



## Chapter 207

Violet

Kylan's hand rested gently on my back as we walked through the space connected to the ballroom. The room was filled with long tables, all decorated with gold candles, gold tableware, and flower arrangements so large they looked like blooming trees.

One table stood out from the rest. It was placed on a raised platform, more beautifully decorated than the others, and completely empty.

It wasn't hard to guess—that was our table.

I looked around the room as all the guests began taking their seats, including the mistresses and their children. But one thing was clear. Neither Lady Mona nor her children were here.

They had all left.

Kayden as well.

The Bloodroses were also nowhere to be found. Not a single one of them had shown up to feast. Cecilia and her daughters weren't here either, but I figured that had something to do with the King's big entrance.

"Where's Nate?" I asked quietly.

"With Beta Jack, I suppose," Kylan said.

That was all I needed to hear. It made sense now. Everyone was waiting for the King's entrance. And even though I had wrongfully blamed Kylan for not wanting to share the spotlight, the truth was, it was really Elyx.

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"Your Highness," a man said with a bow. "You may take your places."

I followed Kylan to the table, and he pulled out my chair before sitting beside me. From where we sat, we could see everything, and even worse, everyone could see us.

It felt humiliating.

Why?

Because we were the only ones sitting there. It sent a clear message about how loved I was, not only in Lyperia, but also back home.

I knew this table was meant for our families. The King, Queen, their children. Even Fergus, Sonya, and Dylan. But it was just us.

Kylan leaned closer. "I want you to know—"

I cut him off with a small smile. "No, it's okay. I've learned not to expect too much."

And that was the truth.

Was I hurt? Yes. Of course. I hadn't expected anything from the Bloodroses, but I had hoped at least Dylan would be here.

Still, I wasn't surprised.

This was nothing new, really.

Kylan gently rubbed my shoulder. "You're here, I'm here, and that's all that matters," he said softly. I knew he was trying to comfort me, and I appreciated it. But still, deep down, there was a little empty space that never quite went away. One that had been there for ages.



As I looked ahead, I spotted a familiar face that instantly lifted my spirits. It was Trinity.

Thank the Moon Goddess.

She walked in with Madam Renata, scanning the room. This time, she wasn't alone. Two other girls walked beside her. One glance at their dresses told me they were my ladies-in-waiting. And when I looked at their faces, I saw something even more important. There was kindness in their eyes.

Not at all what I had expected. I had been warned about them. I had even brought Trinity along because I feared the worst.

But now, I felt a small bit of hope that maybe I had been wrong. With everything happening around me, like Kayden, the king, and Chrystal who I would eventually have to face, I was not sure I could handle anything more.

As soon as Trinity saw me, I smiled and waved, almost rising from my seat. Her face lit up as she broke away from the group, ignoring Madam Renata's protests, and rushed toward us.

"Violet!" she said brightly.

Once she reached us, she leaned over the table between me and Kylan. Her face twisted with disgust as she ran her fingers through my curls. "What happened to your hair?" she asked with a gasp. Then she turned to Kylan. "Did you not care enough to fix it!"

Kylan let out a soft laugh beside me. "Good to see you too, Trinity."

His smile was warm and welcoming. By now, I knew it wasn't something he gave to others easily, so it meant a lot that he was able to put



everything aside and try to warm up to her.

It made sense, honestly. The two of them were more alike than they probably realized. They were both loyal, focused, and always expected the best from the people around them. They weren't close, but that could change. Two of the most important people in my life getting along didn't sound like a bad thing.

Trinity glanced at our empty table. "Where are your families?" she asked, raising an eyebrow. "Why are you alone? Is this the loser table?"

Kylan and I looked at each other and burst out laughing. It was such a dumb thing to say, but in a weird way, it did feel like that. I knew Trinity wasn't trying to hurt me—she was doing the opposite.

She was good at turning something awkward or painful into something funny. She knew the Bloodroses hadn't shown up. She knew it stung. But she also knew how to make it sting a little less.

"Guess what?" Kylan said with a smirk.

Trinity frowned. "What?"

"We saved you a seat too!"

I cracked a smile. I had expected something like that. Kylan was just that kind of person. But Trinity hadn't seen it coming. Her mouth dropped open and she let out a dramatic gasp.

It looked like she was about to come back with something sharp, but instead she just shook her head. "Alright. I'll give you this round," she said, rolling her eyes.

Kylan let out a half-laugh. Trinity turned her attention back to me.



"I don't know about your dad," she said. "But I know Dylan will be here."

I made a doubtful face. "I don't think so."

Trinity tilted her head, completely sure of herself. "He will. Believe me. Even if I have to drag him in myself."

Then she gave a small shrug. "Which I won't have to, because he'll come on his own."

The way she said it made me want to believe her. It didn't sound like something she was hoping for. It sounded like something she knew for sure. "Dylan will be there. Just wait and see."

"You should join us and keep Violet company," Kylan suggested, nodding toward the empty seats. "You are the future Luna of the Bloodrose."

Trinity sighed like the title offended her. "Yes, unfortunately."

She made us laugh again. Maybe I should have felt insulted, but right now, she was right, and I couldn't have come up with a better response. Yes, unfortunately.

I looked across the room at the two girls standing awkwardly near the door, not sure what to do. "Are those my ladies-in-waiting?" I asked.

Trinity followed my gaze and nodded. "Yeah. But don't worry."

She leaned in a little closer. "They're nice," she whispered. "But...maybe not as intelligent?"

"Oh?" I scrunched my face with concern. "Good to know."





Without another word, Trinity walked around the platform and took a seat at the 'loser' table, right beside me. I smiled and reached for her hand, giving it a gentle squeeze.

"Thank you."

They were just words. But in that moment, I wondered if she had any idea how much I meant them, and how truly grateful I was.

"It's not a big deal," Trinity said with a small shrug, like her showing up meant nothing.

Kylan leaned forward to look at her directly. "It is," he said. "Thank you."

She blinked, caught off guard, and tucked her chin in to pull a weird face. "You guys..." she said, trying to brush it off.

I smiled, patting her head like she was some little child. "I don't care what your families think," Trinity added. "I'm sold, and I like the two of you together!"

Kylan's shoulder nudged softly against mine. As if it was his way of saying, 'hey, at least your friend approves of us.'

And her approval meant a lot.

There was still so much I had to tell her. I could only imagine how loud she would squeal once I told her the biggest thing of tonight—Kylan told me he loved me.

Even after all the bad things that happened while the night had only just begun, I was still holding on to that meaningful thought.

The thought that Kylan loved me.



However, those thoughts were cut short by the sound of trumpets blasting through the room, and this time they were louder than they had been all night. It was not just one, but several at once.

Trinity and I both tensed, covering our ears as the sharp sound reached us. In just a matter of seconds, all the guests rose to their feet.

"What is that?!" Trinity managed to yell over the trumpet, and I could still barely hear her.

Kylan didn't even look surprised. "Like I said," he called out, "the king likes attention!"



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