

## Chapter 49

Violet

Hearing that Alaric had been an Alpha Prince left me stunned. It was hard to imagine someone else, who had also been erased from existence, had once attended Starlight, and was in the same team as Mom.

It was even harder to imagine that an Alpha Prince had a relationship with a witch.

"The witch's name was Adelaide," Jane shared. "I don't know if your mom ever told you about her, but the two of them were like sisters."

"Really?" I said, pretending to be shocked. By now, I had heard that a few times already so it wasn't something new. It was the reason why I had been so interested in her in the first place.

"Yes," Jane nodded with a faint smile. "Adelaide's mother was the high priestess of the dark witches—Addy was next in line for that title."

A dark witch? A high priestess on top of that?

There was not lot I knew about Adelaide, but her being a dark witch was the least I expected. Why were dark witches even allowed within these walls?

Everyone knew dark witches were more powerful, more cruel-hearted than the average witch. Even the average witch disliked the dark witches.

Yet, I couldn't imagine that Mom would hang out with someone evil. The only explanation was that Adelaide had to be different.

"There was this pull between Adelaide and Alaric," Jane went on. "While James was just a distraction, she was drawn to Alaric from the start."

"What was their relationship like?"

"It was intense. But his family...well, they opposed the relationship. Alaric was expected to marry someone who would strengthen the royal bloodline, and they didn't want to see him with a witch—I suppose no one wants to see their child with a witch, regardless of status."

I raised my brows, trying to take it all in. "If they had a connection, I can't see the issue."

"That's what I thought, but that's not all," Jane said. "It turned out Adelaide had been using Alaric all along. She got close to him to gather information on him and the royal family. The dark witches had plans to overthrow them."

A chill ran down my spine. The love story was indeed tragic.

Jane sighed. "Honestly, I understand it. The royal family wasn't exactly known for their kindness towards all the packs—but the dark witches weren't innocent either."

I sat there, in disbelief at Jane, who couldn't stop talking. Everyone knew not to talk about an Alpha King of some sort, yet here she was...telling me everything.

If she had always been like this in the past, sharing information with random strangers—than I had rethink whether she would've been popular or not.

Still, it came to my advantage—so I wasn't complaining.

"The dark witches had plans to control the Alpha King first, but they weren't going to stop there," she spoke. "They wanted control over everything, everyone—every pack, every lycan kingdom."

"But that's impossible," I stated. Werewolves were debatable, but even a dark witch would struggle going against a Lycan. Their packs and kingdoms were big, too big.

"Nothing was impossible with Adelaide, she was powerful," Jane said. "Even more powerful than her mother."

"How?"

"She had a weapon—an ancient, dangerous weapon—the kind any witch would kill to have, dark, good. Addy studied hard, and her mother taught her to control it from a young age."

A powerful weapon...

My mind spun as I tried to find out the meaning behind Jane's cryptic words. Whenever I could tell she wasn't sharing anything, I knew it had to be something big because she wasn't the one to hold back.

What weapon was so powerful for the dark witches to challenge the strongest shifters?

"Did she love him?" I asked, curious. "Alaric?"

"Sure did," Jane nodded. "Her love for him was real, and the day before graduation—they ran away together to escape their families, especially the dark witches because without Adelaide, their plans were ruined."

I couldn't help but wonder about the strength behind Adelaide's power if even her own mother—the high priestess of the dark witches—desired it so badly.

"Where did they go?"

Jane bit her lip, then shook her head slowly.

"I don't know exactly. Adelaide kept in touch only with your mom, and Alaric kept ties with the king since the two were close.

Although she said a lot, I could still sense she wasn't telling me the full truth. How would she even be able to tell me all of this as if she'd experienced it first-hand, if they had supposedly fell out of touch?

"Can I ask you something, Jane?"

"Yes?" she gulped, nervously.

"What exactly happened to them?"

Jane exhaled. "They sacrificed everything to be together," she murmured, her voice a bit sad. "But it backfired."

Her eyes softened, as if she were thinking back to the past. She stayed silent for a moment, then she continued. "He went back...Alaric."

"So he betrayed her?"

"Well, he did what he thought was right," Jane nodded as she forced a weak smile on her lips.

"As you know, the Alpha King couldn't handle defeat and killed his own family which, despite some of the descendants still being alive, was the end of the royal lineage—Adelaide couldn't handle the pain and killed her own family in a rage before..." she paused, swallowing. "Before she jumped off a cliff."

I frowned, hearing the end of the story. The rushed ending just didn't make any sense. It was as if a whole gap was missing from the story, one everyone seemed to either ignore or purposely leave out.

Why were the two erased from existence, and why did Esther have the school picture removed?

What had really happened?

Rochwall had called Adelaide too strong for her own good. What was the meaning of that?

"I don't want to be annoying, but can I ask you one last question?" I asked carefully, not wanting to push it.

Jane smiled warmly. "Of course, sweetheart. What is it?"

"That powerful weapon you were talking about...what was—"

A buzz from my phone cut me off.

"Sorry," I quickly apologized as I glanced down at my phone. My eyes widened in surprise, reading a text from Trinity.

'Girl, you fucked Nate and didn't tell me about it'

'Why did I have to hear from half our hall before my best friend?'

It felt as if my soul had left my body as I stared at the screen in disbelief, shock. Without even thinking, I jumped up, stumbling back from the table.

"I-I'm sorry, but I have to go?" I spoke, still in shock. "Will you answer my question the next time?"

Jane sipped her coffee, unbothered. "It looks serious. Of course, go—I'll tell you next time!"

"Thanks," I breathed, leaving the cafe in a hurry. Ducking my head, I walked in a fast pace as I tried to get to my building as quickly as possible.

Trinity's message echoed in my head the entire way. What did she mean, half the hall was talking about it?

I felt my face flush with embarrassment.

Was that why everyone kept staring at me? How did they even find out?

Did someone see me enter his room? Was that the reason behind Amy's strange behavior this morning?

By the time I made it to the dorm building, I still kept my eyes glued to the floor, trying to ignore everyone's gazes. Now that I knew why everyone was staring, it suddenly felt ten times worse.

When I finally reached my room, I closed the door behind me, taking a deep breath. Unfortunately, the first thing I saw was Trinity, standing with her hands on her hips.

Her hair was still in a messy bun, and she looked a bit sleepy. I supposed she must've just gotten back herself.

"So what?" she narrowed her eyes, playfully.

"We don't tell each other things anymore?"

I swallowed, struggling to find the words. The only thing I wanted was to explain myself. "Y-Yes, I slept in Nate's room, but I swear nothing happened—and nothing is going to happen."

"Oh," she gasped in relief, her expression softening a bit. "So you've changed your mind?"

"Yes, I've changed my mind," I mumbled, stomping to my bedroom, still panicking. Trinity followed me.

I paced back and forth, still trying to process everything. How had this escalated so quickly, and why?

If there was one thing I hated it was attention or being in the center of it, and now suddenly my life had turned into some spectacle.

"You're like a celebrity, Violet," Trinity spoke, a bit too excited. "Everyone knows your name now—well, maybe not your name, but they know you're Nate's."

"Wait...what?" I managed to get out, my pulse quickening. "We're friends. It isn't even like that—and why would anyone care?"

Trinity laughed, shaking her head. "You really don't get it, do you? Nate's one of the most popular and desired guys at school," she said. "People are obsessed with him, so yes—being linked to him is a big deal."

"I had no idea," I stressed, brushing my hands through my hair. I knew he was popular, but I thought it was just because he was Nate...Kylan's friend."

Speaking of Kylan...

"I came out of Kylan's room once, and no one said anything, so I don't get it!" I argued. "And it's not like no one has ever left Nate's room before."

Trinity giggled. "Plenty of girls have left Nate's room, but none of them left wearing his hoodie," she spoke. "That hoodie is from the Lycerian Academy. Lycerians take pride in that. They wouldn't give it to just anyone, especially not to some...werewolf girl."

I stopped in my steps, feeling the color drain from my face. The realization finally hit me, and it hit hard.

That smug smile on Nate's face when I told him I wasn't planning on giving back that hoodie was for a reason.

Trinity kept talking, but I blocked out her voice, heading to my closet. I opened my drawer and pulled out the neatly folded hoodie to inspect the three letters on it.

'LRA'

As if the symbol of the shield and sword weren't obvious enough already.

I had noticed it yesterday, but I didn't pay it any mind. Releasing a frustrated huff, I clutched the hoodie tightly.

Nate got me good, and perhaps he wasn't as innocent as I always claimed him to be. He did had a bit of a dark side to him after all.

He wasn't stupid, he knew we both held a grudge against Kylan—and he knew his friend well enough to know what could possibly piss him off. He had found the perfect way to get back at him.

For both of us.

A dry laugh escaped my lips as I felt unsure whether to be pissed, impressed—or grateful. I was pissed because I never wanted the attention, impressed because it was a clever move, and grateful because I didn't have to sleep with him to get what I wanted.

Would Kylan have heard?

Most importantly—would he even care?