

Chapter 72

Kylan

I stepped into the library, instantly feeling completely out of place. Even though it was the first time I had set foot here, I already knew it was going to be my last—and I could hardly believe this was how far I was willing to go to find out the truth behind Puppy's eyes.

The place was massive, filled with books I would never care to read. It was old-fashioned, and I could tell not a lot had changed over the years. The library looked on the verge of collapsing.

I walked to the desk toward the woman who was busy flipping through some papers. Although she must've definitely felt my presence, she didn't glance up, and I was forced to look at the round glasses on her nose.

"Yo," I tapped my finger on the desk, keeping my voice low because, apparently, that's what you do in a library. "Do you got anything on Soothsayers and their eyes?"

The woman finally looked up, lifting a single brow. "A very good evening to you too," she said, sarcastically.

I sighed, not in the mood for smart ass comments. "Yes, what you said—now do you have it or not?"

She rolled her eyes. "These students lose basic manners with the year," she muttered under her breath, writing something on her paper before looking back at me. "Take the stairs up, section 4A, row 2."

Great, that wasn't that difficult—now was it?

I nodded, not bothering with a thank you, and started walking toward the stairs. She mumbled something again, but I ignored it, wanting to get this over with as soon as possible.

I followed the woman's instructions and eventually found the book faster than I thought I would. It was a heavy book with a dark cover, cracked leather, and an odd smile like it hadn't been touched in decades.

Pulling it off the shelf, I carried it to the nearest table and wasted no time opening up.

Eager to find anything, I flipped through the pages. The craziest thing was that I didn't even know what I was looking for or if I was looking in the right direction.

I did know one thing, and that was that her eyes were just like his—the soothsayer's. I was sure of it.

I didn't know the identity of the woman in my dreams, but I knew we had dealt with a soothsayer, and that last part kept me hopeful that I might find something.

I kept turning the pages until something finally caught my eye. It was an image of a woman, a soothsayer, with glowing eyes that looked exactly like hers.

This time I was convinced that I wasn't going crazy. I knew what I saw, and no one could make me believe otherwise.

I froze, staring at it for a moment before leaning in closer to read the text.

"The eyes of a true Soothsayer glow when their connection to is heightened. This could be during moments of prophecy, or when they have recently connected with an ancestor..."

No.

I let out an exhausted breath, sitting back in my chair. None of it made sense. Puppy was odd, but she was not like that man.

She was just a village girl, a Bloodrose.

Right?

I shook my head and kept reading.

"Soothsayers are chosen by the Moon and blessed by their bloodline. The bond between Soothsayers and witches is ancient. The children of blood is referred to their descendants who show their strength in the form of glowing eyes and the ability to foresee prophecies."

I stopped breathing, my eyes scanning that word again—but slowly this time, as if they might change.

The children of blood...child of my blood?

No...it still didn't make sense.

Puppy was a true Bloodrose, even acted as one—and they were one of the last packs who would ever involve themselves in witchcraft.

Her mom was the sister of the Alpha, and a good healer supposedly. Her dad was a strong warrior.

There was no way their daughter, a simple Bloodrose, could be tied to something this big—and yet, that glow in her eyes said otherwise.

I relaxed in my chair, rubbing my temples as my thoughts traveled back to the Soothsayer's words.

'They will be coming for our eyes. They will be coming for all of us, and everyone is going to die.'

I had really heard those words before, and I knew I did—but no matter how hard I tried, I couldn't place them. It was it was a memory that had been erased from my mind.

Or maybe I was losing it...

I was sitting in a damn library, chasing answers that didn't make sense for things I didn't even believe in. Maybe her eyes weren't glowing. Maybe it was just the light playing tricks on me.

I chuckled softly, shaking my head.

Yeah, right. Sunlight in the cold evening.

The thought made me laugh again. "What are you doing, Kylan?" I whispered. "You're sitting in a library. A library—and for who?"

Drawing in a breath, I shifted my eyes to the massive clock hanging on the wall. It was almost curfew, meaning I had to get back. I had spend more time here than I thought, and I wasn't getting any further than when I arrived.

I closed the book, put it back where it belonged—then decided to head back to the dorms.

"Find what you were looking for?" The woman behind the desk called out, her tone full of curiosity.

"Yeah," I looked back, winking. "Sitting right there behind that desk."

Her eyes narrowed for a bit, but the small smile on her lips hinted that she might've appreciated my joke.

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I got back to my room just as curfew hit. Jumper sat by the window, stuffing her face with some of the nuts I had brought her.

Seeing that she was safe and sound, I took a quick shower and then got ready for bed. My body was tired, but my mind was restless—and when my head hit that pillow, it was that same restlessness that made me slip into a heavy sleep.

"They will be coming for her eyes. They will be coming for her, and everyone is going to die!"

My heart pounded as I gripped the corner of the wall with my small hands, peeking around it.

The woman's words scared me. Why was everyone going to die?

I could see the king talking to a woman with long blonde hair. "Elyx," she spoke, taking both of his hands. Her blue eyes were desperate.

She called the king by his first name.

Did he know her?

"Please, I'm begging you—you've got to give me the stone," her voice cracked.

What stone was she talking about?

Releasing a soft groan, I stood on my tiptoes, hoping to get a better look. If only I was a bit taller.

"I can't believe you've come here and asked for the last piece of the stone to protect her offspring!" The king's jaw clenched, and then his eyes darkened. "A demon's child!"

"She wasn't just hers," the woman argued, slightly raising her voice. "She was also Alaric's. And if you really cared for Alaric—"

The king yanked his hands away from hers. "Don't you talk about Alaric!" He growled.

I flinched, gripping the wall tighter. I hated it when he yelled. His anger was suffocating, even when it wasn't directed at me for once.

However that woman didn't even blink, and there was no sign of fear. Her gaze remained strong and determined.

"I know you stopped caring for her a long time ago," she said. "But Greg and I made both her and Alaric a promise—and I know you won't turn your back on him."

The woman gave the king a pleading look. "Her eyes have already begun glowing. They know she has it, and they will want to take it from her... The eyes of—"

She stopped as the king reached into his coat, pulling something out.

I gasped softly, seeing the stone I now knew she was after in his hands.

Lyperian stone.

He handed it to her with zero hesitation. "I'm doing this because she's Alaric's," he spoke. "But this is as far as I'll go. Take it and keep that demon child under control."

The woman paused for a second, then closed her hand with the stone in it. "Violet," she spoke, softly. "That's the name you gave her, Elyx—Violet, and she is my daughter."

The woman turned and began to walk away.

"She's not yours, Claire!" the king spat. "She's half witch, a child of blood. She'll never be one of us."

The woman, Claire, didn't react, but the king didn't stop talking. "The child should've died with her mother!"

This time, Claire paused, but just for a second. A moment later, she continued walking until she had left the room.

I had seen enough, so I stepped back to leave as well, but then I bumped into something. A vase next to me wobbled before falling to the floor, shattering into several tiny pieces.

The king whipped his head around, and his hard eyes immediately met mine.

I gasped, unable to move my legs as the king stepped toward me. Fearing for the worst, I braced myself for the familiar impact of his fist and closed my eyes tightly.

The king didn't discipline with words, but through pain.

Another gasp escaped from my lips as I felt his large hand ruffle through my hair, followed by a chuckle.

I slowly opened my eyes, only to find him smiling down at me. It was a rare sight.

"Who is Adelaide?" I dared to ask.

As soon as his smile vanished I figured that perhaps it wasn't the best question to ask. He rested his hand on my head. "Adelaide is a demon who took away someone very dear to me," I could hear the pain in his voice.

My curiosity got the best of me. "And who is the demon child... Violet?"

Seconds later, the king knelt down to my level. He placed both hands on my shoulders and stared into my eyes. "Son," he began, his tone serious, "I want you to remember that name because if your path somehow ever crosses with that thing—and by the moon goddess, I pray it doesn't—I need you to run as far away as possible."

"Why?" I whispered.

"Witches are no good, witches are demonic, witches don't belong in our world," he narrowed his eyes. "Especially those children of blood. They bring nothing but trouble and death."

He clenched his hands on my shoulders. "Do you hear me, Kylan?"

I nodded, my eyes wide open, repeating those words inside my head.

Witches are no good.

Witches are demonic.

Witches don't belong in our world.

I sat up, waking in the middle of the night as everything suddenly came rushing back to me.

I didn't know why or how it was happening, but the memories had returned. Memories from ten years ago.

It was as if something in me had clicked, but I couldn't make sense of it. The only thing I knew was that I finally remembered.

That blonde woman, Claire.

The stone.

The king's words.

The 'demon child' in question wasn't just anyone...

It was her... Violet.

She wasn't a full-blooded werewolf.

Hell, she wasn't even a Hastings.

She's half witch, and not just any witch.

A child of blood, or whatever the hell that even meant.