

Chapter 152

Violet

I nudged his shoulder. "I don't need you to hold my hand, Kylan."

He shrugged. "Oh, really?"

He opened the gates, and we walked the dark and quiet campus ground. Being back on these grounds after experiencing Adelaide's time was a big difference. Maybe I was insane, but I liked the old Starlight much better.

The Starlight before the renovations, when the academy looked like it might collapse any second. The new Starlight was too modern, too elite...

"Starlight is slacking these days," I muttered.

"How so?"

"Well," I looked around. "Did you know that back in Mom's time, people didn't even dare step out past curfew? The gates were always open, but everyone just followed the rules without even thinking about it...except for our parents of course. They were definitely something else."

"Mom?" Kylan lifted his brow.

I rolled my eyes. "She's my Mom, is she not?"

He mumbled something under his breath. Something I couldn't quite understand or cared for. It still felt strange to know that I was a princess of royal blood. I mean, I had known for a while, but hadn't given it much thought until I was inside the Veil.

Seeing the way Alaric was treated, heavily guarded, respected, and kept



away from all danger made me realize just how important he had been. It was like that until he had left his life behind to be with Adelaide.

I used to fear and oddly admire Kylan's status so much, only to realize we weren't all that different. Deep down, I carried the blood of the Moon Goddess too—and mine was even closer than his.

Chrystal had walked all over me, had belittled me, from day one, acting like she was better than me. Ever since she convinced herself I'd stolen Kylan from her, the only thing she clung to was her status, only for me to

—

“Watch it.”

I looked ahead and gasped out loud, staring right at the door of Kylan's dorm. Before I could walk straight into it, Kylan had stopped me.

His hands gripped my shoulders from behind, pulling me back against him. I felt my cheeks flush as a chuckle left his lips and he bent down to the point I could feel his breath tickle my ear.

“Maybe you need me to hold your hand after all, Puppy,” he whispered. He leaned over my shoulder to unlock the door, then guided me inside with a gentle hand on my back. “You had all that talk about living in those caves, but what will you do without me?”

I crossed my arms, frowning as the door clicked shut behind him, trapping us in his room. So the cave thing did bother him. The way he had said it left a bad taste in my mouth, but this was what I had made him believe—that I couldn't go on without him.

I wanted him, I wanted him to want me just as much, but what I truly wanted was to have the kind of love Adelaide shared with Alaric, and



Claire shared with Greg. I wanted us to be equals, I wanted us to need each other just as much.

“What is it?” Kylan asked.

“Do you think I’m weak?”

“Why the sudden question?”

“Just...” I exhaled. “Do you think I’m weak?”

Kylan chuckled, dropping his eyes to the floor for a second before meeting mine again. “I think you’ve got more fight in you than half this school,” he said, like he was carefully choosing his words.

Still, no answer to my question...

He walked past me, brushing his shoulder against mine as he went. I turned around at the speed of light.

“All I’m saying,” he added with a sigh. “Is that you wouldn’t know what to do without me.”

My face twitched as I tried to process his words. I was unsure whether to feel proud and acknowledged because he said I had some ‘fight’ in me, or annoyed that he still saw me as someone who needed saving.

There was something I had done—or maybe something I had said in the car, something beyond the cave talk—that made him freak out. Maybe even feel threatened. But I didn’t know what it was, and it was driving me insane.

“Wait, are you afraid?” I wondered.



Kylan paused, glancing at me over his shoulder. “A- Afraid of what? Why would I be?”

I let out a laugh. “Afraid that I might abandon you now that I know what I’m capable of,” I said, giving him a teasing look. “You’re afraid because you realized you haven’t always treated me right, and I could probably get it on with any other prince —“

“Puppy,” His deep brown eyes darkened instantly. I gulped in surprise as he stepped towards me, determined. Before I knew it, he had pressed me against the wall, his hands on either side of me.

My breath caught in my throat, and I looked up at him with wide eyes. His gaze was conflicting, and I couldn’t tell if he was angry or hungry.

“Puppy,” he spoke in a low tone, trapping my chin between his fingers. I could practically feel the heat of his body through my skin, and didn’t dare to move an inch, not even when he tilted my chin, forcing me to look at him and only him.

“I’m glad you found the answers you were looking for,” he whispered. “But you’re really testing me tonight.”

My heart pounded as his eyes flicked down to my lips. Then he moved in, no doubt or hesitation. His mouth claimed mine with an intensity that nearly took my breath away.

His lips were hard, demanding, and he kissed me like he was trying to prove a point. Like he needed to make sure I knew I was his.

He deepened the kiss, sliding one hand down to grip my wrist tightly, and pulled me closer, leaving no space between us. 1

I gasped softly, feeling his tongue brush against mine. His other hand



moved to the side of my face, holding me in place as his lips moved against mine, possessively. I couldn't think straight, couldn't breathe properly, didn't care—just didn't want him to stop.

Perhaps that's why I released a frustrated huff when he did, pulling back just enough to brush his lips against mine. "Do you want me?" He whispered. "Just like the last time?"

"Yes."

My entire body felt like it was on fire. I was tired, exhausted actually—but if he was offering, I would not turn him down.

He smirked against my mouth, moving his hand from my waist to my throat before wrapping his hand loosely around it. My head tilted back as his thumb brushed over my neck.

He didn't do anything, just kept his lips close enough to drive me insane. My breathing grew quicker, and I tried to pull him closer, but his grip on my throat kept me still.

Just when I thought he was going to kiss me again, he pulled away completely, letting his hand drop. Then he stepped back, putting distance between us.

What was he doing?

I stared at him, confused and flustered, trying to figure out what just happened, but all he did was stand there with that stupid smirk on his face.

"And that's why I highly doubt you will ever abandon me," he said confidently, like all of this was nothing more than some experiment.



He had been determined to prove me wrong, and after doing just that, I didn't know whether I wanted to slap him or just give in and jump on top of him.

"Anyway, you should get some rest," he said, making his way to the bathroom. "We've got Commander Jorm tomorrow, and he hates your guts."

He raised his hand as if to wave me off before closing the door behind him.

Exhaling loudly, I slumped against the wall. This was typical Kylan, nothing new. I hated it, everything—but mostly that the more I thought about it, the more I began to realize that I didn't hate it at all.

He could act as confident as he wanted, like he had it all under control—but I knew the truth. What he had just done showed me that he was, in fact, scared that I wouldn't need him one day—and he was right to be.

That day would come, I could feel it. Only, today was unfortunately not that day.



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