

Chapter 91

Violet

“Do you even know what we’re looking for?” I whispered, following Kylan through the library. It was early in the morning, and just like he insisted—we were at the completely empty library.

“Section 4A, row 2,” he replied, not missing a beat. “I thought you were supposed to be the geek,” he looked back at me.

Noticing my lack of reaction, he turned around again and let his hand trail along the shelves before pulling out several books.

I rolled my eyes, a smile tugging at my lips. “Your words, not mine.”

Even though I had just found out I was a witch, I would’ve preferred to stay in bed a little longer. It was the weekend, after all, and all I wanted was to make the most of it before I had to return to the place I couldn’t avoid all my life.

The dorm...and Chrystal.

Staying at Kylan’s had been great, but if I stretched it out any longer, I was afraid I wouldn’t want to go back at all.

“Come on,” Kylan nudged, leading us toward the table. Curious, I leaned over his shoulder, catching glimpses of the books in his hands. They were mainly about Soothsayers—nothing really on witches.

“Don’t they have anything on the royal bloodline?” I asked. “You know, that Alaric guy?”

Kylan shook his head, giving me a sarcastic glance. “No, Puppy. I don’t think they keep forbidden topics in a school library.”

For obvious reasons, we had been so focused on the witch part, Adelaide, and not so much on Alaric. The topic of the royal bloodline was probably more sensitive than the witches, and while I felt connected to Adelaide, I had never felt that same connection to that man.

Despite him showing up in my dream.

With a huff, I followed Kylan as we sat down at the nearest table. He didn’t waste a second and immediately began flipping through one of the books, while I leaned back in my chair, not knowing where to start.

Bored, I pulled out my phone to check for messages, but there was nothing.

No texts from Dylan, not even a question about where I had been—nothing.

Maybe he didn’t know what to say, maybe he felt betrayed, thinking I had lied to him—or maybe he just didn’t care. Either way, the silence was killing me.

Should I text him?

With those thoughts in mind, my eyes wandered to the reflective glass across from me. My blue eyes, once hidden behind those glasses, stared back. The dark circles beneath them were proof of the restless night I had.

My blond hair fell over my shoulders in loose strands, as I once again abandoned my ponytail, hoping for a change—but nothing had changed.

The only differences were that I was half witch and that ring on my finger.

Other than that, I was still...Violet.

“When you’re done admiring yourself,” Kylan muttered, lifting his eyes from the book to glare at me, “maybe you could open a book and help.”

I scoffed, not even bothering to deny it. “Do you even know what we’re looking for?”

“Yes,” Kylan replied flatly. “Anything that might help us figure out how to handle your little eye situation before the king arrives.”

I froze, a pit forming in my stomach. “T-The king?” I stuttered. “What do you mean?”

Kylan looked up, his expression completely unfazed. “He knows you’re my mate, but I haven’t heard anything from him yet—which means he’s on his way.”

“To Starlight?” I asked for confirmation. Kylan nodded simply, then focused on the book again.

Meanwhile, my breath hitched. The king would be here soon?

“What does us looking for information about my eyes have to do with the king arriving?”

Kylan flipped another page. “I need to know who—or what—I’m putting myself on the line for,” he said. “You might be protected by that ring, but that won’t protect you from the king’s mouth.”

I glanced down at the ring on my finger. As always, Kylan was so confusing. I never asked for his help, never begged for this protection—but here he was, talking about needing to know who or what he was putting himself on the line for, as if I was some horrible, demonic beast to be around.

I truly didn’t want to believe that he dragged me to this library this early in the morning just to find out how to control my eyes so he could take back the ring and bail on me.

Pushing the thoughts aside, I decided to grab one of the books and flipped it open. After all, they were my eyes, so I might as well help.

There wasn’t anything interesting besides some common information on Soothsayers and their glowing eyes—and other than that, it was all frustratingly cryptic.

“This would’ve been a whole lot easier if they had books on witches,” I mumbled, feeling defeated.

“They don’t,” Kylan replied. “But you can always try the witch academy. I’m sure they’ll let you in.”

I nudged his shoulder, glaring at him. “Not funny,” I said, despite the big smile on my face.

He chuckled lightly. “Since you’re a child of blood, I’m sure these books will work just fine.”

“Right,” I muttered, flipping through another page. “Child of blood.”

Besides the fact that the children of blood were direct descendants of the Soothsayers, I still didn’t know exactly what it meant. Even that was unclear.

My eyes darted over a few more pages until a specific section caught my attention. “Look at this,” I said, pointing to the text.

‘When one or more of the bearer’s three emotions reach their peak, the glow may open memories, prophecies, or any other ability inherited from their ancestors. These three emotions are love, sadness, or anger.’

Kylan shifted closer, our shoulders touching. My pulse quickened at the closeness, and I had to remind myself to focus. To make matters worse, after reading what I had pointed out, I felt like slamming my head onto the table.

The emotion that peaked when Chrystal decided to push my head into the dirty water was anger, but the emotion I had felt in the car was love. He was well aware of my feelings for him, and I didn’t care. But I did care about being close to him, and I knew reading this would only make him more cautious.

I took a deep gulp, then read further.

‘An untrained bearer risks unlocking the portal. This allows dark energies, ancient curses, or banished spirits to force themselves through the portal. To prevent this from happening, the untrained wear enchanted objects to suppress their power until they are ready to embrace it fully.’

Kylan’s brows furrowed deeply as he stared at the text. I knew we were worrying about the same thing because my thoughts immediately flashed to Adelaide. She had told me not to open the portal, and I didn’t—but she wasn’t there with me in the car, when Kylan removed my glasses.

“Do you know anything about a portal?” Kylan asked.