

Chapter 328

Violet

I woke up with two strong arms locked around my body. Kylan held me so tightly, I barely even felt the cold air brushing against my bare chest.

It had been like this for hours, and he hadn't let go of me since I fell asleep in his arms last night.

A small smile tugged at my lips, and I leaned closer to kiss the tip of his nose. Yesterday wasn't easy.

After we came back, I cried some more, told him every story about my parents that hadn't left my mind, and he listened. He listened, wiped my tears, held me, and then made me forget those tears, over and over, until I almost believed they hadn't been there in the first place.

There was no better feeling than feeling so comfortable around him to the point I didn't even care that my cries were probably ugly. I knew he hated seeing me like that, and probably still wanted to protect me, especially from yesterday, but he couldn't protect us from what was coming.

A few days...

That was all we had until the full moon. Kayden, Kian, Gloria, Baelor...

And no matter how much Kylan had succeeded in making me forget, even if it was just for a little while, we were back in reality now. There was still a lot that needed to be done, and there were no clear directions.

Little Violet had said quite a few terrifying things, but our main focus at the moment was protecting the Veil, which would be hard to do without even knowing how that thing would open.

We really had to go back, and soon.



I shifted carefully, trying to slip out from under Kylan's grip, but he only pulled me tighter and buried his face into my neck.

"You're awake?"

He responded with a lazy hum, and a satisfied smile formed on his lips as his eyes remained closed. "What's so important for you to get out of bed?" he murmured. "Stay."

I puffed a laugh. "If your kingdom hadn't assigned a strict lady to watch my every move, I would love to."

Just like any other day these days, Madam Renata expected all the girls, including the 'royal mate' were expected to help Kaelis prepare the final things for her first howl. We had become quite close, so I didn't mind helping her at all.

Better yet, after learning there was a chance her First Howl might end up going to shit, I might as well make sure people remembered the good parts.

Kylan brushed his lips along my collarbone. His mouth was warm, too warm, and I swallowed a small gasp.

"What is Renata going to tell the crown prince," he whispered against my skin, his mouth trailing lower, "when he keeps you in his bed all morning?"

"She's going to call me irresponsible," I muttered, pushing him off. He groaned in dismay as I slipped out of his arms and made my way out of bed.

The cold air finally hit my skin, and a shiver went through me as I hurried into my robe. Kylan sat up slowly, smirking as his eyes dragged over every inch of me.

I felt my cheeks burn, and scoffed before tugging the robe closed. "Stop



staring at me like that," I said, flustered.

He let out a long, defeated sigh, making me laugh.

"What's up with you today?" I wondered. "You seem to be in one of your strange good moods."

He knitted his brows. "I don't know," he said. "Usually when I feel like this...it's right before something bad is about to happen."

I chortled. "Yes, the devil is possibly going to bless us with his presence in a few days," I reminded him. "It can't get any worse than that, can it?"

I had expected him to chuckle with me, but his face dropped serious in an instant. So did mine...because this wasn't exactly something to joke about.

Way to ruin a perfectly good moment, Violet...

Speaking of serious, my thoughts drifted back to something we hadn't discussed yet. I walked back, sitting down beside him, and grabbed his hand to squeeze it. "You never told me what I whispered in your ear yesterday."

And with 'I', I meant Little Violet...

Kylan shifted, leaning back against the headboard, looking completely calm as he rested one hand behind his head. "I'm not sure, but it might've been about the ring," he said. "I believe she told me how to find it."

I stared at him, flabbergasted. "She did what? I did what? How would I even know that?"

"I don't know," he said. "But we don't even know if she was telling the truth or if her buddy Thorne told her to tell me that. Little Violet seemed kind of close to him, don't you think?"



"Yes..." I swallowed. "But she also feared him."

It was so strange that I somehow felt the need to protect her, but I couldn't help it. I just didn't know what to think watching myself be both terrified and...attached to that thing. I guess that was one thing I didn't mind not remembering.

No wonder Thorne kept staring at me like that.

I gasped at Kylan. "Do you think I...she...I was evil?"

Kylan pressed his lips together. "It doesn't matter what I think," he said simply. "It matters what the facts are, and we don't have all of them. So we need to stay cautious."

I gave him a look, begging him to answer my question as if that would somehow make me feel better.

"If you care so much...no," Kylan sighed, giving in. "I don't think a child being influenced by a raven is enough to call her evil."

A small, relieved smile stretched across my lips.

"But I meant what I said, Pup," Kylan said. "You've always been obsessed with being the good one, and in my eyes, you are good, but the truth is, darkness doesn't need you to be bad."

"Then what does it need?"

"It just needs access," Kylan said. "You're asking the wrong question. It's not 'was I evil.' It's 'could I be used,' and the answer is yes, anyone can."

I opened my mouth, ready to defend myself once again, but I didn't. I couldn't because all of his words made sense. Maybe trying to be good all the time was what had brought me into this mess in the first place.

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I couldn't deny that when Little Violet said she could feel our good hearts, I felt pretty proud of myself. So yes, maybe I was too obsessed with doing the right thing.

"Okay," I whispered. "But can I please know what she told you?"

Kylan exhaled, leaning his head back against the headboard. "She touched my head," he began, "and said the one kept in the dark will point me to the stone I've been hunting, and we'll need it far sooner than we expect."

A shiver went through me, as my brain began working overtime again.

The stone, the one in the dark. Kian? Kayden? Baelor? Maybe Thorne?

"So when are we going to look for it?"

He shook his head instantly. "We aren't. I am."

My stomach dropped. "Kylan—"



"I'm being serious," he cut me off. "I will look for it, but if it does lead to a trap, I'm not walking you into it."

Here he was, protecting me again. I hated that he did. But a part of me understood. What if Little Violet really was acting for Thorne, who might have known even back then that we would show up?

But still...

"I don't agree," I told him.

Kylan's eyes softened, and he didn't seem to be in the mood for some kind of argument. "But I understand," I added.

And because I could understand, I would just shut up about it.

"Do you really think it might be about the ring?"

"What else would it be ab—"

Kylan's words were cut off by a loud knock on the door.

"What is it?" he growled, his tone thick with anger.

"I'm sorry, Your Highness," a guard answered. "But the king requests the entire council and all royals to the throne room at once. Including the Royal Mate. He has...urgent announcements."