

Chapter 305

Violet

I sat against the headboard, my eyes on Kylan while he slept. It wasn't even midnight yet, and for him that was strange. He never slept this early, not unless exhaustion forced him.

Unlike the earlier hours, his breathing was even, and his face was finally at rest. But I knew all too well that rest didn't come easily to him, not with everything going on.

Luckily, one of us managed to get some sleep, because I couldn't close an eye myself. These past days, it had been Kylan who helped me drift off, comforting me, refusing to rest until he was sure I had. But tonight I knew I wouldn't. The fear of Baelor still lingered. What if he was waiting for me in my dream?

I let out a sigh, my eyes falling from my bare neck to the necklace resting on the nightstand.

My thoughts went back to earlier. I had told Kylan what the king said when he placed it around me, but he wasn't impressed. He had taken it from me even quicker than Kayden, and his words had been very clear.

'I would rather have you glow up the whole palace and deal with it ourselves than have you wear something from the king.'

He wanted nothing of Elyx touching me, not even through a chain of metal, and he wouldn't speak of Kayden either. Every time I pushed about what had happened inside that room, he shut it down.

I didn't need to ask any further because I had already felt his emotions, the same way I had felt Kayden's.



Kylan's was anger, but Kayden's was pure darkness. It terrified me because it felt the same as Baelor in my dreams. I had never felt that before and did not even know I could, not with Kayden. How could it be possible when I shared no bond with him?

I wasn't sure, but what I did know was that harsh words had been thrown in there. Words Kylan didn't want to repeat, and words that almost made him kill Kayden before he came back to his senses and decided against it.

A smile reached my lips as I leaned closer and brushed a strand of hair from his face. He took a breath, and I quickly pulled my hand back, but before I could move away, he grabbed it and shifted against the pillows until his head rested on my lap.

My smile returned as I brushed his hair again, slower this time. He was so exhausted he didn't even know what he was doing, and had just decided to use me as his pillow for the night.

It just really hurt, knowing he looked so peaceful lying there, and that the moment his eyes would open, that peace would vanish.

"I'm sorry," he murmured in his sleep.

"Sorry, who?" I whispered.

"Nate..."

My heart sank.

Me too...I was also sorry.

I shushed him gently and pressed a kiss to the top of his head, letting my lips linger there. What had happened during his visit for those thoughts to even occupy his mind? He wouldn't tell me, and every time I tried to



ask, his eyes just went soft, like he wanted to speak but couldn't.

Kylan suddenly shifted again, rolling onto his side.

I held in my breath and slipped carefully out of bed, not wanting to disturb him. My mind felt restless, and I couldn't sleep anyway, so I decided maybe a walk would help.

It didn't take long before I wandered out into the palace halls. They were mostly empty, and the silence followed me all the way outside to the gardens. Out there, it was so quiet I could only hear the sound of a soft breeze hitting the flowers.

Walking the path, my eyes landed on the lanterns faintly glowing over the tables, and that's when I caught sight of a familiar figure sitting there, his back turned against me.

Dylan...

Out of instinct, I wanted to turn around and disappear before he would notice me.

"Violet?"

My breath caught. Dylan hadn't turned, but he knew it was me. Defeated, I took a soft breath and started walking toward him.

"Dylan," I said softly.

I continued walking until I stood beside him. He turned to look at me, his expression surprisingly gentle, calm, and warm. A small smile curved at his mouth.

"Couldn't sleep either?" he asked.



I shook my head.

"Sit," he said, patting the seat beside him.

I sat down without thinking and scooted a little closer. Dylan's eyes met mine, and we just looked at each other. I couldn't remember the last time I shared such a comfortable silence with him, but it felt great.

I knew why I couldn't sleep, but I couldn't help but wonder what he was doing here. My first thought went to Chrystal, but I quickly shook that thought away.

No, that couldn't be it.

He hated her guts.

Without warning, Dylan reached for my hand and inspected the bare spot on my finger. "Should I be worried?" he asked, brushing his thumb over my skin.

"No."

He let out a low chuckle and released my hand. "Then I'm not worried either."

I nodded, my heart still racing a little. There was a lot to be worried about, but I didn't want to worry him. There was no point in worrying him about Kayden when there was nothing we could do about that sick mind.

"I visited Nate a couple of days ago," Dylan began.

"Did you?" I asked, startled. "Trinity didn't tell me..."



It definitely came as a shock. Even Dylan went and found the courage to face him, and I hadn't.

"That's strange," he said, squinting his eyes. "She's the one who encouraged me to do it."

I frowned slightly. "But she didn't go?"

He shook his head. "She said if she went right now, she would just say the wrong things because she isn't really as close to him as we are."

"Right." I nodded slowly. That was a valid point. They did get along well, but it wasn't as if they were best friends. I'm sure Trinity felt bad as well, but even happier that Chrystal had died.

"Would it be safe to talk here?" Dylan whispered.

I glanced around the empty garden, then shrugged.

He let out a chuckle, and as my eyes met his again, I could see a hint of regret.

"I'm not sorry for what happened to her," he said. "But I do feel bad because he doesn't deserve any of this. He's such a good person...better than I could ever be, and I regret the way it happened," he confessed. "I just wanted him to know that if he needs someone to talk to, a shoulder to lean on...he can lean on mine for as long as necessary."

I couldn't help but smile. Hearing Dylan speak like this surprised me. He was always so guarded, so cold, but here he was being open and vulnerable.

Since when had he become so...well spoken?



Either way, it made me feel lighter, knowing that Nate had someone like him, even if I hadn't managed to go myself.

"Kylan visited him today," I sighed softly. "But I don't think it went well."

"I don't think it went well either," Dylan let out a chuckle. "The last time I spoke to him, Nate told me he has never hated anyone as much as he hates him at the moment."

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