

Chapter 84

Violet

A sound of running water reached my ears, pulling me gently from my sleep. My breath hitched as I kept my eyes shut, too scared to open them.

What if I was wrong, and I still couldn't see?

Memories from yesterday came flooding back—the pain, the fear, everything. After I had finished crying, Kylan had helped me put one of his dry shirts, carried me to his bed, and let me fall asleep in his arms. Even then, I had cried until I my tears had dried—because I had made a promise to the both of us to be stronger from now on.

Starting today, no more tears.

That was then, but now I wasn't sure if I even wanted to face the day.

How would I even survive another day in that darkness?

My heart began to race, and I felt panic creeping in again.

"No, Violet," I whispered, clenching my fists as I forced myself to breath.

Come on, think.

What did Adelaide do?

Unus. Duo. Tres.

I started counting down, just like she had taught me. The words brought a strange comfort. They were working.

Quattuor. Quinque.

I drew in a sharp breath. Then I opened my eyes, slowly while scrunching my nose, preparing myself for the worst.

I began seeing colors, the room was blurry for a moment, but then...

I could see.

Startled, I sat up quickly and blinked my eyes rapidly, making sure I wasn't going crazy. No, it was true. My vision had returned, and I could see again.

All I had to do was sleep it off, just like the woman had told Adelaide—the woman she called Mom.

A loud gasp escaped my lips, realizing I wasn't wearing my glasses, and then my hands flew to my face, covering it.

It would only be a matter of time before I would hear the voices, lose control...

But just as I was about to lose it, a weight on my finger caught my attention. Slowly, I pulled my hand away from my face and looked down.

I was wearing Kylan's ring.

He must've given it to me in my sleep. I traced the smooth surface of the Lyperian stone with my thumb, a lump forming in my throat.

He didn't back down from it. He really kept his word. I wondered if he had hesitated for even a second as he put it on my finger or if he did it without thinking twice.

Either way, he had done it for me.

I heard the sound of the door twisting, and then Kylan stepped out, a towel wrapped around his waist. Water still dripped from his hair, running down his abs, and my mind instantly wandered to what I would see if he were to drop that towel.

Then my eyes drifted up, and I felt my face flush. I tried to look away, but my gaze kept returning.

Kylan noticed.

Of course, because he always noticed.

"Ah," A faint smirk tugged at the corner of his lips. "You can see again?"

I nodded, my cheeks still burning.

I diverted my gaze as he walked over and sat beside me on the bed. He smelled so good, so clean—I could just lick him.

Wait, what?

I bit my lips as he grabbed my chin, slowly turning my head to face him, then looked into his brown eyes. "How are you feeling?" he asked.

"I—"

Before I could answer, his hand gently rested on my forehead. His eyes narrowed slightly as he traced down my cheek, and I felt my skin heat up even more under his touch.

"You're heating up."

Huffing, I slapped away his hand and scooted to the side. "Well, you are naked, wearing nothing but a towel, so yes—I'm heating up."

Kylan chuckled, slightly lifting his towel to show off his boxers as if to prove me wrong. "I'm glad to see you've got that smart mouth of yours back. Now show me what you're wearing?"

I scoffed while crossing my arms, failing to hide the small smile that tugged at my lips. Kylan smirked in response. He knew I wasn't wearing anything other than his shirt, no bra—no panties.

He reached for my hand and gently brushed his thumb over the ring—his ring. The warmth of his hand in mine felt comforting, calming even.

"Any nightmares?" he asked, scanning my face. "Voices?"

"No?" I pursed my lips, shaking my head. "I'm doing okay."

Actually, I was doing more than okay. I thought it would be another disaster today, waking up knowing I was half-witch, but surprisingly, it wasn't as bad as I expected.

As long as I reminded myself that I was also half werewolf.

"I texted Dylan," Kylan mentioned. "I told him to ask your friend to bring over your stuff. She should be here soon."

My mind started spinning. If he texted Dylan, that meant Dylan knew I was here, and unless Trinity had already filled him in, he must've been completely confused. I was sure he'd think I had no business being in the Lycan prince's room.

Kylan frowned slightly. "What?"

"Trinity," I said, nudging his shoulder. "Her name is Trinity—so use it, please."

Kylan tilted his head, and I could tell he was about to make some snarky remark. But instead, he just rolled his eyes slightly and gave me a nod. "Trinity," he repeated, giving in. "Fine."

I stared into his eyes as he brushed a few strands of hair behind my ear. His gaze was softer than expected, but they still held that arrogance he just couldn't seem to get rid off.

Crazily enough, that was the Kylan I liked the most.

He was trying to be nice, I could tell, and it felt great—but it didn't suit him. I was just waiting for him to call me—

"Puppy?"

Yes, that.

I blinked, smiling. "Yes?"

He leaned back slightly, studying me. "Now that you're not wearing your glasses, you need to learn not to make that much eye contact with people. It draws attention, and it makes you look like a creep," he said. "Stop being a creep."

I sighed, maintaining the smile on my lips. "Yes."

Any other day, I would've snapped back, but today I decided to let him have this. He'd been nice to me all night, and he couldn't run off like he usually did. So, this was his way of coping. No problem.

It's what I wanted, right?

I glanced at the clock. "When would Trinity be here?"

"Soon, I think," Kylan followed my gaze. "How many classes do you have today?"

"Three."

"No, you're not going," Kylan decided on the spot. "You need to rest."

"First of all," I scoffed. "You can't tell me what to do—"

"Yes, I can," Kylan spoke, firmly. He looked down at my finger. "We still don't know the full difference between the glasses and the ring so I want to keep a close eye on you today."

That, or he simply wasn't ready to be seen with me yet.

He shifted closer, then lifted his hand before gently touching just below my eyes as if he was examining something fragile. "We need answers," he said, eyes squinting. "I've already done some research, but we need to talk to someone. Find out who you are and what those eyes can do."

"Talk to someone?" I asked, unsure. I wasn't even sure who I could trust anymore, or what good it would do.

"Yes, maybe someone who was around here around the time Adelaide attended school, like Rochwall or—"

"I already did, and I can guarantee none of them are talking," I mumbled. "You can ask the king if you want to, I'm sure that besides hating me for no other reason than me being half-witch, he'll also pretend like he has no idea what you're talking about because that's what these people do."

The more I thought about it, the more suspicious it seemed. Why had Esther, Rochwall, and Jane refused to tell me more? Was it because they suddenly didn't want to talk about Adelaide, or was it because they knew exactly who I was and were trying to hide it from me?

I knew they weren't too fond of my kind.

I swallowed hard.

My kind...

That's all I could call them because the word 'witch' suddenly felt like a slur that wasn't allowed to leave my mouth.

Kylan's expression softened slightly, and he didn't say anything. Still, I could sense his reaction. He didn't agree, but he accepted it.

Anyway, I understood why Kylan was so determined. The sooner we figured everything out, the sooner I could give him back his ring, and the sooner the king could...

I sighed, hating myself for even thinking that way. No, Kylan would protect me, even from the king—and that's why he had offered the ring in the first place.

He was not the villain I made him out to be. Not even close because if he was—I wouldn't have trusted him the way I did.

"You know what?" I said, slapping my hands on my knees, trying to sound confident. "Since we have both done our research, we should maybe compare mental notes?"

"Works for me," Kylan shrugged. "We can go to the library tomorrow. Since I'm going with you—the ultimate geek—I guess we'll get even further than I did the last time."

I bit my lip, trying to hold back my laughter at his lack of awareness about how offensive his words were. He didn't seem to realize it, but I knew it was meant well, so it was kind of cute.

A knock on the door interrupted the moment, and we both looked at it.

Kylan raised an eyebrow. "I think that's your fri—Trinity," he corrected slowly, a cheeky smile playing on his lips.

He remembered.

It wasn't much, but the fact that he listened to my complaints about him not calling her by her name meant something to me.

Kylan got up, the towel still wrapped low around his waist.

"Maybe you should put something on," I suggested, but Kylan just shrugged.

"It won't matter," he muttered, securing the towel around his waist. "That 'Trinity' of yours spends so much time with Dylan, I'm pretty sure she doesn't even remember what a guy with a shirt looks like."

I giggled, even though he wasn't joking. It was just one of his typical comments, said with his usual dead serious face.

Kylan opened the door and stepped aside, allowing me to see Trinity standing there.

"Good morning, Trinity," he greeted.

However, Trinity didn't look at him. Instead, her eyes went straight to me. Her eyes widened as she looked from me, sitting on Kylan's bed in his shirt, to Kylan, standing right in front of her, half-naked.

"So, you've been too busy to reply to my texts but not too busy for..." she paused, lifting a brow. "Nice to know where your priorities lie."