



Chapter 163

Violet

I sat with Kylan in the corner of the diner, a full tray of food right in front of me. Honestly, I hadn't realized how hungry I was until I started eating, and now I couldn't stop.

Kylan watched me, his arms crossed on the table. His eyes were warm, smile a bit too soft—so soft it almost scared me.

"Are you not eating?" I nudged the food.

"No," Kylan said. "I just want you to eat."

Then he kept staring at me again with that same gaze. If I hadn't known any better, I would've thought some spirit had taken over his body. This was not the Kylan from yesterday.

"What?" I asked, a bit weirded out.

He shook his head. "Just looking at you."

I narrowed my eyes. "And what's going through your head as you're looking at me?"

His smile faltered a little, and I saw him swallow hard, like he didn't know what to say.

"You always tell me I'm the weird one," I said, pointing my fork at him. "But you really got me beat today."

He let out a small, embarrassed laugh and sat up straighter in his chair. "Do you want to tell me how your day went first, or do you want to hear



what's going to happen in Lyperia?"

I groaned softly before putting down my fork to focus on him. He just kept going on about Lyperia, and honestly? I wasn't sure whether I wanted to hear it.

"Something tells me the Lyperia thing will be worse, so I'll start."

I sighed. "Do you remember that thing Esther did in her office...when she tried to push me into reporting those girls?"

Kylan's gaze became focused. "Yes, I remember."

"She did it again. And I just got so angry," I confessed, my blood still boiling as I thought back to the moment. "But not just because of her. Because I thought about Adelaide—about everything she went through..."

Kylan reached over the table and took my hand, pulling it toward him. I froze, even dropping my fork. My heart jumped, cheeks flushed, as his thumb brushed over my knuckles.

"And your eyes?" he asked, unbothered.

"I thought I was going to lose control," I admitted.

His fingers moved to the rock on my finger. I could tell by the small frown on his face that he was thinking a bit too hard.

"What are you thinking?" I asked.

"I'm just wondering..." he spoke, "what the full power of your true strength might be, if even the ring can't fully keep you safe."

I quickly pulled my hand back. "We don't know that," I said too fast,



perhaps even too irritated.

Kylan cracked a laugh. "Don't worry. I'm not going to ask for it back."

I looked down, confused as to why I had just snapped. At some point, that's what I wanted, right? Train with Aelius, get stronger so I wouldn't have to rely on him or the ring any longer.

"I know," I mumbled, shifting in my seat. "I'm just saying...maybe the ring is working just fine. Maybe that's why the glow hasn't come through yet."

"Maybe," he mumbled back.

I picked up my fork again. "So what do I do about Esther?"

Kylan relaxed in his seat. "Like Aelius told you, and you told Dylan, we do nothing."

I looked at him, unsure.

"She didn't do anything to you," he added. "And it's not because she doesn't want to, but because she can't," he concluded. "And if she ever tries anything, I'll keep you safe, Violet."

Of course he would—he always had. Even when I didn't know what to do, he did.

"I heard your uncle will be coming with you to Lyperia," he said, "and Dylan too."

"Yes, and a few more of the Bloodroses as well."

After all, the Alpha had to be there. He had made it clear that he didn't



trust Lyperians—not when it came to me. So despite it being his duty, even as parent, there was no question he would be there.

Kylan looked satisfied. “Good,” he said. “I’d actually advise you to take as many people as possible. You’ll be needing them.”

I reacted with a small chuckle. “Are these Lyperians preparing to gang up on me or what?”

I laughed, but Kylan didn’t.

So I stopped...

My stomach twisted as I watched the serious expression on his face.

“You’re an outsider. They don’t want you there,” he didn’t beat around the bush. His words were direct and honest. “Especially the king. And since I haven’t marked you yet, they’ll do anything they can to push you out.”

Yes, sure. I didn’t expect them to welcome me with hugs and kisses. They were Lycans. We were werewolves. Not even me being Kylan’s mate would stop them from looking down on me.

“Is that why it takes years to plan a ceremony?” I wondered. “So they still have time to kick out someone they don’t like?”

“It’s not something to be proud of,” Kylan responded, “but yes.”

I stared at the half-eaten food in front of me, no longer feeling hungry. It seemed like I just couldn’t win, no matter what.

“They will search for every flaw,” he continued. “Every mistake, every slip-up. So that thing you keep talking about...about almost losing



control of your eyes?" He looked right at me, and I already knew what was about to come. "It can't happen, Violet. Not there."

I didn't speak against him because I knew he was right. It was bad enough I was an outsider, let alone if they somehow found out I was half witch. I knew King Elyx wouldn't even use that against me or tell anyone—and that already said a lot. Because if there was one way to kick me out, it would be exposing it.

"I still have my first training with Aelius before we leave," I mentioned.

"That's great," Kylan replied, "but I don't know if it'll be enough."

I swallowed hard, knowing he was most likely right. There was no way I could control that much power with just one lesson, when Adelaide had been prepared even before she could walk or talk.

After Kylan's words, the thought of going to Lyperia didn't just scare me—it felt like I was stepping straight into enemy territory. I felt safe because of the ring and Kylan, and unsafe because of the kingdom he would one day lead.

"When you were about to lose it just now...what made you calm down?"

I blinked, thinking back. It had never been easy for me to calm down after any outburst, but somehow, I had. I remembered the moment I saw him standing in the halls after class, and how every bit of anger faded away as soon as I looked into his eyes.

Then I remembered Commander Jom's training, and how Kylan had covered my hand with his. He didn't say a word, but it was enough to bring me back to myself.

I glanced up at him. "Honestly...you."



Kylan's brows lifted in surprise. That cocky, overconfident grin found its way to his lips. He seemed proud, maybe even honored.

"I can't always be with you," he spoke. "But since you need me, I'll try."

"Thanks," I mumbled, rolling my eyes. He laughed for a bit, but then he sighed, rubbing the back of his neck like the conversation wasn't over yet.

I lifted a brow. "Is there more?"

Kylan nodded slowly, fumbling with his...hands?

He had never done that.

"Now that I've found my mate," he began, "it means they've started searching for mistresses. A lot of candidates will be there, thrown at my feet by their parents."

A sharp pain pierced through my heart. I tried to hide my reaction, but it hurt to hear him say it out loud like that. One of those girls would one day take over my position.

"I will manage," I said, keeping my smiling lips from twitching.

His look told me he wasn't buying it. It was no surprise. He knew me too well.

The truth was that I hated it. I hated that this was something I would have to deal with. I would be walking into a world where I would be unwanted, while the other girls would just be waiting for my screw-up.

"The Chief of Staff will try to assign a lady-in-waiting to you," Kylan shared. "I really need it to be Trinity, and not one of them. I can get her a leave as well, if you agree."



Now I was hearing all these strange things. The Chief of Staff? Lady-in-waiting? Heck, I didn't even know they still had those.

I was certain this was once again another way for Kylan to protect me. Trinity was the daughter of an Alpha, the future Luna of the Bloodrose, and while they couldn't use her to keep an eye on me, they couldn't disrespect someone with a title like that either.

"I'm sure she would love to come," I squinted my eyes, suspiciously. "But why do I have the feeling there's more?"

Kylan looked at me for a moment, probably thinking of the best way to deliver the biggest blow yet. I honestly doubted it would be that bad, because what could be worse than all the things he had just told me?

"Chrystal will be there. At court."

Never mind...

"And they will push her to be one of my mistresses."



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