. Amy gulped. *There’s no way I can have a chance in a fair trial if she’s bribing the only representatives that might have been on my side. I have to get out of here tonight. I need to tell mom. I’m sorry Pieter.*