

Chapter 313

Kylan

I closed the envelope in my hands and let out a long breath. I think I lost count of how many times I had turned it over or read it to make sure nothing was being left out.

Violet's words from this morning hadn't left my mind. She looked at me with those innocent but determined eyes and told me what I already knew but didn't want to face...I was losing focus.

It wasn't because I didn't care, but because I had too many emotions and didn't know how to handle them. I had been uneasy long before I went to see Nate, and even more so after.

The truth was, I wasn't ready to see him that day. I went anyway because I thought maybe I could fix things just by showing up, but it didn't fix anything. It made it worse.

It wasn't that I didn't care, but I just didn't know what to say. I had the words in my head, but none of them ever made it out right, and the last time I had been that speechless was years ago...back when everything first started falling apart.

But that was certainly not an excuse for the way I had been treating him, and I couldn't stay stuck there anymore. I knew that if I ever wanted to move forward, wanted us to move forward, I had to face it.

I had to say what I couldn't say that day, and that's why I wrote him a letter.

It wasn't perfect, and maybe it wouldn't mean much compared to words spoken out loud, but it came from my heart, and it was a start. I needed to

start somewhere.

I looked down at his name written on the front of the envelope and pressed my thumb against the blue seal. The color reminded me of my Violet's eyes, and a smile reached my lips.

When Violet came back from the Wyrnsbane estate with that ridiculous, bright smile on her face, it made my day. I saw that as a positive sign, a sign that Nate had accepted her, and that was good news. The two had an interesting friendship...One I had a love-hate relationship with one, but I would have hated for that bond to break because of me.

Kaelis could be a lot, sometimes rather annoying, but I was glad she had been there. I suppose that had made it easier for me to let go of her as well. Violet asked me not to protect her all the time, and I could respect that, but I was still allowed to worry, and that would never change.

A chuckle escaped me as that sharp tone she had used on me this morning came back to mind. Who would've thought Puppy would be the one to tell me to get it together?

"You!"

I folded the letter once more, then handed it to a passing guard. "Take this to the Wyrnsbane estate," I ordered. "Give it to Nate, in person. Do not let anyone else open it...please."

It was a good thing to say Please. Violet taught me to say please.

"Yes, Your Highness."

The guard bowed, then disappeared down the hall. Now with the letter gone, it was time to think about my next steps. The king hadn't requested me today, but he would be seeing me.

Why?

Because I wanted to push that necklace down his throat for even finding the nerve to force it on Violet. He didn't want to protect her. He wanted to put her on a leash, and if I could've gotten away with it, I would have killed him for it.

It was clear the King had been playing his own game, and this had to be part of it.

The King and Kayden...they were both playing their games, and both were getting on my nerves.

There was only one thing I wasn't sure about...their reasons. They wanted different things but were driven by the same venom. I knew they were both after the Veil. The King had shown it when he pushed for the resurrection of the stone, and Kayden when he brought that creepy raven to the palace.

Today would be a day of process. I wouldn't allow myself to sit back and think about what I could've and should've done, just like I wouldn't allow Violet to help my sister organize a howl when there were bigger issues at hand.

There was so much we had to prepare for, and so little time left.

As I walked toward the throne room, with the necklace in my hand, I lined up every piece of information inside my head. Varius hadn't given Violet that box for nothing. Whatever she had seen...whatever memory or warning it had shown her was tied to the Veil.

The box hadn't opened to her without a reason, and no matter what, I would find out the reason today. Together with Violet.

Once I had dealt with the King, I would pull her from Madam Renata's clutches and get on with what we were meant to do.

I had barely reached the throne room before I noticed the two guards standing in front of the doors. These two idiots were not the same from the mountains, but I knew for a fact that unless they moved aside, they would meet the same fate.

"Open the door," I demanded.

One of them hesitated but ended up speaking. "The King is busy—"

His sentence got interrupted by the laughter coming from inside. I knew he had to be with one of his mistresses. Nothing new.

I rolled my eyes. "Move."

"Your Highness," the other guard jumped in, "The King said—"

"Do I look like I give a fuck about what the King said?" I snapped. "Move, or I will move you myself."

Both men stepped aside, lowering their gazes to the floor. I pushed my hands against the doors and opened them before stepping in. The first thing my eyes saw was Lady Mireth, the fourth mistress, laughing like a child in the King's lap. She dragged her fingers through his hair, looking ridiculous as always.

The King looked back at me with an unbothered smirk. I squeezed the necklace in my hand, and with every step I took, I heard my footsteps echo through the room.

When I got close enough, I didn't hesitate. I threw the necklace straight at his feet and watched as it hit the platform with a thud.

"You need to take back your shit because we don't want it."

The King's smile had already faded the second the necklace hit the floor. His jaw tensed, and his nostrils flared so tight I could tell he was seconds away from exploding. He had lost all composure as he shoved Lady Mireth off his lap.

The woman landed on her hands, her knees hitting the floor. "Don't you got better things to do?" he growled at her. "Get out!"

His eyes weren't even on her...they were locked on me. He stared at me with a burning gaze, which I returned. I enjoyed seeing him like this, and I enjoyed pissing him off.

He didn't do well with disrespect, which was exactly why I made a point of showing it whenever I felt like it was necessary. This was one of those times.

Of course, I knew it wasn't wise to directly challenge a king, but if I didn't, he would take it as a sign to continue bothering Violet, and I could not let that happen. This was not about protecting her. This was about drawing a line.

Lady Mireth scrambled to her feet and hurried out of the throne room with her head down. The doors slammed behind her, and the room went silent.

"You've got some nerve," the King said as he stood from his throne. His robe dragged against the floor as he bent down to pick up the necklace.

"Your grandmother's necklace," he said. "The one I gave to that mate of yours for reasons I do not think I have to explain to you!" His voice rose with each word.

Just say it, I thought.

Just fucking say it. You know she's a witch, and you know I know, so just say it.

"I got some nerve?" I laughed under my breath. "I've kept calm. I've done everything you've asked, and even though the mistress situation had already pushed it, I held myself back for the sake of keeping my word ...but when you touch her? It becomes a problem."

The King scoffed, shaking his head like I was the crazy one for standing up for Violet. "If you think I'm the one you need to fear, you're even stupider than I thought."

"Then who do I need to fear?" I questioned. The King kept his lips tight, refusing to say a word. I knew he had his own agenda, but if he knew more than he was letting on...if Kayden was our common enemy at the moment, he had to speak up.

"King or father, I don't care," I breathed. "But you've gone too far this time. You need to stay away from Violet. Do not touch her."

I turned and started to walk away. There was nothing more to say since I had only shown my face today to give him the necklace. That was the only purpose. Other things needed my attention.

"If that mate of yours ends up doing something that neither of us can explain!" the King called after me.

I stopped in my steps and looked over my shoulder. He took a slow breath, clearly thinking about his next words.

"If she does something like that...I won't be able to protect either one of you."

I let out a short laugh. He really was a funny one.

His eyes hardened. "I know you think I have often failed you as your father, but do not make any reckless decisions when I'm only trying to protect both of you from what is to come."

Father?

I felt a sharp pain in my chest, but it was not because of sadness. It was because of anger...

"After all these years," I snapped, "you dare call yourself a father?"

The King glared hard. "Despite what you might think of me, I am your father, Kylan," he raised his voice. "And one of these days you will realize that. You will realize all I have been doing for you for all these years, and you will come here and beg for my protection."

I clenched my jaw.

Was he serious?

What was he now...a Soothsayer?

"And if you keep disrespecting me," he continued, "I might not want to give it to you anymore. Do not forget that I have also helped you with the stone."

There it was...

What an amazing father. He had helped me with the stone he had fucked up in the first place, then forced a mistress upon me. He played so many games I couldn't even keep up anymore, but one thing was certain.

This had to be another one of them...

That piece of shit never knew when to stop.

"I've never touched your precious Mona, because I know better than to go there. So the only thing I'm asking of you is simple...do not touch Violet. I didn't come here to pick a fight, and it's not a difficult request," I said, glaring him up and down. "And stop the bullshit. You have never protected anyone other than yourself, and you and I both know that."

I didn't wait for him to respond because I had already said what I wanted to say. I just turned on my heel and left it at that.

For the first time in days, the fog was gone. I wasn't lost anymore. I was awake, and I knew exactly what needed to be done.



Comments



Support



Share