

## Chapter 80

Violet

“Kylan!” I pleaded. “I know you’re angry right now, and you want to hurt her, but don’t do it.”

I heard him draw in a sharp breath. “How did you—”

“Don’t ask,” I interrupted, tightening my grip on his wrist. “Just please—don’t do anything stupid.”

“But she hurt you, Violet,” he stated coldly. “She disrespected me too, her future king—and now she’ll have to deal with the consequences like anyone else back home would.”

“No,” I shook my head, feeling my fingers tremble on his wrist. “Please stay with me, please…”

All I wanted was to keep Nate safe. I didn’t want the two of them to get into it because of me. I would deal with Chrystal, or maybe I wouldn’t—but whatever happened, it would be on my terms.

“Please…”

I felt a hand on top of my head, then his fingers threaded through my damp hair. A relieved breath left my lips as I realized I had gotten through to him—for now.

“Will you at least let me bathe you?” he asked softly, his words surprising me.

“Yes, please.”

If that’s what it took to keep him here, to stop him from leaving and making that vision come true—so be it.

“Wait here.”

I held back a laugh, hearing his footsteps.

Wait here?

Where else would I go?

Suddenly, I felt something squeak against me. I smiled and opened my hand, knowing exactly who it was. The small, familiar creature made its way to my palm, and I gently rubbed the squirrel over her head.

Kylan really kept her.

“Hey, little one,” I whispered, feeling her settle down comfortably in my hand.

Meanwhile, I tried to focus on the sound of the water running. Now that I couldn’t see, it felt like my hearing had sharpened. I could hear everything—every step, every movement...and every bit of worry in Kylan’s voice.

What would’ve happened if he hadn’t found me?

Chrystal had really left me to die back there.

The fact that Kylan found me, saved me, was taking care of me—meant more to me than he could ever imagine.

When I heard the sound of approaching footsteps, I knew he had returned.

“Party’s over, Jumper,” he said, gently picking the squirrel out of my hands. I heard the sound of metal and figured he must’ve put the squirrel in a cage.

“She wasn’t hurting me.”

“I believe that, but we got bigger things to worry about.”

His hands settled on my waist. “I’m going to undress you now—okay?”

I nodded, too tired to say anything. It was surprising that he even asked, but I’m glad he did. I trusted him, completely.

His fingers grazed my skin as he lifted my wet shirt over my head. I shivered, not from the cold but from his touch—somehow my body always reacted like that, even at this moment.

"I lost the bracelet," I said before he could notice. "I'm so sorry."

I heard him chuckle as he carefully undressed me further. “That’s not important right now.”

Moments later I was fully unclothed. However there was no shame or discomfort—only a feeling of warmth.

Kylan picked me up again, and I instantly buried my face against his chest. Somehow, it helped with the dizziness that came from the sensation of floating in the air.

I felt him kneel, still holding me. Then his hand found mine as he slowly guided it into the warm water.

"Is this good?"

“It’s perfect,” I nodded. “But you’re not going to finish the job—are you?” I joked, trying to lighten the mood.

It worked because he let out a small laugh. “No, Violet,” his voice sounded reassuring. “I will never hurt you.”

He lowered me into the bath, and as soon as my body touched the warm water, I leaned back, feeling comfortable. Kylan adjusted me carefully, pulling me up so I sat against the edge of the tub.

“I’m here,” he said, gently releasing his grip on me.

“I know.”

The sound of a buzz filled the room—a phone I think. Seconds later, I recognized the clicks of Kylan typing.

“Who is that?” I asked, trying not to sound too nosy, but I couldn’t help myself.

“Dylan,” Kylan replied. “He and your friend are worried and want to know if I found you.”

Panic hit my chest.

My eyes were rare, precious, and I couldn’t trust anyone—just like Adelaide couldn’t trust anyone.

“You can’t tell them,” I said quickly. “I need to sleep it off, and then—”

“Violet,” Kylan interrupted, gently but firm. “I need to get you help.”

“No, you don’t,” I breathed, annoyed. “I just need to sleep it off, and tomorrow I will see again.”

“How do you know that?”

I swallowed hard, gripping the edge of the tub. “I just know. Trust me.”

“How—”

“Tell them I’m fine,” I cut him off, losing my patience. “I don’t want them to worry.”

It was true, I didn’t want them to worry, but I also wanted to protect my eyes. I didn’t know for what reason, I just knew they had to be protected.

For a moment, I wasn’t sure if he would listen. Then, I heard him sigh softly before typing again and when it stopped, I knew he had put his phone away.

“You just know,” Kylan repeated, releasing a breath before the room fell silent. I could only hear the sound of his quiet breathing, and I could tell he was deep in thought.

I knew he was worried—of course, he was. I had told him I had gone blind, and instead of seeking help like any normal person would, he had to watch me suffer.

But it had to be this way.

My body flinched as I felt a warm, wet piece of fabric against my skin. “We need to get you clean,” Kylan spoke, gently running it over my shoulders, arms and back.

His movements were slow and tender, as if he was afraid to hurt me.

“I’m going to wash your hair now,” he made sure to tell me every step. “Relax, I got you.”

Warm water was poured over my head, and my scalp felt heavy. I felt him massaging my head as the scent of shampoo went through my nose, and then he brushed through my hair.

“It’s a good thing we both got a lot of hair,” I began, breaking the silence. “You know what you’re doing—even starting from the ends.”

Kylan simply hummed, but it wasn’t nearly enough for me. I knew he probably wasn’t the biggest fan of the situation, being forced to hold off on getting me help when I clearly needed it.

“When I can see again,” I spoke, breaking the silence once more, “You need to tell me where you got your brush? It feels really comfortable.”

“Lyperian shark-teeth, the best,” I heard him say with so much pride in his voice. There was just something about the way he was always ready to brag about Lyperia—something quite adorable.

“Ah, of course,” I cracked a smile. “Lyperian, Lyperian—everything is always the best in Lyperia.”

Kylan chuckled for a split-second, but then it stopped. That’s when I figured small talk wasn’t going to cut it tonight. Not in this situation.

“You should’ve shifted,” I heard him swallow. “Fought back harder.”