

Chapter 156

Violet

I slowly pricked my fork into a piece of fruit, watching the two lovebirds in front of me.

Dylan and I had met up with Trinity for lunch, and they were all over each other. Kissing, hugging—basically everything except for acknowledging my presence.

A sigh left my lips as Dylan pressed his face into her neck. Trinity, giggled as she pushed him away. “Stop it!” she hissed. “Violet is getting sick of us.”

“No, I’m not,” I smiled. “It’s okay.”

It was so out of character for Dylan, and above all—a bit hard to get used to. He wasn’t the same grumpy, know-it-all I used to know—and while it was supposed to be something positive, I just couldn’t help but compare.

I knew I shouldn’t, but deep down I couldn’t help but picture a scenario of Kylan being a little more like that.

Open. Gentle. Warm...

“You’re just so beautiful, I can’t help myself,” Dylan whispered, cupping her cheek. They deserved each other. In a way, the two reminded me of Claire and Greg. To be honest, that scared me because I didn’t want them to end up the same way.

Claire and Greg had met their unfortunate fates because they cared too much, and loved too hard, just like those two. Trinity cared because that’s who she was. Kind, bright, and extremely loyal.



And Dylan? Dylan cared because he carried too much guilt. No matter how often I would forgive him for the past, it wouldn't mean anything because he still hadn't forgiven himself. He was always trying to make up for all the times he couldn't protect me, like if he just did enough now, it would somehow rewrite everything he didn't do back then.

"So what do you think?"

"Hmm?"

I frowned, startled as Trinity suddenly pulled me from my thoughts. "Did you say something?"

Trinity giggled and rolled her eyes as Dylan nuzzled into her neck again. She tried pushing him away, but it was useless. He only pulled her in tighter.

"Our pups!" Trinity blushed. "Do you think they'll be as boring as Dylan or as funny like me?"

I looked back and forth between the two of them, tapping my chin as if lost in deep thought. "A perfect mix of both," I entertained the idea.

"Although, you might want to wait a few more years," I added. "I really can't survive Starlight without you."

"Fair enough," Trinity threw her head back and laughed. "What about you and Kylan?"

"What about us?"

Dylan's smile faded away. His face disappeared from Trinity's neck, and he shifted slightly in his seat.



"Yes, what about them?"

"Stop it," Trinity scolded, slapping his hand.

Both of them waited for an answer, though Trinity's expression was a bit calmer than Dylan's.

It was no wonder his reaction was like this. Kyran didn't exactly have the best record, and both were completely unaware that all of this was somewhat pretend. They really thought I was going to live in Lyperia forever... as his Luna.

"Pups?" I hummed, then let out a small sigh and shrugged. "Maybe. I'm only wondering if mine would be the first or the sixth..." I forced a short chuckle. "Perhaps the tenth."

I was trying to poke fun at the situation, talking about the future mistresses Lyperia would expect, but neither of them laughed. Both of their faces looked heavier than before. Trinity's smile faded as well, and Dylan narrowed his eyes a little.

"Anyway," I said, trying to change the subject. My eyes shifted to the bright blue sky. "The weather is nice today, isn't it?"

Trinity responded with a hum, then jumped back to the topic of Kyran once again. "Do you already know when you'll be leaving for Lyperia?"

I lifted both hands, carrying a weak smile. "I know just as much as you do."

Dylan pulled out his phone and glanced at his screen. "I have to go now," he muttered. His lips were planted on Trinity's cheek for a second before he gave me a brief nod.



“Keep an eye on her for me.”

“I will,” Trinity responded.

Then he was gone.

I stared at his back as he walked away. I knew he didn't have anything to do. Just like I knew he had to get out of here because he couldn't bear hearing about Kylan any longer.

“He's just worried,” Trinity said softly, her brown eyes full of concern as she looked at me.

“Worried?”

Trinity leaned in a little closer, lowering her voice. “Don't tell him I told you this, okay? But between your dad pressuring him to talk you out of this thing with Kylan, and him caring way too much about both of you, he's just... all over the place.”

My heart sank a little.

Uncle Fergus...

I could only imagine the amount of pressure he must've put on Dylan, trying to break this bond.

All poor Dylan knew was what was whispered in his ear—that Kylan wasn't any good, and that something had to be done about it.

Whether Fergus had wanted to protect me from the truth of my identity coming out, or if it was the hatred he carried for King Elyx—it didn't matter. What mattered was that Dylan still didn't know.



He was always fighting for Dad's attention, trying to prove himself, always doing whatever was told without asking questions.

I looked at Trinity again, her curious brown eyes staring into mine. I felt bad for her too, because I didn't want this to eventually put strain on their relationship.

I felt guilty towards both of them, and deep down I knew the only way to stop that guilt was to tell them the truth.

My brother who was trying, and my friend who had always been there for me, from the very beginning. Even when I had nothing.

No title, no status, no Kylan...

Adelaide had done many amazing things, but one mistake she made was not telling her friends the truth. I believed that led to most of the events.

In that moment, I had decided tonight would be the night. I was going to tell them the truth.

"Will you be at the dorms tonight?"

Trinity smirked. "Well, it's my dorm," she said sarcastically.

I let out a chuckle. "You basically live at Dylan's, so I'm just checking."

She narrowed her eyes playfully. "Look who's talking?"

Right.

I pretty much had been living at Kylan's.

"Well, I'll be back tonight," I smiled, though the thought of going back to that dorm made my stomach twist. I knew I would eventually have to



face Esther again—I mean—that woman was my professor, and I couldn't avoid her forever.

It was only easier said than done.

"You seem a bit off today," Trinity noticed, watching me closely.

"N-No, I'm not!" I reacted. "I was just wondering if you've seen Esther today."

She raised a brow. "You're asking if I've seen our RD?"

I let out an awkward laugh. "Right, stupid question."

I tried to keep my face straight, but it was hard to play off. Trinity, who was still studying me like she was trying to figure me out, wasn't buying it either.

"You've been different ever since Chrystal," she said. I saw something dark in her eyes as that name left her mouth. Something I had never seen in Trinity before.

"Those girls are so lucky they're not here right now," she shook her head. "Dylan and I were already thinking of ways to kill them."

Then she laughed, but it was not the laugh of someone who was joking. It was as if those two had really considered it. I knew Dylan had.

"You can't kill a noble, Trin," I muttered. "You'll go to the dungeons for that."

"And?" she said, shrugging. "I've been thinking... and I don't think we can just let them get away with this."



Those girls were the least of my concerns at the moment. Whatever damage they had done, I would get over it. However, my parents being inside that Veil and not knowing how to fully control my eyes? I could not get over that.

"I've got more important stuff to worry about."

Trinity released a frustrated sigh. "What could be more important than justice—"

"Tonight," I grabbed her hand over the table and gave it a squeeze. "I need to tell you something important tonight."

She tilted her head, scrunching her face. "Just me?"

"No," I said, shaking my head. "Dylan too...and Nate."

I might as well get it over with.

Trinity was quiet for a moment, then finally nodded. "Sure," she said. "And I really hope for your sake it justifies you not seeking any justice for what those girls did to you."



Comments



Support



+2

Share