

ONE LAST

— THE LEGACY OF A PRINCE —

RAINY DAY

THE RAVENHOOD



LEGACY

KATE STEWART

USA TODAY BESTSELLING AUTHOR

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—THE LEGACY OF A PRINCE—
RAINY
DAY**



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Dear Reader,

Spoiler Warning—If you have not read all *THREE* books in the series, now would be the time to catch up to avoid any confusion. As this is a legacy book, several references throughout this novel run through the entirety of the storyline, which could be confusing if you aren't privy to the last installment—*The Finish Line*, which is the blueprint of The Ravenhood series.

Though the following is written predominantly during *Flock*, I strongly advise reading all three novels before starting this legacy book.

TRIGGER WARNING:

Our dark cloud's presence echoes beyond his last chapter. That said, many things are implied off the page but also written in the script that some will find triggering or disturbing. Still, I found it necessary to include them to fully encapsulate our raven's struggles, especially those of Dominic King. Any hero of our time would be burdened with far more than they could withstand, and Jean Dominic King withstood it all for the very best reason—love.

That said, I hope you feel every part of this, as I did while writing it.

All my love,
XO
Kate

[One Last Rainy Day Spotify Playlist](#)

To the heroes we so desperately need. Come out, come out, wherever you
are.

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PROLOGUE

Intuition isn't something I've been granted the same way others have—a gift that sparks up at certain times for guidance. It's never been that way for me. For the entirety of my life, it's been my daily fuel and has never failed me.

Not once.

So how did I get here?

How in the fuck did I get here?

**“He’s a man with too many secrets and no one to share them with.”—
Cecelia, *Flock***



ONE

The purr of Sean’s motor sounds as I tighten the last bolt. The heavy repeat of his engine and crunch of gravel help detract from the noise that’s been echoing in my head for the last twelve fucking hours.

It shouldn’t surprise me anymore—laying witness to acts of disgusting, power-drunk men in a position of so much authority that they become bored. Once that happens, they start testing the limits to see just how much they can get away with. And they do, drumming up and living out the sickest of fantasies—most involving preying on the weak and defenseless.

So, no, while it shouldn’t surprise me—no matter how hard I try—I can’t ever find a place inside myself to fully numb to it. I’m not a praying man, but as of late, I find myself begging for that numb every fucking day.

Relieved Sean’s here to distract me, I peer at him around the hood of the Mazda I’ve been working on since I gave up the possibility of sleep. He saunters toward the bay with a relaxed posture to envy and a shit-eating grin on his face.

“Get that piece running?”

Stupid question.

“Not a stupid question,” he quips, tossing his cigarette down before grinding it out with the heel of his boot. “If you managed the

unmanageable, I would go so far as to call it miraculous.”

Unlocking the hood prop, I drop it down as he situates himself behind the wheel to get his answer. Rounding the car, I move to the other side of the driver’s door where he sits in the shredded pleather seat, one boot planted on the garage floor. Plucking my shop towel from my jeans, I wipe my fingers clean as he turns the key, and the ancient car instantly sparks to life. Grinning, he lifts his chin toward me. “You’d be a half-decent mechanic if you were a little less scary and more conversational.”

I roll my eyes as he continues.

“That’s what, three or four sentences and no reply?” He jests, killing the engine before climbing out and snapping the door shut. “I rest my case.” He scrutinizes me. “Where did you go last night?”

I shrug. “A drive.”

“Yeah? See anyone?”

I jerk my chin.

“Isolation isn’t always good in your case. My door is only feet away from yours.”

“Wasn’t in the mood to talk.”

“Yeah, toddlers behave the same way when they get upset.”

He reads my posture and sighs. “Going to be that kind of day, huh?” He shakes his head in irritation.

The truth behind this rare friction between us is that Sean believes he wants to know what’s circulating in my head. For me to air my shit out so he can pick it apart because he thinks he might be able to help. But because I know him just as well, letting him in on the secrets I’m guarding would only tear his insides to a near irreparable state and leave him in the same predicament I’m currently in. For now—until I can unleash on those responsible for how I’m feeling—I’m stuck in the most hellacious type of prison.

For now.

But soon . . .

“What, man? What?” Sean asks, sensing my struggle against the leash that continues to tighten as I fight against it by the day. He fishes out another cigarette. “Come on, man. Give me *something*.”

The flick of his Zippo calms me a little. The familiar sound reminds me that I am not alone in this and never have been.

“You may think you’re locked up tight enough, Dom, but it’s starting to leak everywhere. You are making this,” he gestures between us, “hard already. If you keep a lid on what’s important *now*, you’ll make what’s coming impossible.”

I don’t bother defending myself because the *situation* is what’s impossible.

Rarely do I ever sit on secrets with Sean, but I can’t utter a single word because if I do, curiosity will get the best of him. He’ll demand to lay witness to what I have. Once that happens, *no one* will be able to stop things from going into motion.

Sean doesn’t have the kind of control needed to keep himself in check—not when it comes to this. It’s getting more unbearable for me as every second ticks by. Something I’ve repeatedly failed to make my brother understand. Every time Tobias dismisses me, he fails us . . . them—all of us.

At one point, I prided myself on being the one capable of gaining access to anything I desired. Now it feels like a fucking curse—with a weight I’ll never be able to lift.

I just have to hold on a little longer. Just a little longer, and then I can serve up what I’ve been bottling up for the last few months since I started my task list.

A list that—for all intents and purposes—pivoted in a major fucking way as soon as I figured out how to tap into what’s been hidden beneath a veil of dentist-whitened smiles and fake patriotic lifestyles. Lives masterfully manufactured to resemble the increasingly elusive American dream. When in reality, I’m laying witness to the hobbies and favorite pastimes of fucking monsters.

The evidence I’m gathering against the powers that be would take down our fragile ecosystem in less than a day. What’s whirring around in my psyche is equivalent to the magnitude of ten atom bombs, and I can’t utter a fucking word.

Not yet.

“Hungry?” Sean asks, knowing he’s not getting anywhere.

Have I eaten? Am I hungry?

“Fuck, man. Two words. Give me two more words, or I can’t leave you like this.” He exhales a stream of smoke. “The hostility is rolling off you.”

Swallowing my response, I step away from his unwavering intrusion. As it stands, I can't make a move without the support of my brother.

Sean breaks up my struggle with a hint of hope as he glances at the plastic clock hanging past my shoulder. "Shit, rain check. I'm going to be late if I don't get going."

The plan. We have a plan.

The last leg of it starts today with his return to Horner Tech. As soon as said plan is executed, nothing and no one will stop me from flipping the overly-polished table to expose the filth beneath. As if privy to that thought, Sean flips his keys into his palm and pushes off the car. As he readies to leave, I find myself wishing he would stay for no other reason than to distract me. Needing company is not me. Never been me. But right now, I need . . . something. "Orientation?"

"That's one word," he quips, his eyes calculating. He doesn't trust me alone with my thoughts. I'm not sure I can trust *my own* much longer. "Give me one more, Dom."

"Ready?"

"Does it matter?" He says, running a hand through his hair. "Time to play my part. See you at the house in a few."