

Chapter 28

Violet

I got back home around six after spending the day with our friends. Sophia had chosen to go home, not wanting another possible fight with her mate. I silently applauded her; Let him reflect on his actions, maybe he'd learn. I already knew I was in for it, but I still grimaced when Jasper and I walked through the door.

"Hey Aunt Clara. Grandpa."

I nodded at both of them, standing in the foyer, arms crossed. As expected, neither of them looked happy.

"You had training today." Aunt Clara growled at me.

"I know. I'm sorry. Didn't Mom tell you I was out?"

"She did. You still should have shown up." Grandpa said. "This is important Violet."

Usually, I'd have some smartass remark or comment. But not with Grandpa. I respected him too much to be snarky towards him. It had taken Mom a good amount of time to forgive him for leaving her at the Snow Moon pack. They had a steady, but not wonderful, relationship now. The choice he made was hard, and I wasn't sure I could ever do what he did. Hopefully, I'd never have to make that choice.

"Sorry." I told them sincerely.

"You're here now."

"So, let's go." Aunt Clara said.

"Wait, now?" I panicked a little.

"Yes, now. You need to learn this stuff Violet, as soon as possible. If not how to use your magic, at least how to control it. Luckily, that's the easy part."

I followed them back out of the house, Jasper following behind me. How was controlling this magic the easy part? We stopped behind the packhouse, Aunt Clara holding out her hand. I groaned.

"You don't even know where the cabin is!"

"I know where the border is."

Grumbling, I took her hand, while Grandpa took her other. Aunt Clara looked at my mate expectantly. He looked back, totally confused.

"Just put your hand on her shoulder, and close your eyes." I told him.

"Kay..."

I squeezed my eyes shut, feeling the familiar sensation of being thrown into a tornado. It lasted all of two seconds, and then I was standing still.

"What the fuck..." Jasper had stumbled a few steps away, holding his stomach.

"I told you to close your eyes."

"I did." He groaned, bending at the waist.

"If you're going to be sick, be quick about it please. We don't have much daylight left." Aunt Clara sighed.

"Which way are we going?" Grandpa asked him, and Jasper pointed vaguely.

The two left, leaving me to take care of my mate. After multiple deep, deep breaths and rubbing his back, we followed them slowly. I was a little pissed he hadn't gotten sick; I'd puked my guts out the first time Aunt Clara teleported me. The walk to the cabin seemed shorter this time. We

stopped a good distance away from the log house; I eyed my teachers nervously as they surveyed the area.

"This seems good. At least, you won't damage too much out here."

"Nothing but trees anyway." Grandpa added.

"Good. Let's start."

They stared at me, and I stared back. Nobody said anything for a few minutes, and I wondered if they were waiting for me to do or say something. A minute later, Aunt Clara sighed again.

"Jasper." She snapped. "Unless you want Violet to accidentally hurt you, get your ass over here!"

"Oh. Sorry."

I giggled. Only Aunt Clara could bring out such a sheepish look on someone like Jasper. He walked behind them, sitting down against a tree, watching me intently.

"Okay." I focused on my aunt. "We're going to do some exercises with you. Thankfully, I am prepared this time around."

"What she means, -" Grandpa said, "-Is your mom gave her a heart attack once when she tried to help her with her gifts."

"Really?" I asked.

"Ask her about it sometime. Now, close your eyes." Aunt Clara instructed. I did as she asked.

"Focus on your wolf. She is the other half to your soul; Listen to us, and work together." Grandpa said.

"Hala."

"Let's do this!"

I smiled. She was as excited as a pup with a new toy.

"Tune out everything else Violet. Everything except us and your wolf."

That was trickier, especially with my accelerated senses, but I managed after a while.

"Good... Now. Look inside yourself. Communicate with your wolf, not in words, but in mind. You can work together without speaking; You know each other, inside and out. You are one, together."

At first, I wasn't sure how to do what she asked. Then I felt Halas's presence, slowly growing from inside my head and into the rest of my body. Then I understood. I felt like me, but I'd given control part of the control over to my wolf without shifting. It was intense, and I'd never felt so close to her. She was everywhere within me, but I was still here too. We were, indeed, one. Together. It was incredible.

"Search further now. Find where your magic is hidden; Observe it, memorize it."

Together, Hala and I went inside ourselves. For a while, I struggled, trying to find any hint of the aura I'd felt in the packhouse, and coming up empty. Frustrated, I opened my eyes.

"It's not working."

Aunt Clara and Grandpa looked at each other.

"What's holding you back?" Grandpa asked me gently.

"Nothing!"

"Lying to yourself will only make this harder."

I bit my lip, averting my eyes. I hated that he was right. Suddenly, Jasper was by my side, taking my hand in his.

"Remember; It's part of you, but it's not all of you. You can do this Vie." He smiled at me, and my heart skipped a beat. How did he know what I couldn't even admit out loud? That I was scared to find that power again?

Obviously, the last time didn't work out so well. I didn't want to hurt anybody here.

"You don't have to be scared." Grandpa said now. "We're here to make sure nothing happens to you."

"I'm here too. I won't let us lose control." Hala comforted me.

"Okay." I shook my head, trying to find my determination. "Okay, let's try again."

Jasper moved back to his spot under the tree, and I closed my eyes, blocking everything out. Once I felt that unique connection with Hala, I tried again. When I started to get frustrated, Hala replayed Jaspers words. It helped, a lot. After what felt like hours, I found what I was looking for. A smaller, considerably less powerful spark than before, hiding within my soul. I felt my head nod.

"Good Violet. Now... I want you to reach for that feeling, your magic. Take it, and hold it close."

I shook my head vigorously. I found it, I didn't want to touch it.

"You don't need to be scared." Grandpa repeated. "That magic? It's yours. It's a part of you Violet. It can't hurt you, and it can't hurt anyone else, because you won't let it. You control it, not the other way around."

Hesitantly, slowly, I reached for that part of myself. Hala was eager, but I was terrified. Beyond terrified. I tried to push the fear away, enough to do what needed to be done. I nodded again, waiting.

"I want you to imagine something. It could be a chest, a box, anything with a lid."

A vision of a treasure chest popped into my mind. I imagined it was gold, thick, with a heavy lid.

"Take that part of yourself, your magic, and put it inside. Close the lid. Lock it. Good. Open your eyes."

I blinked. Everyone was smiling at me, and I felt mentally weary.

"That's it?" I asked.

"For now. You did great."

"Anytime you feel yourself losing control, just imagine that enclosure, and keep it from opening. It takes some practice, but you'll get the hang of it."

"What do you imagine?" I couldn't help but ask.

"I keep mine in a white box, with pink flowers. It was my mother's jewelry box." Aunt Clara smiled fondly.

"I imagine my sock drawer." Grandpa chuckled.

"Really?" Jasper asked.

"It was the first thing that came to mind." Grandpa shrugged and I giggled.

"Thank you." I told them. Knowing what to do now, I didn't feel as scared. I felt like I was no longer a ticking-time bomb.

"Tomorrow, after your meeting, we will come back and walk you through some more of the steps, maybe even try a few simple spells."

I cringed and Aunt Clara noticed.

"What?"

"I... I don't want to. Can't I just keep it locked up?"

All three of them gave me sympathetic looks. Aunt Clara came to stand in front of me, putting her hands on my shoulders.

"Do you remember, when you five, there was a fire in the woods?"

I blinked at her, searching my memory. I did somewhat remember that.

"We weren't allowed in that area for a while." I nodded.

"That was Isa."

My eyes widened hugely. "Huh?"

"She got angry at Ben. And she lost control. Whether or not you keep your magic locked up... It always finds a way to come forth eventually. So, it's better to learn when and how to use it. More so, you shouldn't hide it. It makes you who you are Violet. And it's nothing to be ashamed about."

"I-I'm not ashamed... I'm scared." I admitted lowly.

"We all were at times." Grandpa said. "Every witch you will ever meet has, at one point or another, lost control. It is a scary feeling, but we learn from it, grow from it. Magic can be scary."

"But it can also be beautiful." Aunt Clara smiled, releasing me.

She waved her hand, muttering a spell. I watched in amazement as the ground under me started growing new grass. Among the blades, little sprouting's popped up, reaching towards the sky and opening into warm colored tulips.

"That's amazing."

Jasper came to stand to the side, watching the little garden grow under our feet in awe. Aunt Clara looked back to me.

"The best lesson I can teach you is this; People say there is light in darkness. There is always some good in evil. But that's not always true, especially with our kind. When a witch turns to the darkness, there is no coming back; It eats at our soul, corrupts us irrevocably. Dark witches are not to be underestimated, and they deserve no mercy."

Her tone hinted at something, and I knew what she meant. Jennine would get no mercy from me. I nodded in acknowledgement.

"I'll remember that."

"Good."

"Let's go home." Grandpa said, walking to Clara. I stepped back.

"Uh, I think we'll run home." I said quickly. Jasper nodded firmly.

"Alright. I do plan to teach you how to teleport so you, -" She glanced at my mate, "-had better get used to it."

His face went pale and I laughed. I gave them both a quick hug, and then they were gone. I turned to my mate, taken back when his lips suddenly connected with mine. Instantly, a whole new mood surrounded the air around us and I wrapped my arms around his neck.

"I know you could do it. I'm proud of you." He whispered.

"Thanks. I feel better."

"I noticed something though."

"What's that?"

"Your magic didn't come out when we made love." He kissed the spot under my ear, making me shiver. "Do I not bring out intense feelings in you?"

His mouth was moving lower, his hands on my waist pulling me closer.

"I don't know." I teased. "Maybe we should try again and find out."

Neither of us waited after that. Our closed were soon strewn on the ground around us, our lips moving in sync as we lay together on the magical garden. I was feeling bold tonight; Bringing my leg over, I straddled Jasper, his erection pressing onto my backside. He gazed at me with such affection, I found myself blushing.

"I want to try something new."

"I'm not complaining."

Getting my position, I slowly lowered myself onto him. I was already very aroused, but it still stung a bit. I pushed past that until he was all the way inside me. From here, I wasn't really what to do; It felt different too, deeper. Pushing up with my knees, I slammed back on top of him, a deep

moan falling from my lips. Jasper held my waist lightly as I found a steady rhythm, my cries echoing into the forest. I began to move faster, wanting to find that release. Jasper's name tumbled out of me over and over until, gasping and panting, I came around him. He followed not long after, sitting up and holding me against him. We took a few minutes to catch our breath. At this moment, I was utterly happy, maybe the happiest I'd ever been.

"I want to stay here tonight." I mumbled against him.

"Yeah?"

I raised my head to kiss his cheek. "I'm not quite done enjoying your company yet."

The silver in eyes shone at my words. Getting to his feet, he carried me all the way into the cabin, barely stopping to close the door. I briefly mind-linked Mom to let her know, and then my back hit the softness of the bed, my mate's body above mine and his lips claiming me again.