

Chapter 95

Violet

Fergus growled, kicking a broken branch near his feet as he refused to answer my question.

“You will pack your things and come home with me at once,” he ordered, his tone making it clear this was not up for debate—for him at least.

I took a step forward, even though he was towering over me. “Or what?” I challenged.

His expression shifted. For a moment, he looked startled, as if he hadn’t expected me to speak against him—but things were different now. I wasn’t the quiet, scared Violet from back home anymore.

I had changed.

Kylan telling me to stop feeling sorry for myself and stop crying definitely left an impact.

I wasn’t going to back down or show any weakness—not anymore.

Fergus’s blue eyes locked onto mine, but I refused to look away. My blood boiled with fury, a hot feeling traveled all the way through my body, and I could feel the veins near my eyes pulsing. My heart hammered in my chest as I felt the ring on my finger tighten, begging me to lose control—but it wasn’t enough to make me snap.

But it also wasn’t enough to stop the dark thoughts clawing at my mind.

‘Make him shut up.’

They were emotions I had never felt before, and the times I did have them were the times I couldn’t remember.

“As long as you can’t give me a reason,” I said slowly, trying to calm myself, “I won’t go.”

I knew he wouldn’t be able to give me one because he wouldn’t allow the word ‘witch’ to leave his mouth. He was fighting tooth and nail to avoid saying the truth.

“Do you think that boy gives a damn about you?” he clenched his jaw, twisting his head a bit.

“Yes,” I said without hesitation.

Fergus’ eyes narrowed. “Do you know the struggles you’ll face as a werewolf and…and—”

And as a witch?

Say it…

Say the word…

Still, he didn’t. He just stopped, his lips pressing into a thin line.

“Yes,” I repeated. “I know.”

“And do you know how easy it is to get executed if you make even a single mistake in Lyperia?” he asked harshly. “Especially as an outsider?”

I hesitated before answering, feeling my heart skip a beat. “Yes,” I said eventually, even though it was bullshit. Kylan had never told me about that part, but it didn’t matter anyway. I would be long gone before it ever got that far—once I learned to control my eyes without depending on the ring.

Fergus’s face twisted with frustration, most likely because I wasn’t giving in. “Do you know those dirty bastards keep around fifteen mistresses?” His voice dripped with disdain as he began his next argument. “They’ll expect you to birth heirs until you can’t even stand on your own two feet anymore.”

“Yes,” I said again, feeling a lump in my throat. Kylan had already made that very clear, so did the king, and even Beta Jack with their thousand women and children. Once again, I wouldn’t be around to see all of that because by that time, I would be long gone.

Fergus’ gaze softened, his expression almost changing to something that looked like sorrow—or perhaps defeat. “Do you really believe he’ll protect you? That he’ll stick with you through thick and thin, no matter what happens?”

“Yes,” I answered. Kylan hadn’t bailed on me yet, even after learning the truth. Yes, he looked slightly weirded out by the thought of me being a witch at times, but he was still here—and I knew he wouldn’t abandon me. Not now, not until we figured out how to control my eyes.

“I can make my own decisions now,” I added. “I can take care of myself, and I know how to control the nightmares, the voices, the visions…”

Well, not yet—but hopefully soon. That last part was a lie, but he didn’t need to know that.

“How about shifting? You haven’t done that in a long time.”

“We were not talking about shifting,” I shrugged, pursing my lips.

Even though I hadn’t tried it yet, I had already been on the Elite team for a while—and he hadn’t brought it up then, so it was a little late to care about it now.

Unless he also had someone there keeping tabs on me, like Rochwall.

Fergus let out a long, deep sigh. “I know we’ve had a rocky relationship, Violet,” he began, “but I made a promise to Claire before I lost her—to protect you. And I intend to keep that promise.”

I gasped as he unexpectedly reached for my hands, clutching both of them with a gentle squeeze. “I’m begging you,” he shook his head. “Come with me to the village, back to the Bloodrose because that’s where you belong, with us…please.”

Looking into his eyes, seeing him begging for my return, felt terrible—but not knowing if it was out of love or out of fear for me destroying everything around me with my laser beam eyes felt even more horrible.

I pulled my hands back. “You say you love me,” I whispered, glancing at him. “And if you really do, you will trust the Moon Goddess’ judgment and not get in the way of this,” I told him.

Since no one wanted to tell me what I was and where I had come from—I had to find out the truth myself, and I had to do it with Kylan. I couldn’t live like this forever, depending on something or someone to control my eyes.

Fergus’ lips pressed together, and after a minute or so of silence, he chuckled softly. It was a sad, broken sound. Then, to my surprise, he pulled me into a tight hug. I froze at first, unsure of how to react, but then I slowly relaxed against him. He was quiet, and hopefully, it meant I had the Alpha’s blessing to go through with it.

“You remind me of someone I once knew,” Fergus whispered, gently running his hand through my hair. “Just as stubborn as you.”

My breath hitched at his words. Could he mean Adelaide?

Trying not to think about it too much, I closed my eyes as I melted into Fergus’ embrace. I knew this wasn’t easy for him, and I hadn’t expected him to give in this quickly—but I was wrong.

Maybe he was trying to fix things between us after all.

My mind instantly drifted to Kylan, who would surely be having a conversation with the king right now since both of them were not exactly the best at communicating. Would the king have the same careful approach as Fergus, or was the king’s hatred so big he would just let it slip, and straight up tell his son he had been cozying up with a witch?

“Thank you, Dad,” I whispered.

For once, I felt like I meant it.