

Chapter 85

Violet

Kylan stepped aside, letting her in. She carried a bag in her hands, which I assumed held my things, but her expression was still confused, clearly waiting for answers.

“I said good morning,” Kylan mumbled, breaking the silence.

Trinity looked at him with wide eyes. “I’m sorry,” she said, almost looking ridiculous as she tried too hard to keep her eyes up. “Good morning.”

Kylan hummed and then turned toward the closet. “I’m getting dressed,” he said, leaving.

Trinity followed Kylan with her eyes until he was out of sight, then let out a breath. “Yeah, I’m a bit confused,” she said, tossing the bag in my direction. I caught it just in time.

“Where the hell were you yesterday? Why didn’t you answer my texts? And wait—why is Kylan allowed to see you without glasses, and I’m not?”

Her eyes suddenly locked on my hand, and she gasped. “W-Why are you wearing his ring?”

I ignored her concerns, my mind drifting to my phone. It had been in my bag, and Amy had taken it. There was no way I could’ve texted Trinity, even if I wanted to.

“Violet!” Trinity’s voice broke through my thoughts. “What’s going on? Why are you wearing Kylan’s ring? Did he—”

“Did you see Chrystal?” I asked quickly. “Did she ask about me?”

Unless she checked the cold place where she had left me this morning, as far as she was concerned, I was dead. That’s what she wanted, and that’s what she had said she was going to do to me.

I was sure Kylan knew her well enough to suspect she would run to the king, which meant she probably did check, and already knew I was still alive. It was a surprise she hadn’t knocked on this door yet.

“I saw her in the halls, but I avoided her,” Trinity shook her head, frowning. “Why would you be looking for Chrystal? I thought we hated her.”

I took a moment, then sighed. “She tried to kill me yesterday.”

“What?”

Trinity’s face twisted with concern as she sat down on the edge of the bed, then quickly stood back up again, scrunching her nose.

“Kylan and I didn’t—” I started to explain, but she cut me off.

“What the hell do you mean, Chrystal tried to kill you?”

I drew in a long breath and told her everything—how Chrystal and the others had ganged up on me, stole my bag, tried to drown me, and left me for dead after Chrystal found out I was Kylan’s mate.

I left out the part about my eyes and the witch part. I really wanted to tell her, but Trinity was the closest thing I had to a friend, and I didn’t want to risk her looking at me any differently. I definitely didn’t want her telling the whole school I was a witch.

Trinity’s jaw dropped. “What? Violet, are you okay? We have to report this—”

“No,” I shook my head. “Just drop it. It’s not worth it.”

I would report it, and then what?

A shiver ran through me as I thought about Chrystal and the way she had shoved my head underwater, trying to kill me. The situation had already been terrifying enough, and I didn’t want to relive it over and over during some official investigation that would eventually lead to me having to kill her—because all I felt at the moment was anger. I was angry, and humiliated—and I had to let it go.

I also didn’t want to put Kylan in any position where he would have to choose between me, and the kingdom—because accusing the Beta’s daughter as an outsider, a werewolf—and Kylan’s freshly new mate, wouldn’t do any good to my name.

No...

I just wanted to let it rest. The ring on my finger was enough for now. It would protect me, and I didn’t want to add any more stress to it.

I had enough stress already—figuring out my powers, my lineage, and how to make it through these years in one piece.

I supposed the thought of me still being alive would already be punishment enough for her.

“I’m so sorry, Violet,” Trinity said, her eyes softening. “I didn’t know things were that bad between the two of you.”

“Well, neither did I.”

“And the ring?” she lowered her gaze to the shining stone once again. “Does that mean the two of you...has he accepted you?”

“Yes,” I nodded, purposely leaving out the part where it was only in name and for show. There was no point in telling anyone it was temporary.

I hadn’t discussed it fully with Kylan, but it seemed logical enough. He gave me the ring to keep me safe, and I couldn’t risk throwing it away by exposing everything.

Trinity shot me a suspicious glance, and I could tell she wasn’t quite convinced—but she didn’t press further. That was one of the things I loved about her, but also one of the things that made me feel bad for ever doubting her. She was a good person, I knew she was—but all of this just made me extra cautious.

I shifted uncomfortably, watching as Trinity’s gaze lingered on my finger. “Does this make you the future queen of Lyperia?” she almost whispered, as if she couldn’t believe her own words.

“Y-Yes,” I forced myself to answer, though that wasn’t the truth.

She released a breath, then rubbed her temples as if she was trying to clear her thoughts. “Wow,” she spoke. “This is so much to process.”

“It is, but don’t worry about it too much.”

“Does Dylan know?”

“No,” I told her. “He doesn’t.”

“You should tell him,” Trinity said, her eyes dropping to the ring again. Since it distracted her so much, I instinctively hid my hand behind my back.

“Dylan was really worried about you. He’s been texting you too.”

It was understandable.

I knew Kylan had told him I was alright, but it was clear that after all those years, Dylan was trying to make amends by being a better brother.

“Can you tell him everything for me?” I asked. Dylan was sharp, and he would probably put two and two together soon enough. One thing I admired about Trinity was how she kept her word, keeping the fact that Kylan and I were mates to herself.

Once again...she proved she was a good friend.

Her eyes popped open. “Everything?”

I nodded again. “From Chrystal almost killing me to Kylan being my mate, to the ring—everything,” I said. “Also tell him I’ve got it under control, and he doesn’t have to do anything.”

Trinity tilted her head, surprised. “Don’t you want to tell him yourself?”

I shook my head abruptly. “No. I need to take a shower and rest. I’ll be staying here today.”

“So you almost died yesterday—despite looking really good, by the way,” Trinity added. “And all you can think about is sex?”

“No—”

“You know what? I get it. He finally accepted you as his mate, and now you’re craving him,” she smiled, winking. “You just stay here for today, and I’ll tell Dylan everything.”

I hummed, giving her a small, weak smile as she turned her heel and left the room in a hurry.

She was right about one thing—I didn’t look like someone who had almost died yesterday. I had always healed quickly, thinking it was because of my Hastings blood, but now I knew it was because of that other thing.

As soon as the door clicked behind her, Kylan appeared from the corner, fully dressed now. The squirrel was on his shoulder, putting a smile on my face.

“So,” he began, patting her with his finger. “Your friend Trinity seems quite certain about what happens in this room.”

I stiffened at his words, feeling the heat rush to my cheek.

Of course Trinity had jumped to conclusions—she always did, but it weren’t her assumptions that bothered me. It was the way Kylan had said it, and that little raise in his brow.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” I asked, crossing my arms defensively.