

Chapter 81

Violet

My heart sank at his words. “So she would’ve shifted too?” I replied. “She would’ve ripped me to shreds.”

Not to forget, shifting without permission on campus grounds was strictly forbidden.

He took a deep breath, preparing to say something, but I continued before he could do so. “I told you what happens when I shift,” I reminded him.

I instantly thought back to the terrifying memories of Lumia, and the chaos she could unleash if I ever lost control. My biggest fear was hurting someone who didn’t deserve it—or worse, hurting myself.

Maybe I hadn’t been clear that night in the woods, but that was not an option.

Not when those voices were telling me to do things.

“Do you hear them now?” Kylan asked softly, indirectly reading my mind. “Those voices you spoke off?”

“No,” I whispered, flustered. Now that he had mentioned it, I had been without my glasses for a while now and had yet to hear those voices. It had to be because of her...

“It’s because she told me to turn it off,” I concluded. “That’s why I can’t see, and can’t hear them.”

“Was it Adelaide...the witch?” Kylan asked.

My pulse raced, remembering how he had asked me about her earlier. “How do you know about her?” I wondered. “You asked me if I saw her too—did you see her?”

He stopped brushing my hair for a second before continuing. “She came to me in a dream once,” he said. “And today...she led me to you.”

A small smile tugged at my lips. “It seems like Mom made her my guardian angel,” I said, deciding on the spot. It was all too obvious. Adelaide was the one who had told me what to do with my eyes, and Mom must’ve known we were meant to be connected.

“Claire?”

I nodded. “Adelaide was Mom’s best friend.”

“And have you ever met her?” Kylan asked, his voice full of curiosity.

“No, never,” I replied, a little startled by the intensity in his tone. “I didn’t even know she existed until I got here.”

“Did she come to you in your dream?” he pressed.

“No,” I shook my head slightly. “I became curious after hearing she was Mom’s best friend, though Mom never mentioned her. I was surprised to find out she was a witch.”

“How did you communicate with her?”

“She sometimes speaks to me,” I explained. “Like that time in the woods, when we had to deliver the box? She was the one who protected me from those witches.”

“And you never wondered why?”

I hesitated, frowning. “I told you,” I said, confused. “She was Mom’s best friend.”

“Your Mom’s best friend, who also has an eye problem...just like you?”

“How do you know about her eye problem?”

Kylan didn’t respond, but something about the eagerness in his questions and the silence that followed left me uneasy. What was he getting at? Why was he asking so much about Adelaide?

It felt like there was something more he wasn’t saying.

He brushed his fingers through my hair. “Has anyone else appeared to you in your dreams recently?”

I paused, thinking deeply. A memory suddenly returned to me—clear as day.

That strange dream of the male voice, the black wolf, the one that had appeared when my glasses had fallen off that night.

The black wolf with red eyes told me I shouldn’t be there, then he told me I had her eyes...

I shivered at the memory. “A black wolf with red eyes.”

Kylan’s hand stopped moving through my hair. “And?”

“He said I have her eyes...the eyes of—”

“Adelaide.” Kylan finished.

I felt my eyes widen, and I looked back although I couldn’t see him. “How much do you know about her?”

“And what about the name Alaric?” he asked, ignoring my initial question. “Have you heard about him before?”

I had.

It was the name the king had mentioned at dinner, the name that had been scratched out of the Elite list of the first team, and the name Jane had mentioned.

Alaric...

The future Alpha King. The one Adelaide had fallen in love with.

What would Kylan know about him? He must have heard about him from the king, since the two were supposedly close.

Even then, what did it have to do with all of this?

I sat frozen, trying to process Kylan’s words. My mind raced in a million different directions, but nothing made sense.

“He was on the Elite team with our parents,” I whispered, forcing myself to focus. “And Adelaide.”

“What more do you know?” Kylan pressed, pushing for answers.

“He was the son of the Alpha King,” I shared. “The one who’s been erased from history.”

“I see.” Kylan’s tone softened.

“Why are you asking me all these questions?”

“Because I think the wolf you saw in your dreams was him.”

I took in a quick breath.

Why would a future Alpha King come to me?

Why would he be in my dreams?

“For some reason memories of my past have returned to me, Violet,” Kylan spoke. “And all of your names were in them.”

“W-What?” I stammered. “What do you mean?”

“When Adelaide came to my dreams, her eyes were glowing. When we went to the soothsayer, his eyes were glowing. When I removed your glasses in the car, your eyes were glowing. And even now...” he waited for a moment, keeping me in anticipation. “Your eyes are glowing, Violet.”

I stiffened. “My...my eyes are glowing?”

“Yes,” Kylan immediately confirmed. “Adelaide didn’t come to your dreams because she’s your mom’s friend, Violet.”

I felt my stomach drop. “What are you saying?” I whispered, my voice trembling. Deep down, I think I knew what he was saying—but it couldn’t be. That was impossible.

The sayer’s words forced its way back into my mind.

‘Such power does not disappear—it shifts, waiting for the right hands to claim it.’

Was he talking about ‘her’ eyes?

At last, the pieces began to click together, and the realization hit me like a wave. The glowing eyes, the prophecies, strange dreams, the whispers I couldn’t escape—it wasn’t random. It wasn’t something I dealt with because of my calling as a healer, it was something beyond that. It was a legacy, a force passed down to me all my life and just waiting for the right moment to show itself.

It couldn’t be...

Kylan leaned closer, his hand brushing against mine. “Adelaide is your mom. Alaric is your dad. And...” he almost whispered, clearly trying not to overwhelm me.

“You’re half witch.”