

Chapter 158

Violet

It went silent.

I was met with complete silence after I said the words. I looked at their faces, trying to figure out what they were thinking, but neither one of them reacted. They just stared at me with blank expressions.

"I'm half witch," I repeated, only to be met with the same silence.

I knew it.

This was a bad idea. They were shocked, disgusted, and couldn't even find the words.

Kylan and I glanced at each other, both confused, and then I continued speaking. "My real mom and dad..." I explained. "They weren't Claire and Greg. Claire and Greg raised me, but they're not my birth parents. My mom was a witch—a child of blood. That means I am too. And my dad was a prince, the Alpha prince."

Still, no one said a word.

I was just about to fumble my hands, but Kylan grabbed my wrist before I could do so. His eyes narrowed as he stared at the two. "Say something," he quietly demanded.

Trinity and Dylan slowly turned their heads to look at each other, then they looked back at me. Dylan still expressionless, Trinity with a small smile.

"Well," she shrugged, "what do you want us to say?"



I let out a shaky breath. Though my heart was still beating fast, now the lack of reaction gave me hope. Hope that maybe they wouldn't care as much as I thought they would.

"I don't mind," Trinity spoke first. She shrugged her shoulders, nonchalantly. "I like witches. We actually got a few hybrids back home as well."

She didn't mind...

I let out the breath I didn't even know I was holding and smiled, feeling a bit lighter.

"Now, if you would've said vampire though..." her teeth chattered as she shivered, her arms tight around her body. "In that case, I would've walked away...I hate those things."

Kylan let out a quiet chuckle, gently nudging my shoulder. "You wouldn't be the first. We all do."

I didn't though.

I had never met one, so how could I hate them?

My eyes shifted to Dylan, who just stared ahead. I could tell he didn't care, because if he did, he would've opened his mouth already—that was Dylan.

However, he appeared to be in deep thought.

His eyes locked onto mine. "Does Dad know?"

I nodded. "I'm pretty sure he does."



"Does the king know?"

"Yes....It's a long story, but he definitely knows."

"Dad wouldn't give me a reason why he didn't want you with Kylan," Dylan nudged his head. "But now I know why."

He looked at Kylan, his eyes softening. "He was worried that when the truth would come out, he wouldn't be able to protect you."

Protect...

My stomach twisted with dismay. Maybe Dad was right to be worried, but Kylan was not the person he thought he was. Kylan's conflicted behavior had nothing to do with me being a witch—it had to do with his own battles.

Kylan had always protected me and never gave up on me, even when I didn't understand what I was.

"Now that you know," I said, "I need you to help me get Dad off my back. There's no reason for him to stress, because Kylan and I..."

I gestured between us, seeing Kylan's eyes flicker with curiosity.

"This is just for show. Done in the spur of the moment so Chrystal couldn't rip me apart."

Dylan frowned. "So the two of you aren't mates—"

"No, we are," Kylan stated, his voice clear. For someone who claimed he didn't want me, he was pretty fast to make a point.

Dylan looked between us. "So you are mates, but only in name."



I nodded.

Dylan squinted his eyes, thinking again. Then he took a deep breath and leaned back with a satisfied cackle.

“Good.”

Trinity frowned. “Good?”

“Yes,” Dylan hummed. “That she’s not going to be the queen of Lyperia? Yes, good.”

A laugh escaped from his mouth, like a full-on real laugh, maybe even the happiest I had ever seen him. It caught me off guard because it looked like a weight had been taken off his shoulders.

That’s how much Fergus had brainwashed him to hate the idea of me and Kylan.

Kylan rolled his eyes. “Do you feel good now?”

“Yes,” Dylan held his stomach. “A whole lot better.”

As I watched him recover from his fit of laughter, I didn’t know what to feel.

Happy?

Confused?

Maybe sad—because believe it or not, Dylan almost choking on laughter realizing my mate would never accept me was kind of sad.

But then again, I also felt free. I had told them the truth, and they were still here.



"Come on, stop it," I heard Trinity whisper. Her hand connected with Dylan's shoulder, giving him a weak slap.

It was because she knew...

She knew how much Kylan meant to me, and that my feelings for him weren't fake. If not, she definitely would have laughed with him. Her brown eyes stared into mine as she shot me an apologetic smile.

"Anyway," she said, "so how did you find out? Is this the reason why you had to wear those glasses? You know...just in case fire jumped out of your eyes or something?"

She chuckled at her own words, but when I didn't laugh with her, her face turned serious. Dylan gasped softly as if he was now connecting the dots.

Almost automatically, my gaze shifted to Kylan. I always looked at him when I wasn't sure what to do. Maybe because he always knew what to say, or maybe because I just trusted him that much.

He knew what I was asking—whether it was okay or not to tell them more. I also knew what his look was telling me. That it was fully up to me.

I inhaled, then exhaled. "I don't even know where to start."

And then, I told them everything.

I told them about how I found out about Adelaide and Alaric, the glowing eyes, the time I traveled back to the past, and everything I had seen through the Veil. Every single detail. I didn't leave anything out.

When I was finally done, we sat in silence again. Dylan and Trinity looked a little lost, as if they were still trying to paint a picture in their heads.



At last, Dylan cleared his throat. "So...Aunt Claire and Uncle Greg didn't die at the hands of rogues but someone who escaped the Veil?"



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