

Chapter 317

Violet

I let out a nervous gulp at the idea of allowing Kylan into my memories, but pushed it down just as quickly because I knew it would be necessary.

"We can go together," I told him. "I don't want to get stuck inside this box...And I think we shouldn't do anything alone anymore. Look where that's gotten us so far."

"Not that far," Kylan answered, looking up.

I rested my arms on the table, glancing at him. "I was thinking," I suggested softly, "that maybe we should tell Dylan and Trinity, so someone's present when we're in."

"Yes, we should," Kylan said immediately.

I fluttered my eyes, caught off guard. I had been expecting a debate, maybe a small argument about keeping things between us for safety, but he just agreed...just like that.

It surprised me, but I guess I shouldn't have been too surprised. Maybe he had a change of heart about keeping people out of things after what happened with Nate. Maybe he realized that trying to protect everyone only made things worse.

"Are you okay?" I asked, stunned.

Kylan folded his arms over the table. "I haven't lost my mind, Violet," he chuckled. "I just thought, since the memory directly involves him, and he does seem to remember bits of it, he might also help fill in the blanks."



I took in his words. "And Trinity..." Kylan began. "She's a good friend. Most of the time, about ninety percent, I don't mind her."

I pressed my lips together to keep myself from laughing. "Ninety percent...that's a funny way to say you're fond of her."

"Yes, whatever—I like her more than the other girl who cries all the time," Kylan said bluntly, scrunching his face. "Not Lian...the other one."

"Her name is Sora," I said with a laugh.

Kylan gave me a firm nod. "Yes, that one," he lifted his brows for a second.

"And I used to cry all the time too, in case you forgot."

Kylan looked at me with a small, teasing smile. "You're different, Violet," he said. "I don't see you as a danger, but her?" He scoffed. "If she shakes her legs like that long enough, something's bound to give."

He scooted back before I could ask any further.

"Then it's settled," he stated. "We'll tell them before midnight."

~

I glanced up to read the time.

11.50 PM

The only sound in the room was the clock ticking. Each second left me in suspense as we sat around the small round table in our bedroom. Me, Kylan, Dylan, and Trinity.

We had started our talk at 10, and it was already past eleven, taking



longer than expected. A lot had been explained, and what followed right after was disbelief.

Dylan rested his elbows on the table, rubbing his temples as he tried to process everything. He was clearly more out of the loop than Trinity, but with this new information, both of them were left speechless. It made me feel a bit guilty, like I had just ruined their sense of normalcy, if that was even possible these days.

"So, let me get this straight," Dylan finally said, his voice already exhausted. "This is what the two of you have been doing all this time?"

His voice was calm, but his eyes were sharp as they looked right at me. I couldn't bring myself to answer, because if I did, I would put his mind at ease and make him think I was doing perfectly fine.

I wanted to tell him I wasn't fine at all, but not when he already looked like his head was about to explode. He let out a breath, shaking his head. "We've just buried a body a few days ago, and now you're telling me you knew about what was going to happen and didn't stop it...and that your brother is even crazier than I thought...and that raven...that mountain guy...the devil—" he gestured vaguely. "What?"

"Dylan—" I started, but he cut me off.

"No," he said, his voice rising slightly. "I don't care what the two of you got planned, but you're not getting inside that box, Violet," he decided for me. "Even if there's a chance that you might find out what happened with Uncle Greg and Aunt Claire, I won't allow it."

I felt a sharp pain in my chest as I heard the worry and anger in his voice. It wasn't just anger, but also fear, because I had just told him what could happen if one lingered too long.



Unfortunately, his fear wasn't going to ruin mine, because I was going back, and nothing could stop me. Not now.

Kylan released a breath. "You can't tell her what to do, Dylan," he said slowly and clearly. Even though he agreed this time, it was just like how he had told me a while ago.

Violet was going to do what Violet wanted to do.

"I can't believe you," Dylan attacked, his eyes piercing at Kylan. "Aren't you her mate? Aren't you supposed to protect her? How are you even going along with this? Have you lost your senses—"

"Dylan?" Trinity's voice cut through his rant.

He looked at her, mid-sentence. "Yes?"

"Remember what we talked about?"

Dylan scoffed. "Yes."

Her eyes hardened. "You know how Violet's head works. If you're going backward again when it comes to being there for your sister, I need you to sit back and shut up."

Excuse me? My head?

Dylan froze. Then he slowly sank back into his chair, folding his arms with a scowl, but not saying another word.

Trinity smiled at me and Kylan like nothing had happened. "You're welcome," she said, flicking her curls over her shoulder. "No need to thank me for that."



Her eyes drifted toward the clock, and she let out a soft sigh. "We have a few more minutes left before it's time for you to leave."

A lump formed in my throat, hearing her words. Leave. Even if it was just my consciousness that would travel through the box, it all sounded so final.

"Dylan and I will stay here and make sure nothing crazy happens," she said, glancing at me. "But what's your plan?"

Our...plan?

I looked at Kylan.

He met my gaze. "I say we go in and see what happens," he said simply. "There's not much we can change about the past anyway, so let's not try to think about it too much."

Trinity hummed, accepting his answer. I shifted my eyes to Dylan, who hadn't said a word since Trinity silenced him.

"Do you remember what exactly happened that day?" I asked. "When I ran off?"

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support



Share