

Chapter 102

Violet

Kylan's eyes were on the dark road as we drove through the quiet night. All I could see were the bright headlights of the car, but hopefully Kylan could see a bit more than that.

We had snuck out just before curfew and were on our way to find the Soothsayer, hoping to get some answers.

The silence gave me enough time to think.

First, about the darkness I felt when I laid eyes on Chrystal, and second, about Esther and her strange behavior earlier, which had pushed Kylan to immediately fish for answers.

Could I really not trust her?

And if I couldn't, what if Kylan had calculated it all wrong and she had seen that we left Starlight?

Along with those thoughts, I also had to deal with guilt.

Guilt toward Nate, for him not getting to choose his sister, and guilt for Trinity, who had asked me earlier where I would be tonight, and I told her I was staying with Kylan.

I really wanted to tell her everything, all of it—and she had the right to know. But now that I knew Dylan was a reckless piece of shit who would run to Fergus at every little chance he got, I had to be extra cautious.

"We'll have to make it back before morning," Kylan said.

I scoffed. "We don't even know where to find him." I rolled my eyes. "The Soothsayer could be anywhere."

Even though I appreciated Kylan's effort, it seemed highly unlikely to me that the Soothsayer would still be in a tent, in the middle of the market—at nighttime.

Just the thought of it was ridiculous.

Especially knowing that the meeting between the two of us wasn't a coincidence.

It couldn't be...

"I don't think it's going to be hard to find someone who wants to be found," Kylan said confidently. "He found you the first time, we'll find him this time."

Suddenly, he hit the brakes, bringing the car to a stop. I turned my head, confused and a bit startled as my cheeks flushed. The last time he had stopped the car that abruptly, I had ended up on top of him, riding him.

No, Violet—this is not the damn sex show, this is serious.

I shook my head to clear the dirty thoughts going through my mind. Kylan spun to face me, his eyes serious. Then he reached out, his fingers gently lifting my chin.

His eyes held a rare warmth. "Do you trust me?" he asked softly.

"Yes," I whispered. "Always."

"Then take off your ring."

I felt a lump in my throat as I instinctively tightening my grip around the ring on my finger.

What was he suddenly asking me?

"What?" My voice trembled.

"Do you trust me?" he asked again, sighing.

I gulped hard, staring at him. "Kylan..."

"Take off your ring," he repeated, yet his voice remained calm.

I trusted him...because if I could not trust my own mate, then who else could I trust?

My hands shook as I followed his instructions and twisted the ring off my finger. It suddenly felt lighter than before, and all I wanted was to slip it back on again.

With a pounding heart, I squeezed my eyes shut, fearing a nightmare or perhaps another prophecy. What was Kylan even doing?

I didn't want my eyes to glow...

I didn't want to lose control...

"Violet," Kylan said gently, his hand cupping my cheek. "Look at me."

I shook my head slightly, feeling a bit humiliated for showing a sign of weakness, even though I had promised not to.

"Violet," he said again, his voice softer this time. "Look at me."

Not looking at him would be an indirect way of telling him I didn't trust him—when I did. I really did.

I took a shaky breath before slowly opening my eyes. First the left one, then the right.

A sense of relief washed over me as Kylan's dark eyes stared into mine—and nothing else. Just his beautiful eyes.

My eyes weren't glowing, and I didn't feel that overwhelming pull from before.

Maybe I was finally starting to learn how to control those eyes after all.

My lips curled into a smile. He smiled back, brushing his thumb over my cheek.

I breathed. "Maybe this isn't—"

Then, in an instant, my vision flickered before it was replaced with something else. A strange image flashed in my mind. It was a clear path through the woods, showing a broken board as it marked a trail—eventually ending at a cave. Inside the cave, the Soothsayer sat by a campfire, waiting.

Once I saw what I had apparently been looking for, I gasped and quickly slid the ring back onto my finger again. My breathing was out of control as I clutched my chest, terrified of what the hell had just happened.

Since when could I do that?

"Violet!" Kylan called out, moving his hand over my back.

"Left, right, right, down the cliff, in the cave," I blurted, giving the directions. There was no time for him to comfort me.

Kylan slowly pulled back his hand, then chuckled softly, shaking his head in disbelief. "Incredible," he muttered, almost impressed as he started the car again.

Incredible indeed.

I sat back with a deep huff.

"How did you know I could do that?" I wondered.

"I didn't," he admitted. "It was just a guess. Since he led us to him the last time, I wanted to know how badly he wanted it this time."

I tried processing his words. He didn't hesitate to use my abilities when it suited him. He wouldn't even touch me because he was scared of my eyes glowing, but somehow he was fine with me risking it to find the Soothsayer.

"Did...they glow?" I asked, pushing those thoughts aside. Overthinking was something I tended to do, even if it wasn't necessary.

Kylan asked me to trust him, and all I did was do just that.

"They did."

I nodded, looking out the window to focus on the path. "You need to turn right here," I said, giving him instructions.

He obeyed as I led him through the path. Eventually, we got deeper into the woods, just like I had seen in my head. The road began to get bumpier, the car moving side to side as Kylan drove over the thick leaves.

"Are you sure this is it?" He frowned, gripping the steering wheel tighter.

"I'm sure."

I looked around, trying to find anything else that might lead us to the Soothsayer, and then I saw it. A familiar hill that I knew would eventually lead down to the cave.

"Down there!" I pointed out.

Kylan gave me a skeptical side-eye. "Down there?" he repeated, lifting a brow.

It looked like it led to nothing but darkness, certainly not inviting—but I knew for a fact that we were headed in the right direction.

"Just like you asked me to trust you," I turned, determined. "I'm now asking you to trust me. It's down there."

It was quiet for a moment, but then Kylan exhaled heavily. "In that case, we should get out and walk," he said, parking the car near a tree.

Once again, I felt terrible.

The woods were supposed to be our safe space. We were supposed to shift, get through the path like any normal shifters—but because we didn't know what we were up against in terms of me shifting, he was forced to drive.

With an anxious feeling, I stepped out of the car, and only then did it hit me just how dark it was outside. It was quiet except for the sound of some rustling leaves.

"Kylan?" I whispered, glancing around when I didn't hear his footsteps.

"Ky—" My voice stuck in my throat as my foot caught on a branch, and I stumbled forward. A gasp escaped from my lips, but before I could hit the ground, two strong hands wrapped around my wrists, steadying me.

I turned around quickly, bumping into Kylan's chest before my eyes traveled up to meet his.

"You're just too clumsy for your own good," he said with a smirk as he looked down at me.

I scrunched my nose at him. "Do not disappear on me like that," I warned him. "Ever again."

New Violet or not, if there was one thing that would never stop terrifying me, it was the darkness.

Kylan chuckled in response. "Lead the way, Witchey."

I groaned, rolling my eyes as I began walking. That nickname sounded horrible...horrendous—and I just wanted him to go back to Puppy.

Puppy sounded much better.

As I walked ahead, Kylan slipped his hand into mine while I led him down the hill. When we finally reached the bottom, a faint glow appeared ahead of us.

It was the cave...

A smile tugged at my lips as I eyed Kylan, who let out a low, impressed hum. We both stopped for a moment, staring at the cave from a distance. Really, I was just waiting for him to take the first step.

"It was your idea," I spoke just above a whisper.

"It's your ancestor," Kylan shot back, smirking slightly. I opened my mouth to respond, but he had already started walking, positioning himself in front of me.

Despite my nerves, I followed him, refusing to let go of his hand.

The closer we got to the cave, the brighter the light appeared. Entering the cave felt just as intense as it was when we had entered the tent. The first thing I noticed was the scent of burning herbs, and I quickly realized the Soothsayer wasn't just sitting at the fire to warm his hands.

Perhaps this was his base?

We turned the corner, and then we saw him—the Soothsayer.

It was just like I had seen in my vision. He wore a long dark cape covering half of his face, just like last time—but this time his appearance was different.

His teeth were rotten, his gums no more—but the grin was obvious. It was as if he had been waiting for me.

The second the man released a cackle, Kylan instinctively pushed me behind him.

The Soothsayer slowly raised his head, dropping the cape as he revealed his eyes—but they weren't glowing this time, neither were they white. They were a piercing ocean blue, which made him seem a bit more normal.

His gaze locked on mine first, and I swallowed.

"So we meet again," the Soothsayer spoke. "Child of my blood..."

Then he shifted to Kylan. "And the foul-mouthed crown prince."