



Chapter 306

Violet

Nate said that?

If that's the way he felt about him, did he feel the same about me?

"You're not Kylan, Violet. You're...Violet." Dylan mumbled. "Nate never mentioned you."

I drew in a breath. "I've been meaning to visit him, too, and I am going to, because I have to. But I'm not sure he wants to see me."

"Why wouldn't he want to see you?" Dylan asked, frowning.

I shrugged, not ready to answer the obvious. We could sit here and lie about everything, but Nate had been very obvious in the woods. He didn't want to see me.

"I just feel bad for Kylan," I said. "I'm sure he went there with the right intentions, but deep down I'm also certain he might've gone with the wrong words...and that's why I wanted to go with him."

Dylan chuckled, shaking his head. "That's really something he's got to do on his own. You should just worry about what you are going to do."

"Yes," I said, my voice quiet. "But still..."

I also walked around with guilt. Everything seemed to be perfectly fine between those two before I walked in, and somehow I felt responsible for what had happened between them.

Dylan shook his head slowly, like he could read it all over me. "They already had a complicated bond before you stepped into their lives, Violet," he said.

A quiet chuckle slipped from him. "During the first year of Elite, I used to



watch them sometimes and wonder how those two could even be friends," he smiled. "Kylan was always the one telling him what to do, and Nate just followed without question. I doubted it more than once... But when I looked closer, I realized Kylan wouldn't step into a room without Nate, and Nate wouldn't either without Kylan," he said. "They're built into each other in a way most people won't understand."

He leaned back with a sigh. "There is no Nate without Kylan, no Kylan without Nate, and that's why I believe they will find their way back together...you can help by knocking some sense into Kylan about how to handle it, how to be a better friend, but do not overstep."

I thought about his words for a moment. Intervene, but don't interfere... that was basically the advice.

Right now, Kylan wasn't fully there. A lot was happening with Kayden, Camille, but the situation with Nate was what ultimately caused him not to be fully present with his head, and it had been like that since that day we had returned from the mountains.

Of course, I knew I couldn't force Nate to forgive him...forgive us—but I could at least make a start. I would visit him tomorrow, talk to him, be there for him, and if he didn't want me there, I would sit with him in silence.

After that, I would have to let it go and focus on the dark future waiting for us. Baelor, the stone that was slowly healing, Kayden, the Veil, and all that waited on the other side of it...

"Do you know what hurt me the most about this situation?" Dylan asked suddenly.

My brows lifted. "No?"

"I couldn't go to sleep that night," he said, his smile weak. "because I kept thinking about that night when I tried to..."



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Stab me in my sleep...

I knew what he was thinking, but he couldn't bring himself to finish it.

Dylan took a breath. "I want to say that Kayden guy is fucked in the head. Trinity and I share the same thoughts about that, and that's what fixed whatever was going on between us," he chuckled. "But then I think about what I was planning to do to you, and I...start thinking I might be just like him."

I looked into his eyes, and I had expected him to look away, but he didn't. "That was low, embarrassing, and I can't believe I did that," he whispered, swallowing hard. "Sometimes I can't help but wonder how different both our lives would've been if I had been a better brother," he released a sad chuckle. "I don't know how Nate will move on, but I know I could never have moved on if I had lost you while things were still the way they were," he continued. "I know you don't love me that much...but I am happy you're still breathing."

I scooted back and rose to my feet. "I'm still alive, which means we can hug it out?" I offered, awkwardly. "If you want to?"

He blinked. "Hug it out?"

He eyed me strangely, but got up anyway. I didn't wait a second before I wrapped my arms around his waist and leaned my head against his chest.



The hug felt just as awkward as it sounded when I had offered it. His whole body stiffened at first, but I closed my eyes, holding him tighter.

"Thank you for sharing your feelings with me. You will make a great Alpha," I whispered. "Because the best thing about you is that you care, and I know you will lead the Bloodrose one day with your good heart," I told him. "I don't want you to talk about the past anymore because you are a good person, a good mate, a good friend, and an even better brother."

I cleared my throat, already cringing at the words that were about to leave my mouth.

"And I love you."

His chest rose as he took a deep, relieved breath. "Your words are kind of disgusting, but I love you too, Violet," he chuckled. "The last time you said that was too many years ago. I think you were ten."

"You're lying," I accused him as I pulled back, eyeing him suspiciously. "I don't remember?"

He gave a small smile. "You don't remember?" He laughed. "You had a nightmare. I shook you awake and you told me you loved me," he pulled a face and shook his head. "And I felt so, so disgusted back then."

I nearly cracked my brains trying to remember, but it didn't ring a bell. "Do you know what the nightmare was about?" I wondered.

Dylan hummed. "Something about...a bird?" he began. "I think you used to say he had red eyes, and you used to wake up screaming at midnight, accusing that thing of trying to stop you from opening some box?" He explained. "You used to get them every night, and each time you did, you



always called out the same words...but it was all very vague, and never really made sense."

I stiffened, my pulse quickening. I didn't know where he was going with this, but the box had caught my attention. What if it was 'the' box?

What if that was what I had to do to open it...at midnight?

"What were the words?" I pushed.

Dylan raised a brow, chuckling. "Suddenly? It was years ago."

"Please," I urged. "Please try to remember."

Dylan hummed in reply, then went into deep thought. "I claim, I open...I call?"

I sucked in a breath. That must be it. The way to open the box. There was no eye glow needed, no creepy ritual, but just words.

I hugged Dylan tighter, then pulled back, my eyes wide. "I now know what led me here tonight," I breathed. "The Moon Goddess led me here for a reason."

"What?" he asked, baffled. But I was one hundred percent certain that this was also not a coincidence. This conversation needed to happen at this time.

I had no time to explain and settled for a kiss on his cheek. "Thank you. Thank you!"

Before he could say anything else, I pulled away and started running off, leaving behind a flustered Dylan in the garden. I rushed back through the empty halls and peeked at the clock.



It was almost midnight, which meant I didn't have much time. My heart began to pound as I moved faster, and I slipped back into the room, opening the door slowly.

Kylan was still fast asleep, his face soft and untroubled. Taking a breath, I glanced back at the clock again. Only seconds left before midnight.

In a hurry, I rushed to the bed and dropped to my knees. I reached for the woven bag from under and held it close. Then I hurried into the bathroom and locked the door behind me.

My palms were already damp as I pulled the box out and raised it with both hands to inspect it once more.

"Please, please," I whispered.

The moment I squeezed it tight, the strange symbols began to glow faintly, the way they had already done before.

It was now or never...

"I open, I claim...I call?" I said, my voice weak, but hopeful. A nervous smile appeared as I waited for something, anything...but nothing happened.

My chest sank in disappointment, but I wasn't ready to give up yet. It was a long time ago. Maybe Dylan couldn't remember correctly.

"I claim, I open...I call?" I tried again, squeezing my eyes a bit.

But still...nothing.

Just the dull flicker of light fading again.



Frustration bubbled inside me. I wanted to throw it, to scream, but I decided not to. I calmed myself with a simple exhale, ready to give up, and slowly slid the box back into the bag.

What was I even thinking?

Of course, this wasn't it.

My hand found the doorknob, and just as I was about to twist it, I felt some kind of strength within me.

No...this could not be it.

Maybe if I tried a little harder...

Determined, I turned back and reached for the box again before letting the bag fall onto the floor. I clutched it so tightly this time my hands trembled, and closed my eyes.

Please...

"I call, I claim...I open."

My eyes opened wide as the box began to shake in my hands, and then a blinding light burst across the room. It worked.



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