

Chapter 418

Violet

I listened attentively as Fergus explained the different types of roses and their purposes. The way he spoke about them, you would think they were the only things that mattered at that moment.

His hands moved gently as he compared the colors of the Lyperian red and the mountain red.

I couldn't remember the last time I had a moment like this, but I treasured every second of it. I had to, because with them going back to the Bloodrose tomorrow, who knew when we would have another one.

It was just me, Dylan, Sonya, and Trinity who was trying very hard to keep up. Even though flowers weren't her thing, she leaned in, nodding seriously and asking questions at the right time, just as Fergus liked.

"Do we also have these back home?" she asked, touching one of the flowers.

She was already calling the Bloodrose her home...

"Yes, we do!"

Fergus lit up, then continued his lecture.

He was about halfway through when my eyes wandered around the garden until they finally spotted Kylan. He stood at a distance, crouching slightly as he tried to separate whatever dispute was going on between Jumpie and Thorne.

He started to intervene, then paused and gave up halfway. I couldn't help but smile to myself. It was a funny sight, cute even, and I'd rather have him keep himself busy with a raven and a squirrel than with Baelor.

He looked good like this.

"Don't you think it's time we have a talk with the children?" Sonya said.

I turned and refocused on them. Fergus hummed, his brow lifting slightly, then nodded. "We should," he said, glancing around the flower garden. "Let's find somewhere to sit first."

Trinity let out a small laugh. "Well, I loved all of this and will definitely be using that knowledge in the future."

She took a small step back, her hands folded in front of her. "I'll give you some space now. Family time."

Just as she moved to take another step, Dylan immediately reached for her hand to stop her. "Don't go," he said softly.

Fergus cleared his throat. "You're part of this family too," he said. "When we speak about our children...that includes you now. The future Luna."

Trinity's eyes softened and fluttered, just as they always did when she was flattered. "I guess you could say that," she replied confidently, sweeping her curls behind her ear.

I felt nervous because I knew this would be the hardest part. The part where we talked about everything we had not talked about yet, and whether the good news of the pregnancy came first or last would be up to them.

I swallowed and pointed toward a cozy sitting area tucked between the flowers. "Let's go over there," I suggested.

We all made our way over and sat down. Fergus and Sonya sat on one side while Dylan, Trinity, and I sat on the other, a small stone table between us.

For a moment, no one spoke. It wasn't an uncomfortable silence, just a heavy one. Everyone clearly had something on their mind.

One thing that did give me peace was how quiet it was around here. The flower garden was big enough to ensure no one could overhear us. We were safe to talk.

Fergus chuckled. "So...what are your plans when you return to Starlight?"

"Study and graduate," Dylan said, his tone serious.

"I see."

Fergus nodded, but I could tell that wasn't what he meant. He was someone who observed, and he must've noticed our strange behavior these past days. He was fishing for answers, trying to ease into it, but as usual, Dylan went straight to the point.

Both Fergus and Sonya looked tense, which pushed me to help them.

"I know," I said softly. "And I know you know that I know. I mean...I've been walking around without my glasses, controlling those powers you've always been afraid of, and you haven't stopped me yet. There's no way you wouldn't know."

Fergus and Sonya exchanged a worried glance before looking back at me.

"And it's not just me," I added, taking a breath. "All of us know."

Trinity chuckled. "Okay. Let's just dive right in."

"What do you—" Fergus began.

"About me being half witch," I said. "About my birth parents, Mom and Dad, and that supposed rogue attack. I know everything."

This time there was an uncomfortable silence, which was understandable, because what could they even say? We had all been

dancing around this conversation for weeks now, years actually.

I let out a sad little chuckle. My hands suddenly felt cold.

"I know you believe I'm responsible," I continued. "I know you've tried to love me...to be there for me...mostly because of Mom. But I need you to understand that I had nothing to do with what happened. I would never —"

Sonya suddenly reached forward and covered my hand. "Take a breath," she said gently, her eyes worried but warm.

I didn't want to stop for a breath. I just wanted to keep talking and let it all out, as much as I felt ready to share. Fergus leaned back in his seat, then forward, repeating the motion like he didn't know what to do with himself.

Eventually, he looked at Dylan in full shock. Then back at me. "I genuinely do not know where to start," he admitted. "For how long have you known?"

"Since I went to Starlight," I answered. "And I have a feeling you knew I would eventually find out, so all of this shouldn't be that surprising."

Fergus wasn't a stupid man. He was smart enough to know secrets hardly stayed buried forever. This was what he had wanted to talk about from the start.

"Who else knows?"

I let out a breath. "You know everyone on the first elite team knows, because I assume Mom told you everything," I confronted him.

He gave a weak nod.

"Kylan knows, Trinity, Dylan, Nate, my two ladies-in-waiting, everyone in those freaking mountains," I said dramatically, pretty sure I had

stayed buried forever. This was what he had wanted to talk about from the start.

"Who else knows?"

I let out a breath. "You know everyone on the first elite team knows, because I assume Mom told you everything," I confronted him.

He gave a weak nod.

"Kylan knows, Trinity, Dylan, Nate, my two ladies-in-waiting, everyone in those freaking mountains," I said dramatically, pretty sure I had forgotten a few names along the way. "Grandpa Aelius knows, and I've met him a few times, by the way."

Fergus's hands gripped the stone table, his eyes wide. Sonya's expression changed too.

"Is there anyone who doesn't know?" he asked.

I huffed out a breath, and he shook his head in dismay. "Dylan, you should have come to me," he said. "You should have stopped this. If the truth gets out about your sister, things will get very ugly."

"None of this is Dylan's fault," I cut in firmly. "Dylan has been having a hard time too, so I need you to stop blaming him. He has been protecting me. Very well actually."

I suddenly felt tired. Exhausted, because there was so much I couldn't say. There was no point in telling him about Baelor, Kayden, what we had done to Chrystal, or anything else, since we had hopefully already closed that chapter.

"Who knows and who doesn't know isn't the most important thing right

now," I said quietly. "What matters is this."

I looked at both of them. "I need to know if the reason you treated me differently all my life...was because you truly believed me to be a monster who hurt Mom and Dad."

My throat burned as I forced myself to say those words he had once used to describe me. "A demon child."

Fergus's eyes softened.

"That's all I care about," I whispered. "I can take the rest, all of it, but this is something I have to know...and you can be honest with me."

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