

Chapter 363

Violet

Aelius lowered his gaze. "You will stay with your uncle, and he will raise you among the people. Your people."

The people of the common land...

"We will always be connected, and I will always think of you, but you are better off with him," he said. "This is my way of protecting you."

Little Violet gave him a weak nod. I sucked in a sharp breath as I studied his face, trying to decide if I was perhaps imagining things.

Were his eyes...wet?

He seemed to be on the verge of tears and on the verge of fully breaking. Aelius caught my gaze and cleared his throat. "We don't have all day," he said coldly.

I nodded and reached out, placing my hand gently on Little Dylan's head. I hadn't noticed the tears spilling from his eyes until Trinity wiped them away. He was awake too and had heard everything.

And unlike Little Violet, he wanted to forget.

"I want you to forget that this day ever happened," I said softly, my thumb brushing his head. "I want you to remember to be brave, kind, and stubborn, because that's what makes you, you."

I took a breath. "I want you to grow into a good Alpha," I continued. "One who protects others, but also knows when to protect himself. Do not risk your life for your cousin, Dylan...because the Bloodrose needs you. I don't want you to forget that."



My voice cracked at the end. My words weren't that much different from what Aelius had been trying to explain to Kylan. Love kills.

Dylan had a pack to lead, Kylan had a kingdom to lead, and both would fall apart without them. They were the future.

As soon as I pulled my hand back, Aelius hummed under his breath. "Interesting."

I shot him an irritated glance. "What?" I snarled. "Was that not what I was supposed to say?"

He was still being as cryptic as ever. Aelius shook his head once. "I cannot tell you what to say," he replied. "I am from the past. You are from the future."

Of course.

Now he chose not to interfere.

Next, I focused on Little Violet. Her eyes widened as she realized what was about to happen, and she panicked.

"No, please!" she begged.

"I have to," I said softly.

She tried to move, but her small body was too weak from all the horror she had just experienced. Trinity gave me a hand by holding down her legs as carefully as she could while I pressed my hand to her head.

"I want you to forget this day ever happened," I repeated. Her body stiffened.

"I want you to be careful," I whispered. "Life will be hard, but don't let



that break you down. You need to get back up and always remain positive. It will shape you...But if you want to cry, you can just go ahead and do that. Just do whatever you want."

I nodded my head, not quite sure who I was trying to convince. "You'll stay with Uncle Fergus," I went on. "He'll always have your back, even if he doesn't know how to show it. You'll work hard, study...follow in your mother's footsteps and go to the best academy."

I took a breath. "You will be strong, Violet. I will make sure of it."

This time as well, Aelius released a hum as I removed my hand.

"Interesting."

I shot him a look, and he returned it. "I'm from the past, you're from the future," he repeated again.

Trinity helped me up, and we all stood again. Somehow, standing felt much harder than kneeling ever had. Maybe it was because I knew what would be coming next.

My hands started to tremble, and I dragged them down my palms against my thighs like that would somehow still the nerves. Hide it so no one would notice.

"And now," I said, forcing the words out, "I'm ready to go back."

The words didn't feel great because I knew there was some unfinished business, but I didn't care. I didn't want to be in this realm anymore.

"No," Aelius said calmly. "You're not ready."

My throat tightened instantly. He took my hand and squeezed it. "Claire and Greg...they are the ones who never feared you," he spoke. "So you



mustn't fear them either. Even in this state. Come, child."

My feet barely moved. I took tiny steps, like my body had forgotten how to walk properly, and each one felt heavier than the last.

My eyes were glued to the ground, and when they landed on Dad's boots, I wanted nothing more than to run away.

Footsteps approached behind me. I glanced backward and saw everyone standing there.

My friends. Varius. Jason...Kylan.

"Violet—" Kylan started, but Aelius raised his hand to stop him.

"Leave her," Aelius said sharply. "This is not the time to baby her."

Then his voice softened. "Violet. Look at your parents."

I shook my head immediately. "I already saw them," I whispered. "I just want to go back."

I couldn't do this.

I couldn't look again.

Suddenly, I felt two strong hands touch me from behind. I flinched.

I turned my head and stared straight into a pair of blue eyes.

Dylan's eyes.

I could tell he was trying to hold himself together and do the thing I had just told his younger self not to do.

"I know this isn't how we want to remember them," he said. "But I think

you need this.”

I didn’t argue with him.

I didn’t say a word as he led me forward. I just pressed my forehead into his chest as I let out uneven breaths.

Then I slowly lifted my head and saw them lying there. Side by side.

Instead of focusing on the blood, I tried to focus on their intertwined hands. Their fingers were locked because they had refused to let go, even at the end.

That was the only beautiful thing about it. Everything else was...too much.

I couldn’t touch them, and I didn’t want to. I didn’t think I could survive feeling how cold the two warmest people I had ever known must be.

I just couldn’t...

My breathing turned shallow as Dylan lowered us to the ground. I stared at them for a second longer, unable to speak.

But then I broke.

I couldn’t take it anymore.

I buried my face in Dylan’s chest and sobbed. They weren’t quiet tears, and certainly not controlled. Everything came out. Every sound, every breath I had been holding since the moment this started.

The ground began to shake beneath us, and all of us knew exactly what was going to happen. The air blurred, and everything started to fade. I looked down at my arms as they flickered, and then we were back in the cabin.

It was like we were caught in between, only waiting before we would return to the present.

Aelius was already gone. So were Varius, Jason, Esther...

The door burst open, and Fergus and Sonya rushed in with shock written across their faces. They couldn't see us, but they could see the children and the bodies.

Their eyes went straight to the sleeping children, then to the glasses lying on the floor, and then to the two bodies.

"Violet," Fergus gasped, his voice breaking. "D-Did those eyes do this?"

No...

No, she didn't.

Fergus let out a scream. His hand hit the wall as a sob tore out of him. Sonya, who was also sobbing, tried to hold him up.

Then everything shifted again, and we were back in the library. The tall shelves, the golden chairs...it was like we had never left.

No...

They didn't know...

This was why they hated me.

They thought I had done it. They thought I had killed my parents and covered it up.

The rogue attack was nothing more than a lie meant to protect me, and they didn't know the truth.

Commented [Ma1]:



"You're back!"

Sora jumped up from the table, her green eyes sparkling with excitement.

My eyes swept over everyone. Dylan, Trinity, Nate, Lian...until they finally landed on Kylan.

All of them were down. None of them looked at me, but he did. His expression was tight, apologetic, like he didn't know what to do.

"How did it go?" Sora asked cheerfully, failing to read the room. "I'm glad to see no one died. Everyone is okay!"

No one died?

My head spun, and the room tilted. A sound caught in my throat as I turned and rushed for the door, ignoring the voices calling my name.

I wasn't okay.

Not even close.

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