



## Chapter 213

Violet

"He's not doing anything, Dad!"

My cheeks were burning, but not from embarrassment. From rage.

I was done with this man.

"Good Goddess!" Fergus cleared his throat so loudly it echoed through the greenhouse. "You have got to be kidding me!"

His face flushed, and he immediately spun around, turning his back to us like we disgusted him. Yet, he didn't leave.

"I need to have a serious word with my daughter, in private!"

Kylan had managed to lift my dress. His jaw clenched, and when he looked at Fergus, his eyes were full of fury. "I'm going to fucking kill this man," he muttered as he bent down to slide my panties gently back onto my legs.

I swear, for a moment, I almost let him. Some wild part of me wanted to. But the night was already a mess, and the last thing I needed was for him to prove the Bloodrose right. Kylan wasn't a monster.

He was already halfway turned, ready to launch forward, when I rushed in front of him and pressed my palms against his chest. "No, wait!"

His burning gaze locked with mine, chest rising and falling in heavy breaths. He was holding himself back, probably wondering why I would even stop him, but I had my reasons. And he trusted me enough not to ask.

I swallowed hard and nodded slowly. "Can you wait outside, please?"

"I'm s - sorry, w - what?" Kylan growled, stumbling over his words. We stared at each other in silence until he finally exhaled with a few curses. He stormed past me, then past Fergus, eyes never leaving his as he walked out.

Jumpie, who had somehow reappeared out of nowhere, hissed as she followed Kylan, but not before smacking Fergus's leg with her tail on the way out.

I get you, Jumpie.

I really do...

I stepped to face the man who had suddenly decided now was a good time to show up. Dylan said he had been waiting outside to talk.

Had he been following us?

He had heard my footsteps. I knew he did. But he his back was still turned, like he was the one horrified by what just happened—when really, it should've been me.

"You can turn around now," I said coldly, arms crossed.

Fergus turned, his hand covering his mouth like he wanted to throw up. "This is unacceptable," he spat. "This isn't how I raised you, Violet!"

He didn't raise me.

Fergus paced back and forth, boots scraping harshly against the stone floor. "Is this the kind of life you wish to have?" his voice rose. I could hear the judgment. "With him? In a greenhouse? Unmarked, with that



ridiculous-looking dress halfway off—like some damn Lyperian mistress?”

I still said nothing.

It wasn't that I didn't have anything to say, because I did, and I would. Just not now. Not until he got all this dramatic nonsense out of his system.

I watched as Fergus dragged both hands through his hair, rough and panicked. Then he looked up, and his eyes locked onto mine. “I didn't picture this life for you, Violet. I didn't want this. Not this way. You're my little girl and now... now you're...you're...”

I'm what?

I had seen Dylan fall apart before, more times than I cared to count. But Fergus throwing a tantrum like some child? He used to do that when I was little, sure, but this felt like a whole new level.

And I did not feel sorry at all.

I rolled my eyes, sharp and unapologetic. “You need to get over yourself. I'm almost nineteen.”

Did he really ruin my orgasm for this bullshit?

His head snapped up, face scrunched in disbelief, like he couldn't process the fact that I had dared talk back. “I don't care how old you are. You're still my daughter, and it breaks my heart watching you throw your life away!”

“Oh, now you want to be a dad?” I called him out. “After not greeting me, acknowledging me, failing to show up for me time after time, you've



finally decided to become a parent?"

Fergus' eyebrows pulled tight. "What did you just say?"

"I was just about to say that you and the Bloodrose are useless, and that if you're not going to support me, you shouldn't have come at all."

All of that was said in one breath because that was the only way I would even dare saying it.

Fergus face showed genuine shock. He truly didn't see the problem. And somehow, that just made it worse.

I said what I said. And I wasn't going to take it back.

Fergus was only a parent when it was convenient for him. Not when it counted, and I think I knew why. We both did.

No matter what Dylan said, it wasn't just about that night. The night he almost slit my throat. It was about the truth neither of us liked to say out loud.

He hated that I was half witch.

He thought I was putting the Bloodrose in danger by staying here as one, and that was the only reason why he cared.

Fergus stepped closer. "Violet!"

I stepped back. Instinctive. My body moved before my mind could catch up.

His face fell as he noticed. Fergus's hand twitched like he wanted to reach for me, then balled into a weak, trembling fist instead.



"You might not see it," his lips parted, "but the Bloodrose have had your back for years, Violet. Even now."

I shook my head.

They never had my back.

And because they were kind enough to keep my secret, they thought they did. They probably thought I owed them.

"We all promised my sister to take care of you, protect you because you're special!" he started again. "And these people—that guy—he won't understand! He won't understand you like we do!"

He slammed his fist against his chest with a thud, like he was trying to make himself believe it.

"He won't understand you like I do!"

In that moment, I could've told him I knew. I knew the truth about who I really was, and I knew what he feared.

Kylan knew, and he still chose me.

Loved me.

Wanted me.

But I didn't say it.

Because if we talked about that...we would also have to talk about Claire not being my birth mother. Adelaide...

And that was a conversation that could take hours.

I wanted to call him out even more. Rip him open with all I had swallowed for years.

But I already knew...it wouldn't matter.

Whatever I had to say about the pressure, the fear, the years of feeling like I didn't belong in my own pack, it would all be wasted air.

He didn't want to hear how they had crushed me with expectations and offered nothing in return. How cold it felt to grow up in a home that never let me forget I was nothing more than Claire and Greg's burden, and how the little warmth I held onto was thrown out the moment they passed away.

Because in his eyes, Fergus Hastings had done everything right.

Took in his dead sister's orphaned daughter.

Gave her shelter, food, water, and 'raised' a witch.

And what more could this ungrateful little brat ask for?

Everything else, like the cold shoulders, the rules that only ever applied to me, and his Luna Sonya, who was suddenly forced to become my mother even though she was never all that fond of me, didn't count.

Nothing I said would change his mind...

So I said something else.

"I'm done!" I snapped, my voice loud. "I'm done with you. I'm done with the Bloodroses. You can all choke—"

"Do not change the subject!" Fergus shouted, waving his finger in the





air. "This is about you embarrassing us, and throwing yourself at a man who will have a million others lined up the moment he gets bored of you! A man who will never protect you, never love you, never respect you, because clearly, you do not even respect yourself —"

"It's you who doesn't respect me!" I yelled out. "You are the one who keeps embarrassing me. You don't protect me, you don't love me, you don't respect me — it's you, Fergus!"

He froze, and then his voice cracked. "Fer...what did you just call me?"

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