

Chapter 237

Violet

A soft groan slipped past my lips as the bright morning sun hit me. The first thing my hand reached for was the empty spot beside me, and then I heard quiet footsteps through the room.

I knew it was Kylan, and I was certain he wasn't trying to wake me. Curious, I peeked one eye open, just enough to watch him through my lashes.

What would he be up to today?

His back was turned toward me as he stood in front of the window, and I could not stop staring at him, thinking about yesterday.

Yesterday was definitely something. I had come clean to him about the information I withheld from him, and he was deeply disappointed, and rightfully so. We had talked about the Kayden situation, came to the conclusion that we didn't see eye to eye, but I couldn't say it was an argument.

After everything that was said, he walked out because he needed some space, but as soon as that door closed, I did the one thing I swore I wouldn't.

I broke down.

At first, I wasn't even sure why. I thought it was because he had walked away, but then I really thought about it and realized that wasn't it. I was emotional because we had a different take, and I wasn't used to that. I was used to settling to please the other person, not to cause any conflict. However, this time, I had been very passionate about helping those in the

mountains and nothing could change my mind.

So yes, I had hidden in the bathroom, cried one last time, and hadn't expected him to return.

But he did, and he saw me.

Instead of trying to comfort me, he just said what I needed to hear, and then calmly left, giving me the space I needed. I was so glad he did and that he knew me well enough to know I didn't want him to see me like that.

Even after I stepped out, we just sat in a comfortable silence for hours. We hadn't spoken much, but it was a good silence. A needed one.

The kind that said we were still here for each other, loved each other, and would figure everything out together.

Kylan turned, and I quickly tugged the warm blanket up to my eyes, pretending I was still asleep. It was maybe a bit immature, but I wasn't ready to break whatever peace we had built just yet.

A soft chuckle came from across the room, and his footsteps grew closer, making my heart thump.

"Pup," he murmured. He said it in that playful tone that always came out right before he was about to tease me. I felt his fingers wrap around the blanket I had been gripping so tightly, and he gave it a gentle tug, just enough for it to slip down and for my eyes to meet his.

I blinked up at him. "Yes?"

I pretended to be half-asleep, but he wasn't buying it.

A smile stretched slowly across his lips, and his eyes glowed with that gentle gaze I loved. He sat down on the bed and leaned in closer. I barely had time to breathe before his lips pressed to my forehead, the impact slow, warm, and comforting.

I closed my eyes as it happened, letting out a soft chuckle.

"Did you sleep well?"

"I did."

He pulled back just enough to look at me and brushed a few strands of my hair out of my face, his smile never fading.

"That's good," he sighed softly, moving his hand to mine. He gave it a light squeeze, the way he always did when he wanted to reassure me that everything would be just fine.

"And how are you feeling after yesterday?" he asked.

I raised my brows for a moment, thinking about my feelings. Yes, we didn't completely agree on certain things, and that part hadn't magically fixed itself overnight, same as his trust wouldn't, but other than that, I think we handled it pretty well.

"I feel good," I said quietly.

His eyes softened even more as they stayed on mine.

"How are you feeling?" I wondered.

Kylan's mouth shifted into a sigh, and his shoulders lifted in a small shrug. "We're good," he said, "so I feel good."

They were simple words, but those simple words meant everything. We were good.

"But I've been thinking about tomorrow," Kylan continued, his gaze drifting toward the window. The smile slowly faded from my face as I anticipated his words. Would he have changed his mind after all?

"There's still much that needs to be done," Kylan spoke. "I need to get the supplies ready for tomorrow. Medicine, food, blankets, whatever these people need."

His eyes turned back to me, and I gave him a nod.

"This is very hard for me, and you know how I feel about Kayden. I don't even want you talking to the guy, especially after all you told me yesterday," he admitted, "but your choice is your choice, and I am here to respect that and to help you."

"I know," I spoke softly, watching the faint smile at the corner of his mouth. He was really trying to be supportive, and I appreciated that.

"We'll go tomorrow," he continued.

"And after all of this is finished, I need to figure out exactly what it is that Kayden has been doing, and why he knows what he knows."

"We will," I promised. My response wasn't the longest, but it was already something that he had agreed to all of this, and I didn't want to push it any further.

Kylan's eyes flicked over my face.

"You said yesterday that you wanted to take Nate with you, and I advised you not to."

"Yes?" I said carefully, wondering where this was going.

"But what if we do take him?" Kylan suggested, his brows drawn together. "What if we take everyone, some guards, court, the Bloodrose, the king, and make this a group effort?"

"Wait, what?" I blinked. "You're going to tell the king?"

The same man who was the reason for their suffering?

"I was thinking about that, yes," Kylan spoke.


"But...why?" I asked, genuinely confused.

Kylan's eyes didn't leave mine. His brows stayed pulled together, like he was still working it out in his head as he spoke. "For protection," he stated. "More people means more hands to carry aid...more eyes watching Kayden."

That part made sense. But it still didn't explain why he would involve the one person he had been the most wary of.

"You were the one who said the king and Kayden could be working together," I reminded him, carefully. "You were the one who said it could be a trap."

"I know," Kylan replied, his tone softer. "And maybe it still is, but something's not adding up, Violet," he said. "And I think the only way we figure out who's really pulling the strings here is by studying how they move around each other."

He let out a long, deep sigh. "I don't trust either of them, but if they are working together, I would rather find out now, and not when it's too late." 

Kylan was being smart, and strategic. No matter the reason, we were walking straight into the middle of whatever web Kayden and Varius had been weaving for years, and although those witches needed help, it would be best to be prepared.

"I need to make sure no one will dare touch you," Kylan said. "And this feels like the best way to do that."

I nodded slowly. "Then I agree."

There was power in Kylan's voice, but also care, because he really did care. "We are going to help those witches, Violet," he promised. "Because you're right. Regardless of who they follow, they are still Lyperians. My people...your people, and I won't let them suffer."

My chest warmed as I hadn't expected him to admit to that part. "Thank you," I whispered. "I knew you would understand."

Kylan rested his warm hand gently on my knee.

"We'll do it our way," he said. "And after that..." His jaw clenched slightly. "I'll deal with Kayden...my way."

I looked into his steady eyes and knew it was just the way it was going to be. This wasn't a question or a threat, it was a promise. He had already let a lot pass, but this was as far as he would go.

"I won't stop you," I said, my voice clear. It was a fair promise I could give him. He had done this for me, so I wouldn't stand in his way.

"I'll have someone come pick you up this afternoon."

"What for?" I frowned.

"There's going to be a council meeting, and I want you there because you will be leading this topic."

My mouth parted, but no sound came. My eyes scanned for any hint of a lie, but he seemed terrifyingly serious...



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