

## Chapter 86

Violet

“You told her about us being mates, but you never told her the truth about the glasses,” Kylan’s sharp gaze pierced through mine. “Or your eyes.”

I turned away, grabbing the things Trinity had brought from the bed. “Why does it matter?”

“Why does it matter?” His tone was calm. “Why didn’t you tell her?”

I shrugged, brushing him off as I got off the bed. “I want to, but I can’t. I don’t want to freak her out.”

“You trust her, don’t you?” he pointed out. “Then I don’t see the reason why you haven’t told her about your eyes—”

“Just like I couldn’t see a reason why you hadn’t told Nate, your friend, about us being mates,” I shot back. The sarcasm in my tone was impossible to miss, and his brows furrowed.

“You ignored me because you found out I’m a witch, Kylan,” I reminded him. “Let’s not do this.”

He had done a little bit of research, pieced together that I was a witch, saved me, put a ring on my finger out of pity after telling me he grew up hating them—and now he thought he had it all figured out regarding me and my friendship.

I rolled my eyes, walking toward the bathroom to avoid any more questions, but before I could take another step, he grabbed my arm, stopping me.

I spun to face him, my jaw clenched, but I barely had time to react as he pulled my body closer to his. The squirrel jumped off, speeding to her cage as Kylan’s dark eyes bore into mine with a wicked smirk plastered on his lips.

“I must admit,” he said, his voice low, “seeing you like this does turn me on—but do not push me, Puppy.”

Yesterday, that same gaze would’ve made me take a step back, but today felt different. Whether it was because I wasn’t wearing the glasses anymore, the vow I had made to myself, or just the overwhelming reality of my new identity—I didn’t feel like the same Violet from yesterday.

A prince would always be a prince. We hadn’t even reached Lyperia yet, and here he was—already telling me what to do.

A smirk tugged at my lips as I met his gaze, patiently waiting for his next words. When it took too long, I pulled my hand from his grip and stepped back, unbothered.

For some reason, dealing with a Lycan, knowing I was half-witch, suddenly felt way less intimidating.

I thought they were the worst thing I would ever come across, but then it turned out the thing worse than that had been in the mirror all this time.

Nothing scared me anymore because I was already scared of myself.

“I really need to shower,” I whispered, seeing a slight shock in his eyes.

“Yes,” Kylan mumbled. “You go do that, and I’ll be back later.”

I stopped walking, his words stopping me in my tracks.

He had no business outside of this room, other than...

Chrystal.

Turns out there was something scarier than myself, and that was the thing I had seen in my vision.

Kylan losing control.

I could see it all so clearly again. Kylan holding Chrystal by her throat with his claws out, fangs ready to attack. The way he smashed her head to the window, Nate jumping on his back which would lead to a huge fight.

My breath hitched as I turned back around to face him. “Where are you going?”

“What do you think,” he said, sighing as if it were the most obvious thing in the world. “I need to go see Chrystal.”

An uncomfortable feeling gripped my chest. “Please, don’t,” I whispered.

His brows furrowed as he stepped closer. “You don’t seriously think she can get away with what she did, do you?” Kylan said. “You do understand that this is bigger than just her actions. This is about me taking responsibility as the crown prince—putting her in her place for embarrassing me, for embarrassing Lyperia.”

He raised his voice with each word, sounding frustrated. “I understand,” I nodded quickly. “But you need to stay here. You can’t go.”

“I can’t let her walk freely. She has to know you’re under my protection, Violet,” Kylan snarled. “She hasn’t even texted me, hasn’t shown up—which is strange for her, so I know she’s plotting something.”

“You can’t leave,” I spoke, determined. “You can’t.”

He exhaled deeply, throwing his head back for a second. “I told you I would respect you, but unless you give me a good reason why I shouldn’t go and confront her—I’m afraid we’ll have to disagree on this one.”

I clenched my fists, knowing he was right on both counts. I was trying to honor the unwritten rule of not telling the one in question too much about a prophecy, but I couldn’t just order him not to leave without a good reason. He was Kylan, the crown prince—and he had made it very clear that he wasn’t one to listen.

He was also right about Chrystal. She was undoubtedly plotting something, perhaps even my execution—and it was important that she knew, from now on, I would be protected.

But then again, if I didn’t stop him, I knew he would do exactly what I saw in the vision.

I swallowed hard. “I had a vision yesterday...and you were in it.”

Kylan’s expression shifted instantly, and the angry frown he had faded into a look of curiosity. “What did you see?”

“I saw you...in your shifted form,” I said, meeting his gaze. “You couldn’t control yourself. You destroyed everything, were out for blood.” My voice grew louder as I continued. “Just like I have to learn to control myself, you need to control yourself too. I need you, Kylan, so I need you to control yourself.”

I had left out the exact details, still trying to follow the rules, but it was enough for him to understand. He wanted a reason? I had given him one.

A low chuckle escaped his lips. “Violet, I have to talk to her—”

“Then I’ll go with you!” I suggested, feeling my pulse quicken.

No matter what, he could not break Starlight’s biggest rule because of me, and he could not hurt Nate. I wouldn’t let him.

Kylan shook his head, a sympathetic look in his eyes. “You don’t understand, Puppy,” he said. “I need to handle this conversation with her alone, peacefully—and it won’t work if you’re there.”

Then, he added something I hadn’t considered. “What if you being there with me is the reason everything you saw takes place? Have you thought about that?”

I bit the inside of my cheeks.

No, I hadn’t.

I was unsure of what these visions meant since I hadn’t experienced them in a long time—and now he was just confusing me even more.

“Puppy, do you trust me?”

I nodded my head without giving it a second thought. I felt safe around him, I trusted him—that would never change.

“Good,” he chuckled shortly. “Then can you trust me when I make you the promise to control myself?” he said, his tone serious. “I’ll give you my word—but this conversation between me and Chrystal needs to happen.”

I opened my mouth, feeling torn. The vision still haunted me, and I couldn’t shake the fear of it coming true—but I also wanted to show him that I did trust him.

“Then I hope you’ll keep it,” I said, feeling a lump in my throat.

If I couldn’t trust him, then who could I trust?

Kylan gave me a grateful nod, followed by a small smile. “Thanks, Pup.”

I returned his nod and quickly turned to head to the bathroom. Trusting him to keep a promise was the same as giving away the control over my visions, but I did it in good faith.

I just hoped I wasn’t making a decision I would regret.