

Chapter 260

Kylan

I swallowed hard. I wasn't stupid, and I knew Kaelis hadn't asked her for permission. But I couldn't help feeling for her. She had to feel trapped in that palace, and I didn't blame her. I had run from Lyperia too, and I hadn't even been trapped the way they were. My sisters.

Kaelis was smart, strong, and deserved more than walls closing in on her. She needed air, space, the chance to breathe on her own.

Kiora was bright and just as strong, and so wise for her age.

If only the queen could see a bit of freedom could shape them into who they were meant to be.

"She said she asked you," I said carefully. It was the only answer I could give. I wasn't about to get on her bad side either. I was just telling her what Kaelis told me, and whatever was between them would have to stay there.

The queen breathed heavily, shaking her head. "I didn't, I didn't..." she huffed. "This girl..." She tried to remain composed, but I could see the stress in her eyes. "It isn't just the mountains, it's..."

"Hey." I placed my hands on her shoulders. "Don't worry, Mom," I reassured her. "She's with Jack, and she will be just fine."

She managed to smile through her nod, but her voice cracked as she answered. "I'm still going up there to get her," she said. "And when I do I will..."

She glanced back at her ladies before sweeping past me in a hurry. They

dropped quick curtsies in my direction before following her up the path.

I stood still, watching her go. The queen was strong, stronger than most gave her credit for. Yet when it came to Kaelis and Kiara, her composure broke. I must have gotten it from her, because I was the same with Violet, but it wasn't healthy. Not in the slightest.

Even now, I could already imagine how she felt, leaving Kiara behind to go after Kaelis. My sisters were her main priority, and she trusted only a few around them. She was overprotective because no one had ever shielded her, so now she shielded them twice as hard. Locked them away so no one could ever hurt them.

I pushed the thought aside as the group started walking, trailing after them.

~

We had been on the move for a while already, and I kept to the back, silently dragging two carts behind me. My plan was simple. Stay as far from Chrystal as possible. That left me with Dylan and the Bloodroses, which worked well enough. Beta Ewan kept the mood alive in the back with his endless chatter, and something about his fight with a bear, though I only half listened. I had to keep an eye on Dylan anyway, to make sure he kept his temper in check. Chrystal wasn't foolish enough to go near him right now either. Even she knew better.

Still, she kept glancing back at me every so often. Her eyes were sharp but curious, like she was waiting for me to react. I didn't give her the satisfaction. I couldn't read her approach either. She kept her distance for now, but I knew from experience that Chrystal's silence was never a good thing. Just another problem, as if we didn't have enough of those already.

The king walked up front with Kayden, but I could still keep my eyes on them. The queen was somewhere in the middle, taking in every bit of the path like Kaelis could suddenly appear. She knew the first group was on their way down and that we would cross paths with them soon, but that didn't stop her from searching.

"Kylan?"

I looked beside me, staring straight into the eyes of a smiling Fergus Hastings. A rare sight.

"I can't believe Violet has held a speech in front of the council, and I wasn't there to hear it," he said with a low chuckle. "I told Sonya, and she was also so proud of her." He smiled. "Sonya wanted to be here as well today, but she hasn't been feeling well."

"Is it anything bad?" I asked, worried.

He shook his head. "My Luna is strong. You shouldn't worry," he reassured. "But I do want to hear all about Violet. You were there."

A smile appeared on my face. I was, and I was still so proud of her. My Violet...

Seeing her stand in front of the council, and finding her voice was one of the best moments in my life.

I never doubted her. I knew she had it in her. But she always doubted herself, so I hoped this would be enough to boost her confidence. At the end of the day, she was Princess Violet, heir to the common lands, and she was made for this. It was in her blood.

"Violet spoke well," I said, grinning. "She stood up for what she believed in, and she made others believe too."

Fergus chuckled. "The witches' well-being," he whispered, then his smile slowly faded. "Though I can't help but wonder why she would be so interested in those witches."

His gaze found mine, and I knew right away he was just trying to test me. He wanted to know if she was aware of her identity. He wanted me to hand him the truth, but that was Violet's truth, not mine.

"All I can say is that she spoke from her heart."

Fergus hummed in response. "I do hope I get the chance to speak to Violet soon," he said warmly. "I've been waiting for a calm moment. There's so much I wish to tell her..."

His gaze was soft and meaningful. I knew Alpha Fergus wasn't perfect, but there was so much regret behind those eyes. All the two would need was an honest conversation, and time would do the rest.

It was the same with me and the queen.

"Kylan," Fergus smiled faintly. "Tell me, what did she think of the sunflower carving and the herbal teas?"

I let out a chortle. The truth was so much had happened that I hadn't even had the chance to give it to her. And now, thinking about it, the flower seemed too stupid, almost laughable. Not for what it meant, but for how poorly it was made.

"...I haven't given it to her," I admitted, barely whispering.

Fergus's smile widened. "Art is still worth sharing," he said. "Violet loves handmade gifts, so do not be ashamed of what comes from your heart. A gift, even a simple one, speaks louder than you think."

I gave a dry laugh. "Maybe, but —"

The rest never left my mouth. A sharp pain cut through my head, and I let out a painful grunt before releasing the carts and pressing my palm against my temple.

"Kylan?" Fergus asked quickly. He stopped walking, and so did Dylan.

"Are you alright?" Dylan asked.

Just as I was about to answer, another pain came again, sharper this time. I let out another grunt as a voice slid into my head and shut out Dylan and Fergus completely.

'Kylan.'

I winced, holding my head harder. My legs gave out, and I hit the ground before I could stop myself.

'Do not let her reach those mountains. If she reaches the mountains, all will fall apart.'

The voice was strong, and there was no doubt about it. It was the same voice who had once spoken to me in my dream. A voice I couldn't forget.


Adelaide.

She was speaking to me.

But how did she get inside my head?

'If she reaches them, the thing she despises will be her weapon. But you can still stop this! Only you can stop this, please!'

Her voice was gone as fast as it came, and the pain left with it. I took a

breath, trying to steady myself. Who was she talking about? 

Violet...

No. It didn't make sense...

"Kylan?" Fergus spoke beside me. Dylan's voice followed, but I ignored them both.

I raised myself from the floor and looked around instead, taking in everyone. The queen, the ladies, every woman walking with us...

Only you can stop this...

Adelaide's words rang in my head, and then I realized.

It was about someone here...

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