

Chapter 93

Violet

I pushed down the lump in my throat, looking down at Kylan’s hand in mine as we walked through the academy, making our official debut as mates.

The halls of Starlight were filled with whispers, curious and shocked gazes—but mostly judgmental.

There wasn’t a single person who didn’t stare, and it almost felt as if the entire school had been waiting for this very moment.

If it wasn’t obvious by the stares, it was obvious by the clear path they had instantly created for us.

Kylan, however, didn’t seem fazed at all. His expression was calm and collected, as if this was just another ordinary day—while I could barely breathe.

I hated attention.

“You look like you’re about to shit yourself,” he whispered, his voice low enough that only I could hear.

A nervous chuckle escaped from my lips. “It’s probably because I am,” I sang softly, not knowing where to look.

Kylan smirked faintly. “Maybe try looking a bit more natural, and a bit less like I’m holding you at gunpoint.”

His words reminded me of what he had said earlier. All I had to do was look madly in love. Taking a deep breath, I forced a smile onto my lips. It felt unnatural, stiff—especially since there was nothing to smile about.

The king waiting at the gates unannounced was not a laughing matter.

There were even several professors watching us, and that’s when I realized how much I had underestimated the situation. Kylan wasn’t just some prince, but the next king in line—who had found his mate at this academy.

His mate wasn’t a Lycan, like everyone had probably expected it would be—but a werewolf.

It was a big deal...to them.

Feeling the pressure, I squeezed Kylan’s hand a bit tighter as if it would save me from judgment. He didn’t react, just kept leading me through the halls in silence.

“I’m worried,” I admitted, glancing nervously at him.

“Worried about what?”

“My name,” I said, my voice barely above a whisper. “Jumping from Nate to you? They’re going to have a field day.”

Kylan chuckled, shaking his head. “Let them talk,” he said. “And if anyone’s got something to say, they can say it to me. I’ll kill them.”

I looked up at him, trying to find something in his eyes, but all I saw was the truth. He had once again left me confused. I stared at him, unsure of what to think or feel.

Would he really kill for me over something that small? Because it didn’t sound like he was joking.

So much was happening so quickly, I hadn’t even noticed we had almost reached the gates. Not until I saw the rows of black cars with a Lyperian flag and the guards who had also been here last time.

Students had gathered too, a large crowd filling up the space near the gates as they all stared and whispered.

Outside the gates was another group of students I recognized as Lyperians. They were Kylan’s people, the Lycans he usually sat with at lunch. Among them were several elders, and at the very front of the group stood Beta Jack.

The crowd of Lyperians locked their eyes on me with tight gazes as if they were wondering what on earth the Moon Goddess was thinking—and so was I.

Their eyes darted between Kylan and me, trying to process what was happening.

I quickly scanned the crowd, wondering where Nate and Chrystal were.

Not that I minded. She was probably bawling in bed, and Nate was most likely comforting her, being her big brother.

This was what she wanted.

She had called the king, and now a huge chunk of Lyperians had shown up at the gates to glare at me, looking down on me.

Even more nerve-wracking was the king, who hadn’t stepped out of the car yet, the largest vehicle still closed.

The king who knew of my identity and, according to Kylan, had made it very clear what he thought about my kind.

Beta Jack cleared his throat, making me look at him. But it wasn’t meant for me, it was for Kylan, who received a nod. “Your Highness,” Jack spoke, bowing deeply.

The rest of the entourage behind him followed his lead, also bowing.

I peeked at Kylan, who hummed in response and gave a dismissive wave before everyone raised their heads again. As Jack straightened, his sharp eyes met mine—and I felt like disappearing.

He had been so kind to me at dinner when I was just Violet, but now I was Kylan’s mate. The one thing his daughter wanted.

As far as Jack was concerned, Chrystal was supposed to end up with Kylan—that had been promised by the king. He was supposed to be the future king’s father in law—and now, everything had changed, and I could only imagine how bitter he must feel.

My stomach tightened as he slowly made his way over, and I squeezed Kylan’s hand, silently begging him to do something.

“Breathe,” Kylan whispered. “He means no harm.”

Jack stopped in front of me. Then he looked at me as if he were trying to figure me out. His eyes were not cold, evil, or judgmental... just kind and curious. Like Nate’s.

“We are honored,” he spoke after a while, his deep voice calm and sincere.

To my utter shock, Jack suddenly bent down on one knee. The crowd, just as surprised, released loud gasps.

Kylan gently let go of my hand, placing it on my back instead, giving me a small nudge forward. My heartbeat quickened as Jack maintained eye contact, softly taking my hand in his.

He then pressed his lips to the ring on my finger before standing again.

“Today is a good day for Lyperia,” he said, addressing both me and the crowd. “The Moon Goddess has chosen you to be the mother of our kingdom, and we do not—” he paused, turning to the entourage.

“—question her decision.”

Kylan chuckled beside me. “Thank you, Jack,” he said sarcastically.

Jack’s lips curled into a faint smile as he stepped back, leaving me stunned.

‘The Moon Goddess has chosen you to be the mother of our kingdom, and we do not question her decision.’

The words were definitely something, because they were in fact questioning her decision. Almost every single one of them was most likely wondering why the Moon Goddess would pair Kylan with someone like me, and they were not even trying to hide it.

The murmurs of the crowd grew louder as the most important car opened, and every head turned toward the black vehicle.

And then, he stepped out.

The king.

This time, Kylan’s reaction was different from what it had been with Jack’s. He grabbed my hand again, tightening his grip as he pushed me a bit behind him. Everything about this situation was nerve-wracking enough already, and Kylan’s actions didn’t make it any better.

As soon as the king took his first step, all heads were bowed. He looked just as intimidating as he had been last time, wearing formal royal attire to show off his authority.

His presence was strong, commanding attention even without him saying a word.

A dizziness found its way to my head, and I felt like fainting. This was the man Mom had traveled to for the Lyperian stone—the man who had granted her the one thing that allowed me to survive with my eyes—and at the same time, he was also the man who despised witches.

He hated me...

His unwelcoming eyes were so different from Jack’s. The king seemed to be in a hurry to get to Kylan, and when he did, the energy in the air changed instantly. It felt heavy, like a dark cloud hung over Starlight.

“Son.”

“Your Majesty,” Kylan replied without hesitation.

He didn’t call him Dad, he never did. Not that I blamed him.

After getting the acknowledgment he wanted, the king’s head turned slowly toward me, his hard eyes locking on mine.

Don’t tremble, Violet.

Just keep calm, Violet.

He looked down at the ring, and I could feel my heart pounding in my chest. Even the crowd held their breath, waiting for him to speak, waiting to see what he would do.

Once again, Kylan’s grip on my hand tightened. It was a protective gesture, but not enough to keep me calm this time.

The king’s lips twitched slightly in disgust, but I could tell he was trying to keep it together. One thing was certain. He didn’t come here to kiss my hand.

The tension was broken by the sound of an engine in the distance, growing louder until a car sped toward us and came to a stop right at the gates. I recognized it instantly—it was Dylan’s car.

Dylan?

Why was he outside of the gates this early?

The king scrunched his nose at the sight of the vehicle, then walked past me.

“Walk with me,” he commanded.

Believe it or not, I was actually going to do it until Kylan grabbed my hand, stopping me from doing so. “Don’t,” he whispered.

Seconds later, the door to Dylan’s car flew open—but it wasn’t him who got out. It was Dad... Fergus. Dylan trailed behind, but it was just the two of them. It was a strange sight, especially for this event. I had expected him to show up with a larger group, at least.

Fergus didn’t waste any time. He walked straight forward until he was close enough to face the king, who had turned back around again.

His anxious eyes met mine for a second before landing back on the king’s.

“How about I take care of my own,” he suggested with a forced smile, “and you take care of yours?”