

Chapter 134

Two years in Bloodstone Haven...

Adelaide

It had been two years since we fled to Bloodstone Haven, and in those years—everything had changed.

My days were filled with learning the ways to master the Veil and training my eyes with the help of Aelius, just like we had done when I was younger.

Bloodstone Haven had become our home, both mine and Alaric's, who had adapted well—perhaps even quicker than expected. He no longer looked like the lost prince who had to give up his crown. He seemed like one of us, especially when he would hunt with the men or play with the children of blood like he had known them all his life.

Even now, as I watched him carrying one of the children over his shoulder, a smile tugged at my lips. She kicked and screamed in protest while the other children ran after him, trying to save her.

Alaric groaned, giving me a pleading look as soon as they started grabbing onto his legs in an attempt to bring him down.

“Hey!” He shouted at one of the children tugging at his blonde locks, which had now grown past his shoulders.

I let out a soft chuckle, shaking my head. It was moments like this that reminded me how much we had lost, but also how much we had gained...about how much more we were about to gain.

My lips curled as I placed a hand on my stomach, glancing down at the obvious bump beneath my dress—the undeniable proof of the most precious life growing inside me.

Watching Alaric interact with the children had always made me wonder what he would be like as a father—but deep down, I already knew the answer.

Alaric was born to love, to protect, to cherish—just like he had done with me from the day we first met. That's why there was no doubt whatsoever that he would be the best father our little girl could ever wish for.

But me?

I was raised by that monster, and had no idea of what a good mom was supposed to be like. That's why the thought of becoming a mother had terrified me at first. When we found out I was pregnant, Alaric cried out of happiness while I cried out of fear because even though I now knew I was capable of loving—the thought of loving someone as much as I loved Alaric scared the shit out of me.

Not to forget, how could I bring a child into this world when I didn't even know what was coming?

Something big was coming, and I could feel it in my bones. There were suspicious whispers from the elders, glances from Aelius, visions that I had refused to let come to me.

I clutched the necklace around my neck, knowing what had to be done.

Over the years, Aelius had prepared me for the future. When the time came, I would have to open the Veil and lock away those who threatened the world. However, sealing away just Baelor and Mom wouldn't be enough.

We would have to rewrite history.

Alaric and I had agreed that the Alpha King and his court, a huge chunk of Alaric's family, had to be locked away too, no matter which way we looked at it.

We knew he was most likely still searching for him, possibly putting all the blame on me, and we knew that once the truth would come out—he would seek revenge, and a war would break out regardless of Baelor's presence.

But what scared Alaric most wasn't just that—it was his father's ways. He didn't want him to know about his ability to act as vessel because he didn't know what it would do to such a man that loved power just as much as Baelor.

Therefore, the truth had to be manipulated.

If only the witches vanished, it would look too suspicious, but if history told a story of a mad High Priestess and a mad King destroying each other and their people—no one would suspect what really happened.

That's why everyone had to be in the Veil.

It wouldn't just be a prison. It would be protection. A way to bury the past and keep the future safe.

Aelius loved saying that a choice would have to be made, but in the end, Alaric and I knew that once the truth would come out, we would have no choice at all.

So now, we could only hope it would be years before that day came. Ten, twenty, thirty—the longer, the better.

I sighed, pushing the thoughts away.

A loud squeal broke through, and I looked up just in time to see Alaric freeing the little girl by placing her back on her feet. She ran back to her friends but not before sticking her tongue out at him.

Alaric, as childish as he could get, did the same, and then he locked his eyes on mine. His face lit up, and within seconds, he was sprinting toward me. As he arrived, he dramatically dropped to his knees and wrapped his arms around my stomach.

“Daddy's princess,” he murmured, pressing a kiss to my bump. I let out a giggle and patted his head, making him look up.

“How is our sweet Violet doing?”

A soft smile reached my lips.

Violet...

The name Elyx had once given our first daughter, and I was going to honor it as a tribute to our friends we missed so much. There wasn't a day they didn't cross our minds, and all I wished for was that they wouldn't resent us for leaving the way we did.

At first, I tried to tell myself I didn't care what anyone thought of me, but I cared about every single one of them. I missed them.

I let out a sigh, running my fingers through Alaric's hair. “I think she's sick of being stuck in Mommy's tummy and wants to come out now.”

Alaric chuckled. “She's more than welcome. I'm ready,” he said, reaching for my hand. “We are ready.”

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“Just one more push, Adelaide!” Angela's voice filled our hut as I panted softly.

Not even two days had passed, but baby Violet already felt the need to make her big entrance—and Alaric was wrong. I wasn't ready—I was nowhere near ready.

I clutched onto his hand for dear life, squeezing it so tightly I was sure he had to be hurting—but he didn't complain. That was Alaric.

Instead, he pressed his lips to my damp forehead as his hand brushed through my hair.

“You're almost there, you're doing so good.”

I focused, blocking out every sound except for my own breathing. Then I took a deep breath and gave one last big push.

And then it went silent...

It only lasted for a few seconds. Not long after, the sound of cries filled the hut. She was finally here.

My breath hitched as I looked at the tiniest, most beautiful little being I had ever seen in Angela's hands.

Violet...our Violet.

Angela carefully wrapped her in a soft cloth before placing her in my arms, and the second I felt her against me, I was met with an overwhelming warmth I had never felt before.

I truly was at a loss for words.

“Addy,” Alaric breathed, wrapping his arms around us. I looked up at his watery eyes, full of love, as he gazed at our daughter. “She is so beautiful.”

As soon as I wrapped my pinky around her tiny fingers, she clutched it tightly. Violet had just entered this world, and she already meant the world to me.

She truly was beautiful—and she looked just like him.

I had been terrified for so long—of loving too much, of losing, of not being enough—but none of it mattered now. All that mattered was Violet.

I looked back and forth between Alaric, who had tears rolling down his cheeks, and our Violet. She had his hair, his eyes, his nose—every little feature.

“It looks like someone took all of Daddy's genes, and forgot to take mine.”

Alaric's lips parted, but no words left his mouth. All that came were tears. I lifted my hand to wipe one away with the back of my fingers, then let out a soft laugh.

He looked completely lost in the moment, his blue eyes flickering between me and Violet like he still couldn't believe she was real—like he couldn't believe she was ours.

“I might not have a lot to say right now,” he swallowed deeply, tracing a gentle finger over her tiny cheek. “But Daddy loves you, and I will always protect you—Violet.”