

Chapter 53

Violet

I woke up the next morning feeling better than I had in weeks. Stretching out, my arms landed on Jaspers side of the bed. But it was empty, my fingers trailing along the silk sheets. Lazily, I opened my eyes, spotting a folded piece of paper.

'Vie,

I went with Ashwell to help with the training today. I made you breakfast though; It's in the microwave. I love you. XOXO.'

The thought of food had me getting out of bed quickly, the babies nudging me impatiently. I smiled, rubbing my stomach, which seemed to grow more and more each day. Now that I knew what their kicks felt like, I was eager to feel them, and overjoyed when I did.

My first order of business was to use the bathroom, which I found myself frequently using nowadays anyway. Then I went to the kitchen, pulling out a plate of eggs, bacon, hashbrowns, and blueberry waffles. A small fruit bowl had been left on the top shelf of the fridge, along with a glass of orange juice. How did I not smell him cooking this morning? My mouth was watering already! Taking my food and glass, I took it over to the sofa, digging in greedily, and savoring each bite.

I nearly choked when Grandpa popped into the room, standing three feet away.

"Goddess! Now I see why Mom hates it when you do that!" I chastised him.

"Sorry." He smirked, looking not sorry at all. "That looks good." He eyed my food.

"It is. What are you doing here?" I forked another bite of waffle.

"Just wondering how you like the room." He flopped on the cushion beside me, looking around.

"It's wonderful Grandpa. Really. We love it." I smiled at him.

"Good."

"Just curious though... How did you do it? Is this the furniture from the cabin?" I patted the sofa, raising an eyebrow.

"Yes. But I was going to replace it at the actual cabin."

I laughed. "Good, do that."

He let me finish my breakfast in silence. When I was done, I took the dishes to the sink, then I looked at the closet. Jasper and I had never unpacked our clothes, we'd been living out of suitcases. The old room downstairs was never a permanent room; As for the babies' belongings, we'd put them in the closet there, resolving to unpack them when we chose as room we liked, or had a new house.

"You didn't happen to bring my clothes up here, did you?" I turned to Grandpa.

"They should all be there." He replied easily.

I shook my head, opening the double doors to a huge walk-in closet. As promised, all my clothes were hung up, Jaspers on the other side. A long dresser was set against the back wall. Opening the first drawer, I found my socks and underwear. The one under it had my old favorite t-shirts. I settled on a red AC/DC tee and faded blue jeans. However, getting the jeans on was a different story; They were too tight.

"Shit." I mumbled.

"Everything okay?" Granda called.

"My pants are too tight." I groaned.

"Ah."

Taking them off, I shuffled through the drawers until I came upon a pair of sweats. Good enough. Satisfied, I walked out, heading to the bathroom.

"What did you want to do today?" I asked casually as I brushed my hair.

"We should start on your training."

I bit my lip. "Alright. After I'm done, we can go find a spot."

He came to stand in the doorway. "I already found a spot, actually."

"Away from the houses? And the fields?"

"Yes."

Throwing my hair into a low ponytail, I nodded. "Let's go."

He raised an eyebrow at me. "You're in a good mood today."

"Is that a crime?"

He laughed. "Not at all." He held out his hand, but I shook my head.

"We're walking. I just got over the morning sickness, no need to revisit it."

"You've done this a hundred times."

"Not pregnant."

"Fine." I huffed.

I giggled as we headed out. But when I opened the door to the room, a piece of paper caught my attention. It was taped to the outside, folded in half. I frowned, wondering why Jasper had left me another note like this. But when I unfolded it, I quickly realized it wasn't from Jasper. My throat tightened as I read the words, printed in an elegant script.

'Silver Moon does not need a MONSTER as our Luna. Get lost, freak!'

The sheet was ripped from my hand, and then it was incinerated in front of my eyes. I looked at my grandpa, who was glaring at the ashes.

"They don't know what they're talking about Violet." He said.

"Yeah." My eyes cast downward.

"You're not a monster, or a freak. You're a first, the first of your kind. That only makes you different, and different doesn't necessarily mean 'bad'."

"Clearly not everyone believes that." I mumbled.

"To Hell with what others think. The Violet I know has never cared either."

"But I'm a Luna now." I sighed. "I kind of have to care what others think of me. I'm in a position of respect, and trust."

"You only have to care up to a certain point. Don't let one person's immaturity ruin your whole day."

He was right. I was going to start training today, officially, and it was long overdue. Soon, I would be able to show the pack as a whole that I wasn't a danger. Or a monster. As we got into the elevator, I had to wonder who would be brazen enough to come up here with such petty intent. They had to have come up the elevator, but there were so many scents in here from people going to different floors, it was impossible to tell. I should have paid more attention to the scent by our door.

The door slid open, and I took Grandpa's hand as we descended the stairs. Tracy waited at the bottom, practically bouncing on her feet.

"Good morning, Tracy." I greeted her as we reached the bottom. "What's up?"

"I'm so excited for your training!" She clapped her hands.

"Uh..." I looked at grandpa questioningly.

"Tracy has happily agreed to sit in on your training, even join in when the need arises."

"Why?"

"Several reasons."

"But what if I-" I swallowed, unable to finish the sentence.

Tracy took my hand. "Oh, Luna, you don't need to be scared of hurting me! Mr. Gideon will be there the whole time to make sure nothing happens, he said so! And I want to help you! You hired me as your personal attendant, remember?"

"Yeah, but like, to do laundry and help me with paperwork, Tracy. Not put yourself in the line of fire."

Her eyes widened excitedly. "You'd let me help with pack paperwork?!"

"You're missing the point, Tracy."

Her face got weirdly serious. "I'm willing to put myself in the line of fire if it helps you. That's what a pack does for their Luna and Alpha."

Her words threw me off. I floundered around in my head for an argument, but when I couldn't find one, I conceded.

"Fine." I grumbled.

"Perfect. Let's be on our way, shall we?" Grandpa ushered us to the door. Tracy bounced along happily while I dragged my feet.

A few people were out and about this morning. Some stopped to say hello, while others simply nodded. At least, nobody was giving me dirty looks or whispering about me. Tracy and Grandpa chatted while I followed just behind them. We walked past the field closest to the packhouse; Greg and his co-workers were already out, planting. I waved to them as we passed, unsure if they noticed.

"What's going here?" I pointed to the field.

"Corn, I think. We haven't had fresh grown corn in so long! I can't wait until it's done, Mama makes the best corn on the cob!" Tracy said.

"I'll have to try it sometime." I replied.

Another twenty minutes passed of easy topics until Grandpa and Tracy stopped. I looked at my surroundings curiously. We were well away from the packhouse and the town. The forest lay ahead, but this area was desolate, covered in patchy grass. I could hear the tractors in the distance, but we were quite alone. I wondered what, if anything, used to be here.

"What was this place?" I looked at Tracy.

"Originally, it was another orchard. The old Alpha uprooted it though, saying he was going to build more houses. He never did though, so it's been like this for a few years now."

"Huh. Well, I guess this works then."

"Do you remember the techniques Clara and I went over with you?" Grandpa asked.

I nodded.

"Good. Let's start with that then. Tracy, why don't you go take a seat over there?"

"Okie dokie!"

I waited until she was safely sitting on the ground a good distance away. Then I closed my eyes, focusing on blocking everything out. Grandpa walked me through it, just like before. It seemed a little easier this time around, even though it had been a while.

"Now. I want you to unlock the chest, open it. Let your magic out."

I hesitated. The fear of hurting him or Tracy was strong in my mind.

"Don't be afraid Violet. I'm here, I won't let anything happen. Nothing is going to happen."

Taking a breath, I imagined the lock on the chest. Conjuring up a key, I unlocked it, slowly letting the lid open. A rush of energy through my body

took me by surprise. My eyes flew open, my feet staggering back a few steps. It wasn't unpleasant per se; It felt warm, almost like being cuddled in a blanket by the fire, or being embraced. Grandpa watched my every move like a hawk, but he didn't seem unnerved, as if my reaction was expected.

"You good?" He asked. I nodded once. "Okay. Here's what I want you to do. Close your eyes again, and this time, I want you to take a step away from Hala. Try to block her out, like you did everything else."

I tried, but Hala whined loudly, fighting me.

"What's wrong?"

"It hurts." She whimpered. I immediately stopped, opening my eyes.

"Hala says it hurts her."

His forehead furrowed. "It shouldn't."

"She says it does. She was fighting against me."

He scratched his chin. "But all the books say... Can she describe it?"

"It feels like you're pulling away from me, from our bond. It feels wrong."
She said.

I relayed her words.

"But that's what a Hybrid is. Someone who can tap into the two sides of themselves."

I shrugged. "I don't know Grandpa. But I'm not willing to hurt Hala."

"No, no of course not. I don't want too either. Hmm... Okay, let's try another way. This time, focus on Hala and your magic, together."

For the third time, I closed my eyes, reaching for that bond I had with my wolf. She embraced it readily. At the same time, I tried to tap into the energy inside me, the warmth. And then something I wasn't expecting happened; I gasped as my mind and my wolf's seemed to merge. It wasn't

anything like having her in my head, a feeling I was very familiar with now. And it wasn't like when we shifted, essentially trading spots of control. This was a surreal feeling, an experience of seeing what she saw in wolf form, but in my human body. We thought together, felt together. But on top of that, or maybe mixed in, was my other side, my magic. It was the glue holding us together, bringing us together, as one being that was neither wolf nor human nor witch, but all three.

"Violet?"

I opened my eyes. Grandpas' eyes widened considerably.

"Hala?"

"Both." I replied. My voice mixed with my hers, coming out a little rougher.

"Whoa." Tracy said from her spot on the ground.

"How do you feel right now?" Grandpa inquired.

"I feel.... In control."

He nodded slowly. "Alright... If you're up for it, I'd like to try a simple spell."

I nodded.

He took a step closer. "I'm going to make a rose grow. Watch, and then repeat after me."

He said the words clearly, waving his hand over the ground. A single rose sprout peeked through the grass, blossoming into a brilliant red flower. I smiled.

"Now you."

Lifting my hand, I opened my mouth to repeat the spell. In my head, I imagined another rose growing. The warm energy inside me zoomed through my arm, pooling in my palm. The temperature grew, almost to the

point of hot. Before I'd uttered a single syllable, grass started to grow under my feet. Not just grass, but tons of sprouts as well, popping out and reaching towards the sky. In the blink of an eye, we were surrounded by fresh grass and all types of roses ranging from red to white to yellow. In front of them all was a tiny tree, the only one in the clearing. I stood there, bewildered.

"I... I'm sorry."

"No, I am." Grandpa stared around us. Further out, Tracy was approaching, looking in awe at the new plants.

"I don't know what happened." I admitted. "I was going to say the spell, but-"

"But you didn't need to."

"What does that mean, Grandpa?"

He met my eyes calmly. "It means we were wrong. You are not a Hybrid."