

Chapter 315

Violet

"I got it under control," Kyran released a quiet sigh, still pretending to be more interested in the book in front of him. "You don't need to worry about that."

I squinted my eyes. "You've got it under control, how?"

This time, he released a heavier sigh before finally looking up at me. His dark eyes pierced through mine. "Did you see Kayden's reaction when I made Camille dig?"

I frowned, thinking back. When Kyran had pushed Camille, there had been this look in Kayden's eyes that I couldn't quite explain.

"In his own crazy way, he's already claimed her," Kyran continued. "He won't allow the ceremony to happen. So I don't worry about it...and neither should you because it will all be okay," Kyran said. "Whatever happens will be between him and the king, and we just need to focus on the box and whatever's behind it before the King decides to make his next move."

"Do you think he'll make a move?" I asked, curious. "Do you really believe the box is connected to everything that still hasn't happened yet?"

Kyran nodded. "Give it some time, and he'll call everyone together soon... throw me under the bus, and announce that I resurrected the stone," he shook his head, chuckling. "He'll do it at Kaelis's howl because he's just that attention hungry, and he will tell his version of the truth because he needs a scapegoat for whatever he is planning."

Perhaps that was the biggest question to both of us...

It was easier to find out what Kayden had been planning than what the king was after. What was his part in all of this?

Kylan must've known the king well to tell me very precisely about what he suspected he might do. It was most likely because he had to deal with his ways all his life. The king using him, the crown prince, as a scapegoat.

Kylan must've gone through a lot...

"Hey, how is Nate doing?" He asked softly. "Did he look any better?"

An unexpected smile reached my lips. Maybe because I hadn't expected him to ask about Nate, because he had dismissed it before, but it felt really nice to hear.

"I don't know how he's doing," I said with a small smile. Considering the circumstances, it would've been too much to just say he was doing fine when he clearly wasn't. "But he asked about you...I think he was expecting you."

Kylan's eyes closed for a second. His jaw locked, and he went back to reading, not giving any response. I really wished he had come with us. My thoughts drifted back to my morning with Nate, the way he had smiled and how real it looked, even though he was clearly having a hard time.

I could see it in his red eyes. "He wasn't angry with me," I said quietly. "He wasn't angry...too kind, actually. But it was nice seeing him laugh again," I chuckled. "Though I guess I should give some credit to Kaelis for that, too. She's like a happy virus. I don't believe anyone can stay upset around her."

"Then I must be the first," Kylan mumbled. He said it so quietly I knew it wasn't meant for me to hear, yet I did. Thinking about it now, it felt a little careless to say things like that when he'd had his own troubles with his family.

"He was with someone before we came," I changed the topic. "A girl from Starlight. I've seen her around a few times, but I can't remember her name," I told him. "You would know her."

"No, I don't think so," Kylan's brow lifted slightly. "I don't know many girls. Especially not Lyperian ones."

I nearly cackled, unable to help myself. It was the way he'd said it with a straight face that made everything that much more hilarious. "Right," I said, sarcastically. "Of course you don't."

He smirked. "Is there a problem?"

"Yes. I need you to be serious," I said, trying to keep my face straight, though I was still smiling. Kylan gave me an overly serious look, which only made me laugh harder. It was moments like these I missed the most.

"I just think it's interesting how people deal with pain differently," I said once I had calmed down again. "Some cry, some fight, some shut down, some...get lost in other people," I explained. "I just wonder what it feels like for Nate."

He looked up with a spark of amusement in his eyes. "You wonder what sex with Nate is like?"

My eyes widened. "No! No, that's not what I meant!"

Kylan chuckled, shaking his head like he knew exactly what he was doing. Heat rushed to my cheeks, and I couldn't decide if I wanted to

laugh or throw a book at him.

"Dear Goddess, Kaelis would kill me!"

Kylan frowned. "Why would she care?"

I laughed under my breath. He could be smart whenever he wanted to, but there were times when he really wasn't the brightest. He really had no clue.

"While you were out, I've been thinking about what you said this morning...and you were right, Violet."

My eyes fluttered. "I was right about something?" I asked with a laugh. "Well, that doesn't happen very often."

Kylan gave me a slight shrug. "You said I wouldn't be able to move on or focus until I said what was on my mind, and could let the situation go."

I did say that...

Only, the strange thing was that he had yet to visit Nate, but had still been able to turn that switch.

I leaned forward, curious. "And?"

"I needed to hear that," Kylan said, his gaze dropping for a moment. He exhaled. "I think you know I've never been the best with words, and they don't come easy to me," he began. "That day I went to visit Nate, I had already set myself up for failure because I didn't know what to say," Kylan admitted. "That's why I tried a different approach this time. I wrote it all down instead...a letter, and in that letter I said everything I needed to say."

My jaw slightly dropped as I stared at him, my chest warming. Kylan might've thought he had listened to me, but he had ultimately listened to his own heart. I guided him, but never forced him to do anything.

"What's in the letter?" I asked, smiling.

His eyes flicked up to mine. "That's between me and him," he said firmly. "There's some pretty personal stuff in there. I don't think it'd be right to share."

Although I understood his words and agreed, I entertained him with an eye roll. "Fine," I sang. "I don't need to know about what's in your little love letter anyway."

A gentle smile was plastered on Kylan's face. I couldn't look away, and just melted into those beautiful eyes. The same ones that always made me feel safe. They didn't have to say much for me to understand everything.

He enjoyed this moment as much as I did.

"Are you also going to do some research?" He lifted his brow. "Or are you just going to keep staring at me?"

My lips parted. "I wasn't..." I stopped mid-sentence, already accepting my loss, and let out a sigh instead. "Fine. I'll read," I told him.

"Finally."

I couldn't help a grin as I grabbed a book from the pile. "You know," I said, flipping it open, "fate's been on my side lately. Don't be shocked if I find it right away."

Kylan smirked. "These are ancient books with a lot of information, Pup,"

he said. "Don't get ahead of yourself."

I pouted at him, then looked down at the book. The page blurred for a moment, but when I blinked and rubbed my eyes, my sight cleared, and something unusual caught my eye.

"Wait," I whispered.

Kylan looked up instantly. "What?"

I leaned closer to the page, tracing my fingers over the sketch in the middle. The book was clearly old, both hand-drawn and handwritten in a script that was hard to make out, but I knew it was the right page.

'The Box of Ashes.'

"Look," I pointed out. "Aren't these the symbols from the box?"



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