

Chapter 76

Violet

As those words slipped past my lips, my heart stopped. I fluttered my eyes, panicking.

Fuck.

Me and my big mouth.

Chrystal's expression went completely blank, and the girls mirrored her. Seconds later, those dead eyes burned with rage, and her lips curled into something beyond a smirk.

She seemed crazy, mentally unstable.

"Take her!" she barked.

"What? No, wait!" I protested, looking around frantically as the two girls dragged me by the arms. Even as I tried to stop it with my feet, they were too powerful, and when Amber removed the cover to a manhole, I knew exactly what was about to happen.

Panic surged through me as the girls moved closer to the tub. "No! Let me go!" I screamed. "Please, I'm begging you!"

I kicked, wiggled, twisted with all the strength I had, but it wasn't enough. Each time I restrained, I felt their nails digging deeper into my skin.

"Hold her!" Chrystal shouted, and before I knew it, a sharp kick landed on the back of my leg, making me collapse right in front of the dirty manhole. The smell of dirty water, filled to the top, filled my nose.

"No," I begged again. "Please!"

Chrystal crouched in front of me, both her eye and nose twitching. "I told you that Kylan doesn't want you, and since you can't see what's right in front of you," she hissed, "I'll kill you so you won't see anything at all."

I exhaled sharply, shaking my head. "No—"

"It's too late," Chrystal growled, yanking the glasses off my face. "Now you have to die."

It was as if my world shattered when she tossed the glasses onto the ground and stomped on them with her heel. The very glasses Mom had given me, the ones that had protected me all my life.

Then, as if that wasn't enough—she kicked the broken remains through a small gap, making sure no one would ever find them again.

My vision blurred with fear as I waited for the voices to appear, the nightmares to take over. My heart raced, I felt completely helpless.

"No, please!" I screamed, feeling the tears roll down my cheeks.

She finally had me where she wanted.

I was broken.

"Do it," Chrystal told the two girls. "Make sure the bitch doesn't breathe again."

I took one big breath, waiting for the impact of the dirty water to hit me—but it never did. The girls didn't do anything.

"I gave you an order," Chrystal frowned.

"Chrystal?" Amber said, standing beside her. "I thought you said we were only scaring her. You aren't seriously going to—"

Chrystal cut her off, bumping her shoulder to get to me. "Fine, I'll do it myself!" She grabbed my head with both hands, her nails digging deep into my scalp, and then shoved my head into the manhole, holding me down.

Dirty water flooded my nose and mouth. I screamed, but the only sound was the

Cold, filthy water rushed over my face, flooding my nose and mouth. I screamed, but all I could hear was the air of bubbles leaving my lungs.

I kicked my legs and tried to pull back my head, determined not to die here—but it was pointless.

I had to hold on, I had to survive...

What I wanted didn't match with the reality, and each time I tried to fight against it, Chrystal just pressed down harder. She wasn't kidding. She really was going to kill me.

I began feeling a burning sensation in my chest.

This is it.

No, this isn't it.

Fight, Violet—fight. You have done it your entire life, you can do it now.

The sensation in my chest turned sharper, hotter, and began spreading through my body, all the way to my eyes until it reached my brains.

It felt like an electric shock, or something even more powerful.

This wasn't Isla threatening to break through.

I had felt her strength before, her desire to fight back when she would occasionally show herself—but this felt different.

It felt bigger, stronger—wilder.

Then it hit me.

I wasn't wearing my glasses, and this was my punishment. I couldn't do this without them—I wasn't supposed to.

'You need to turn it off,' a voice reached my ears.

I paused in the water, taking in the soft and soothing voice. It was the same voice I had heard in the woods, the one the witches had called Adelaide—mom's friend.

Why was I hearing her voice again?

'Do not open that portal,' the voice spoke again. 'Turn it off, Violet.'

I didn't understand. What portal? What was happening to me?

I had no idea where the voice was coming from or how it was even reaching me—yet it didn't freak me out like the first time.

No, it calmed me.

'Count down with me,' the voice whispered, guiding me.

'Unus.'

I repeated the word strange, unfamiliar word through my mind.

'Duo.'

I followed.

'Tres.'

I didn't know how it was possible, but breathing had suddenly become a little easier, even with the pressure on the back of my head.

'Quattuor.'

My pulse slowed, and my mind cleared.

'Quinque.'

I exhaled, following the last word and with that, the strange, burning sensation in my body slowly disappeared.

'Again.'

I repeated the words, counting down once more. Then I took a deep breath, closing my eyes, even with the dirty water filling my lungs—and when I opened them, everything went black.

Was I dead?

'I knew you could do it, Violet.'

Was I alive?

Why could I not see—what had happened to my vision?

Just as I was about to panic, I felt a violent tug as my head was yanked out of the water. Cold air hit my face, and then my head slammed against the hard concrete.

It was just me and the cold ground now; I couldn't feel Chrystal's hands on me anymore. I couldn't see, I couldn't move—I could only listen to the fading footsteps, slowly accepting that I was still alive, but Chrystal had left me here to die.

My thoughts went to my family.

Would I finally reunite with Mom and Dad again on the other side?

Would Uncle and Dylan finally be glad to get rid of me, or had their feelings of regret in these past weeks been real?

And last...would Kylan think of me?

Would I ever see him again on the other side?

I felt a smile tug at the corner of my lips. Even though it hadn't always been sunshine and rainbows, I felt lucky to have him as my mate in the short time we had together. I was grateful for him making me feel like the happiest girl in those short moments he showed me warmth and kindness.

I was satisfied with him being my first and last love.

I loved him...

My body felt too heavy, too weak to resist, and the last thing I could take in was the complete darkness before I felt myself slipping into a deep sleep.

This was really it...