

## Chapter 365

Violet

Start by talking...

My lips curled as I turned my head to Kylan. We shared a look for a split second before he lowered his head, shoulders tense.

I knew we shared the same thoughts. This was different compared to when Chrystal died. We hadn't approached him right away. We waited and stayed quiet because we thought that was what he needed.

But he hadn't waited for even a second and was right here, comforting me.

"What's on your mind?" Nate asked gently. "You don't have to carry it alone. You can tell me."

His eyes shifted briefly to Kylan. "Us," he corrected.

A lump formed in my throat as I thought of how to begin. They were there too. They had seen everything. The little girl, my parents, the choices I made that had led to this.

Yet both of them were waiting to hear me, and I appreciated it.

"I can't stop thinking about her," I sighed, my head still resting against Nate's. My eyes drifted to the ceiling. Somehow, it made talking about it a bit easier.

Neither of them asked further.

They knew I was talking about Little Violet.



"I keep thinking about the way she looked at me, and I just can't get it out of my head," I opened up. "She looked at me like I was the enemy, like I had taken everything from her, and I did."

My fingers curled as I tried to reach for something, and I felt Kylan's warm hand. "And the worst part is," I continued, taking a deep breath, "I get why she felt that way."

I really did.

Even though we were the same person, that girl had been willing to give her life to save Mom and Dad because she knew how it would end.

Kylan and Nate didn't speak. They didn't say I was right. They didn't say I was wrong. They just let me get it out, and it was indeed the best way for me to heal. Let it out.

"I had to make her forget her parents dying right in front of her, and I didn't want to do that," I said. "But if she had remembered that moment, both her and Dylan, they wouldn't have made it. I know that."

I swallowed. "But I also know that if I had known that Fergus would believe I was responsible and make up a story about some rogue attack to protect me, I wouldn't have."

Mom and Dad's bodies were so brutally destroyed, it was no wonder he called me demon child.

He didn't know any better.

I always thought my childhood was hard, and it just looked like all of it unfortunately had to be this way.

They both still listened in silence, not uttering a word. Kylan squeezed my hand, and Nate twirled his finger around my hair.



"I was always looking for someone to blame for my parents' death," my voice cracked. "And after learning they weren't my biological parents, and that they had already lost one child protecting me, the need to blame someone, anyone, only became stronger."

I exhaled shakily. "I never expected to have a hand in all of this. I know it was their decision, but it's just so hard."

My eyes closed, and for a moment, all I could see was Mom and Dad.

I didn't regret seeing them again at all. Mom's smile was just as beautiful as I remembered it, and Dad was just as soft and kindhearted. Those were the small details I had never forgotten, despite losing my memories.

The way they looked at their daughter like she was the most precious thing in the world and had never feared her.

"I'll do anything to make it right," I whispered.

"Anything to make sure their deaths weren't in vain. I'll train harder, be smarter, better..."

They weren't just words.

It was a promise, and now that I had said it out loud, I would have to stick to it and make them proud.

"I do know one thing," I said, opening my eyes again. "I now know what I need to work on. My fears, anger, and loving too hard..."

"That's the best part about you," Kylan interrupted. "You do love hard, and because of that, you taught me how to love you too. I don't ever want you to change that, Violet."

I clicked my tongue. "Please tell that to my lovely Grandpa Aelius," I



mumbled. "I loved him too hard, and he didn't seem to appreciate it much."

Nate shrugged. "His loss, beautiful."

He reached out and lightly patted my forehead. I laughed under my breath, surprised at how normal all of this felt.

There were so many things we still needed to talk about. Varius, Thorne, Baelor, Kayden, and whatever came next.

But for now, this moment felt too good to rush past.

"So," Nate asked after another moment of peaceful silence, "how are you feeling now?"

I hummed, giving it some thought. "Like I can breathe again," I exhaled. "But there is still one more thing I need to get out."

I felt my legs shift as Kylan moved a little. "What is it?" he frowned.

"I feel embarrassed about what happened when I let the devil inside me. Losing control like that..."

"Okay, sorry," Nate cut in. "This is where I'm going to stop you."

I blinked at him.

"Seeing you and that Lumia of yours like that," he continued, eyes lighting up, "with the glowing eyes and those light patches in your fur? That was honestly amazing. I mean, who else can do that?"

A surprised frown appeared on my face. He wasn't teasing. He looked genuinely impressed.



Kylan gave him a nod. "I agree," he added. I shifted my eyes to him. "Also, now I know to never get into a fight with her. Valerius and I are no match."

His lips curled as he said it. There was pride in his eyes that I couldn't quite understand, but it looked sincere.

"Really?"

Kylan let out a short laugh. "Yes, really," he said. "You can do these incredible things we can only dream of, and I think that if you learn how to control these powers, you'll be unstoppable."

Unstoppable...

It all sounded great, and it would sound even better if something like that were possible. For now, it just sounded like a dream.

Nate suddenly chuckled, and Kylan glanced at him.

"What's funny?"

"Nothing. All of this just reminds me of that box challenge we did in the woods."

He was right.

My chest warmed at the sight of Nate's soft smile. It wasn't nothing he had shared back then, but I supposed just the memory of having a talk with his friends made him feel better as well.

Kylan studied him for a moment. "Did you ever wish," he asked carefully, "that we hadn't waited back when... you know." He cleared his throat. "That we had just listened when you were broken?"



"I don't know," Nate responded. "I'm trying to do things differently now." He paused. "I just thought about what would work best for you."

My throat tightened.

He was still thinking about others, even when the conversation was about him and his feelings.

"No matter what happened today," I said quietly, "your feelings still matter. They matter just as much, and we will listen..."

"No," Nate shook his head. "Nothing is more important than what you've gone through today."

I scoffed under my breath. "Well, I don't agree."

Kylan smirked. "I think what Violet is really trying to ask is if whether doing things differently means you're finally letting go of Lunaris."

I lifted my head just enough to smack Kylan's arm before shaking it dramatically. "You asked that, not me," I scolded before looking back at Nate. "I didn't...I wasn't, I..."

Nate let out a soft laugh, his eyes finding Kylan. "It's okay. Whatever you're trying to ask, just ask."

I exhaled slowly, letting my head settle back down. I heard Kylan clear his throat and knew immediately that he would just go for it.

"I want to know," Kylan began, "if doing things differently means you're officially letting go of Lunaris."