

## Chapter 230

Violet

I counted down the seconds as Kylan got closer.

Five...

Four...

A deep breath came from within, though I wasn't sure what I was bracing for. His eyes were full of fury, but Kylan wasn't seriously about to slap his own brother in a wheelchair, right? Over...a cloak?

Three...

Two...

But then, the car door behind us opened again. First Nate stepped out, then Dylan, then... Fergus? My eyes widened in surprise. Why was he with him?

Kylan froze mid-step, and his head slowly turned toward the car. He seemed ready to attack, but the moment they stepped out, something shifted. There was something that had made him decide against it.

"Violet, you're back!"

Trinity?

I was shocked as she walked up the path with Lian and Sora right behind her. Her eyes were locked on me, full of worry. Meanwhile, Dylan, who had just stepped out of the car, didn't waste a second and moved to Trinity like she was the only thing that mattered.



Even Kayden's maid had suddenly appeared from wherever she had been hiding, her head lowered.

I closed my eyes for a second, feeling overwhelmed.

There was too much happening all at once.

Why were Fergus, Dylan, and Nate stepping out of the same car as Kylan? What happened? Wasn't Kylan out on some duty with the king?

Weren't the Bloodroses planning to go back home?

I was even more overwhelmed as Kylan started walking again. His eyes briefly flicked to those around, and then he swallowed before forcing a smile onto his face.

I knew that smile.

It wasn't real.

He held out his hand to me, and I didn't hesitate to step away from Kayden. I walked straight into Kylan, melting into his warm embrace like it was the only safe place I had.

"Are you okay?" he whispered, pulling me closer. "What did he do to you?"

"N-Nothing..." I stumbled over the word, my eyes flicking to Fergus for just a moment. The two disliked each other. There was no real reason they should be together, and that only made me more curious about the story behind it.

Kayden cleared his throat, and I looked over at him. Even though he tried to appear relaxed, his tight smile slipped just a little.



Wait...was he jealous?

Kylan looked his way. "Violet, what were you doing with him?" he asked, not even trying to lower his voice. "Why didn't I know about this?"

"I—"

But before I could explain, Kylan let go of me and stepped to Kayden. His feet lightly tapped against the wheelchair to grab his attention, but it was not necessary.

Kayden was already looking up at him.

"What were you doing with Violet?" Kylan asked directly.

"I don't know," Kayden stretched his arms, let out a slow sigh, and then his grin came back, even wider than it had been. "Probably more than you've been doing with her," he teased. "You should really show your mate some more love, brother!"

Kylan chuckled under his breath. It wasn't a happy chuckle. It was the kind of chuckle one would let out while thinking about the best way to kill someone.

Kayden brought his fingers to his mouth and let out a loud, sharp whistle. His maid flinched, then quickly started running behind his wheelchair, her gaze still on the ground.

"Hmm, let's see...Lettie slapped Chrystal today, and you can thank me for that!" Kayden began, leaning back. "Oh, and she took me for a walk. That's nice of her, isn't it?"

As he said Chrystal's name, my eyes searched for Nate, but he stood too far to hear. Kylan's head snapped toward me, his gaze intense as he



waited for me to speak.

"It was nothing," I swallowed. "She just...tried to do something, and I took care of it. I doubt she'll bother me again. You don't need to worry."

Aside from the fact that she threatened to kill me, but as crazy as it sounded, those were really the least of my concerns at the moment.

"Yes!" Kayden clapped his hands, grinning. "That smack was so hard, it almost sent her flying right back to the gates of hell!"

He lifted both hands and shrugged. "I actually offered to run her over," he added, letting his voice drop in a whisper, "but...Lettie didn't want me to. Maybe next time."

I glanced at Kylan, and knew what he was thinking. He would probably talk to Chrystal, warn her or whatever, but he didn't have to. Talking to Chrystal would just be a waste of time, and push her to go even further.

I didn't care for even more drama. All I could think about were those mountains, those witches who needed help and believed I would be the one to save them, and Kayden knowing damn near everything about me. Those were the only things that mattered.

And yes, I would tell Kylan about it—all of it. But not here, not like this with all these people around.

Kayden caught my eye and shot me a wink. "I'll give the two of you privacy," he yawned. "Even I can tell I'm not wanted here."

His maid pushed the wheelchair, but just as they started to roll past us, Kylan suddenly decided he wasn't having any of it.

"Kayden!" he snapped.



The chair stopped. Kayden let out a hum as he turned his head, not looking surprised at all. It was almost like he had expected it.

"Do not ever let this happen again," Kylan's voice cut through. "Do not ever leave with my mate again without my permission."

My brows pulled together, and my hand reached for his arm to calm him down.

Kayden just chuckled under his breath. "I didn't mean any disrespect," he said lightly. "If you think I overstepped, I would like to apologize."

Then he turned to look at me. "But don't worry. Lettie threw a few hints out there that she would love to take you with us next time. Isn't that right, Lettie?"

What was he on about?

I had learned way too often that in some situations it was just better to keep my mouth shut, so I did. I just waited as his eyes skimmed up and down before his maid finally pushed him away.

And as I stood there, stuck in place, I wasn't sure what was racing faster. My heart or my thoughts.

Kylan's eyes were cold and glued to Kayden as he rolled away. He watched as Kayden nodded at several people while he passed. Nate, Trinity, Lian, and Sora...

Kayden was careful with everything he did. He knew exactly who to nod at, who to make eye contact with, and who to ignore. Those were the ones who wouldn't pay him any attention anyway. Even now, I still couldn't figure out what was going on in his head.



"Who is Lettie?" Kylan asked. "And when exactly did the two of you get close enough for you to push his chair and for him to be calling you that?"

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