

Chapter 79

Violet

“Violet.”

I groaned, trying to move as I heard my name being called, but all I could see was darkness. There was no light, only emptiness.

That’s right.

I couldn’t see.

“Violet,” the voice came again, but this time I recognized it. It was Kylan’s voice.

I felt a pair of hands on my shoulders, coming through my soaked clothes.

There was a slight flicker of hope. He came for me.

Am I dreaming?

Am I dead?

“Kylan?” I whispered hoarsely, my throat still hurting from the impact of the water reaching my lungs.

“Hey,” his hands reached for my arms, gently pulling me up. I flinched, and my breathing quickened as I began to realize the situation I had found myself in.

“I… I can’t see,” I breathed, feeling panic rise in my chest. My nails scratched against the cold, rough concrete beneath me. “I can’t see!”

“Violet,” Kylan spoke softly, “I’m here. It’s going to be okay.”

I shook my head wildly.

No, no it wasn’t going to be okay—I was blind!

“I can’t see!” My voice cracked. “I can’t—”

“Violet!” Kylan wrapped his arms around me tightly, preventing me from moving. He held me close as I gasped for air. My head rested against his chest, trying to focus on the steady sound of his beating heart.

“I can’t see… I can’t see…”

“I know,” he whispered soothingly. “It’s gonna be alright. I’ve got you.”

The calmness in his voice was enough to make me believe him.

He had me.

His strong arms held me as he lifted me in his arms and stood up. My hands gripped his shirt tightly, too scared to let go, and I released a whimper.

“It’s okay,” Kylan said as he started walking. “You’re safe now.”

I couldn’t see where we were going, couldn’t tell what was ahead—but I trusted him, and that’s what I held onto.

My trust in Kylan.

“Violet,” he said after a while. “Did Chrystal do this to you?”

His voice was calm to the point it scared me. It was the kind of tone someone would use when they had already reached their limit and no longer had the energy to be angry. It was flat, tight—like he was past the point of shouting. Beyond furious.

What was I supposed to say?

Yes, she had done this—but I had also kind of brought it upon myself. Maybe all Chrystal wanted was to scare me, but I knew I had pushed it when I told her Kylan was my mate.

I stayed silent, pressing my face deeper into his chest. If I told him the truth, what would happen?

Would he drop me on the cold ground and leave me to my fate? Would he hate me?

Tears rolled down my cheeks as I gripped him tighter.

“Violet?” he asked again, but this time softer.

“I didn’t mean to tell her about us,” my voice trembled. “I didn’t mean to, I swear.”

“Tell her what?”

“About you being my mate,” I admitted quietly.

I winced instantly, expecting him to yell, to get mad, tell me how stupid I was for telling her—but he didn’t. Instead, he just held me closer, not saying a word.

The worst part was not being able to see the expression on his face. His silence usually came with a grin or a frown, but this time I was left in the dark—literally.

“I’m scared, Kylan,” I spoke just above a whisper.

Scared of the darkness, scared of the silence…

All of it.

I heard Kylan exhale, his chest rising and falling against me.

My thoughts were all over the place. My eyes… they weren’t working.

I really couldn’t see anymore, everything was dark—like I was trapped in a black cloud. The memory of Chrystal breaking my glasses came rushing back. It wasn’t just the glasses she broke, she had broken me.

She had blinded me.

Or was it…her?

“I can’t see anymore,” I whispered, tearing up again. “She told me to turn it off.”

“Who?” Kylan’s voice broke through.

I hesitated before answering. “The witch… Adelaide.”

“Adelaide?” His grip tightened slightly. “Did you see her too?”

“What?” I asked, confused.

What did he mean by ‘too’?

I shrugged off his words. Adelaide had told me to turn it off, and I assumed she meant my eyes—but if I could turn it off…maybe I could turn it back on again.

Was that even possible?

Suddenly, a bright flash appeared.

My vision had returned, but I wasn’t in Kylan’s arms anymore. I was somewhere else, in a cave—but then again, I wasn’t. It felt like a scene was unfolding right in front of me.

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I stared at the girl with long black hair and glowing white eyes. She looked like the one in the picture with Mom, the one who had been whispering to me—Adelaide. She was on her knees, looking up at a woman with shaking hands.

The woman looked like her, only a bit older.

“I can’t see, Mom!” Adelaide screamed. “I can’t see!”

The woman knelt down to Adelaide’s level and gently placed a hand over her eyes. “Just because you can’t see today doesn’t mean you won’t be able to see tomorrow.”

Adelaide’s sobs filled the cave. “I-I swear I won’t do it again,” she reached for the woman’s legs. “I will tell you everything I know about him and his family, just please don’t take my eyes!”

“Why would I?” The woman’s tone softened as she wrapped her arms around the girl. “You turned it off because you felt like you were a danger to yourself—but after you’ll sleep it off and calm down, everything will go back to normal.”

“I’m scared, Mom,” Adelaide whispered, her voice trembling.

The woman gently ran her fingers through her hair. “I understand, child, but it’s not me you should fear,” she whispered softly. “It’s the world. Your eyes are rare, precious, and you can’t trust anyone,” she warned.

“That boy you think loves you? He will take advantage of you as soon as he learns about your eyes. I brought you there to spy on him, not to fall in love with him—”

“I’m so sorry, Mom,” Adelaide cried.

“I know you are. Only your mother truly loves you, and your mother will protect you. Remember that.”

Adelaide body shook in the woman’s arms.

“Hush, my sweetheart,” the woman murmured, gently rocking her. “Remember, you need to sleep it off…”

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As the vision faded and I was pulled back to the present, everything turned dark again.

Remember, you need to sleep it off…

“Kylan,” I squeezed his shirt. “You need to take me to your room.”

“What?” he said, shocked, slowing his steps. “Violet, you need help. You need to report this—”

“Take me to your room,” I demanded.

“No,” he said, his tone firm.

I knocked my fist against his chest. “I need to sleep it off,” I pushed. “She said I need to sleep it off.”

“Who?” he asked, frustrated.

“Her mom.”

“Violet, who’s mom…” a sigh left his lips, and then there was a pause.

“Please, trust me,” I spoke, desperate.

Kylan let out another sigh, then quickened his pace. “Okay.”

I relaxed in his arms as I felt him carry me to his room.

Once we arrived, he gently placed me on the bed. I reached around with my hands, searching for anything in the overwhelming darkness as my fingers came in contact with the soft plaid.

The familiar scent of his room made me feel a bit at ease, but it wasn’t nearly the same as the eyesight I desired.

“Violet,” Kylan said my name. “We need to get you help.”

Even though I knew he would see me as stubborn, I shook my head. “I told you I need to sleep it off,” I reminded him. “I’ll be alright tomorrow.”

“You don’t know that,” Kylan spoke sharply, sounding frustrated.

“I’ll be alright tomorrow,” I repeated, almost as if to convince myself. I didn’t know why I kept saying it, but it was what I believed. The woman had told Adelaide that she couldn’t trust anyone and had to sleep it off—so I would too.

I had that vision for a reason.

Kylan let out another deep breath. “Do you want me to call Dylan? Or Trinity?”

“No,” I said quickly. “There’s no need to worry. I’ll be alright tomorrow.”

“Violet,” Kylan began, his voice trailing off. “You almost died in there. Chrystal almost…”

He didn’t finish his sentence. As I picked up the rapid sound of his breathing, I couldn’t help but wonder what was going through his head.

“I need to take care of something,” he suddenly spoke. “I’ll be back later.”

As those words left his mouth, yet another vision hit me. The room around me disappeared, and my sight returned. Only now, I was standing in a dorm…my dorm.

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A purple-eyed beast appeared, bigger than anything I had ever seen. It was undeniably a Lycan—huge and covered in thick, dark fur. Its teeth were just as sharp as its teeth, and ready to kill.

It moved quickly, lunging toward…Chrystal?

The Lycan grabbed Chrystal by her throat, lifting her off the ground. She looked terrified, and her eyes widened with fear.

He growled furiously before slamming her head through the window in one swift motion, shattering the glass. Then she fell to the floor, unconscious.

Another Lycan entered, growling loud enough to wake the entire academy. This one was almost as big as the first one.

It tried to attack the first Lycan by pulling him away, but wasn’t strong enough. With a violent roar, the first Lycan slammed the other one’s head into the wall with a loud thud.

"You defend her, your sister?" it snarled. "Die!"

That's when I realized who I was looking at. It was Kylan and Nate—and Kylan was about to hurt him.

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“Not!” I gasped, snapping back to reality as once again my surroundings turned black. I reached for Kylan’s arm, and when I found it, I was determined not to let go.

“What?” he asked, startled by my sudden outburst.

It was an unspoken rule not to tell anyone too much about their fate, because it could still change. Speaking it aloud could push it into existence, and sometimes, that was the worst thing that could happen.

Although I couldn’t care less about Chrystal, I didn’t know when or if Kylan would actually attack Nate. But as long as I could prevent it from happening, I would.

“You can’t leave,” I whispered, wrapping my hand around his wrist. “Please, don’t leave me here alone!”