

Chapter 90

Violet

Hours had passed since this morning as I sat on Kylan's bed, scrolling through my phone. He sat across from me, his gaze fixed on every small movement.

He wasn't even trying to hide it and was doing exactly what he had said he would do—keeping watch over my eyes.

After yesterday, I understood perfectly fine that he wanted to make sure they didn't start glowing again, but...

"Can I ask you a question?" he asked after hours of silence.

Eager, I put my phone down and looked at him. "Yes?"

"Those eyes of yours," he nudged his head. "How did you know you had to sleep it off again?"

"I had a vision," I admitted, the strange images from yesterday flooding back to me. "It was of Adelaide and a woman she called 'Mom.' Her eyes were glowing, and the woman told her she had done it to protect herself and needed to sleep it off."

Kylan tilted his head. "Possibly your grandmother?"

The thought made my stomach twist, and I shifted uncomfortably. I hadn't thought about it like that, but if it was really her mom—I knew that woman wasn't any good. "Jane told me Adelaide's mom was a High Priestess. A dark witch, manipulative."

His brows furrowed slightly. "So you're a...dark witch? Makes sense why you'd be so emotional and reckless."

I looked at him sharply, feeling a tightness in my chest.

"Don't say it like that," I pressed my lips together, fearing that every bit of truth might make it even worse for him to be around me. I wasn't dense. I could tell he was keeping his distance, didn't even want to touch me—and was most likely still disgusted by the idea of me being a witch.

"Relax, Puppy," Kylan smirked faintly, as if my reaction amused him. "I was just stating the obvious."

I crossed my arms, unsure if I should even keep answering his questions. I knew he wouldn't bail on me because he had given me his ring, but the idea of not being enough was my biggest fear.

"You need to tell me everything you know," Kylan said. "It'll make things a lot easier for us tomorrow, figuring out exactly what we're up against, and since you don't want to ask anyone for help—"

"Jane told me Adelaide's mom sent her to Starlight to keep an eye on Alaric. Something about overthrowing the royal family," I blurted, even though I was a bit skeptical after his last comment.

If I hadn't said anything, I knew he would just keep suggesting that we ask someone for help, and I really didn't want to do that.

That woman said Adelaide couldn't trust anyone, so neither could I.

"She also said Adelaide had some kind of secret weapon," I added. "But the next time I asked her about it, she made it seem like I had lost my mind."

Kylan nodded. "Your eyes."

"Probably," I agreed, huffing.

"So she also knows what you are?"

"Yes," I nodded. "My RD—Esther, Rochwall, Jane, my uncle, your dad—they're all in on it somehow."

I glanced at Kylan, who seemed lost in thought. "And that Esther woman," he began. "Could it be that your uncle...dad—"

"Let's just go with Fergus, because I don't even know what he is at this point."

"Fergus...told her who you were, and she's been keeping an eye on you from the moment you got here?"

"No," I replied, chuckling. If that were the case, she would've never called me Adelaide on the first day. I was still wondering what had pushed her to call me by that name, because I didn't look anything like that woman, not even a little.

I paused for a moment, thinking about Claire...mom. I had never doubted she was my mom, because we looked alike. Blonde hair, blue eyes, strong healers—both curious.

"You should see how Esther has been avoiding me," I continued. "She's so confusing. She's the one who recommended me for the Elite team, but then she acts like I'm some kind of plague."

Kylan nodded as I vented, quietly listening. "I don't know anything. All I know is when I asked about Adelaide, everyone was fine answering questions until they suddenly weren't."

"I think there's a reason why they're still allowing you to walk these halls, and I think there's a reason why your Uncle didn't stop you from coming here," Kylan concluded. "Whatever happened all those years ago, with Adelaide and Alaric—they all had a hand in it, and now they're just letting you be because of guilt."

I furrowed my brows. "What makes you say that?"

Kylan's face grew more tense, and I could tell whatever he was thinking about was personal. "Because I've dealt with guilt," he said, his voice soft.

Dealt with guilt?

What was he talking about? Was he referring to almost killing his own brother over his desire to sit on the throne, or was it about giving me the ring when we both knew he didn't really want to?

"Kayden?" I questioned, secretly hoping it wasn't about the latter.

He looked away, sighing as his hand balled into a fist, clutching the duvet. "He could spit on me and I would let him, just because of guilt," Kylan shared. "It's the same reason you're allowed to walk Starlight despite being half-witch. They're letting you stay because of guilt."

I let the words sink in. It made sense. In any other world, after discovering my identity, I would've been expelled immediately. But Fergus had no problem sending me here, and everyone else acted like they didn't know who I really was.

They had always been kind—too kind. Esther, who let me get away without a strike. Rochwall, who always let me slack off in training. Even Jane, who had brushed me off so gently.

But at the same time, it made me wonder—if Kylan was right, what were they hiding? And why would they feel guilty?

"Children of blood," Kylan spoke, cutting through my thoughts. "Other than that time the Sayer called you that, have you ever heard of that before?"

I shook my head slowly. "No," I said. "Do you know what he meant?"

"It's the name for the descendants of the Soothsayers, children connected by bloodlines that carry their power," Kylan explained. "He must've known who you are because the two of you are connected."

I gulped, trying to make sense of his words. "Connected? Like related?"

He gave a slow nod. "It's possible."

The idea was too absurd, so ridiculous I couldn't help but laugh. I was this, that, this—but all I was really good at was healing. What was the point of being all those things if it didn't make me any stronger?

Could I really be related to the Soothsayer? It felt impossible—yet everything about my life in these past twenty-four hours had been impossible.

"Next thing you know, I'll have wings too," I said, shaking my head. Kylan chortled, lifting his brow for a second as if that could really be an option.

"So what's next?" I muttered.

Kylan met my gaze. "That's exactly what we'll figure out," he gave me a nod. "But don't worry. You're not doing it alone."

I looked at him, unsure of what to say, then awkwardly held out my fist to give him a bump which he quickly returned. "I've got your back, Puppy," he whispered, unexpectedly. "Always, no matter what."

My cheeks grew warmer at his kind words. It was a rare sight, but I could get used to it. Us being a team, working together.

"I should record you, making that promise." I said, scooting closer to him. "So I can remind you of it when you decide to back out."

His eyes darkened as I closed the distance, nearly sitting on his lap. I wasn't even sure what I was doing or what I wanted, but I knew I wanted to be near him.

On top of him, under him—you name it.

It was like this strange urge had been building inside me since the morning. It was different from what I felt during the full moon, but it was still there—strong yet controllable this time.

"What are you doing?" Kylan asked, his voice low.

"What does it look like?" I whispered as my breathing quickened. Our faces drew closer and my gaze dropped to his lips.

Did he feel it too or would he pull away?

Our faces drew closer as we both leaned in, but just as our lips were about to touch—Kylan pulled away. He let out a breath, brushing his hand against my shoulder as I just sat there, startled.

Was it because I was half-witch?

"No—that's not it. I really want to," Kylan circled my shoulder, reading my mind. "But we shouldn't."

The rejection still stung, but I covered it with a weak smile.

"Why?" I asked.

"Your eyes," he pointed out. "We don't know what they mean or what they bring. There's a reason the king gave Claire those stones, and we don't know why exactly your eyes were glowing or what exactly happens during that."

He did have a point, of course—but for some reason I didn't care.

The longer I was forced to stay in the room with him, the stronger the pull I felt toward him, and I didn't know how much longer I could take it.

If only I knew how to turn that one off...

I bit my lip, trying to keep it together. "Last night, you said my eyes were glowing in the car, when you removed my glasses—when exactly?" I demanded. I wasn't even sure if I wanted to hear the answer because I already had a good idea of the timeline, but I needed any bit of proof to make myself believe that it was truly because of my eyes and not because of the witch thing.

"When," Kylan narrowed his eyes. "You, uh..."

"Yes, that's what I thought," I finished, waving him off. "Well, at least you now know I wasn't faking it."

A cocky chuckle left Kylan's lips. "Trust me, Pup," he remarked. "Your eyes wouldn't have to glow for me to know that. You hit every octave I was pretty sure you were going to shatter my windows."

"Excuse me?" I stammered, frowning.

He smirked, completely unbothered. "I'm just saying," he lifted his hands, "If you didn't have any plans to become a healer, I would've recommended you for a singing career."

I gasped, grabbing the nearest pillow and throwing it at his face. Kylan caught it effortlessly and tossed it back, hitting me in the head.

"Ow," I yelped, rubbing the spot. "You're unbelievable."

"And you're predictable," he mumbled, his tone shifting to something more serious. "I should get you something to eat, and then you should rest," he added. "We need to get to the library tomorrow as soon as it opens. We don't got much time."

Much time for what?

I couldn't help but wonder what the hurry was, but didn't care to ask. There was just too much on my mind already, and I couldn't take any more.

Tomorrow would be tomorrow, but for today, this was enough.