

Chapter 232

Violet

"He knows," I breathed.

I looked at Kylan for a long moment, just studying him the way he always studied me as I looked for signs. To be honest, I didn't even know what I was looking for.

Maybe a twitch, or a shift, or anything to tell me how bad this was going to be. Was he angry?

He looked angry. But I wasn't sure.

Was this the part I had been so afraid of? Where the one person I had been leaning on the most would finally call me stupid?

Kylan's jaw flexed. He pulled in a breath through his nose, clearly trying not to snap, and then he...smiled. His lips curled into a tight smile, and his hand slowly rested on my thigh.

"And when did this happen?" he asked. His tone was gentle but tense. He didn't need to tell me that he was hurt, and he didn't have to try and hide it either, because I could clearly tell. It had affected him.

"It was the first day I got here," I came clean, my voice small. "That morning I went to Madam Renata. I got overwhelmed, had a panic attack, and my eyes..." I swallowed hard. "They started glowing, and he saw."

The one thing I didn't mention was that all of this had happened after my talk with his mother. That part felt unnecessary.

Kylan's face didn't change, but the corner of his mouth twitched, like the

fake smile was starting to hurt. Whether it hurt his face or his heart, I couldn't tell.

"And how many times did you see him after that?" he asked, staring right at me.

I paused, thinking.

"Once in the East Wing—"

Kylan's eyes went big for a split second. "The East Wing?"

"I didn't know I wasn't supposed to go there," I clarified quickly. "No one ever told me. I got lost. I didn't go looking for him, he just showed up."

Kylan let out a low hum, giving my thigh a slight squeeze to continue.

"He said some weird things about the violets in the garden," I remembered, shaking my head.

"He said he saw my eyes glow, and that he knew I was part witch...that we would keep each other's secrets."

Even as I relived that moment in my head, I now began to realize that I should've known back then. The violets were too much of a coincidence. It also made everything ten times more creepy.

Kylan's eyes shut tight. "And you didn't tell me," he said softly, almost like he was talking to himself. Then his eyes snapped open. "That's why you looked so uncomfortable around him at the feast."

I opened my mouth to answer, but nothing came out. I just gave a small nod.

Kylan let out another quiet hum, his eyes wandering around the room. He was still trying to make sense of everything. What drove me crazy was that this reaction wasn't at all what I had expected. Maybe it was selfish, but even if he had gotten angry, that would've been easier to deal with than this silence. At least then I would know what he was feeling. But now, I was stuck guessing.

I could tell he was hurting...

"I owe you honesty, and I should've given it sooner," I admitted. I didn't say it to make things easier for myself. I said it because I wanted us to talk about it, really talk, not just keep everything bottled up. If he was angry, he had every right to be.

"Even though I don't think it would've made any difference in this case," I released a shaky breath. "I do want you to know that I am really sorry."

Kylan's brow arched slowly. "Wouldn't have made a difference?" he repeated, his tone sharper than before. "What do you mean, Violet?"

I froze for a second, taking the time to collect my thoughts. Kylan looked so close to killing Kayden, possibly over a cloak. And it seemed that every bit of information I shared only brought him closer to wanting to kill him even more.

Unfortunately, there was no easy way to say this. "He has known about me for a long time," I said carefully. "He knew even before I knew about myself."

Kylan let out another soft hum, and I turned my head to look at him again. His expression hadn't changed at all. That small, tight smile was still there, and it said everything. He still had a lot on his mind. He was giving me space and waiting for me to speak. But somehow, that only

made it harder.

My heart raced, and before I could stop myself, the words came tumbling out. “B—but I only found out about that part today—I swear,” I spoke, defensively.

There was still no response. Those brown eyes watched me carefully, measuring every word. He was clearly testing how far I would go. How far I was willing to lie, if I was lying, and I didn’t want him to have that image of me.

“Please say something...”

Kylan released a small chuckle. Then, finally, he spoke. “How?”

“He took me to the mountains today,” I said after taking a quick breath. “Kayden said he would take me to my people.”

Kylan’s eyes were locked on mine, and that smile he had been forcing onto his lips had vanished somewhere between ‘Kayden’ and ‘my people.’

“He’s been going there for four years,” I said, trying to keep the story going. “He is close to the witches, and this man who looks a lot like Aelius, who has the same glowing eyes, and there’s this black raven that has shown him everything there is to know about me,” I spoke without taking a single breath.

“The people in the mountains are suffering. They’re sick, weak, stuck in bed. Kayden said they have been waiting for someone to save them. That I’m the only one who can. Because of my eyes. But don’t worry!” I rushed out. “I know I can’t use them like that.”

Kylan tilted his head slightly, his eyes staying fixed on me as I rambled. There was no doubt he probably thought I was losing it. I pressed my lips

together, trying to find the right words.

"I know what you're thinking, and I agree. This whole situation feels off to me," I told him. "But I also...I have to help them."

There was no way I could just sit back and act like I didn't see what I saw up there. I couldn't forget those faces, and I knew Kylan's heart. I knew he would understand.

He let out a frustrated huff, probably still trying to make sense of everything I was saying. I couldn't blame him. It really was a lot all at once. I was still trying to process it all myself.

"There were old people, children, all suffering. And if there's a way to help without using my eyes, then I want to do that."

Kylan lowered his gaze, and his foot tapped against the ground.

"Your brother is insane, I know," I kept talking. I hadn't even told him about 'Kian' yet, but that that was a whole other conversation. "Those people are suffering, and maybe if we work together—"

"Violet." Kylan's tapping came to a halt. He slowly raised his head and looked into my eyes with a gaze so hard it made my heart stumble.

"So let me get this straight," he almost whispered. "He saw your eyes glow. And you somehow still thought it would be a good idea to go with him to the mountains?"


He kept his tone as soft as he could, but this time there was a cold edge to it. I wasn't even sure if he had heard anything about the witches. His mind was still stuck on the fact that I hadn't told him, and he had every right to be.

"I am sorry, Kylan."

"I know," he cut in, eyes narrowing. "I'm not saying you're not sorry. I'm just trying to understand how that made sense to you."

I bit the inside of my cheek, trying to find the words. My mind scrambled for something that could explain it, something that wouldn't make it worse. Nothing came, because he was right. Keeping it a secret from him didn't make sense.

"I'm hearing your concerns," Kylan spoke. "About what happened in the mountains, the raven, the witches, what you saw there...and we will get to all of that."

Kylan looked down for a moment, then met my eyes again. "I'm just trying to understand," he said, the words careful, like he didn't want to make things worse. "You trusted Kayden enough to go with him...but not me enough to tell me the truth?" 

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