



## Chapter 162

Violet

"I see you've come back to your dorms," Esther said, a fake smile plastered on her lips.

"I have," I answered shortly.

"Good," she squeezed her eyes together. "I won't report you. You've already been through so much."

I felt something twist in my stomach. Seeing this woman smile in my face after all the things I knew about her bothered the crap out of me. Whether it was a real or fake smile, she didn't have any right to laugh.

"Thank you, ma'am. That's kind of you."

I waited for her to leave, but at the same time, I knew she wouldn't. She had clearly come here because she wanted something from me. However, it was still unclear what she wanted.

She kept staring at me with that uncomfortable grin on her face, like she had practiced it beforehand.

After some time, she took a small huff. "Do you really not want Starlight to expel those girls, sweetheart?"

There it was again. She was trying to push me — wanted me to think about it and get angry, lose control so I could light up Starlight like a lightning ball. Only, I wasn't going to give her that satisfaction. Whatever game she was playing, I didn't want any part in it.

"I'm good, but if I do happen to change my mind...someday," I said



calmly, "you'll definitely hear from me."

Esther's eyes darkened, but the smile was still there. I looked past her toward the front of the room. "I think the students are waiting," I nudged my head to send her away.

Esther's fists curled at her sides, her shoulders tensed, but I didn't care. I knew she didn't like being disrespected. She didn't like it with Adelaide, and certainly not with me.

Yet, she did as told and turned, her heels clicking against the floor.

Once she was gone, I let out a quiet breath of relief. I didn't like that woman near me, and didn't even like her looking at me. No matter how much I thought about it, I still couldn't understand what a woman who supposedly didn't have any powers left anymore could ever want from me.

Aelius would surely not say anything, and I knew it weren't my powers she was after because her body wouldn't even be able to handle that.

But then what could it be?

Esther's eyes were fixed on me throughout the entire lesson. Even when she was walking around, talking to other students, I could tell she was still watching me. And the more she watched me, the more I wanted to... kill her.

At one point, when she turned her back, my thoughts drifted back to Adelaide once more. I thought of all the things she had been through, and how this woman was determined to make her life a living hell from day one.

I felt my heart beating faster, and a strange heat building behind my



eyes. Even though technically nothing was supposed to happen with the ring on my finger, it really felt like it could, and that thought scared me.

No...

Not now...

Control yourself, Violet...

I inhaled deeply, and closed both my hands, and my eyes. I couldn't lose control. Not here, and certainly not without Kylan around.

A strange feeling spread through my veins, causing me to shut my eyes even tighter. As soon as Esther finished the class, I didn't wait a second to get out of that classroom.

I was close to losing it, and I just needed to be away from that room—away from her. This was, unfortunately, the result of never having trained my eyes.

As if it couldn't get any worse, the hallway was completely packed. Students walked past, some bumping my shoulder to grab my attention, some calling out my name to greet me or to ask for Kylan—but I ignored them. All of them.

I didn't have any time for this. Not today.

My heart kept racing as I tried to control the power behind my eyes. I glanced around, trying to find space to breathe.

But then I got interrupted by the sound of my phone, and a text appeared on my screen. It was from...Kylan?

'Turn around.'



My breath hitched as I spun on my heel, and there he was, leaning against the wall beside the door. His arms were crossed, his eyes boring into mine with a suspicious gaze.

Just like that, everything else faded. The crowd, the noise, the light threatening to escape from within me.

It was like my eyes could only see him. Although he knew when my class would be finished, I didn't expect him to come. Especially not after how distant he had been since that kiss. After yesterday, I really believed he would keep doing what he always did, which was stay quiet, stay away—until it was time to leave for Lyperia.

But he was here...

"Kylan..." I breathed. I made my way toward him through the crowd, and when I finally reached him, I instantly grabbed his hand and turned around, pulling him with me.

As usual, people were watching, glancing, a few even whispering.

"Where are you taking me?" he asked, furrowing his brows.

"Far away from Esther," I muttered, walking faster.

"Did she do something?"

"No."

"Did she say something?"

"No."

"Then why are we running?" Kylan asked, worried. "How did it go?"



"Well," I started, but just as I was about to explain, my stomach interrupted me with a loud, embarrassing rumble.

Kylan shot me a startled look. "Hungry?"

I gave him a weak smile. "I didn't eat all day," I admitted. "I was too nervous about seeing Esther again."

Kylan chuckled, shaking his head. I prepared myself for one of his jokes, but it didn't come. He just squeezed my hand tighter. "How about we get something to eat?" he said. "And you can tell me everything."

"S-Sure?"

He was acting strangely. This was what I wanted—I wanted him to be more warm, but to actually get to experience it freaked me out a little. Usually, when things like these happened, when people were starting to change, it meant that something really, really bad was about to happen.

I could only hope that wouldn't be the case.

We left the building and walked across campus.

"So what's the reason?" I turned to him. He gave me a questioning look.

"Is there a reason why you came to find me?" I asked, softly.

Kylan sighed deeply, then a small smile appeared on his lips as he hummed, thinking of what to say. "I've been meaning to talk to you about Lyperia," he said.

Well, that made sense.

"What about Lyperia?"



Kylan scratched his neck with his free hand. "I feel like I should probably prepare you for what you're about to experience."

I knew visiting Lyperia would not be an easy thing, but just how bad were things going to be if he had to prepare me for it?

"You want to prepare me?"

"Yes," he said. "I know how those people think. I know how they'll look at you, and how they'll try to treat you and your people. And I also know I won't be able to kill every single one of them," Kylan spoke. "Maybe a few, but not all of them."

I stared at him for a second, unsure if I should laugh or just melt a little. I could tell he meant every word of it. It wasn't just about him worrying about the way Lyperians would treat me, but the fact that he had already thought about it, gotten angry about it, decided that he would fight them for me.

I smiled, lowering my gaze to the ground. "Can you please promise me something?"

"Depends," Kylan replied.

"Can you please promise me not to kill anyone on my behalf—especially not your own people?"

As much as a part of me loved that he was willing to go that far for me, another part didn't want anyone getting hurt, especially not because of me. Kylan had a temper, and after seeing what he had done to Nate in that vision, I didn't want to be—I couldn't be—the reason why he would get into it with his own people.

The last thing I wanted was to cause more issues than there already were.



Chrystal was already more than enough.

Kylan glanced at me sideways, the corner of his mouth lifting. "You know I can't promise you that," he said with a chuckle.

We had reached the campus diner. A shiver traveled through my body as Kylan's hand slipped from mine, and moved behind my back. He leaned in closer, and I could feel his warm breath near my ears.

"I'll try," he said. "I'll try not to kill anyone on your behalf."

I laughed at his answer. That was probably the best one I would get from him, and honestly, considering it was Kylan, it was good enough.

All I could hope now was that the Lyperia preparation would be just as good.



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