

Chapter 229

Violet

There was something strange about the way it sounded in my ears—what I'm allowed to share. He made it seem like someone was watching... pulling the strings.

I didn't know if he was trying to sound cryptic on purpose, or if he really believed in something bigger than himself. Either way, it made a chill run through me.

Because who would even decide something like that? Varius? That raven, Thorne?

"Kian has one goal," Kayden began. "Kian wants to make the world a better place. A world where no one's treated less because of their blood, their species...their power, their past, or even their body."

He paused for a moment as he took a deep breath. "When Kian is in control, there will be no more fighting, no jealousy."

I frowned behind his back, trying to make sense of his words. Why was he speaking in third person anyway?

Wasn't he Kian?

I swallowed down the lump forming in my throat. Kayden was somewhat bearable, but this Kian person sounded like a nightmare. I knew it was Varius or Thorne or whatever whispering things into his ear, and I did really believe those people needed help, but at the cost of what?

What would happen if I did decide to help them? Would they take revenge? Attack the citizens of Lyperia?



It was hard to trust Kayden when he seemed to know everything about me, my eyes. Adelaide, the Veil...

"Why does Kian want that?" I asked, curious.

Kayden let out a low chuckle, making it clear he had been waiting for me to ask him that question. "Kian doesn't wish for anyone to get hurt ever again," he said. "Kian wants to separate the good from the bad."

Separate the good from the bad...

As someone who had been through a lot myself, that idea didn't sound too terrible, but unfortunately it was impossible.

There was bad in this world, and good in this world, and that was the way it would always be.

"What does any of this...what does Kian have to do with the state of these mountain people?" I wondered.

Kayden laughed, loud and bright. "That's not Kian," he said. "That's just Kayden, and Kayden wants the ones who have helped him all these years to be in good health, and you are the only one strong enough to do that. That's your destiny, Lettie."

My steps slowed for just a second. He was once again implying I would use my eyes to help these people, but that would just not be an option. With each step, I accepted that it was a decision I didn't need to sleep on because it had already been made.

Using my eyes would be too much of a risk, and there had to be another way.

I would still help them.



There were children in that hut.

Little ones.

Innocent ones.

And no one was helping them.

No one even saw them or cared about them.

Aelius' words about me being selfish were still in the back of my mind, and if I didn't help these people, then maybe he was right.

Yes, there were Baelor's people, but all dark witches were taught to believe in Baelor. That didn't mean they didn't deserve to live. Adelaide believed in him up until some point.

They were not bad people, they just didn't know any better.

A soft gasp left my lips as something suddenly clicked. Baelor's people...

Wait.

If these people were all followers of Baelor...then what about Kayden?

I shook my head quickly. No. Not now. I had too many questions already piling up, and this one...this one would have to wait.

He never told me he believed in Baelor, and he never told me to believe in Baelor either. All I knew was that that Thorne thing showed him everything there is to know about me.

My eyes drifted back to Kayden. I wanted to crack open his mind and read everything inside it. About Lyperia, the king, Kylan and how he really felt. I knew there was much more to it, but he was careful. Way too careful.



Kayden said he didn't resent Kylan, but if he didn't, then what the hell was all of this? The secret plans? The cryptic talk? The dreams of a new world?

It all started four years ago, after the paralysis, which made it hard to believe he didn't resent him.

I took a quiet breath and looked over at him. "Thank you," I said gently. "For keeping my secret all this time? I really appreciate it."

It wasn't gratitude at all, but I was testing the waters. I needed to know more. To understand more. Kayden didn't seem like the kind to feel threatened by pressure.

All he wanted was someone to talk to. If I would give him the cold shoulder, he would shut down or smirk his way through it. I knew because I had done it before.

But if I let him feel seen, maybe I would get to peek into whatever was really going on behind those eyes. Something more than the story he kept repeating about me being born to take away my people's pain.

He glanced at me, a little confused. "Are you really thanking me?"

"Yes," I gave him a nod. "I know I'm the mate of the brother who...who paralyzed you, and I know your father hates me. But you're still here, keeping my secret. So...thank you."

Kayden smiled faintly and turned his head back to the road. "I appreciate that, Violet. Thank you."

In that split second, I could still see it. The caution in his face, and that guard that never quite came down. He was very clever, telling me information he wanted me to know, and making me believe he was



willing to be open, but he was actually so mysterious.

I didn't know about Kian because he decided to share a secret in return. I knew about it because he had decided it was time for me to know. He was pulling the strings.

Even now, he didn't fall for anything.

He didn't get pulled into his feelings about the king, or Kylan, or any of the things I wanted him to give me just a glimpse of.

He was careful.

Very, very careful. Just as I expected.

And now I couldn't help but wonder whether him wanting me to tell Kylan everything was just another part of some bigger plan. Maybe even a trap. He said he knew what Kylan would say, so was that what this was really about?

Or maybe it was just him anticipating Kylan's reaction to me not telling him he saw my eyes. It could easily be both. Maybe he just wanted to watch it all fall apart.

Still, I didn't care.

I was going to prove him wrong.

I would still tell Kylan because he needed to know. He needed to know the truth about everything. I knew in my heart, that he would do something. He would help those people.

The palace came back into view again, and it was starting to get closer. "I'll be heading to the mountains again in two days," Kayden said.



suddenly as a sigh left his lips. "Sleep on it. You've got until then to make up your mind."

I nodded, forcing a smile. "Yes. You'll hear from me."

Kayden looked forward for a moment, then slowly turned his head to me again. "I need to thank you too, Violet."

"For what?"

He let out a quiet breath. "For taking me back to the mountains. For listening to me...for not running away from your people...our people."

Our people?

I stared at him, unsure what to say. His eyes bore straight into mine, suddenly looking softer than I remembered. "I know it might sound crazy," he said, "but I've been in desperate need of a friend. And today, this day I got to spend with you, even though you almost killed me...it's been better than any other day I've had in years."

Well, that was unexpected...

Kayden grinned. "Thank you, you swamp rat."

My cheeks flushed. Before he could see it, I let go of the handle with one hand and turned his head to the side, making him laugh.

Right, he called me 'swamp rat' because I told him to stop calling me beautiful. I really didn't want to laugh, but it was something that would normally make me laugh.

Idiot.

If he thought it was working, he was wrong.

As we reached the palace gates, a car came rolling up the stone path beside us. I wouldn't have noticed if it wasn't for Kayden's loud chuckle.

"Who is that?" I asked, unable to hide my curiosity. Kayden had no time to answer because the car screeched to a stop, and before I could even understand what was happening, the back door flung open.

A tall figure stepped out with force and slammed the door shut. When the figure turned, I could see the absolute fury in his eyes.

Kylan...

My heart flipped the second I saw him. His face was furious, jaw tight. His fists clenched at his sides.

I could feel the anger coming off him, but it wasn't for me. His eyes were locked on Kayden.

And Kayden...

Kayden didn't give him the same energy in return. From the corner of my eye, I saw the side of his mouth twitch into a smile.

"Brother!" he called out, casually raising a hand. "How does my cloak look on her?"

What?

This time, Kylan did look at me. Those brown eyes stared right into mine before dragging down slowly, and I felt them land right on the green cloak that was still wrapped around my shoulders.



He didn't say a word, but he didn't have to. I felt it.

Heat rushed up my neck as I grabbed the cloak with both hands and yanked it off. Then I threw it into Kayden's lap.

My heart pounded. I hated the way it felt. It felt as if I had done something wrong by letting Kayden put something on me that didn't belong to me, but that wasn't it.

Kylan began walking...storming toward us, and he didn't stop. His steps were sharp, face hard, but his silence was even more terrifying.

"He wouldn't dare to punch me, no?" Kayden whispered. "What do you think, Violet? Will he hurt his favorite brother?"

His favorite...what?

I stood frozen, looking back and forth between Kylan and Kayden as I wasn't sure what I was supposed to do.

Except brace myself.

And if this was how Kylan reacted to seeing him near me, I didn't even want to imagine how he would react once I told him the full story.

That Kayden had seen my eyes.

That we had visited the witches in the mountains.

That Kayden thought we were friends.

You know what?

Bracing myself suddenly didn't feel like enough.



Maybe I needed armor, or a shield...or just pray to the Moon Goddess.



Comments



Support



Share