

Chapter 83

Violet

“I can take it.”

I had to take it.

For a moment, I thought about what it would mean. My whole life would change, and I would have to become someone I was not.

I wasn't sure if I could do that, or if I even wanted to. Was it worth it? But then again, wasn't it exactly what I had been doing all along—pretending to be someone I wasn't?

“There's more.”

My body stiffened.

More? Of course, there was. There was always more.

“Yes?”

“Once you step into Lyperia, you'll lose a lot of freedom. You won't be able to go where you want, do what you want—not without someone watching you.”

“I can take it,” I said again, forcing the words out. I never had that much freedom, so that wouldn't be that difficult—right?

I prayed he was finished because I wasn't sure how much more I could handle, but then he released another breath. “There's more,” he said quietly.

I closed my eyes, feeling slightly frustrated. “What now?”

“As the future king, I have responsibilities. One of them is ensuring the Lyperian bloodline continues,” he spoke without the slightest bit of embarrassment in his voice. “That means heirs—many of them. And to do that...I'll have other women in my life. Mistresses.”

The words hit me like a knife through my chest.

Mistresses? I had to deal with my mate, the one the Moon Goddess had chosen for me—having mistresses?

It wasn't really surprising because he had said it before, but it still hurt.

Still, that wasn't something to worry about, right?

That would be years from now, and I had more than enough time to get used to it...I think.

“I already told you, I'll give you the respect a mate deserves, but you'll never be the only one,” he added. “You'll have to share me.”

Share?

Who the fuck shared their mates? Just the thought of it made me sick to my stomach, but what could I say? It wasn't like I could prevent him from taking any mistresses.

It was Lyperian law.

“It's not because I want to hurt you, Violet. It's just the way it is,” he said when I didn't respond. “A royal mate isn't the only woman in the king's life—”

“I can take it,” I cut him off. “Anything else?”

I tried to sound calm, but my heart felt like it was breaking.

“Yes,” Kyran carried on. “If you accept, I'm positive the king will keep his mouth shut, but that also means you can absolutely not tell anyone you're a witch.”

Right, because that would be an embarrassment?

I scoffed loudly. “Do you think I want to be a witch?”

It wasn't exactly my goal to wear it on my forehead and walk around loud and proud. I would rather die before telling anyone I was supposedly half witch.

It was humiliating.

Kyran sighed. “Of course not,” he muttered.

I could sense the hesitation as those words left his mouth. He had to hate everything about his, about me. I was two of the things he despised the most—a werewolf and a witch. A mix of both.

“Will you mark me?”

“No,” Kyran stated. “Marking only happens at a ceremony, and that's years from now.”

Everything suddenly made more sense now. While it was definitely on the back of his mind, he probably wasn't thinking about the future as much. It was just an impulsive decision—nothing more.

“So...if I can't take it anymore, I can just take off the ring?” I asked, testing the waters. I knew my next response would be based on his answer.

Kyran was silent for a moment before answering. “I don't think it's ever happened before, but yes, you can.”

I nodded, my heart feeling heavy with the decision I had already made. I thought back to what he had said in the woods. The queen, his mom, had lived a miserable life as the king's mate, and I didn't want that. I didn't want to be a burden to Kyran—or to myself.

“I promise,” I whispered, “once I know exactly what I'm dealing with—with myself, with my eyes, and how to control them...I'll give the ring back.”

“Thank you,” Kyran spoke quietly.

It was just two words, but those two words shattered my heart into pieces. He wasn't trying to stop me. He didn't want me—he had said it multiple times—but he clearly cared just enough to protect me, and that part was genuine.

I should be grateful. I should be the one thanking him.

He could've said, ‘Good luck with all of that,’ but he didn't. He was willing to help by giving me his most prized possession.

But what about the king?

Kyran had said he wouldn't do anything as long as I had the ring on my finger, but what would happen after that?

I took a deep breath. There was so much going on right now that it seemed best to focus on the present, on the fact that the ring would protect me.

I had a lot to lose and only a little to gain—but it was the only way forward.

“I'll do it,” I whispered, my breath shaky. “I'll wear the ring.”

He might've given me the choice, but other than the decision to eventually give him back the ring—it didn't feel like I had one. None of this would've happened if it wasn't for me. I had gotten involved with him, even though I knew I shouldn't. I had let myself fall for him, despite knowing better—and I just had to tell Chrystal the truth.

Now here I was, stuck with the consequences of my big mouth, and a ring offered out of pity. Perhaps he felt partly responsible for what happened, but it wasn't his fault. It was mine.

Including the witch part, that was on me too.

How could I have not known I was a witch, and how would I go on from here?

I didn't know how to be half witch, let alone how to be a werewolf, and now, all of a sudden, my real dad turned out to be some deceased Alpha Prince from a banished, hated family. My whole life felt like a lie.

I bit my lip, trying to hold back the tears that threatened to fall. I didn't belong anywhere—not with the Bloodroses, not here at Starlight, and definitely not with him.

The more I thought about it, the more disgusted I felt with myself. No wonder Kyran had avoided me earlier.

Before I could stop it, the tears started rolling down my cheeks. I sniffed, quickly wiping them away, but they just kept coming, and I didn't know how to stop them.

“I'm sorry,” I whispered, my voice breaking.

“What are you sorry for?” Kyran asked.

“I'm sorry for crying...for forcing you to claim me as your mate...for being a witch—”

“Don't ever feel sorry for yourself,” Kyran cut me off. “It makes you look pathetic, weak.”

I tensed at his words. Pathetic and weak? Was that how he really saw me?

“It's not something you can change about yourself, and you can't change the past either,” Kyran continued, his tone no longer soft but hard and direct. “You're wasting time feeling sorry for something that isn't going to go away. What you are...is what you are. Work with it, deal with it, accept it—and move on.”

His words stung, but I knew he was right.

I had to work with it, deal with it, accept it—and move on.

I gasped, feeling his arms over my neck, his chest pressing against my back as he pulled me into his embrace.

“Let it out for now, for as long as you need to,” he said gently. “And after you're finished, I want you to stop the sadness and the tears.”

That was all it took.

I broke, sobbing harder as I let myself fall into him, no longer holding back. I let everything out—the fear, the confusion, the hurt that had bottled up over the years—and now that I was crying, I couldn't stop.

Kyran just held onto me, not saying a word. He didn't try to calm me down or tell me everything would be alright. He was just there, allowing me to cry in his arms.

It was the first time, and it would also be the last. I wasn't going to let this happen again.

I would figure it out.

Tomorrow, after my sight returned, I would stop being weak, stop feeling sorry for myself, and get stronger because I had to.

That was the only way to deal with this mess.