



Chapter 291

Violet

As soon as I saw her, all the worries I had pushed to the back of my mind rushed up at once. There was one thing that had been worrying me more than anything, and that was the knowledge that someone would die today.

Varius said it...

That little girl said it...

And now Chrystal was here...

I let go of Kylan's hand without a second thought.

"Violet!"

I ignored his calls, and my legs hurried as I quickly made my way forward until I was standing right beside Nate at the very front. I didn't even know why I had done it, but there was not much time to think about it either.

Because there she was...

Chrystal.

Her eyes locked on me instantly, and if looks could kill, I would already be six feet under. Her hands rested on her hips, her fire-red hair whipping in the wind. But even through that fierce gaze, her eyes looked lifeless...other than the puffiness around her red eyes, which was proof she had been crying, there was nothing.



She didn't come empty-handed. There was a pink dagger in her hand, the sharp end of the weapon shimmering in the faint sunlight.

She had come prepared...

Suddenly, a hand reached my shoulder, and I didn't need to look to know who it belonged to. Kylan.

"Chrystal," Kylan warned.

But she shook her head. "I've tried," she said, her voice cracking. "I've tried to get over it, the people that once loved me, needed me, wanted me, ignoring me for this swamp whore," she said calmly. "...but I can't do it anymore."

Do what?

Nate let go of the cart before reaching out his hand. "Chrystal—"

"Shut up, I'm talking!" She yelled, her voice so loud it made me flinch.

In a matter of seconds, Dylan and Trinity were already in protective mode, moving closer on either side of me. Sora and Lian followed right behind, and that's when I heard the sound that made my stomach turn.

The sound of wheels...Kayden's wheels.

I didn't even need to turn my head to know what he was planning because fate had already decided, and I was supposed to let it do its thing. Let it play out.

I knew that interfering might only make everything worse, yet every part of me screamed that I couldn't just stand there and watch.



Or could I?

"It's either her or me!" Chrystal spat. "But this ends today, and one of us will die!"

What?

"You have gone too far this time," Kylan said, stepping forward. Dylan matched him without needing a word, but they couldn't get far as Chrystal had already moved on to her next plan.

She lifted the dagger so the tip pressed against her own chest.

"No!" Nate shouted.

"What do you mean, no?" Chrystal's mouth twitched. Tears streaked down her face, but her hand didn't move, and neither did the dagger. My heart broke as Nate shoved himself in front of her, his own hand reaching for hers as if he could somehow make her stop.

He shot Kylan a desperate look. "Please," he pleaded. "Please let me talk to her. She isn't in the right state of mind—"

"Says the addict!" Chrystal sniffed. "I'm not stupid, I know what you are, and you are no better than me. I'm doing perfectly fine, Nate!"

Her words hurt me so much it felt like a stab in my own chest. How could she talk about Nate like that? Dismiss him like that? Her own brother. She could just finish what she started, just for that already.

I let out a small gasp, shocked by my own thought.

What was I even thinking?



This wasn't me...

"Chrystal, please stop this," Nate tried again. "Please don't hurt Violet... or yourself, just stop this."

Chrystal burst out in loud laughter and cried at once, still holding the dagger to her chest. "Now you care!" She yelled through tears. "Now you come running to save me, and it's all to protect that Bloodrose slut!"

"That's it," Dylan hissed. He was ready to lunge, but I grabbed his arm to stop him.

"Don't," I whispered.

If he rushed in, Chrystal might panic and do something we would both regret. What if she were to hurt him, and I were forced to step in, use my eyes? Because that's what I would do, and not because I wanted it.

"Chrystal," Nate's voice cracked. "Please drop it, please..."

"No!" she snarled. "I want Violet here. I want to finish this. If I die today, it'll be by her hand or my own."

Once again, a terrifying thought pushed through my mind. Maybe I should go. I should stop being a coward and let others protect me, fight it out the way she wanted to, for once and for all.

"Speak, bitch!" Chrystal yelled at me.

Kylan's hand tightened on my shoulder, and his eyes found mine. It was as if he had read my mind. "You're not doing anything," he told me, his eyes firm.

He looked over at Kayden, who sat behind us with a clear view of



everything. Thorne still rested on his shoulder as he leaned back in his chair, calm...unfazed. Camille's eyes were glued to the ground.

Looking at Kayden, it just didn't seem like he would jump in and do something...

"Chrystal—" Nate spoke again. I turned my attention back to him.

"No, I want Violet!" Chrystal growled. I think she was looking at me, but through her thick and wild eyes, and her twitching face, it was hard to tell. She was already crazy, but now she had officially lost it.

And I could only pray to the Moon Goddess that she would not push me as far as to use my eyes. I really didn't want to do that. I wasn't supposed to...

"You will either have to push that knife in further," Trinity took the smallest step forward. "Or you'll have to take every one of us down, but Violet is not coming over there."

A soft chuckle came from behind, and I knew it was Kayden.

"Trinity—" Nate warned.

"No," Trinity stood firm. "I'm done with this game, Nate. I think we've all kept quiet for far too long, and—"

Her words faded as she stared into Nate's eyes. He gave her the same look he had given Kylan, the kind of look that made you want to help him, simply because he was Nate. Our Nate.

Nate turned back to his sister. "Chrystal, please drop it."

Chrystal's gaze snapped to Kylan. For a second, she seemed to have a change of heart, but then her eyes turned wicked again. "And then?" she



asked. "Will you want me again? Love me again?"

A sigh slipped from Kylan's lips. He didn't shout, and he didn't beg. He only looked at her as he gave his message. "I don't want you, and I will never want you again. I have never loved you, and I will never love you," he said slowly, word for word. "I want you to stop this...turn around and walk away. Don't do this to yourself or to Nate...think about your family who does love you."

Chrystal squeezed her eyes shut, and when she opened them again, loud sobs escaped her. So loud her body shook, and the dagger trembled.

It went completely silent as everyone listened to how her sobs filled the space. The worst part was that I could not and didnot feel for her. Not one bit.

No, Violet...

You are better than this...

"You will die like this, Chrystal," Nate whispered.

"If you think any of them will just stand back and watch while you..." His voice cracked, "...you will die."

"Listen to your brother!" Lian called out. She and Sora had been quiet, but only with their voices, not with their presence. They also looked ready to attack at any moment.

Chrystal huffed, her tears still falling. "I wasn't going to do it today, but when she said she didn't want me up the mountains, and the king agreed so easily, something inside me just...snapped," she breathed. "That was my final straw...and I can't take it anymore. She has to go."



"You are not like this, Chrystal. It doesn't have to be like this," Nate swallowed.

He did another attempt and stepped forward carefully, one slow step at a time. "We'll go home. Just you and me, and we'll figure it out," his eyes never left hers. "You are right, we are both messed up, but we can help each other heal. We'll figure it out, anything...But I can't lose you," he said. "I'll help you heal...choose you, Chrystal. Because you're my sister, my twin, my everything."

Chrystal's eyes softened. "You will choose me," her hands trembled, but this time the dagger lowered. "Really?"

"Yes," Nate promised. "Really!"

He moved closer, and with every step, her arm fell lower until the blade was barely pointing at her anymore.

I finally let out a breath I had been holding.

Maybe the Moon Goddess had changed the path of fate. Maybe this wasn't meant to end in death today...

It wasn't Chrystal that I felt sorry for, but Nate. He wasn't supposed to experience any of this, and it felt unfair.

"Come here," Nate said gently, spreading his arms.

Chrystal lowered her hand and moved into his arms. She then clutched him tightly as she started sobbing again. I let my shoulders drop, relief washing over me.

Maybe it really didn't have to be this way...



"I'm sorry, Nate," Chrystal said. She squeezed him tighter. "I'm sorry that you're a useless, pathetic piece of shit brother who will never be enough for anyone, but it won't be me."

Then, in a blink, her hand snapped up. She raised the dagger and hurled it with all her strength straight at the group.

In that split second, I thought of all of them surrounding me. Trinity, Dylan, Sora, Lian...Kylan.

"No!" The scream tore out of me before I even knew what I was doing. Without thinking, I jumped in front. My hands went up in a desperate attempt to block the dagger.

If I had to choose who to protect between me and those I loved, it would always be them...

Always.

I braced myself for the strike, but then a glow burst from my palms. The light was blinding, and I caught a glimpse of a shield around us that sent the dagger flying back like it hit a wall.

But how?

I didn't use my eyes...

What have I done?

Fear rushed through me, and two strong arms yanked me back. Kylan's arms. He pulled me into his chest, and just like that, the glow vanished.

When my vision cleared again, it felt as if everything moved in slow motion. Chrystal stood there, shocked, speechless, with the dagger now



buried in her own stomach. It was off to the side, but deep enough.

No...

Did I do that?

My heart slammed against my ribs as I looked down at my palms, still tingling from the glow. That was when I noticed it...

My finger was bare, and the ring wasn't there anymore. It was gone.

"Chrystal!" Nate's scream rang through the air.

Her hand gripped the handle tight, and with a slow, steady pull, she dragged the dagger out of her stomach. Blood spread across her dress, but she only let out a chuckle as if either the pain or the discovery pleased her.

Because I had just exposed myself...

She stumbled, weak and unsteady, but her mouth still curled into a grin. "I knew something was seriously wrong with this bitch from the moment I met her," she breathed loudly. "It's a wonder you've managed to trap everyone under your spell."

Her burning eyes bored into mine. "You're a witch!"