



Chapter 215

Violet

I woke up slowly, my eyes fluttering open as sunlight peeked through the large windows.

The first thing I felt was warmth, Kylan's arm draped around my waist, pulling me close to his chest like he was afraid I might slip away if he didn't.

Our legs were tangled, my cheek pressed against his bare skin, and I could feel the steady beat of his heart beneath it. For a moment, I didn't move. I just stayed there.

Yesterday might've been a disaster, but last night was perfect. We never went back to the feast, never danced. We just came straight to his room, not caring who saw us, and locked the world out behind us, putting those soundproof walls of his to good use.

It ended with Kylan kissing every part of me. No rush. No interruptions. We made love slowly, deeply. And for every second Fergus had ruined, Kylan gave me more in return. Way more.

I had lost count of how many times I whispered his name, or how many times he made me look into those brown eyes. My body still ached from it—in the best way.

I nuzzled deeper into his chest, a smile tugging at my lips, already hearing Madam Renata's voice in my head.

'You missed the entire second half of the feast! Do you know how important your introduction to the ladies-in-waiting was?!'



Yes, I would probably be in trouble for the rest of my stay, scolded for weeks, maybe longer.

But lying here like this? With Kylan's arm wrapped around me, his scent still clinging to my skin?

It felt perfect.

I tilted my head to look at him and let out a helpless breath, already knowing it wouldn't last.

It was just past five, and I doubted either of us had a single free moment today.

His lips were slightly parted. His hair had fallen loose from the bun, messy in the best way. His face looked peaceful.

And as I watched him, the one who held my heart, I couldn't stop thinking about what he had done for me.

He stood between me and Fergus without hesitation. He defended me like it was the most natural thing in the world.

He went up against the Alpha of the Bloodrose... and didn't care.

Because all he cared about was me.

I leaned in and kissed the tip of his nose. And right then, I saw the smallest smile appear on his lips, his brows twitching as if it had surprised him.

"You're awake," I whispered.

Kylan sighed as he opened his eyes one by one, and the second he saw



me, that sleepy smile stretched wider. "You caught me."

I let out a soft chuckle and reached up to brush a few strands of hair from his forehead. Our eyes met, and for a moment, we just stayed like that, lost in each other. Neither of us said a word until he finally broke the silence.

"How did you sleep?" he asked, pulling me closer.

"Good."

"And how are you feeling after last night?"

I laughed. "Sore?"

"I'm not talking about that," Kylan frowned, reaching for my hand and placing it back on his chest. "I mean after the feast...and Fergus."

I exhaled slowly. I knew what he meant. But it wasn't something I wanted to talk about. Not the feast, but Fergus. Because if I did, I feared I would end up doing the one thing I really didn't want to do anymore, cry over someone who didn't deserve my tears.

"I'm still breathing."

He shook his head like that wasn't enough.

"I want you to talk to me, Violet," he said softly, pressing his lips to my temple. "I want to be there to protect you...But I can't always be there."


I blinked slowly.

"And I know it's selfish of me to ask, because I'm not the best at talking about my own feelings. But I still want to protect yours."



I could've said it then. About Kayden. About what he had seen, what he had said.

A part of me wanted to, because I knew I couldn't let history repeat itself. But also because Kylan seemed calm, calmer than usual—and willing to listen.

His mind was present. He was here. But that was also the problem. It felt good being in his arms, pretending like we didn't have anything to worry about. And I didn't want to ruin that. Not yet. 

Not when this was the first peaceful moment we'd had in a while. Besides, telling him about Kayden wouldn't change anything right now. It could wait. He could wait.

"I want to talk about you saying you love me," I said instead, my voice soft.

Kylan shifted, pulling back just enough to lean up on his elbow. A grin spread across his face.

"What about it?"

I couldn't help but laugh. Kylan seemed ready and more than happy to talk about his love for me, and it was cute. But the moment I started thinking too much, my smile faded.

Kylan confessing his love to me wasn't just a cute moment. It was real. It was what I had been waiting for. But at the same time, it felt terrifying.

If we were really as serious about each other as I believed we were, then this wasn't just about us anymore. It was about the kingdom. Lyperia.

It would mean staying here. Ruling here. And changing people's opinions



—that the outsider, the Bloodrose girl who was secretly half witch, would be fit enough to become their queen.

The one thing I never wanted.

Even after learning that the Common Lands were my birthright, I refused to give in to high ambitions and just wanted to let it go.

I didn't want too much attention. I didn't want to wear a crown or give speeches or wave from balconies. And I didn't want to stand by while people called for Her Majesty. No.

I wanted to live a humble and selfless life, the kind I had been taught to live my whole life.

And then there were the mistresses.

Chrystal, obviously, was the main one they would push, and yesterday had made that very clear. Kylan said he would handle her, and I believed him. But it wouldn't be just her.

What about the rest?

The ones they hadn't announced yet? The ones I didn't even know about?

There were many beautiful ladies at the feast last night, all 'proper' enough to get appointed as mistresses. Would Kylan expect me to smile and nod while they paraded around the Lyperian court because of their fathers' status?

Kylan's hand brushed a piece of hair behind my ear. "What's wrong?" he asked gently. "You can tell me."

I swallowed.



"I love you," I said. His face brightened instantly, as if it were the first time.

I did love him, and I meant that. With all my heart. "I do want to spend the rest of my life with you," I added.

His eyes lit up, and his fingers tightened at my waist.

"I just don't know if I would make a good queen."

Kylan hummed softly, his hand rubbing slow, comforting circles on my waist. I could tell my answer didn't faze him. He still carried that same soft smile on his face.

"And I know you don't want to give up your title either."

He nodded without hesitation. "You're right. I would rather not, because my people need me," he said. "But...I would, for you. In a heartbeat. If you're saying that this is too much and that you can't handle it, I'll take a step back from Lyperia, walk away from all of it, and focus on us. Just you and me."

Though his sweet words made my heart beat faster, I shook my head. That was not what he truly wanted.

"I know," I whispered. "But I would never ask that from you."

I wouldn't, and could not, take his happiness away from him. Unlike me, Kylan wanted to lead his kingdom to greatness, and I just could not take that away from him.

Sure, I had my doubts in the beginning. I didn't even like him. He was cold, rude, and annoying. But then I had changed my mind. He complained about his people, but he also loved them. He had shown with



actions that he wanted to make a change, and after meeting all of his airhead brothers last night, I came to a very quick conclusion that he was the right choice.

There was no one other than Kylan fit enough to rule Lyperia.

He would become king of Lyperia, and probably even the best ruler the place had ever seen. Though that didn't seem like a hard thing to do.

Kylan's voice brought me back. "If it's the mistresses you're worried about..." He rubbed my hip gently. "You don't have to worry. I promise you, I will make a change. It might take some time, but I'll make sure that it will be just you and me."

Now that the mistress's part had been cleared up, I believed him. That steady look in his eyes sealed it. And yet...

"It's not just that," I said softly. "And I'm not saying I don't want to stay. I'm just saying, I don't know if I would make a good queen, and that's something not even Madam Renata can help me with."

Kylan tilted his head like he didn't understand. "What makes you think you won't make a good queen?"

Was he serious?

I let out a loud cackle. "I stumble over my feet. I grew up in the swamps. I hate giving speeches. I don't like leading."

Kylan smiled as he listened to my rant, his hand sliding to mine as he laced our fingers together.

"And even with all of that," he said gently, "you already meet the most important requirement."



I turned my head toward him, still frowning. "Which is?"

All I hoped was that this wouldn't turn into one of those 'It's in your blood. You're the High Priestess's granddaughter and rightful heir to rule the Common Lands' moments.

He leaned forward and kissed my knuckles. "You have a heart," he said. "You care about people."

Well, that was unexpected.

He pulled back to look me in the eye. "You are a good person, Violet."

I didn't know what to say. Because maybe he believed that...but in moments like yesterday, and everything that had happened over the past days, weeks even, I couldn't help but doubt it.

Would a good person lie to him in his face?

And what did a good person do to deserve getting her head pushed under water?

But most importantly...

"What did being a good person do for me yesterday?" I finally said. "I've been trying to do good all my life, and Fergus still hates me."

My words brought an uncomfortable silence, and for a moment, neither of us spoke. I sighed deeply, gently slipping out from under the sheets as I pulled away from Kylan's warmth.

"So maybe I'm not as good as you think I am, Kylan."

I grabbed my robe from the bed and threw the silky fabric over my



shoulders. Crossing the room, I walked over to the tall window that looked out on a quiet, empty space.

It gave me even more time to think...

What did a good person do to deserve having her whole family walk out on her? Because I know they will.

"What do you think?" I crossed my arms, still staring through the glass. "Do you think the Bloodrose will leave or not?"

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