

Chapter 98

Violet

Dazed, I stared at the glass window in front of me, watching as Fergus and the king were deep in conversation. Their mouths moved, but the thought of not knowing what was being said was suffocating.

Fergus was alone, facing the king and his entourage, who stood behind him like an army. Usually, this was done with more people present—family, the beta, and so on—but he had brought this upon himself the second he came here without thinking it through.

I glanced at Kylan, who hadn't let go of my hand ever since he reached out to me. His grip was strong, but his expression calm.

Between the two of us, I was definitely stressing the most—and the whispers coming from the students behind the closed-off glass door on both sides didn't help. I had no desire to look, knowing it would only add to my nerves.

Kylan whispered, breaking the silence. "Did Fergus bring up—"

"That thing I am?" I finished, glancing up at him. "No. I could tell he wanted to, but something was holding him back."

Kylan gave me a nod. "Same with the king."

I returned my gaze to the glass, watching the king's lips move as he spoke to Fergus. "What do you think they're talking about?" I asked, curious.

Kylan closed the small gap between us, his shoulder brushing against mine. I felt a quick shiver run down my spine, feeling him so close. That's all I wanted—to be close to him.

"I don't know," he said dryly. "Do you want me to go in there and ask?"

I laughed softly, nudging his shoulder. "You're so annoying," I rolled my eyes, having not expected anything else from him.

He nudged me back instantly, a smirk tugging at his lips. For a moment, the heavy feeling disappeared.

It was just Kylan, and the small things about him that irritated me—but made him, him.

Our eyes met, and my heart skipped a beat. His gaze had held this warmth ever since he saved me, protected me, and cared for me—and it was becoming harder not to fall for him even more.

I blinked, trying my best not to appear hopelessly in love, even though it was definitely heading in that direction. The longer I spent with him, the more I felt protected—the harder it became to ignore how much I loved him.

Love was a big word, but so were my feelings.

I knew I would eventually have to let go of him, and that's why I prayed to the Moon Goddess for him to show me a reason why I shouldn't fall even deeper. Any reason other than him just not returning my feelings.

"Is all of this making you nervous?" he asked, tilting his head slightly.

"A little."

It wasn't just a little. It was a lot.

The king, his entourage, the situation, the students gathered behind the glass—their faces almost pressed against it as they watched us, but mostly... Kylan.

I tore my gaze away from him, taking a deep breath as my eyes finally shifted to those who were whispering and staring. I wondered if they would treat me differently now. I hoped not. I liked staying in the background. It definitely felt safer.

"Puppy," Kylan called out.

"Ye—"

My breath caught in my throat as I turned to face him. His face was close to mine...too close. He gently placed a finger on my chin, then moved his hand to brush a strand of hair out of my face.

My heart raced at the feeling of his warm finger brushing my chin.

I took a quick gulp as I waited, unsure of what he would say next.

Could it be he was feeling the same pull toward me, craving that closeness just as much?

"We'll probably have to leave for Lyperia sooner than you think."

Just like that, the warmth from his touch faded, and my stomach sank. The affection felt nice until he ruined the mood with those words. He removed his finger from my face.

"I know," I murmured, feeling uneasy. If I had to believe Kylan's words, they wouldn't exactly welcome a werewolf with a warm hug, so that wasn't even something I wanted to think about, not now.

"That thing we said we were going to do?" Kylan continued. "We should do it soon."

I knew exactly what he was talking about—the Soothsayer.

A chill ran down my spine, but I did not go against him. Even though I initiated the first meeting with that thing—one of my ancestors, apparently—I wasn't a big fan anymore.

However, if Kylan believed it was the right move, I was willing to give it a chance.

My eyes flickered back to the king and Fergus, who were still in deep conversation. The two weren't biting each other's flesh off their skin, yet I couldn't help but worry and wonder why it was taking so long.

"What do you say?" Kylan asked, still waiting for his answer about the Soothsayer. "Do you still want to do it?"

"Yes," I said softly, focusing on Kylan again. I gripped his hand a little tighter, showing him I was with him.

I could confess, tell him I was scared, terrified—but I wouldn't do that. It would only make me seem weaker than he already thought I was. That was not the person I wanted to be, not anymore.

Kylan kept looking at me, his dark eyes searching for answers. I could tell something was on his mind, and the fact that I couldn't crawl into his thoughts bothered me.

Did he see the way I looked at him?

He knew how I felt for him, so would it even matter?

I shifted uncomfortably, feeling my palm get sweaty in his hand. The one thing I wanted the most was to close the distance between us, to kiss him, for him to take me—so I could stop lusting over him for at least a while.

It had always been bad, but since those two incidents with my glowing eyes—it had only become worse.

Or maybe it was the ring, his ring.

I just wanted to jump on top of him, and get it over with—but every time I let myself think about it, I remembered his hesitation—the way he pulled back out of fear for my eyes.

"What are you thinking about?" I whispered out loud, though that wasn't my intentions.

My eyes went wide, and just as I was about to apologize for being in his business, his lips parted. "I was thinking about the things I want to do to you."

My breath caught, his words leaving me speechless. There was no teasing in his voice, no smirk—nothing. Just those direct words, said with a straight face, that made my cheeks flush in awe.

Every bit of doubt I secretly had about him using my eyes as an excuse because he was too scared to touch a half-witch was pushed aside.

"W-Well?" I stammered, failing to hide my smile. I tossed my hair aside with my free hand, but it went straight into my mouth instead. I quickly spit it out, wiping my lips in embarrassment.

"What do you want to do to me?"

Kylan chuckled at my stupidity as I tried to play it off. He opened his mouth to respond, but just then, one of the doors flew open, and someone stepped inside.