



Chapter 279

Violet

As more time passed, all of the groups had already left, and it was only us still here now. Well, and the others...

Kylan and I had set up one of the tents together and laid blankets across the ground.

What was supposed to be a serious day had somehow turned into people talking about campfires and marshmallows, like this was some kind of field trip. I knew Kylan wasn't having any of it.

One good thing about the others showing up was the clean clothes they brought. That helped.

A sigh escaped as I looked at Kylan across from me. His back tensed as he aggressively secured one of the poles, like he was in desperate need to hurt just about anything. I wasn't all too happy either, but the difference between us was that I had already accepted it.

They were here, they weren't going to leave, and that was that.

Kylan, on the other hand...

"It's so big and romantic in here," I said, looking around the tent. "We should do this more often. Just you and me..."

And I meant every word of it. If it weren't for all that happened today, I could almost enjoy it to the fullest. Almost.

Kylan's head snapped to mine, and he looked me up and down with a scoff that quickly shifted into a chuckle of disbelief.



"Considering the circumstances, maybe romantic isn't the right word." I took a breath. There was still the situation of the Veil and the stone, which Kylan couldn't share yet, and not knowing drove me insane.

Then there was also Kayden...

But there was also Kylan, and he was the one I wanted to focus on right now.

"I just like being with you," I admitted. "If fate allows us...We should spend more time together. Like we used to at school."

I definitely enjoyed the Starlight days better than these Lyperia days. It didn't surprise me that Kylan ran to Starlight as soon as he could. This kingdom was just too overwhelming, even without all the Baelor crap going on.

"We should."

Kylan shot me a soft smile as he straightened. He stepped toward me, closing the space between us, and his hand brushed down my arm so gently it made my skin tingle.

Then his dark eyes locked on mine. "How about we skip this campfire," he murmured, "and spend more time together?"

His hand pressed against the small of my back, pulling me closer. My head tilted before I even realized it, and then his lips found the curve of my neck, pressing a slow, gentle kiss. I inhaled sharply as I squeezed his arm, warmth rushing through me.

"I am in desperate need of some kind of distraction," he whispered against my skin. "And I think you are too."



I closed my eyes, letting myself sink into his familiar touch. "You're right," I breathed. "I am —"

My words were cut off by the sound of the flap of the tent, and my eyes shot open. Startled, I tried to push Kylan back, but he didn't budge. He just smirked as he pulled me against his chest as if he wasn't standing there at all.

Dylan.

"Oh," Dylan said, his eyes flicking between us. He didn't know where to rest them and ended up looking straight past us. "I would've knocked, but ...sorry," he mumbled. "Were the two of you busy?"

"Yes," Kylan answered flatly. "As you can tell —"

"No, we weren't!" I cut in quickly, forcing a bright smile. "What do you want?"

Dylan stepped inside, his eyes softening as he finally faced us. "I wanted to apologize."

I blinked at him. "What for?"

"What for?" He scratched his head as if I was the crazy one. "I didn't think so many people would come along. I just wanted to be there for you, but it wasn't my intention to drag all of them up here with us."

A surprised laugh left me. Dylan apologizing was as odd as Fergus smiling. "Did Trinity send you?" I wondered. He would've done anything for her, just like he had when he'd shown up to the feast.

Dylan shook his head. "No. I want to apologize."



I studied him for a moment. It was no secret that Dylan wasn't a fan of big crowds either. He probably hated this whole circus even more than we did. Of course, I knew he hadn't taken everyone along on purpose.

"It's okay," I shrugged. "And I appreciate you looking out for me. We don't mind you being here."

"Says who?" Kylan muttered from beside me, but just loud enough for Dylan to hear. I slapped his arm lightly and shot him a warning look. His eyes instantly softened, and a small breath left his mouth.

"We don't mind," he corrected himself.

Dylan nodded at us. "Good."

He gave one of his awkward smiles, then slapped his palms down against his thighs like he was wrapping it up. Only he wasn't...

He was just standing there...looking at us.

Kylan furrowed a brow. "Anything else?"

"Yeah." Dylan furrowed back, shifting his weight. "Are you guys coming outside or...what are the plans for tonight?" he asked. "I'm just asking because the vibe seems a little...too good between the two of you?"

Kylan and I frowned at each other, then turned back to Dylan. What was he even on about?

Dylan released an exhausted breath like he couldn't believe we were making him say it out loud. "Do you need any condoms...just to be careful and —"

"Don't!" I called out. My lips were parted as I turned to Kylan, who was



laughing and shaking his head at Dylan.

"I'm going to kill this guy!" I snarled.

Sometimes Dylan reminded me too much of the bad sides of Fergus. Always serious, shameless, no filter, while convincing himself he was just being practical.

"I didn't mean to make things weird between us. It's just a normal question," Dylan spoke defensively, his face serious. "I'm just trying to look out for my sister."

This conversation was going on longer than necessary, so I stormed past him, shoving the tent open. "Well, do it in another way, brother!"

It was cute that he was trying to be a brother, but he still had a lot more to learn.

I peeked over my shoulder just in time to see Kylan pat Dylan's chest. He was still laughing at him as he caught up with me. At least Dylan could give us something to laugh about.

Kylan swung his arm over my shoulders and tugged me closer as we walked toward the glow of fire and the hum of voices. Dylan followed behind us.

As we reached the fire, the others had already gathered. Even a few witches had joined in too. They were still curious. Just like the Lycans were curious about them, the witches wanted to see us up close, too.

"Violet!"

My head spun to the source of the voice, and Trinity enthusiastically waved her hand. She showed her teeth as she patted the log beside her. I



made my way over and sat down.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Kylan heading toward Nate.

As soon as I sat, Trinity leaned closer. "Are we still doing okay?"

Her question was a hard one. I thought about the promise I had made her, about always being honest because that's what she wanted. I hadn't given her much earlier, thinking I was protecting her, but what else could I do if she wanted to know?

I looked her straight in the eyes and slowly shook my head.

Trinity exhaled softly. "I figured." She leaned even closer. "Is it something you can't say?"

I nodded again.

Trinity raised her brows as she tapped her finger against her ear. Then she made a flappy movement with her hands.

I couldn't help but laugh. She just looked too cute doing that. But I was also impressed by her ability to find out so quickly. I gave her a nod, and she nodded back like she had solved some great mystery.

I shouldn't have been surprised. That was Trinity. She didn't say much, but she always noticed things people thought were invisible. If I told her all my problems, she'd probably find a way to fix more than half of them.

"Do you want me and Dylan to..."

She did the flappy thing again, then twisted her hands in the air like she was snapping someone's neck. There was a wide grin as she did so. "Who knows? Maybe we can throw him on the fire and eat him afterward."



This time I burst out laughing. I shook my head and grabbed her hands. "I'm okay for now."

She chuckled, squeezing my fingers. "As long as you're okay, I'm okay!"

For a moment, I realized how strongly I'd been against all of them staying here, but sitting with her now...even with everything going on, having them around made me feel just a little normal again.

"Grandpa Varius!" Sora squealed across the fire.

Just like everyone else, I turned, hearing the familiar thump of his stick before his face came into view. Varius stepped forward with Thorne on his shoulder.

"Did you come to taste the marshmallows?" Sora asked happily. Varius didn't come alone. He was with Kayden. Camille was behind him, pushing his chair.

Kayden seemed less aggravated and even had a small smile on his lips. Although it was only a small smile, it was like he had completely switched from the boy we had seen earlier.

I looked at Kylan at the same time he looked at me. It took less than a second for him to step away from Nate and make his way over to the empty log beside me.

Meanwhile, Camille pushed Kayden's chair to the end of the half circle, stopping right across from us. I didn't want to know whether Kayden would look at me or not, and I didn't want to find out either, so I immediately shifted my gaze to Varius.

Two witches hurried to his side. One reached for his stick, while the other dragged out a chair from somewhere in the dark and placed it beside



Kayden's.

"Thank you," Varius said as they helped him into the chair. Thorne hopped from his shoulder to the arm of the chair, and as soon as Varius had settled, all voices died down.

It wasn't forced, but Varius, who looked too mysterious for words, just had this way of making people around him go silent.

"I have indeed come to taste those marshmallows of yours, child," he said, smiling at Sora. His eyes squinted gently. It was obvious he liked her, but I don't think there could ever be anyone who could hate Sora. She was just a bundle of light.

"And perhaps..." Varius continued. "I can share a glimpse of what lies ahead for each of you."

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