

## Chapter 466

Kylan

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Present

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I opened my eyes, the memory fading.

That was the night everything changed. I had made a choice that I couldn't take back. I didn't want to take it back.

But I had also made her a promise I wouldn't forget. I had promised to always be there for her, and that wasn't exactly what I was doing right now.

I could still feel her pain, and I doubted even half of it had anything to do with Baelor, and more with the words I had said to her.

"No," I muttered under my breath. "Not like this."

I pushed myself up from the bed. Thorne and Jumpie shifted off me immediately, both of them watching as I stood.

'Kylan!' Valerius warned.

'I need to at least tell her I didn't mean it,' I said. 'That I do not regret this bond, and that I love her. I don't want them to feel any pain, and I know you agree.'

Valerius let out a heavy sigh.



He agreed.

It didn't take long before I was already out the door, on my way to her dorm. I knew she was still in there...still hurting.

I didn't even know if I was welcome, but I knew I had to apologize right away. If Valerius hadn't told me to remember that night, I would've never remembered the promise I had made her.

The campus courtyard was quiet at this hour. As I walked, a few students raised their hands to greet me, but I didn't stop to acknowledge any of them.

I only had one goal, one destination.

Violet.

As I reached the building and made my way up, a few healing majors threw some curious glances in my direction. I couldn't help but wonder if word had already spread that something had happened between us.

It was Starlight.

But then again, if it really had, Dylan would've already knocked at my door a long time ago.

By the time I reached her floor and saw her door, my feet stopped moving. I stood in the middle of the hallway, staring at it from a distance.

Was I really about to do this?

'Go on, then. See how well that pride holds up!' Valerius encouraged.

I locked him out and continued walking until I reached her door. I gave three quick knocks and waited.

A few seconds passed before the door swung open. It wasn't Violet, but Trinity. She stood on the other side with a big smile on her face, but the second she saw me, that smile faded. Her brows knitted together in anger.

I understood...

You know what? I couldn't even be mad at her. I deserved it.

"Kylan," she said, folding her arms, "I don't exactly know what happened between the two of you, but I'll take Violet's side. Which means I could strangle you right now."

She had said it so seriously, I couldn't hold back a chuckle.

"Are you laughing?"

My face went serious. "No...no I'm not."

She stared at me up and down, her eyes sharp. I knew those two were protective of each other, and she wasn't going to make it easy for me. I respected that.

"Is Violet here?"

Of course I knew she was there. I had already picked up on her scent. What I really meant was whether she was willing to hear me out.

Trinity's lips parted as she let out a sigh. "I don't know—"

Before she could finish, a head appeared from behind her, and a flutter went straight through my heart.

Violet.

Her eyes were red and swollen. Her face puffy from crying, and her hair in a bun that showed she had given up trying to look okay a while ago. She looked tired, and broken.

Because of me...

I hated seeing her like this, knowing I was the reason.

"Kylan?" Her voice was soft, eyes confused.

My chest tightened. "Can we talk?"

Violet blinked a few times, processing my words. Then she glanced at Trinity before looking back at me.

"Do you want to come in?" she asked.

Trinity let out a dry chuckle. "Yes, please!"

The look in Trinity's eyes told me exactly what she was thinking. She wanted to supervise and make sure I didn't make things worse. I had made Violet cry, and Trinity was not feeling friendly at the moment.

"How about in private?" I asked.

Violet nodded slowly. She placed her hands on Trinity's shoulders and gently dragged her back inside. Then she stepped out into the hallway and closed the door behind her.

I glanced around for a second, noticing the halls were empty now. It was just us.

"I didn't tell her about..." Violet started, her voice barely above a whisper. She used her hands to gesture at me, and whatever was inside of me.

I shook my head. "I didn't come here for that," I said. "Whether you want to tell her or not is your decision."

Violet curled her lips into a small smile. The silence after that was suffocating. I wanted to hold her, pull her into my arms, and tell her everything would be okay. Unfortunately, I didn't know how far I could go. Or how far she was willing to let me.

I did know we needed time to heal, and expecting everything to be fine right now would be too unrealistic.

A sigh left me. "I just want to say something to you—"

"I—"

We spoke at the same time, then stopped and chuckled. "You go." She gestured at me to talk first.

I wasted no time, reaching for her hands. "Violet."

She looked down at them with a sigh, then back up at my face. At least she didn't pull away. That was a good sign.

"I'm an idiot." I looked into her eyes. "I don't regret marking you, and I should've never told you that." I squeezed her hands gently and saw the smallest shift in her eyes. Relief.

"You are my everything, and you mean the world to me. Marking you is the best thing I've ever done in my life, and I mean it," I told her. "I don't know if you can accept my apology right now, but I had to come here and tell you I'm sorry, Violet."

I felt her calm a bit more through the bond and started feeling more at ease too. Her shoulders looked less tense, and her grip on my hands softened.



"Me too...I didn't mean any of it," she admitted. "I shouldn't have compared you to Kian or the king. That wasn't fair, and I'm sorry...for that part."

"Well, I kind of had it coming."

"Don't say that to make me feel better." Her voice was soft but firm. "My words pushed you to say those awful things. I didn't intend to hurt you like that, and I'm sorry."

I gave her a small nod. She did hurt me, and telling her she didn't wouldn't help the situation.

That awkward silence returned. There was much more than an apology needed to get over this. I knew that, but this was a start.

"We can discuss the rest at a quiet moment," I said. "Whenever you're ready."

Violet bit her bottom lip. "That's actually what I wanted to talk to you about."

I squeezed her hand. "What is it? Talk to me."

My heart started racing. What if everything wasn't okay?

What if she had changed her mind about me and wanted to break the bond? If everything I had done, everything I was carrying, had finally pushed her so far she couldn't bear being with me anymore?

Violet exhaled slowly.

"I've been thinking all night," she began. "You always have good intentions. You did whatever you did for your own reasons...most likely to protect me," she said. "And even if that's the case, I still don't agree with

it. I know this will be something we'll never agree on, so I'd rather just ...” She closed her eyes for a second. “Drop it. Forget about it and start over.”

Drop it?

I blinked. “Forget about it?”

That was impossible. This situation was too big to just forget. Baelor was inside me, I didn't tell her, and she was upset about it. This wasn't something we could sweep under a rug and pretend didn't exist.

“I want to move on from this,” she said. “That fight scared me, I didn't like the way we talked to each other, and my eyes...”

“Your eyes, what?”

Violet went quiet. She told me to drop it, but I could still feel her anger beneath the surface. That pain, and the betrayal. The sadness was gone, but that part was still there.

While that would've been the perfect time for me to push further and confront her, I decided against it. Violet didn't like confrontation. I didn't want to make her uncomfortable, and Valerius had already warned me.

I couldn't get too emotional. If I pushed now, she would push back harder and we would be back at square one.

“There is something else I want to talk about though,” she said, her voice low. “Something serious. I'll tell you tomorrow.”

Something serious?

Between all that had happened between us, what could be enough for her to want to talk to me again?

Help with her homework? No.

Maybe someone had been bothering her? No.

Or...

My throat went dry, eyes going wide.

"Are we..." I looked down at her stomach. "Are you?"

"Pregnant?" Violet burst out laughing. She let go of my hands to cover her mouth. "No, no, Goddess no!"

A chuckle escaped me as she continued laughing. I knew she thought I was stupid, but I didn't care. It felt good to see her like this, and for a second, it almost felt normal again.

"It's about the glow," she said, wiping her eyes. Her expression changed again. "I almost lost control again in the woods, last night in bed, and then today." She looked down. "I almost used them without meaning to, and the ring didn't help."

It didn't help because not even a ring could control the anger I had caused her.

I did this to her...

"I feel like my powers are growing...fast, and I can't wait any longer. I need to see Aelius," she continued. "Since this involves my eyes, you're the only one I can ask. The only one I..."

Trust...

Only, she had never finished her sentence. She lifted her brows for a split second.



"We can discuss it in my room tonight—"

"Not tonight."

She declined before I could finish.

"Are you busy?" I questioned.

She pursed her lips and shrugged. "No. Just tired."

I knew what that meant. She didn't want to be around me. Not right now.

The situation with her eyes must have been severe if she brought it up to me straight away.

Not Trinity, not Dylan.

Me.

Whether it was out of fear for Baelor or just because she couldn't bear looking at my face for too long, she still needed me.

"Fine. We'll talk tomorrow."

The silence stretched between us again as we just looked at each other. I hated this distance. It had never been like this between us, not even when she was convinced I hated her.

It was like we didn't know how to be around each other anymore.

"Was that all?" Violet asked. "Are we good now?"

I nodded, caught off guard. "Yes. We're good."

"So just to make sure." A surprised laugh escaped her. "You didn't come here to...break the bond?"

I blinked at her in utter shock. "Never!" My arms opened instantly. "I would never!"

I thought she'd hesitate, but Violet was quick to step into my embrace. The moment I felt her warm body against mine, I wrapped my arms around her and pulled her closer.

She buried her face in my chest, and I rested my chin on top of her head, inhaling the sweet scent of vanilla and candy. I didn't want to let go of her. Not now, not ever.

But why could I still feel her holding back? Did she fall into my arms because she wanted to hug me or because she wanted to make sure that I was still me, and not the one she feared? Baelor.

She pulled away first, and I touched her arm gently. My thumb brushed against her skin. "I love you," I said, wondering if she'd say it back. She didn't.

All that left her was a soft chuckle, and then she nodded slowly. Her eyes were more alive than they had been minutes ago, but still tired.

"Yes."

Yes?

"Bye, Kylan," she said.

Bye?

She turned and walked away while my hand was still in the air where I had brushed her arm seconds ago. I watched her leave, but before she went inside, she looked over her shoulder one more time.

"I will see you tomorrow!" She smiled. "Good?"

I opened my mouth to speak, but nothing came out. She had already shut the door, leaving me alone in the hallway.

All of this was...frustrating.

If she didn't want to talk about it, forget about it, drop it, or whatever she wanted to call it, then how could we move past this?

Valerius started laughing.

'What?' I growled.

'This is bad news for us,' he said. I couldn't tell if he was down or amused. 'My Lumia...Sweet Violet, they are not just angry. They are fuming.'