

Chapter 164

Violet

Of course they were pushing for Chrystal as mistress.

By now, I kind of knew what to expect of Lyperians, so it wasn't supposed to come as a surprise—neither Chrystal nor the other mistresses.

But hearing her name...that changed everything.

Each time I tried to convince myself that whatever had happened, happened, and I didn't care anymore. But the impact that name left on me said otherwise. There was still so much pain, anger, but definitely not fear. Not anymore.

Still, I just couldn't bear the thought of her standing next to Kylan, getting some kind of title, being praised by people, even if they were her own. The thought made my stomach twist.

I swallowed, hard. "Is that what you want?" I chuckled bitterly. "For Chrystal to be your mistress?"

Kylan's eyes narrowed, and then he started laughing. "No," he choked. "No, she will not be my mistress. I'll deal with it in the future."

"Oh. Okay."

I stared down at the table, picking at some food. "But you do want a mistress?"

It was something I had always wanted to ask, but for some reason, I hadn't. I actually didn't know why. Maybe I held onto that bit of hope that he wouldn't have taken over even one trait from the king, including



the desire for mistresses.

Kylan exhaled deeply and leaned back in his seat. Suddenly, his eyes looked tired. "Do you still remember what I told you about my mom?"

I nodded right away. I did. He had told me that the king stuck with his mate only because it was the way the Moon Goddess wanted it. He had never loved her or her children, and that bit had messed with Kylan's whole childhood. It had shaped him into the person he had become, and it had pushed him to hurt Kayden to get to the throne.

"If it were up to me," he said quietly, "I would have no mistress at all."

Although quiet, his words were clear, and I believed him. However, there was still one thing on my mind.

"Just how bad are the elders," I wondered, "for you, of all people, to not even be able to choose what you want?"

"Trust me," Kylan's jaw tightened. "You don't want to know."

"No, I kind of do."

Kylan looked at me in surprise, probably to check whether I was being serious. Well, I was. I had to know who and what I would be dealing with. Was that not what he wanted to discuss? Ways for me to prepare myself?

"They're so bad that they would rather destroy everything I've worked for than break any ancient rules," Kylan shared. "I can be strong, but not too strong. If so, they will sabotage me, force me to step down, give the crown to one of my brothers."

"What?"



"Yes," Kylan said. "As long as you listen to them, you can be the most respected man in Lyperia. That's why the king is so loved and respected."

I didn't know what to say. I guess the signs were kind of there in Morn's flashbacks, but how could a future king have so little freedom?

"Well, that doesn't make sense to me, especially since you had also decided from the day I met you that you didn't want a mate," I said, unable to keep my mouth shut. "And how could you say Chrystal won't be your mistress, but then also say you can't go against the elders?"

I was starting to worry, but not for him—for me. Because if they could mess with Kylan's head like that, then who was I?

"Breathe," Kylan said softly.

I did. Then I looked into those unbothered, brown eyes for a second. "I'll pray," I told him. "I'll pray for the person you'll eventually end up with. The person they will choose for you."

He blinked, confused. "Why would you pray for her?"

"Because I don't think I could ever see a scenario where I would have to share a man with twenty other women," I told him in all honesty. "I would check out so fast."

That wasn't a lie, I really would run. I would rather die over and over than take family pictures with those mistresses.

And the stupidest thing? I was already attached to this man that much, that if he would promise to throw them all away, and would fight for me, get rid of those stupid rules—I would stay in a heartbeat.

That's how far gone I was...



Now, I wasn't completely stupid. I knew the chances were slim to none.

Kylan's expression had already changed a while ago. He didn't laugh or chuckle, just looked down with a stiff face.

"Well," he said, looking up. "Then it's a good thing you're not staying. I wouldn't want to put you through that."

His words sounded awfully sarcastic, like I had triggered him or something, and I hoped that wasn't the case. I truly didn't have any bad intentions.

Eager to move past the sudden awkwardness, my focus went back to the food on my plate. I took another bite, then wiped the corner of my mouth as if we didn't just have that very conversation that had made me lose the last bit of my appetite.

"Anyway, you'll come with me to see Aelius again, right?"

"Yes. I told you, wherever you go—I'll go."

Kylan's eyes were everywhere but on mine. It really did make me wonder whether I had asked him the wrong questions. He couldn't possibly be angry because I called him out for kissing the elders' asses, could he?

Or maybe because I asked him if he wanted Chrystal as mistress?

"What do you hope to get from Aelius?" Kylan asked, interrupting my thoughts.

"Nothing much," I said. "For now, I just want to be ready before we leave for Lyperia."

"You will be," Kylan responded with a weak smile. "I'll make sure of it."



I gave him a small nod in return. I also thought I would be ready, but after this conversation, I wasn't sure anymore.



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