

Chapter 327

Violet

I didn't expect Kylan to tell him that, and did not really know why he did, but by the smile on Dad's face, I could tell he appreciated those words. It meant a lot to him.

"You seem like a good kid...a good man who takes care of his mate," Dad spoke in response. He scratched his jaw like he wasn't totally sure how to say the rest, but the message had come across. He had not spent much time with Kylan, but he approved of him, and he wanted him to know.

"Same goes for you," he then nodded his head toward Dylan.

"I disagree," little Dylan cut in, spilling his opinion even though no one asked for it. He scoffed. "I think both misses could do better, and they should run while they still have the ch—"

Dad put his hand over Dylan's mouth. All we heard after that were muffled sounds.

"Like I said. The Moon Goddess has done a good job." Dad smiled, calm and proud. There was a brief silence again as Dad's eyes searched mine.

"Will we see you again?"

My chest tightened. He wasn't asking it as a polite thing, he was asking because he wanted us to come back. Maybe he wished for us to meet Mom, so she would not end up calling him crazy.

Kylan parted his lips. "I think—"

"They're coming back, Daddy," Violet said, her voice certain. "With even



more friends!"

Dad's brows lifted, and then his shoulders loosened, and his whole body eased. It was like he had been holding his breath, and now he finally let it out.

"Like your daughter said," Kylan told him. "We'll be back."

Little Violet looked very proud of herself, but I was still in awe. She just knew things...I knew things, and I did not understand how.

How could such a young girl who had never trained her powers do these things, and why would she ever forget?

"Then we'll be waiting!" Dad said eagerly.

After we said goodbye, we walked outside together. Dad and Little Violet stood in the doorway and kept waving as we went down the path. Little Dylan stood beside them with his arms crossed, refusing to wave.

Every step away from that house felt like leaving a piece of myself behind, and I honestly didn't know how I did it. I didn't know how I was still breathing, still keeping it together...

"You did well," Kylan said, squeezing my hand.

I shot him a weak smile, then remembered the way Little Violet held her hand against his head. "What did L...she — what did she tell you?"

Kylan exhaled, staring at Dylan and Trinity, who were playing around. He spun her around, threatening to throw her into a puddle while she yelled for him to put her back down. I didn't know what that was all about, but I was sure it had to do with Little Dylan.



"I'll tell you later," Kylan chuckled. "When the two-year-olds are done playing."

A small laugh escaped me. Whether it was this Dylan or the one we had just left behind at the house, I loved both of them. This one was just a bit more open.

If Dad could've seen this, he would've fainted. Seriously.

My brows furrowed, thinking about Dad. "He knew, didn't he?" I whispered.

Kylan gave a soft chuckle. "Of course, he knew," he said. "I think a good father will always be able to recognize his daughter."

A good father...

Those words stayed in my head longer than they should have. Because suddenly I thought of Fergus.

Maybe he wouldn't have recognized me if he saw me, but if I had gone back in time to the moment he decided he was going to raise me...

yes.

He would've known.

Even him.

"He recognized you as well," I murmured. "I suppose you've left an impact."

Kylan shrugged. "I suppose."

"So...when do we come back?" I wondered.



He went into deep thought. "Everything seems tied to the First Howl, the next moon," he said. "We have to calculate the exact point. I think..." He took a small breath, meeting my eyes for a split second. "I think it might be when your parents passed."

"I figured."

My voice broke a little. I was already prepared, and I could do it. I had to because it was the only way.

"We're here for a reason," Kylan said. "All of this has to be connected to the present somehow."

Dylan and Trinity, who had caught up by then, walked beside us and listened closely. The playfulness from earlier was gone. Both of them were focused now.

"Kylan's right," Dylan said. "Whatever stopped Baelor then is our key. We need to learn everything these people know about him. Next time we come back here, we will ask the right questions. The younger versions of us will lose some of their memory, so it won't matter. We have to be clear about who we are and what we came to do, and collect every piece of information we can use to stop him."

Kylan and I shared a look. "You might be right," he said.

Dylan shrugged. "Now that we know that Uncle Greg clearly knows who we are, and isn't freaked out by any of it, keeping quiet will only waste time because in the end we'll have to repeat whatever worked the first time to stop Baelor," he continued. "Uncle Greg and Aunt Claire...I'm not saying we should tell them they won't make it, but I don't think we have to waste any more time while Uncle knows all of us. Today was testing the waters, but next time we should actually accomplish something."



"We could always go back now," Trinity suggested.

Dylan shook his head. "We should wait. Uncle Greg is great, but when it comes to Violet's safety, he tends to get nervous sometimes," he shared. "Aunt Claire is a bit more clear-headed, and she'll know what to do."

And he was right...

Trinity ruffled Dylan's hair. "It's so sexy when you use your brain that one time a month."

A smirk reached Dylan's lips. "Thanks, babe...wait, what?"

Trinity patted his back, then looked at Kylan. "What did you discuss with mini Violet upstairs?"

As we continued our walk, Kylan gave them the recap about everything Little Violet knew. With each word out of his mouth, I felt my eyes burning again, and everything hit me all at once.

He was there.

Dad was there...and I had to walk away.

I had to leave him behind.

Maybe Trinity was right. Maybe if I ran, he would still be standing at the door, waiting, and I could run into his embrace.

"Violet," Dylan called out. "We have to go back anyway. So you can do your thing now."

My lips already began to tremble.

"What thing?" I asked, even though I already knew.



Kylan stopped walking and gently tugged my hand, pulling me to face him. I felt an ache in my chest as he pressed his forehead against mine like he was trying to breathe the same air I was.

He lifted his hand and brushed his finger against my cheek. "Violet," he whispered with a chuckle. "You are allowed to cry."

The words hit harder than I expected. I sucked in a sharp breath and pushed for a laugh, but the sound that escaped me was a sob. I didn't fight it this time.

A single tear was all it took before a bright light hit us, and everything flashed white.

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