

Chapter 20

Violet

His face stiffened, something about the mention of Adelaide clearly bothering him.

“Adelaide?” he pursed his lips, thinking.

“Yes, Adelaide,” I confirmed. “Was she also on the Elite Team?”

“Yes, but I wasn’t close to her,” Rochwall replied.

I didn’t know whether to believe him. After the lie about not being close to my mom, I wasn’t sure whether he was telling the truth at all. Something felt off.

“I was looking for information about her, but I can’t find anything,” I continued, hoping he might open up. “I thought maybe if you knew something, I could stop my search—”

Rochwall’s eyes softened. “Adelaide was complicated...only a few knew how to keep her in check.”

The look in his eyes told me he either felt sorry for her or wasn’t her biggest fan. Perhaps he just didn’t want to talk about her.

“So, what was she like?”

“She was...different. Smart, powerful, maybe too much for her own good.”

Powerful?

“So, she was one of the best shifters, then?”

Rochwall chuckled, shaking his head.

“What’s so funny?” I asked, confused.

“Adelaide wasn’t a shifter,” he said. “She was a witch.”

Shock ran through me. A witch? That word hit me hard. I had never imagined that witches had walked the halls of Starlight Academy, let alone been a part of the Elite Team.

Putting two and two together, it suddenly became obvious. Most witches weren’t afraid of werewolves or Lycans, but a witch could fear another witch—and those voices in the box had genuinely feared her.

“Witches attended Starlight Academy?”

No one had ever told me that, it wasn’t in any of the books—and there was not a single sign.

Rochwall exhaled, making a sound with his mouth. He seemed to regret bringing up the topic of witches, but I needed answers, and I wasn’t about to let it go.

Rochwall nodded. “They used to, yes. Adelaide was part of the last generation before the rules were changed, and the witches were separated from the rest of us. They all transferred to a different school.”

“Why?”

“Witches are powerful,” Rochwall stated, avoiding my eyes. “So they created laws to keep them away.”

“And you’re saying that Adelaide was powerful?”

Rochwall lifted his brows in response. “Her family...she was one of the more gifted ones.”

Something was off about him as he spoke. He looked worried, too worried as if he’d said more than what he was supposed to. There was so much more he wasn’t telling me.

I could tell the conversation made him uncomfortable, but I pushed further because I could sense he held the answers I needed.

The question was, how far could I push him before he shut down?

“Do the ripped pages in the books belong to the witches?”

Rochwall’s expression turned grim, confirming my suspicions.

“How did she pass away?” I asked, my voice softer. “I’m sorry if I’m being annoying, but on my first day here, Esther referred to me as Adelaide, and ever since, I’ve been so curious about her friendship with my mom.”

Rochwall’s head shot up, and his eyes were wide as he stared at me. He swallowed his breath as he stepped back. “I-I can’t help you,” he gulped.

“If you’re looking for answers about Adelaide, don’t bother, Violet. She was not a good person,” he said, his voice cold. He wasn’t the friendly guy from the Elite Team anymore—he had changed into a professor. “There’s a reason why some things are better left in the past.”

He forced a small smile before turning to leave. “I’ll see you at dinner.”

Puzzled, I watched as Rochwall made his way up the stairs and disappeared from my sight. First, he pretended not to know Mom, and now he was acting all strange about the witches. Something wasn’t adding up.

What was it with Adelaide, and why did that name make everyone so nervous?

If it truly was Adelaide who had spoken to me in the woods, I couldn’t see the harm. Her voice had been so gentle and soothing when she’d saved me from those ancient witches.

Those pages were ripped out for a reason, and all Esther and Rochwall weird behavior proved to me was that I wasn’t about to stop digging.

But for now, I was done. I needed a break—something to distract myself before I drove myself insane.

I grabbed my phone and read Rochwall’s invitation again. With a sigh, I forwarded the message to Trinity, sending her a question mark.

As I waited for her message, I closed the book—but not without snapping a few pictures, hoping it might be useful later. Just as I was on my way to leave, my phone buzzed.

Trinity had replied with a thumbs-up emoji.

A smile grew on my lips. At least I didn’t have to show up to that dinner alone.

Making my way back to the Lunar hall, my mind randomly wandered to Kylan. Would he show up at the team dinner tonight, or was that kind of thing not his scene?

Honestly, I hoped he wouldn’t come. I wasn’t in the mood for his cold stares or confusing behavior. The Adelaide situation was already complicated enough, and I didn’t need more complications.

One minute, he acted like I didn’t exist, the next he was all controlling—telling me to stop ‘flirting’ with Nate. I hated myself for thinking about him when I shouldn’t. It wasn’t like I was on his mind.

I was too distracted to the point that I wasn’t paying attention to where I was going, and suddenly bumped into someone.

“Sorry,” I apologized, looking up.

The face I saw made me instantly regret my words. It was Chrystal. Her gaze had never been kind, and now it was just as unfriendly. She shot me a dirty look, flipping her red hair over her shoulder. Beside her stood Amy, her sidekick, who rarely seemed to have a mind of her own.

“I don’t like you,” Chrystal said bluntly, completely ignoring my apology.

I frowned, not really caught off guard because I already knew what she could be like. “Why? Because I bumped into you?”

My heart started to race, not out of fear but frustration. I didn’t want this confrontation, especially after we’d just had one less than twenty-four hours ago. I wasn’t like her—I didn’t want to cause a scene.

“Some of the girls saw you with Kylan on campus this morning,” she spoke with a tense smile.

I gasped, surprised. Of course this was about him.

“Well, yeah—as you know, we were out on a mission and on the same team—”

“I already told you this once, and clearly it didn’t get through that big head of yours,” Chrystal interrupted, her voice low and threatening. “So I’m going to tell you again.”

Tell me what?