

## Chapter 69

Violet

Child of my blood?

The words sent a shiver through me. I blinked, unsure of what to do—but curiosity got the best of me. I stepped away from Kylan, slowly making my way to the Soothsayer and sank into the chair across from him.

Still smirking, the soothsayer leaned forward, and tilted his head, studying me.

“Eyes of snow, strength of fire,” he said. Then he began mumbling in a strange tongue, words I didn’t understand. It sounded like an old, ancient language. One I hadn’t heard before, and I was quite familiar with a few.

My breath hitched, and my palms got sweaty as I stared at the old man, on the verge of asking him what he was saying—but something held me back. Fear.

How old must this soothsayer have been?

A hundred years, or maybe even older?

Perhaps even a thousand years old?

For a split second, I looked behind me, just to check whether Kylan had bailed on me, and luckily, he hadn’t. I stared ahead again, my heart pounding in anticipation as the soothsayer spoke a few more words, and then he was silent.

“Are you the one who can see the future?” I asked, my voice trembling.

The sayer chuckled. “I can see your past, your present, and your future,” he said. “And when you are forced to remove the stone that protects you from yourself, so will you.”

My stomach twisted as his words sank in. What did he mean? My eyes instantly flickered to the mirror behind him, and I stared at my reflection—my glasses, specifically.

My chest tightened at his words, and I began to realize how real all of this was.

He knew the truth about my eyes. Of course he knew, he was a soothsayer.

Nervously, I swallowed, unsure if I wanted to hear anything else.

Once again, the sayer began muttering in tongues and the tent was filled with foreign words. His voice turned louder, louder, and louder—until he suddenly stopped. Even though I couldn’t see his eyes, he looked as if he was aware of something, or someone—standing beside me.

“No,” he whispered, “It’s not time yet, my child—not yet.”

My head snapped to the side as I began wondering who the hell he was talking to, because it definitely wasn’t me.

I glanced around the tent, my heart racing, and this time I really wished I hadn’t come inside at all.

The only thing keeping me sane at the moment was Kylan’s presence.

“Beware,” the soothsayer spoke, making me turn my head again. “Beware the one who laughs too easily, who hides his truths behind his charm—because those who smile beside you may one day curse your name. Not out of hatred, but out of pain.”

I felt an awful pit in my stomach, listening to his cryptic words. I knew I couldn’t ask further because he wouldn’t answer—a soothsayer rule.

As the sage began speaking in that foreign language again, rolling his neck—my eyes darted to Kylan behind me. He had stepped a bit closer now, looking he might interfere any second.

“Child of my blood,” the sayer spoke again. I looked at him, watching him lick his dry lips. “The one they call mother bore more than a child. She bore secrets, burdens, and a choice no one should ever have to make.”

My throat tightened. “A-Are you talking about my mom?”

As expected, he didn’t answer. Instead, his whispers started again. My head spun as I tried to make sense of his words.

“They held something that many desired but few could wield,” he murmured after a moment. “Such power does not disappear—it shifts, waiting for the right hands to claim it.”

“Who are you talking about?” I demanded, desperately. It couldn’t have been about Mom.

Was it about Uncle? The Alpha?

The sayer ignored me, and his breathing suddenly grew heavier. Then he gasped loudly as his body trembled in the chair.

Nope.

Terrified, I got up to step back, but before I could—a cold hand wrapped around my wrist tightly.

“We will meet again, child of my blood. The moon whispers of war,” the sayer breathed, his voice urgent. “And your name is among those it speaks of. They will be coming for our eyes, they will be coming for all of us and everyone is going to die, die, die—”

“Such power does not disappear—it shifts, waiting for the right hands to claim it.”

“The one they call mother bore more than a child. She bore secrets, burdens, and a choice no one should ever have to make.”

“That’s enough!” Kylan’s voice cut through. He lunged forward, grabbing me by the shoulder to pull me back, then pushed me behind him. The sayer tried to take a step forward, but Kylan wasn’t having it.

“Do not touch her, you fucking freak!” he shouted in anger, pushing the old man backward so hard that his cap slipped off. Now with his true form revealed, I stared at the sayer in horror, seeing two pure white, glowing eyes staring right into mine.

His eyes looked so dead—yet alive...

I clung to Kylan’s arm, trembling in fear as the soothsayer began whispering again. I pulled on Kylan’s arm a little. All I wanted now was to get as far away from this tent—and that terrifying man—as possible.

“The ring,” the soothsayer trembled, gripping the edge of the table with his hands. “You will give it to her. He is your savior, he is your savior, he is your savior—”

Kylan pulled me far away from the tent this time. As we made our way out, I could still hear the faint whispers of the soothsayer’s repeated words—until we stepped out of the tent and were met with the familiar sunlight.

I could finally breathe again.

“I told you this was a bad idea,” Kylan nearly growled, squeezing my hand as we walked. “Why are you so stubborn? Why don’t you ever listen to me?”

He was definitely one to talk. His words were intense, but I couldn’t help but let out a soft giggle that had quickly turned into full-blown laughter.

Kylan gave me a flustered look. “What the fuck are you laughing it?”

“That old man,” I spoke, still laughing. “He went all, ‘you’re the chosen one’ on me. I was waiting for him to hand me a glowing stick or something.”

Kylan’s lips twitched, and then, to my surprise, he laughed too. It wasn’t the sarcastic chuckle I was used to—no. It was a real laugh.

“You’re unbelievable,” he said, shaking his head. “You’re lucky I was there to save you.”

“Yes, I know,” I smiled. “That’s why he called you my savior.”

Kylan suddenly stopped and turned to face me, not letting go of my hand. We stood there, looking at each other.

He inspected me with his brown eyes as my smile widened, hoping he wouldn’t catch any hint of imperfection.

“Don’t do that,” he whispered, his fingers gently brushing a strand of my hair before allowing his hand to rest there for a moment.

I blinked, glancing back at him. “Do what?”

He removed his hand, and poked my cheek, making me gasp. “That.”

My cheeks?

Was I blushing?

Embarrassed, I smacked my hands on my face to hide the obvious. He chuckled softly.

For the millionth time, he was confusing. One moment he was warm, the next cold—it was impossible to predict him.

I truly couldn’t understand him, and I didn’t know if I ever would—but regardless, my heart remained the same. My feelings for him grew with each passing second, and the worst part was that I knew he would end up hurting me.

Yet, I didn’t care.

“What’s with the face?” Kylan frowned.

“There you guys are!” A voice broke through before I could respond.

It was nice timing.

Kylan released my hand as Dylan threw an over his shoulder, pulling him away with a grin. “We thought you guys got eaten by a bunch of vampires or something.”

I let out a small laugh. It was nice to see how Dylan had changed from this unapproachable ass to someone who could actually smile.

Kylan scoffed, mumbling something offensive about vampires while Trinity immediately appeared by my side, locking her arm through mine.

“Me and my stupid phone,” she giggled.

I gave her a side-eye, knowing she had made up this entire situation in the first place. “Yeah, right.”

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The rest of our time at the market passed in a blur. We had visited many stands, food stalls, and even ended up buying a few things.

Still, nothing felt as special as the bracelets I had gotten myself earlier—especially the one that reminded me of Kylan.

At some point, we stopped at a small restaurant to eat dinner—but I felt the happiest when we got back to the car. Kylan had spent most of his time with Dylan while I hung out with Trinity, so I was looking forward to some time with just him again.

We had been driving for a while in a comfortable silence, but I didn’t mind. Just being around him was enough.

I leaned my head against the window, either watching the trees blur past or peaking at his mesmerizing side profile.

As someone who was so used to the Bloodrose,

this whole day felt surreal—like stepping into a dream I didn’t want to wake up from. “This is one of the best days of my life,” I said quietly.

Kylan chuckled, glancing at me out of the corner of his eye. “You should come to Lyperia sometime. Ten times better than this.”

“Okay, Crown Prince,” I teased, giving him a playful grin. He had this cockiness around him that would never disappear, but I had gotten used to it.

“The best part of today was definitely the soothsayer,” Kylan spoke, sarcastically.

I gave him a dramatic eye roll. “Oh, absolutely. Highlight of the day,” I mumbled. “Although... you would make my day even better by inviting me back to your room.”

Fuck, what was I even saying?

Kylan’s expression shifted instantly. His eyes darkened, jaw tightened—and I hoped I hadn’t crossed the line. I had dropped so many hints, he might’ve seen it as annoying.

“Don’t do that,” he said softly, although his eyes were the complete opposite.

I blinked, feeling the heat rush to my cheeks.

He said it again. Those same words he had said at the market.

Back then I thought he was talking about my flushing cheeks, but was it something else?

Was he angry?

Kylan suddenly stopped the car. I looked around, confused. The small road was empty, with trees on either side, and the only source of light were the lights down the path.

Something told me he wanted to have a serious discussion, telling me to back off—and I wasn’t ready for that. Not yet.

“Kylan?” I said, my voice barely a whisper as I turned to look at him. “I-I was just kidding!”

He didn’t answer. Instead, he turned in his seat to face me fully, his dark eyes locking on mine.

He tilted his head before a faint smirk appeared on his lips. “Sure you were.”

The way he said it made me feel caught—like he could see right through me.

“Why did you stop the car?” I asked, nervously.

“You said you were going to pay me back, remember?”

“Oh!” I blinked, relieved for a split second as I remembered. “Yes, of course!”

I quickly calculated how much I owed him for the bracelet and the soothsayer as I reached for my bag. This was way better than whatever talk I thought he wanted to have. “Hold on, I’ll—”

Before I could finish, Kylan’s hand was on my thigh, his thumb resting just below the hem of my skirt. I froze, my thoughts suddenly scattered all over the place. I could barely breathe, let alone think straight.

Not even a split-second had passed before a familiar feeling surged between my legs. One that felt so good, yet made me feel so embarrassed because it was that easy.

What was he doing?

I looked at him wide-eyed as his fingers brushed against my skin, slowly making their way up. Kylan was focused, and leaned closer until his lips brushed against my cheek.

“Then pay me back properly.”