

Chapter 92

Violet

A portal?

“While Chrystal was drowning me, before I went blind—Adelaide told me not to open the portal,” I admitted, the thought coming to mind.

“She instructed you to turn off your eyes,” Kylan concluded, his sharp eyes locked on mine. “That time in the car after you...did you notice anything? Voices? Dark forces?”

I shrugged helplessly. “Not that I know of.”

That was the unfortunate truth. Usually, I had an answer for everything—but this time, I didn’t. Yes, I was the ‘geek,’ but this feeling was new. I felt lost, clueless, and stupid because of my lack of knowledge.

How could I have lived my whole life and never once questioned why I grew up so isolated or why it had been drilled into my mind to keep those glasses on my face?

Why had I never asked why they wanted me to forget about the voices and the visions, as if they weren’t a part of me?

Kylan closed the book with a thud. “You said you can’t ask anyone for help—”

“Because they’ll just pretend like nothing’s wrong,” I interrupted. “And I don’t trust them—right?”

His expression softened a bit. “I was thinking...and you’re probably right.”

I blinked at him, caught off guard. I had expected to continue my argument about why it wouldn’t be a good idea, and hadn’t expected him to agree with me—not after last night.

“You’re still here because, as far as everyone’s concerned, you don’t know what you are,” Kylan continued. “And it’s probably best to keep it that way.”

“What about the glasses?” I pointed out. “If they’re truly involved, Esther, Rochwall...they’ll all notice.”

“Or they won’t,” Kylan squinted. “Only the king knows what the glasses are for, probably your... Fergus, too—but if I remember my dream correctly, Claire never mentioned anyone else knowing.”

I lifted my brows, surprised. “She sounded really desperate, asking him for help as if everyone had shut her out already,” Kylan added.

The corner of my lips tensed as I thought about Mom, Dad, and what lengths they had possibly gone through to keep me safe, only to end up killed in some rogue attack in the end.

I believed Kylan’s words because they had never mentioned Rochwall, Jane, Elyx, or the names of my supposed two birth parents.

“When the king gets here, it’s best to pretend like we don’t know anything,” Kylan said. “Just play stupid, and make him look crazy for coming all the way here for nothing,” he continued. “With that ring on your finger, he won’t be able to touch you anyway. It’ll protect your eyes, and in the meantime, we can quietly research how to control them.”

Kylan’s confidence sounded reassuring, but I wasn’t sure whether it could work. “What if he asks me about my glasses?”

“He doesn’t care about the glasses,” Kylan shook his head. “All he cares about is that stone, and the ring is Lyperian stone—and at the moment that’s the least of his worries, trust me.”

Right, because his biggest worry would be the heir to Lyperia being mated to a half-witch.

Maybe Kylan was right. Perhaps the king wasn’t some all-knowing god, and as long as we played our part, pretending to be unaware of my heritage, he would think he had some kind of control over the situation.

I bopped my head. “Okay. I’ll follow your lead.”

“Good—and now, regarding the other thing,” Kylan said. “I’m afraid your eyes are beyond our expertise, and I can’t believe I’m about to suggest this...but how about we look for that Sayer? Didn’t he say the two of you would meet again?”

I blinked, shocked at his suggestion. The Soothsayer? He was suggesting we go back to him? The one person who had made my life more confusing than it already was? Because believe it or not—everything started going downhill after that one visit.

“You hate Soothsayers,” I blurted out, narrowing my eyes.

Kylan shrugged. “I do—but he’s the only one who might be able to help you,” he said. “The sooner you learn how to control your eyes, the sooner you’ll...”

Be able to give back the ring?

Is that what he meant?

“The sooner you’ll be safe,” Kylan said, a smile tugging at his lips.

I took a small breath, nodding. Perhaps I had jumped to conclusions too quickly, but could you blame me when he was pushing so hard for help so I could control my eyes, to the point he was even willing to go back to the Sayer?

It was hard to believe he didn’t regret his decision.

I forced a smile once I caught a pair of brown eyes studying me. “Looks like there’s a new nerd in town,” I teased, pushing down my emotions. “And he’s got it all planned out, hasn’t he?”

I didn’t even know it was possible, but Kylan’s cheeks flushed in embarrassment. “Careful, Pup,” he warned. “You’re getting too comfortable.”

I chuckled softly, enjoying his reaction.

“Do you really think the king will buy it?” I asked, changing the subject. “You accepting me as your mate instead of rejecting me after all those things you said about mates, and me being a werewolf on top of that?”

Kylan grinned, leaning forward with a mischievous gaze in his eyes. “All we need to do is look madly in love—something you won’t have any trouble with.”

I felt my cheeks heat up, thinking about what we had just read and the moment in the car. I regretted letting him read about it because I knew he would tease me over it—and here it was.

He looked at me with an intense gaze, as if expecting me to say something back, but I wouldn’t. It was of no use.

It wasn’t like he was going to touch me anyway, at least not until he knew it was safe. Despite reading about the untrained wearing an object to suppress their powers, there was still something holding him back.

The thought of sleeping with a witch...

Perhaps that other thing was just one big excuse.

How long would it take before his beast couldn’t take it anymore, and he had to touch me, take me?

Hopefully soon...

“What’s on your mind,” Kylan wondered, quietly observing me.

“I...”

I want you to fuck me senseless until I can’t walk—until I can’t remember my name...

“Nothing,” I sighed.

Kylan opened his mouth to say something, but before he could, we were interrupted by the buzz of his phone. He grabbed it instantly, glanced at it, and then turned the screen toward me.

It was an emblem of a shield with a sword in the center—just like the one on Nate’s hoodie.

I squinted my eyes, trying to figure out what it meant. “What am I looking at?” I asked. “What does it mean?”

“It means,” Kylan breathed, pulling back his phone, “The king is here.”

The king? Before I could properly process his words, my own phone buzzed. Hoping it was a text from Dylan, I immediately glanced down at the screen, but once I did—my stomach dropped.

It was a text from Dad—Fergus.

‘Dylan told me what happened. We are almost there. Be ready.’

My eyes widened in panic as the words sank in. We?

Who the hell was we?

With a pounding heart, I turned my phone to Kylan.

“So is Fergus.”