

Chapter 22

Violet

Everyone stared at her. Nobody said anything for a whole minute, but it was clear she was serious. Briefly, I glanced around. Obviously, none of the adults here had magic; Even though Mom's Dad was a witch, she had been born a werewolf. Garrett and myself were obviously wolves too; we had shifted after all. However, Aunt Clara's eyes landed on me and I paled, holding my hands up.

"It can't be me!" I exclaimed. "I'm a werewolf, not a witch."

"But you're a new wolf." Mom mused. "We haven't talked about that yet, but now seems like an appropriate time."

I shook my head in denial. "No, Hala would have said something. She would have known." I said firmly.

"Aya knew I was a Mother Wolf, but she never told me. Not until we shifted." Mom told me.

Everyone was staring at me, and I grew uncomfortable.

"Hala?" I called desperately for my wolf. "Tell me they're wrong. It wasn't us."

She didn't answer me in words, but I felt her hesitation in my mind. That was the only answer I needed.

"No!" I denied it again.

"Calm down."

"You knew?! You knew and you didn't tell me!"

"Sorry."

"Why?!"

"There are things you need to discover for yourself first."

"That's such a bullshit answer! Why are you wolves so secretive?!"

"Perhaps it's in our nature."

Aunt Clara clicked her tongue, eyeing me.

"I think it's safe to say we have our answer, judging by the look on your face Violet."

"What did Hala say?" Mom asked beside me.

"Nothing helpful!" I groaned.

"Seriously calm down. So, you're a hybrid, that's not a bad thing."

"I'm...a..a... what?!"

"You are half wolf, half witch."

"That's not even possible!" I screamed in my mind.

In my frenzied state, I hadn't realized I'd also shouted the words aloud. Mom and Jasper both jumped beside me.

"What's not possible?" Uncle Luke asked.

"Hala says... she said..." I struggled to get the words out. "That I'm a hybrid. Half wolf and half witch."

Every pair of eyes in the room widened. Along with jaws dropping to the floor. I looked at each of my family's face, hoping someone would tell me my wolf was crazy. This had to be a joke, and it wasn't even a good one.

"Impossible..." Uncle Luke was the first one to break the silence. "Hybrids don't exist, not anymore. Everyone knows that."

"Pretty sure we exist." Hala scoffed.

"Hang on." Jasper spoke for the first time in a while. "Can someone explain this to me?"

"Don't they teach this in school?" Aunt Clara asked.

"It's help when you actually pay attention in class." Garrett said. Jasper frowned at him.

Thankfully, Uncle Luke spoke before they could start bickering.

"A hybrid is pretty easy to explain. Half of one thing, half of another." Jasper nodded and he continued. "However, there hasn't been a hybrid in centuries. Actually, close to seven hundred years now. Before that though, they were quite common, or at least that's what all the books say."

"What happened to them?"

"They were executed." Aunt Clara took over. "Every story tells us that they grew too powerful; They got greedy, trying to exterminate other species, wipe them out. They thought of themselves as the dominant species. Utter chaos broke out, a complete blood show. A few species were wiped out, the fairies, the dragons. Humans found a way to survive, somehow, wolves, witches, and vampires too. The stories say the four species left teamed up, working together to get rid of the hybrids once and for all. After the carnage, all species went their separate ways, for fear of more hybrids being born. It soon became forbidden to mate with other species because of that fear, even if you found your true mate. It seemed the Goddess herself agreed too; Any child born of mixed blood would either take after the mother or father, but never both again."

"Until now." Uncle Ben muttered, but everyone heard him.

"So why create one now?" Jasper asked. "If hybrids were feared so much?"

Aunt Clara shrugged. "Who knows? Celeste also brought back the Mother Wolf in Lily."

They all started to speculate, talking hypotheticals and theories. I couldn't concentrate on that though, focusing on my mate beside me. His eyebrows were furrowed, a slight but poignant frown on his face. He wouldn't meet my eyes. My stomach twisted.

"Is this a problem?" I asked him bluntly. Around me, my family stopped talking.

Jasper finally looked at me. "It's unexpected." He replied.

A hard, unamused laugh left my mouth. "No shit!"

"Violet..."

Mom touched my shoulder, but I shook her off. I was filled with irrational waves of anger towards my mate; Part of me knew it was just the shock, but I couldn't seem to stop it. I glared at him, moving away when he also tried to touch me.

"You think this is just a shock for you?" I nearly shouted at him. "Do you even care how I feel right now? Or are you trying to figure out the best way to reject me?"

Jasper seemed genuinely hurt by my words. Before he could answer, I was on my feet.

"Say it, Jasper! Say the words! You're mated to a...a... a freak!"

He stood up too, reaching for me, but I was too far gone. Tears were pouring down my face. I ran out of the room, sobbing. I really thought I could make it work with him. I really did.

"Violet! Vie, come back!"

"Violet!"

I heard them calling after me, possibly even following me, but I didn't care. I kept running.

"Violet! You need to calm down!" Hala shouted.

I barely heard her. The same scenario kept playing in my head, over and over. My family, turning away from me. My mate, rejecting me. The monster. I was a monster... People like me were exterminated, for good reason. I wasn't supposed to exist! How could anyone look at me the same way now? They wouldn't, I knew that.

My tears blinded me as I sprinted down the stairs, broken, gasping sobs vibrating in my chest. I was feeling too many things at once, and none of them were positive. I felt a pressure somewhere inside me, but I was too overwhelmed to focus on were. It was a foreign feeling, and I started to panic on top of everything else.

"Violet! Vie, listen to me please!"

"No!"

"Please, stop! Go back to Jasper, let our mates calm you down!"

"He doesn't want me! Who could want me now!"

"Violet! Stop! Sto-!"

Halas desperate plea was silenced as my panic finally overwhelmed me. I had been barely breathing, on the verge of probably passing out when the pressure inside me suddenly burst free. I stumbled as a huge aura surrounded me; It took me five full seconds to realize it was mine. It shot out, like it was its very own life force, invisible but strong. There was one second of silence. And then the stairs under me started creaking loudly. I watched in horror as the steps above me and below me cracked, snapped. As if an someone was breaking them apart with a sledge hammer.

I grabbed onto the railing, stunned to see the walls were shaking as well. This only added to my anxiety. A huge crash sounded; The stairs were giving way! Not only the stairs, but parts of the wall too. Anything they were attached to started to fall, crumbling like paper. Instinct took over, and I surged forward, trying to place my feet in the least dangerous spots. Screams echoed around me, and shouts, but I focused on my task.

Reaching the last flight, I risked it, jumping. I landed in the foyer, rolling to absorb the impact.

Taking deep breaths, I watched as the last of the stairs fell into a huge pile of wood and plaster. Fresh tears started rolling down my cheeks.

What had I just done?

"By the Goddess!"

Dazed, I turned to see a group of maids. All of them were staring at the wreckage in horror, until one noticed me.

"Oh! My dear, are you alright? Were you on the stairs?!"

"Are you alright? Are you hurt anywhere?" Another asked me.

"I-I'm f-fine." I managed to choke out.

"Half the house has come down!" I heard one say.

"Was that an earthquake?"

"I hope the rest of the pack is alright!"

Shaking, I got to my feet. The entire foyer was a mess. A thick cloud was floating just above the ground from all the dust. The decorative tables my dad owned were broken, and various paintings on the walls were also now on the floor, some buried. Daylight was shining through a gigantic hole in the outer wall that had come down the stairs. The more I looked around, the more damage I saw. Worse, I'd trapped everyone upstairs. How were they supposed to get down? My guts knotted as I silently hoped nobody had been on the stairs with me.

"Alpha? Luna!"

I jerked my head up. One of the maids was carefully picked her way across the rubble, looking up.

"Alpha, Luna, are you alright?" She called.

"We're here, we're fine!" Mom's voice came from above. I could also hear someone coughing. "Is Violet there?! Is she okay?!"

The maid and I locked eyes for a second before she lifted her head again. "She's here Luna! She's okay!"

"Get back a way! I'm going to shift and jump down!" Mom called.

I backed up to the door, grabbing the handle. If anyone could make that jump, it was my mom's wolf. Still, I didn't want to be here when she got down. I wasn't afraid of getting in trouble; I was afraid of hurting her. I'd singlehandedly brought down a huge portion of the packhouse, obviously it wasn't safe for me to be around people right now. I slipped out the door while the group of maids and even some warriors who'd been in the cafeteria were making room for Aya, breaking into a run again.

I thought about going to the cabin, but I didn't exactly remember the way, and I didn't want to get lost either. I passed the first trees and immediately shifted, not even caring about the clothes I'd just destroyed.

"Are you okay?" Hala asked gently.

"Just run Hala."

I gave her control, retreating to the back of my mind. I didn't care where she took us, as long as it was away from the packhouse. Away from the people I'd almost hurt. It was nothing short of a miracle that nobody had gotten hurt actually.

"It wasn't your fault." My wolf tried again.

"Yes, it was."

"You are not the first witch to-"

"Hala please!"

"Are you ashamed of what you are? Of what we are?"

"How could I not be?! If I was just a witch or just a wolf, everything would be fine! I could have killed someone Hala! Do you not get that?!"

She didn't answer me, for which I was glad. I didn't feel like arguing with her; She was just as stubborn as I was. Instead, she ran through the forest, taking us further from the people I was now too scared to face.