

Chapter 511

Violet

I stood in front of the cabin.

I had seen it before, plenty of times, but mostly through Adelaide's eyes. Even though no one had lived here for over a decade, it appeared to be in a good state. The windows were spotless, the path leading up to the door seemed well maintained, and there was not even a single wildflower growing.

I drew in a long breath. This was where I had been born.

A quiet exhale came from Aelius, who stood beside me. The rest of the group had stayed back a few steps behind to give us some space. But they were close enough for me to feel their presence.

It wasn't just them who came to look, but also a big group of curious villagers who stood at an even greater distance.

It was right in front of me, so why was I not entering?

I had wanted this. I had spent days imagining what it might feel like to walk into the place where Mom had carried me, where Dad threw me into the air and always caught me, where I had taken my first breath...

But now, standing here, it was the hardest thing I had ever had to do. My feet would not move, and my head was so full of thoughts I could not fully understand them myself.

I looked behind me, and my eyes immediately found Trinity. She gave me a small comforting smile and nudged her chin, urging me to go on.



Then my eyes went to Aelius. He was watching me with a soft, slightly regretful expression.

“Do not fear. This is your home, Child of Blood,” he said quietly. “The door is open. It always has been.”

I blinked up at him.

“You are the one who wanted this, are you not?”

“Yes!”

My voice came out impatiently, as if somehow, if I gave the wrong answer, he might take it all back. My jaw set as I turned forward again, my hand reaching out to the handle.

A jolt went through me as I felt the cold of the handle, but before I could fully register it, I felt a warm hand on top of mine. It was Kylan, who had stepped up beside me.

“I’ll go with you.”

I stared into his determined gaze before a small chuckle slipped out of me. I gave him a nod before we pushed the door open together, hearing it creak.

Anxiously, I glanced over my shoulder one last time. Then we pushed it all the way open, and I stepped inside with Kylan.

It felt like my breath had gotten stuck in my throat as the door closed behind us. Everything was dark. There was no light.

Why was there no light?



“Open your eyes, Pup.”

Right.

I hadn't even noticed my eyes were closed. I opened them slowly. One, and then the other until I could finally see.

My breath hitched as my feet moved. I walked until I was standing in the center of the room, and then I released a surprised laugh.

Nothing had changed...

I turned slowly on my heel, taking everything in. I remembered all of it. The wooden floor, the low ceiling beams, the small kitchen against the back wall, and even the small crocheted blanket one of the villagers had gifted when I was born.

Almost every single piece of it was exactly where I had last seen it. Aelius had not let anyone touch a thing.

I turned to Kyran with a kind of excitement I hadn't felt in the past hours. He leaned against the wall, hands in his pockets as a soft smile pulled at the corner of his mouth.

“Where you are standing right now?” I let out a small laugh. “That is where we met for the first time.”

Kyran let out a chuckle. A flash of a memory came back to me. A small toddler version of Kyran standing right where he was now, looking up at Mom to tell me that my feet were stinky.

Not really knowing why I was in a rush, I turned at the speed of light and pointed at the kitchen in the back. “That is where my mom used to bake!” I shared. “She couldn't stop talking. She talked so much, but my



dad never actually heard a word of it because his eyes had only ever been on her.”

As I looked over my shoulder, Kylan’s smile widened as he listened to me. A pure joy was running through me. I had been so certain coming here would feel sad. I had not been ready for it to feel like this.

My finger quickly pointed to the left side of the room, right where Angela had been standing nineteen years ago.

“And right there is where I was born,” I said softly. “Mom’s belly had gotten so big near the end that she could not walk properly anymore,” I remembered. “So they brought the bed out of the room, and I was born right…”

I lowered my finger, my smile fading, voice trembling. “There.”

Kylan walked over to me and laid a hand on my shoulder. As he began to rub it slowly, a short laugh slipped out of me. Then another, and then the tears came. All at once, before I had any chance to stop them.

Kylan bent slightly to look at my face. “Violet—“

I shook my head and let out another small laugh. My arms wrapped around his side to reassure him. “These are happy tears, Kylan,” I told him. “I needed this. I really did.”

His face relaxed. He kissed the top of my head and let me hold him for a moment longer. It was me who pulled away when something else caught my attention.

I sped across the room to the bookcase against the wall. “Look at all these books!” I gasped. I knew Mom and Dad both loved reading, but getting to experience their interest up close felt different.



Curious, I picked the first one I could get my hands on. It was a small book. "Nine Ways To Kill A Shifter," I read out loud.

Kylan made a sound behind me. I turned around to him with a grin. "I don't know if this was Mom's or Dad's, but I'm keeping it!"

I slipped the small book into my pocket, and it fit perfectly.

"Ah, yes," Kylan said, raising his brows. "Perfect thing to keep at Starlight. It isn't like you can get in trouble for it or anything."

His tone was too sarcastic. "If you are allowed to keep pets, I am allowed to keep this book," I said stubbornly.

Kylan let out a breath, scratching the back of his neck. "Your mom sounds scary," he decided. "We might need to leave her in that cave after all."

But as soon as he said it, he stood up straight again and his face dropped. Then a long, defeated sigh came out of him.

"That...was a bit too dark, was it not? Sorry."

I laughed and shook my head. "No...I think it's something she would've said!" I stated. "I actually think the two of you are going to get along great!"

Kylan hummed. We looked around for a while, exploring the rest of the home. All of my biggest worries just disappeared.

These things had all belonged to my parents and remained untouched. "Aelius has been waiting for them to come home," I said. "That is why everything is still the same. He has been waiting for a long time now."



Kylan listened, but didn't say anything as we just stood in silence. And with the silence, my brain started working overtime again, and the worries slowly crept back in.

"Seeing you here, so happy...alive...I only have one wish," Kylan suddenly spoke. I lifted a brow as I glanced at him, waiting for him to tell me.

"My wish is for you to reunite with your parents, and I swear on everything that I will make it happen, Violet," he said. There was no tremble in his voice. "You will all stand in this cabin together. I will make sure of it, even if I have to die for—"

"No." I lifted my hands and shook my head to stop him. "Your wish is for me to stand here with my parents. Mine is for all of us to stand here together."

I glared at Kylan, hoping he'd realize that him dying was not an option. "And when your teacher gets here," I continued. "You have to listen to him. Do not talk back, do not push him, and just stay focused—"

The door creaked open behind me, and I stopped talking. My head turned, my lips still slightly parted as Aelius entered. He was on his own.

His eyes found me first before they found Kylan's. A warm smile was on his face, and I could immediately tell he had been listening to us for a while.

"The prince does not listen," Aelius said calmly, his eyes still on Kylan. "He talks back, pushes people."

Kylan's jaw shifted.

"But he is focused. I will give him that." Aelius gave a small nod. "Don't



worry, Child of Blood.”

I chuckled under my breath. “Did you come all the way in here to tell me that?”

Aelius shook his head once. “No, child.” His voice softened as he stepped further into the room.

He came to a stop a few feet in front of me.

Then he extended both of his arms out toward me.

I stared at him in utter shock.

What was he doing?

His arms stayed open as he waited patiently, his lips curved into a smile.

‘Does he want to...hug me?’ I asked through the mind link.

‘Looks like it.’ A small chuckle came from Kylan. His elbow gave me a gentle nudge in the side. ‘Honestly,’ he said. ‘Just go for it.’



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