

Chapter 241

Violet

I didn't answer him. For a moment, he said nothing. When he realized I wasn't going to respond, he tapped his fingers on the armrest.

"Now," he said quietly, "the council? That's interesting."

"Yes."

His expression sharpened. "And what will you tell them about me?" he asked with a shrug. A teasing grin appeared through his hardened expression. I was no surprise he was probably nervous.

He was wondering what I would say about Lady Mona, about him, and everything he had told me, including his dreams or visions or whatever they were.

"Nothing much," I said honestly. "I came to tell you that I won't throw you under the bus. I'm not interested in whatever family drama you've got going on. But I will help these people, and I'll do it the best way I know how...my way."

Kylan and I hadn't talked about Kayden yet, but I was sure he would agree. From what I could tell, he wanted to handle his brother himself. To be honest, I didn't care if the two of them worked it out over a game of chess, as long as the witches were getting help.

"Oh?" Kayden raised his brows and gave a quick nod. "Is that so?"

"Yes," I said again, my voice steady. "We're bringing aid, medicine, supplies. We're going to help the witches and make sure they can get back on their feet."



He tilted his head and gave me a long, careful look. "And how do you expect me to convince them I had nothing to do with any of this?"

Before I could speak, Trinity cut in. "That's easy," she said, flipping her curls off her shoulder. "The same way you convinced yourself Violet actually likes you."

Kayden let out a sharp laugh, clearly insulted. His brows went up as he looked at her, but he didn't say anything back. I had learned by now that was rare for him. At the moment, he had bigger things to worry about.

The elevator came to a stop, and the doors opened. Trinity pushed him forward, wheeling him out of the elevator. The space was cramped, the air much colder, and the floor and walls were all of gray stone. There was only one door a few inches away from us, which I supposed led to the library.

Trinity didn't hesitate to put her hands on the doorknob, but Kayden interfered. "It's okay. Thank you."

"But I want to see this library of yours," Trinity shot him a fake smile and pushed the door open anyway. The two exchanged little sarcastic smirks as she pushed him into the library, and I followed behind them.

My eyes instantly scanned the quiet, large space. The library looked just as old as the elevator. It had tall ceilings and shelves full of books. A spiral staircase went up to even more books above.

It looked gorgeous, and I was almost certain this had to be the other place where he spent most of his time, whenever he wasn't wandering the mountains to suck up to Varius or staring out the windows like some creep. But now I found myself wondering, just like Trinity, what kind of books could he be reading. History? Magic? Things about the witches?



just some fairytale about a troll and a lamb?

Trinity let go of the wheelchair handles and drifted off toward one of the shelves. "Ignore me while I go take a look at those rectangular books of yours," she hummed under her breath.

"Sure," Kayden said, pretending not to care, though I could tell he was watching her very closely.

"Is this the library of the 'East Wing,' or are others also allowed here?" Trinity interrogated, peeking through one of the shelves. Kayden clicked his tongue. "East Wing."

After a moment, his eyes drifted back to me. "And recruiting the whole court for a mountain trip?" he asked, picking up the previous topic. "Was any of this your idea?"

I gave a small shrug. "Partly," I answered nonchalantly. "I asked Kylan, like you suggested, and this was the solution we came up with."

I began pacing back and forth, trying my best to pretend like everything I said was true. Like Kylan hadn't ended up saying the exact words he predicted he would, and I had to fight for the right of those witches because that part wasn't any of his business.

Kayden's eyes narrowed just slightly. "And he didn't get angry when he found out you had been lying to him?"

I shook my head. "Nope."

He studied me carefully, probably trying to find a crack in the answer, but I held myself strong. Because even if last night had been intense, even if Kylan had walked out of the room, it was not for Kayden to know.



"Is that what you wanted?" I asked, keeping my voice calm. "For him to get angry with me?"

For what? So I would run into his arms and he could be the one to comfort me?

Kayden's lips twitched before he shook his head. "I would never work against you, Lettie. You know why."

I looked him in the eye, really trying to see through him. The wildest part was that in that moment, even after seeing how he had power over Lady Mona because he knew her secret, I actually believed him. Or maybe I just believed that he believed it.

He rolled closer, closing some of the distance between us. "I appreciate you going this far for our people," he said. "Here it was again, our people. "But we don't need supplies or the council's approval. The only thing you need is your eyes."

"I've decided not to use them," I stated. "And that decision doesn't come from Kyran. That decision comes from me."

Kayden's jaw tightened. He bit the inside of his cheek and pressed his lips together before speaking again. "But you know they need them, don't you?"

The words didn't surprise me, but the fact that he wasn't asking why I wasn't using them did. That was the strange part.

He already knew. He saw it himself...how my eyes glowed on their own, and how they weren't stable. He knew a lot about the Veil, so there was no doubt he understood the dangers of it, and that it could cause a crack in the Veil.



Sometimes I really wondered where his head was at. Because while I did believe he wanted to help those witches, I also believed there had to be more to it.

"What will my eyes do for them that some help from Lyperia won't?" I asked. "I'd rather nurse them back to health with my bare hands for twenty-four hours straight than use these eyes."

Kayden let out a deep breath and rubbed his temples. He didn't like my answer, but this was how things had to be. He probably thought I was of no use without my eyes, but I didn't care. Now that I was part of it, I was going to help them—whether he liked it or not.

"They've been waiting for you for years, Lettie," he said, lowering his hands. "You're the only one who can —"

"I'm not using them."

He closed his mouth.

"You keep saying we understand each other," I went on. "If you really mean that, then I need you to trust me. I need you to respect my choice."

I knew Trinity agreed with me. If she didn't, she would've shown up from behind those shelves by now. But so far, so good. The silence stretched between us, and I could see the confusion in Kayden's eyes. He probably had a lot to say, but he kept quiet.

"I told you already, the Lyperian stone —"

"One step at a time," I cut in again.

Right now, the most important thing was getting help for the witches. Everything else could wait. Kayden nodded slowly, his lips lifting into a



warm smile.

"You're asking me to trust you," he said. "So I will, Lettie. I just want to help the people who helped me."

I saw it again. That rare sincerity behind his eyes. The version of Kayden I wanted to believe in, even if everything else in me warned to be cautious. Especially all that crap about being reborn again.

I let out a soft sigh. "Good," I said. "Then we're on the same page."

There was a silence again until he spoke. "Thank you."

I furrowed my brows. "For what?"

"For telling me about your plans," Kayden said, meeting my eyes. "I appreciate you not keeping me in the dark and letting me know what to expect."

In that moment, I knew I had made the right choice in coming here and telling him everything. The hardest thing was knowing that Kylan would've said the same if I had been honest with him from the start.

"No problem," I smiled faintly. "And...feel free to drop by the council meeting later. If you want to see me embarrass myself during my speech."

Kayden smiled warmly. "Maybe I will."

Just then, Trinity reappeared from between the shelves with a satisfied smile on her face. Her proud eyes met mine as she moved toward me and gently placed her hand on my back.

"We should go now," she said. "I'm sure Lian and Sora are waiting."



I nodded, turning to Kayden once more. "If everything goes as planned, and the council agrees," I warned softly, "please, please...please do not pull anything stupid tomorrow."

Kayden laughed innocently, but I could still see a small smirk. "You and I both know Kylan is nuts," he teased, "so I wouldn't dare to challenge him."

I let out a laugh, shaking my head as I walked past him. If he knew, then why had he challenged him yesterday?

As we walked past, Trinity's hand still rested protectively on my back. "Don't forget, Kylan is crazy, but so is her brother!" she sang, looking back. "Maybe even crazier."

I couldn't help but laugh at Trinity's words, but she was right.

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