

## Chapter 94

Violet

My gaze was fixed on the ground as Dad and...Fergus, walked in silence. After stealing me away from the king, he suggested we take a walk instead—while Kylan remained with his dad.

Now we were walking through the woods, neither of us saying a word. I knew he would eventually speak because otherwise, he wouldn't be here—but the only question was when.

My thoughts went to Kylan, and not knowing where the king's head was at the moment was driving me insane. Would he be forcing Kylan to take the ring back? To reject me immediately?

Fergus finally cleared his throat, signaling he was about to speak. I raised my head to look at him as he stared straight ahead. "Who would've thought," he said, his tone sounding awfully sarcastic. "The heir to Lyperia, your mate."

I noticed the deep lines on his forehead. He suddenly looked older than he was, and I knew it wasn't age—it was stress. Fergus had always been tense, but today, it was different.

"I guess so," I said, forcing a small smile.

Could we just get to the point already?

"How has Starlight been treating you?" he asked. "Good, I hope?"

I bobbed my head. "School's been good. Training has been intense, but I'm keeping up," I replied, trying to engage in his small talk. "They've really been pushing us lately."

"I see," he mumbled. His tone was distant, as if his mind was elsewhere, and that's when I knew he was ready to address whatever was on his mind.

"You've changed," he began.

"How come?"

"Your hair is not its usual ponytail," Fergus pointed out.

I let out a cackle. "I'm sorry for doing my hair."

What was he even getting at?

"And your glasses, Violet," he turned his head, his brows furrowing. "Why are you not wearing them?"

I let out a breath, searching for the right words. "They broke," I said, not giving too much backstory.

Fergus' lips tightened before he exhaled sharply. I could tell he was irritated, pissed.

"How long have you been without them?"

"Two days," I admitted.

"Two days?" He raised his voice in frustration. "Why didn't you tell me, and why did I have to hear it from Dylan? You know you're not allowed to walk around freely without those glasses."

I forced my mouth shut, not knowing how to respond. Of course, Dylan told him, just like Dylan told him Kylan and I were mates.

Dylan told him everything.

"Have you been having any nightmares?" He pressed for an answer. "Any visions or voices?"

I extended my hand, showing him the ring. "I'm protected," I said. "It's made of Lyperian stone, like the glasses. I'll be fine."

His face hardened. "Did you—"

"Tell him?" I finished for him. "No. I don't even know what's been going on with my eyes all these years, so what would I even say?"

He rubbed his chin, letting his gaze fall to the ground—and with each second, I began to realize how ridiculous this man really was. He knew I was a witch, he had always known—yet he refused to tell me. Even now, he was still not saying anything.

"I wanted to tell you about the bond myself," I told him. "I didn't know Dylan would—"

"I'm glad he did," Fergus interrupted. "Do you know why he called me?"

I shook my head. "No."

"Because I told him that if you ever found your mate at Starlight, he was to report it to me immediately."

Of course, he had been planning for this all along. It was nothing new for him, plotting things behind my back and deciding for me without caring about my opinion.

"I came to take you back home, Violet," he said suddenly, stopping in his tracks.

I also stopped, staring at him. "H-Home? Why?"

His eyes pierced through mine. "I think you know why."

I felt a tight feeling in my chest. He was testing me, trying to see if I knew. He was doing everything but telling me the truth.

"No, Dad—I don't know why," I said firmly. "Is it because you think I'm not good enough? Not strong enough to be the mate of the heir to Lyperia? Is that it?"

I just wanted him to say it.

Just tell me I was a witch, and stop hiding it, pretending like I was some worthless burden.

"Yes!" he shot back, his voice cold. "That's it. You've never been meant for anything other than healing. I agreed to send you here so you could follow in your mother's footsteps, not to...to lie with some Lycan prince."

Another pain settled in my chest, his words cutting deep. Anyone else could've said it, and I wouldn't have cared as much—but it just had to come from his mouth. The man I called Dad.

"You are not fit to become a Luna, let alone a queen," he spat, continuing. "Leave Starlight, come home with me, and your dad will take care of you, okay?" His voice sounded a bit softer near the end.

"No," I shook my head, taking a step back. "I'm staying."

How could I fully trust someone who had been keeping this big secret from me my whole life? How would he take care of me? By neglecting me like he had most of my life? By refusing to tell me the truth about who—or what—I was?

When he had left after family day, I thought things were better between us—but he still looked at me like I was nothing. Treated me like I was nothing.

"The king and that boy will destroy you once they find out what you are," Fergus stated, his tone dropping. "They are no good, Violet."

They or me?

He was acting like I was some kind of monster, lying to my face about why he wanted to isolate me yet again.

"Then tell me—what am I?" I demanded, my voice shaking.

He shook his head, avoiding my gaze as if he couldn't bear to say it. My fists clenched in frustration.

Just stop lying...

Just admit you know, and stop playing this game...

"You're my daughter!" he snapped. "You're special, precious—and I cannot, I will not give you to Lyperia so they can destroy your heart. I will not—"

"Daughter?" I chuckled louder than intended. We weren't even related, he wasn't even my uncle.

His body stiffened at my words, and I could tell it hit him hard—but I didn't care. "You've never told me you loved me, not once," I said, my anger rising. "I grew up feeling like I was nothing to you, and now that I have a mate—you want to take it away from me and won't even tell me why?"

Fergus's expression sharpened, his jaw tightening. "Do not talk to me about love," he growled, "when I've put the whole pack in danger because of you—"

"What danger?" I barked loudly. This was what he had been doing all his life—throwing jabs at me and hurting me for what I thought was for no reason—but now I knew why.

My heart pounded as the anger kept building.

Just tell me...

Just say it out loud...