

Chapter 475

Violet

"So let me get this straight," Kylan said. "The professor everyone has been losing their minds over is Jason?" he asked. "The same Jason who was still a kid last time we saw him?"

"Yes," I confirmed.

"And Aelius sent him here to teach you how to heal shadow wounds."

"Yes."

"And he wants us to come to Bloodstone Haven tomorrow night because Aelius needs your help and it's about your parents?"

"Well, our help," I corrected. "But yes!"

After class this morning, I had nearly knocked over two desks trying to follow Jason out the door. But he refused to give me more answers. All he did was tell me to wait until tomorrow with that perfect smile of his and those dimples.

I walked closer to Kylan as we followed the path away from the Starlight gates. We had gone far enough from campus that no one could hear us, and we were surrounded by trees and silence.

Even though it hadn't even been that long, I had missed him. Missed this. It felt nice, finding comfort in him again.

My thoughts drifted to my parents. "I think Grandpa Aelius might want to talk about the Veil," I said. "Something must be happening with it." I gasped like I had figured something out. "But it makes me worry because what if Gloria or Kian killed my parents? What if the thing Aelius wants

help with..." I swallowed. "Is revenge?"

Kylan's lips parted to speak, but I shook my head immediately. "But that wouldn't make sense," I concluded. "If they were gone, Lumia wouldn't be able to feel Lumen, but she can." I shared my thoughts. "But I also know they're not free because if they were, they'd be looking for me."

Right?

A chuckle escaped Kylan. My feelings were a mess. Everything was a mess, and I couldn't stop thinking about it. Ever since Jason said it was about my parents, the situation had occupied my mind.

"Pup."

Kylan reached down and took my hand, making me look at our intertwined fingers. "Don't worry," he said, his voice gentle. "We'll find out all the answers we need tomorrow."

He seemed to be rather calm under all of this.

A smile tugged at my lips. "So you're coming?"

"Of course I am." He squeezed my hand. "We're all coming."

I leaned my head against his shoulder as we walked. "Thank you," I murmured. "For telling me not to go to Aelius and wait until he'd reach out to me instead? You were right this time."

He let out a short chortle, his brow furrowing. "This time?"

I furrowed mine right back. "Yes. This time."

We were both referring to the same thing. The Baelor thing, and the decision he made without me. The thing I told him I would never accept.

Trinity said we were in the band-aid phase, but if we were, would we be able to joke around about this? Or maybe the reason we were able to joke around about it was because we were both tired.

Things were already as bad as it is.

I just hoped Aelius wouldn't be too angry when we showed up.

"You should've seen Jason though," I said, changing the subject. "The way he removed the dark magic from the apple? It was effortless, and he didn't even break a sweat." I shook my head in admiration. "He's truly incredible."

Kylan hummed. "Is he now?"

"Yes." I nodded eagerly. "It's not just that, but he's also very patient and kind. He explained everything step by step, and he made everyone feel comfortable," I gushed. "Oh, and he even answered the stupid questions! Plus, he has these dimples when he smiles. You should've seen the girls in my class. They were practically fainting!"

"Were you?" Kylan mumbled.

My eyes squinted as I went into deep thought. "L...don't think so, but I can't blame—"

Before I could finish, Kylan tugged my hand and pressed my back against a tree. His other hand went straight above my head against the bark.

"Hey!" I protested. He smirked down at me, his brown eyes even more confusing than usual.

"So," he said, leaning in close enough that I could feel his breath on my lips. "About this Jason guy."

I let out a laugh, finally understanding what was happening here. He had done it before, back when some guy at Starlight handed me chocolates, but this was going a bit too far. It was just Jason.

I chuckled, tilting my head to look up at him.

“Are you jealous?”

Kylan’s expression shifted. That smirk was still there, but there was something else behind his eyes. Something vulnerable that he was trying to hide behind all that confidence.

He lowered his hand and brushed my hair out of my face. His fingers lingered against my cheek.

“Please don’t make me say it out loud,” he said. “You can feel how I feel about it.”

My lips curved into a small smile. “Yes, but I’m done doing that every moment.” I looked up at him. “I want to hear it from you this time.”

A sigh left him. “Fine,” he muttered. “Yes. I’m jealous.” He rolled his eyes dramatically. “Some sorcerer shows up with his perfect smile and dimples, and suddenly my mate can’t stop talking about how incredible he is. So yes. I’m jealous. Are you happy now?”

I burst out laughing and pushed myself off the tree, then threw my arms around him, pulling him into a tight embrace. He stumbled a bit but caught himself by wrapping his arms around my waist.

“You don’t need to be jealous,” I said against his chest. “Jason is practically family. He calls Aelius father, remember?” I pulled back slightly to look at him. “Besides, people tend to lose interest in me once they get past the first impression. I’m boring.”

Kylan's hands shot up to cup my cheeks. He pulled my face back, frowning down at me.

"Violet. Don't say that about yourself," he scolded, his voice firm. "You're not boring. You're the furthest thing from boring, and anyone who loses interest in you is an idiot who doesn't deserve your time."

I laughed shyly, feeling the heat rise to my cheeks. He took it a bit too seriously.

"Whatever you say." I pushed his shoulder playfully. "Anyway, you should probably tell the others about the guest inside your body."

We were back at the uncomfortable topic, but it had to be said.

I met his eyes. "If Jason knows, it means everyone at Bloodstone Haven knows, and they're bound to find out anyway." I exhaled. "And I'm sick of lying to Trinity...again."

He nodded his head. "You're right," he said. Then he was quiet for a moment, lost in his thoughts.

"I'll tell them when we leave for Bloodstone Haven," he decided.

I wondered why he wouldn't tell them right away, but I nodded either way. "Sure."

Our conversation was cut short by a loud sound of thunder in the air above us. Lightning flashed across the sky, and we both looked up.

"Very fitting for Starlight." I couldn't help but chuckle. "They said it'd be raining soon. We should probably get back inside before we die here."

Kylan mumbled under his breath. "Dramatic." He reached for my hand again and held it tightly. "I'll walk you back to your room," he offered.

My room?

I laughed and looked down at my feet.

“What’s funny?”

My eyes traveled back to him, a smile playing on my lips. “Who said I’m going to my own room?”

A hopeful and teasing grin found its way onto his lips. “Does that mean I’m off probation?”

Off probation?

That was one funny way to describe it. I threw my head back and laughed.

“For now...I suppose.”

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