

Chapter 159

Violet

"Yes," I clarified.

"Who escaped?" Dylan asked.

"I wish I could tell you, but I don't know," I replied.

Aelius wouldn't tell me, and I'm sure he has his reasons for that.

"Wow, Violet," Trinity spoke, in awe. "So you're a child of blood, a highborn witch... and a princess?"

"I wanted to tell you both because you're important to me," I said quietly. "I've been holding all of this in for so long, and I kept thinking... what if it pushes you away?"

"Pushes me away?" Trinity spat, offended.

I let out a nervous laugh. "Honestly, I thought your reactions would be worse."

My eyes flickered toward Dylan. "Especially yours... now that I'm not a Hastings anymore."

"Not a Hastings anymore?" Dylan chuckled softly. He leaned forward. "Violet, you will always be a Hastings," he said. "And you are a Bloodrose. You and I are still family."

My voice cracked a bit. "Yes?"

His words were strong, and I could tell he meant every word with his whole heart. He looked almost repulsed, even, that I could ever think



otherwise.

"We've been through a lot," he nodded. "But when I said things were going to change that night in the woods, I meant it."

I reached out for his hand, holding it for a second. "Thank you."

Trinity took my hand from Dylan's grip. "And you already know I got your back," she said, smiling. "Always."

"Thank you."

Kylan coughed, making us turn our heads to look at him. "You're each other's only friends," he said with a straight face. "So I suppose the two of you don't have much of a choice."

Trinity gaped in silence. Kylan yawned, stretching his arms before he stood up like he hadn't just insulted both of us. Only this time, I knew he didn't just do it to be an asshole. He had done it to keep the situation light.

Usually, Dylan would've said something by now—anything to defend his Trinity—but he was pretty much out of it. He just sat there, looking lost in thought. Even when Trinity and I stood up, he didn't move.

"Dylan, let's go." She tapped his shoulder gently.

"Huh, what?"

"It's past midnight," Trinity said. "We should head back."

Dylan blinked like he was waking up from a dream, then stood too. Moments later, we all started walking back through the woods, headed for Starlight.



This time, Dylan walked beside Trinity, while my shoulders were pretty much glued to Kylan. He didn't ask me whether I was alright or not, didn't check up on me—just walked beside me in silence.

Then Dylan broke that silence.

"So," he looked back. "How does the ring protect you from your... glowing eyes?"

I opened my mouth. "Same as the —"

"Glasses," Dylan cut in, nodding like he already knew the answer. "Of course."

He seemed a bit more calm than a while back, but I could tell his thoughts were still all over the place.

"And Esther?" he asked. "Should we not report her?"

I shook my head. "Aelius told me to let it be."

"Let it be?" Dylan nearly spit the words out. His face twisted in anger. "Is that man right in the head?"

"The Soothsayer is a lot of things," Kylan jumped in before I could, "but he wouldn't put Violet in danger. I have reasons to believe the love he has for her goes much deeper than any of us can understand."

I spun my head to look at him, confused.

"Wait... did he tell you that?"

Kylan looked straight ahead. "He did, yes."

My thoughts were spinning. If Aelius did love me, then why had he been



acting so distant and harsh towards me?

Was it rooted in some weird kind of tough love?

Would I do something to disappoint him in the future?

Or maybe he thought that if he pushed me enough, I would become stronger.

All I knew was that the family I had left—my grandpa—did care. Kylan wouldn't lie about that.

—

When we eventually reached the gates of Starlight, Dylan and Trinity stood a few feet ahead of us, hugging and kissing goodbye like they wouldn't see each other in just a few hours.

I stood awkwardly next to Kylan, not sure where to look. My arms were crossed; I shifted uncomfortably on my feet. I knew he was watching me, inspecting me, and it made me feel much more anxious than I should've been.

"So," I said, lowering my eyes to the ground, "I suppose I'll be going back to my dorm."

"I guess so."

"Yes."

"Yep."

"Uh-huh."

Then he chuckled. "You snore like a pig and you sleep like a starfish, but



thankfully that won't be my problem anymore."

I gasped loudly, then looked at him with an angry frown and smacked his chest with my fist. It probably didn't have much impact on him, but it made him laugh so much it even made his eyes crinkle.

"All that training, and you still can't throw a punch."

"Whatever, I just don't want to hurt you," I smiled, looking into those brown eyes. It was true—I didn't want to hurt him.

Kylan's smile faded, and so did mine.

"Are Dylan and Trinity still sucking each other's faces or can I walk over now?" I wondered.

"If one of them doesn't pull away within the next five seconds," Kylan sighed, "they'll probably die. So I think you're good."

I gave him a small nod. "You've had my back more times than I can count these past few days," I told him. I wasn't going to thank him because he was still my mate and that was what he was supposed to be doing—especially since he hadn't always been the nicest.

Still, it was something I wanted him to know.

"Goodnight, Kylan," I gave him a small nod and turned to leave.

"Violet?"

Before I got the chance to leave, Kylan wrapped his hand gently around my wrist to pull me back, then he pulled me closer. I swallowed hard, my hands lightly pressed against his chest to keep my balance.



I couldn't help but wonder what remark he would make next.

My heart raced as I looked up at him. His eyes weren't playful like usual. They were kind and soft, like he was about to...

My breath hitched, and I could barely breathe. The feeling got even worse when he cupped my face and leaned down, brushing his lips against mine.

Then he kissed me.

It was soft, innocent, tender—definitely nothing like the other kisses we shared. It was one that made my heart ache in a good way.

When he pulled back, I stared at him with wide eyes. I couldn't move, couldn't talk—could only think about what his excuse would be, because why would he kiss me?

Kylan chuckled. "Stop overthinking," he whispered, his thumb brushing my cheek. "Goodnight, Puppy."

I stuttered. "G-Good..."

What the hell just happened?

A small breath escaped me as he released my cheek. He gave me a small smile, then walked toward an oblivious Dylan, who met him halfway.

Meanwhile, I was still standing there, heart pounding. Trinity walked over, and unlike Dylan, the smirk on her lips made it clear she had definitely seen what happened.

"So," she bumped my shoulder, grinning. "Are we supposed to believe that was all for show as well?"



Right...

Were we supposed to believe that?

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT

Comments

Support

Share