

Chapter 462

Violet

"Look me in the eye and tell me I didn't just feel what the fuck I just felt. Tell me that wasn't Baelor inside of you!"

Kylan shushed me, his eyes scanning our surroundings. I should've lowered my voice, but he couldn't blame me. He looked at the trees, the ground, anywhere but at me.

So much for wanting to explain.

"I do want to explain," he finally said. "But not like this when you're upset," he told me. "You are emotional. I understand it's a lot to process, and I don't want this to turn into something where we both say things we don't mean just to hurt each other."

A broken laugh escaped me, the tears still streaming down my face. Was he being serious?

I sniffed hard, throwing up my hands in disbelief before dropping them back down against my thighs.

"I've got some great news for you." I smiled through the tears. "You can't possibly hurt me any more than this."

Our day started so well.

How could it have ended like this?

Kylan went quiet. As his brown eyes pierced through me, I couldn't help but wonder what he was feeling. What emotions were running through him right now? I suppose the scary part was reaching through the bond



to find out, because I didn't want to do that at the moment.

Not when it didn't mean anything. Even while being able to sense him all along, I never noticed.

I would've never caught this.

Not without Lumia.

What good was the bond if it couldn't even show me this?

I shook my head at him. "I really thought I knew you."

"You still do." His voice was desperate, yet slightly irritated. "It's still me, Violet—"

"No, it's not!" My voice rose. "It is not!"

I dragged my hand down my face, wiping my tears. My eyes closed, then the memories hit me. All those mornings and nights we shared. The deep talks, the intimate hugs, him buried deep inside me, on top of me...

An almost disgusted laugh made its way past my lips. "Oh, my Goddess." I pressed my hand to my mouth. "I had sex with you while that...that thing was inside you!"

Kylan took a deep breath, dragging his hands through his hair. "It wasn't like that."

"Then what was it like?"

His eyes softened as he reached out and took my hand. His grip was still the same as I remembered it, including his fingers that curled around mine like he was afraid I might disappear. It had always stayed the same,



and maybe that's why I didn't notice.

I should have pulled away, but I didn't. He looked into my eyes, and we held each other's gaze in silence.

The wind brushed against our skin, yet not even the softest breeze could quiet the storm inside me. Silence couldn't fix this either.

I waited for him to speak first. Waiting for the part where he would finally tell me everything, even after I told him I didn't want to hear any of it. For him to beg for my forgiveness so we could find a way to work through it together, the way we promised we would.

If that was even possible still...

"I can't...I need you to calm down first," Kyran breathed.

"I am calm!"

He shook his head slowly. "No. Not calm enough."

Not calm enough?

I blinked up at him in confusion, wondering if he was being serious right now.

He had been carrying the devil inside his body for months, lied to my face every single day, and now he was telling me I wasn't calm enough?

"I'm going to walk away," he continued. "Give you some time to gather your thoughts. You're unstable, and the last thing we need is for you to lose control and use your eyes."

Unstable?



I let go of his hand, feeling the warmth fade away instantly. Then it was replaced by something cold and empty that spread through my chest. This wasn't going anywhere.

He had run after me. He had just told me he wanted to explain. Now he was telling me he would walk away, leaving me with nothing but silence and accusations about my own emotions?

That wasn't fair.

None of this was fair.

He was just standing there, trying to make it seem like I was the problem for being this emotional, which wasn't fair.

"It's okay. You can walk away, Kylan," I said, exhaling. "It wouldn't be the first time. You don't have to explain it anymore. I know already."

His jaw locked. "What are you saying?"

"I already know what's happening."

His voice dropped. "What do you think is happening, Violet?"

I stared at the face I had kissed a thousand times. Those were the eyes I had fallen asleep staring into because they were the only thing that made me feel safe. The ones of my mate I thought I knew better than anyone.

"What do you think is happening?" he repeated, his face growing more uncomfortable with each second.

Don't say it...

"I think you didn't want to tell me you got a monster living inside you



because you didn't want me to compare you to Kian or the king."

Don't do it...

"The scariest part is that I was always able to see through them. I knew what they were, but you? You fooled me...and that makes you worse than both of them. And I regret..."

A frown appeared on his face. He looked like he wanted to argue, but something held him back.

I was sure it had to do with the pain I felt less than a second later. It felt like a blade cut straight through my chest, and it wasn't just his pain. It was both of ours, tangled together. That wasn't something he could've faked. That part was real.

He let out a rough breath, his gaze still locked onto mine. "You're standing there acting like you are the only victim, but you have no idea what I've been carrying."

His voice cracked. "I've been fighting every single day to keep you safe. Carrying this weight so you wouldn't have to, and for what? For you to repay me by spitting in my face?"

What was I supposed to say to that?

"You want to know my biggest regret?" He fluttered his eyes, and I could see they were glassy. He was close to tears. Kylan wasn't the type to cry. He always tried his best to hold everything in.

"It's not Baelor." He pressed his lips together as if he was trying to keep himself from saying the next words. But he failed. "It's putting that mark on your neck and believing for once I would finally have someone in my life who would love me unconditionally. That's my biggest regret."



My heart shattered into a million pieces that would be impossible to pick up.

"I regret marking you."

Kylan walked past me, in a hurry to remove himself from the situation, and he didn't look back. Not once.

A loud sob escaped me before I could stop it, and I wiped at my face with the back of my hand, but the tears kept coming. The pain in my chest kept growing. Our pain was feeding off each other until I could barely breathe.

What did I just do?

'Low blow, Witchey,' Lumia said, her voice weak. She was also hurting. 'Both of you.'



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