



Chapter 470

Violet

Kylan looked down at our hands for a moment.

"Barely," he said. "It's really just me. My thoughts, feelings, body." He tugged my hand. "It's all me. Valerius keeps it contained."

I nodded slowly, processing. "So if we...you know," I blinked. "It's not like your eyes will suddenly turn red and you'll start saying 'Child of Blood,'" I said, my voice dropping.

Kylan burst out laughing. As the sound filled the room, I realized how much I had missed it, and it hadn't even been that long. I just loved the way that genuine laugh would make his whole face light up. It was hard to get that out of him, but not for me.

He reached out and softly flicked my forehead.

"Maybe we do need to go to Aelius," he said, still chuckling. "Because you're being weird again."

"I am serious!" I laughed, rubbing my forehead. Our laughter faded as we stared into each other's eyes. His hand traveled to my cheek, and he stroked it gently. Then we both leaned in, and he rested his forehead against mine.

"Weird or not," he murmured, cupping both cheeks, "I still missed you, Pup. I don't want to be like this anymore."

"I'm still pissed at you," I breathed. Because I was. "But I don't want to fight either."

His lips curled as he shifted and pressed his warm lips to my forehead,



holding them there.

"You didn't say it back yesterday," he said softly.

I knew exactly what he was talking about...

"I want you to love me again," he whispered. The way he said it broke something inside of me. In that moment, I hadn't realized the impact of not saying it back.

"I still love you. I never stopped loving you," I chuckled. "Turns out I was just angry."

'This is good,' Lumia murmured. I could feel the joy in her voice.

I felt her completely calm for the first time in days. And Valerius too. The tension on his side of the bond finally eased.

"Can you feel that?" Kylan noticed.

"I can."

We stayed like that for a moment. Our foreheads touching, breathing together, and I didn't want to let go. I wanted it to last forever and forget about everything.

Forget about Baelor, my eyes, Kian...

Suddenly, panic rushed through me.

Kian...

I pulled back suddenly, my heart racing. My eyes widened. "If you say Kian will succeed in taking the other vessel," I said, my mind spinning, "what if he already has?" I looked at Kylan, my stomach tightening. "

What if the nightmares I've been having are connected to the Veil's destruction?"

Kylan's brows drew together. "It could be," he agreed.

"But if it is," I continued, "wouldn't we feel the impact of it? Wouldn't my parents warn me?"

Kylan shook his head. "I don't know. That's why I'm not sure either," he said. "Varius told me he doesn't know when Kian will strike. It could be weeks, months, years...but something tells me we are close. Really close."

I chewed on my bottom lip, feeling the frustration bubble. I didn't want to know if it could be weeks, months, or whatever. I needed a clear timeframe so we could at least prepare. I wanted to reach out to my parents and find out if they were okay.

'Lumia?'

'I won't connect to Lumen,' she said immediately. 'I know he is still alive. I can feel that. But I won't connect. It's too dangerous because we don't know what's happening on the other side.'

I agreed with her. As much as I wanted answers, I wasn't willing to risk it. At least not without knowing more.

My breath came out in short, rapid bursts.

Out of nowhere, I started feeling unwell. My chest felt tight, and my thoughts spiraled before I could stop them. I was doing what I was best at.

Overthinking.

What if we were wrong?

What if they did need me? What if they were calling for me right now, trapped on the other side, waiting for me to reach out? What if every night I ignored those dreams was another night I abandoned them?

I couldn't lose them again.

I just couldn't.

"Hey," Kylan said, his voice soft. I looked up at him.

He reached out and took both of my hands in his, pulling them toward him while his thumbs traced slow circles against my skin.

"Whatever happens," he said, "we'll figure it out together. You're not alone in this."

"But what if we can't figure it out?" I asked. "What if Kian is already ahead of us, and by the time we realize what's happening, it's already too late?"

Kylan was quiet for a moment. He couldn't tell me it wasn't like that because he didn't know either. We were all just living inside a bubble, and with everything going on, perhaps now was the time to get out of it.

"Then we fight," he said simply. "The way we always do."

I let out a shaky breath.

Fight?

"I'm tired of fighting," I confessed. "Tired of not knowing, the waiting, for Aelius to call, and these dreams that don't make sense." My voice cracked. "I just want one day where nothing bad happens. One day where I can just be with you without worrying about the end of the world or you having the...devil inside of you."

He rolled his eyes as the last part came out. I knew he didn't want to hear it. Kylan pulled me into his tight embrace, my head resting against his chest. His arms wrapped around me, holding me close.

"After all of this is over...can you even get rid of that thing inside of you?" I asked. "Please tell me Thorne is still an option."

"I don't know," Kylan murmured against my hair. "I wish I could tell you more about it, but I do not know."

I closed my eyes, squeezing him tighter. He didn't know it yet, but I would find a way. There was no way I would allow him to be a vessel for such a thing. Not when Mom fought so hard to keep Dad from being one.

Sure, Valerius could hold it for now, but what if he couldn't?

What would happen if one day Kylan lost control and I had to look into those brown eyes and see someone else staring back at me?

What then?

Just the thought made me nauseous. My ear pressed against his chest, listening to his strong and steady heartbeat. It was calming, grounding... nothing seemed off.

'Our mate is a warrior, and everything will be okay,' Lumia said gently. 'Even if it won't be, we will do something about it together. I'm here for you. It's us against the world.'

Lumia...

I could almost tear up at her heartfelt words.

'I know.'

'Whether I want to be is another question, Witchey,' she added dryly. 'But I don't have much of a choice...unfortunately.'

My lips curled into a small smile. She had been too soft, and now she was backtracking.

'How unfortunate.'

"Are you staying tonight?" Kylan asked, pulling back. I felt my cheeks flush. Our late nights usually led to the usual, but as much as I missed him and wanted things to go back to normal, it was a bit too early for that.

I still had to get used to...everything.

In a hurry, I pulled away and got up from his lap.

"I can't!"

Kylan furrowed his brows, confused. "Rumor is we have a hot visiting professor tomorrow," I said quickly. "And if that's true, I need to find something nice to wear!"

He rolled his eyes, exhausted, as he got up from the chair. "Don't tell me you're also obsessing over that mystery professor," he muttered.

So the rumor had reached him too.

"They say he's a sorcerer, so who knows?" I shrugged playfully. "Maybe he will take interest in me." I tilted my head, pretending to think. "One who doesn't have the devil inside of him."

Kylan responded with a laugh. It probably wasn't a situation we were supposed to be joking about, but there wasn't much we could do about it anyway. At least he could appreciate the joke.

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He walked closer, releasing a low hum, and wrapped his arms around my waist. Kylan pulled me back against him like he wasn't quite ready to let go yet.

"In that case, I wish the two of you all the best," he teased.

"Are you not threatened?"

He sucked his teeth. "Absolutely terrified," he said flatly. "Just the thought of you looking at some random sorcerer instead of the future king of Lyperia is enough to keep me up at night."

I burst out laughing again.

"You're an idiot."

"I know," he said. "Now go find your outfit."