

Chapter 33

Violet

“Violet...”

I blinked my eyes as I looked around, trying to find the male voice whispering my name. Everything was unclear, white, and I didn't know which way to go.

The voice called out to me again. “Violet...”

This time I started walking, feeling my bare feet pressing against the cold ground. I spun in every direction, trying to find where the voice was coming from, yet...nothing. I was trapped inside my dream, one I couldn't escape from.

Then, I saw it.

A huge black wolf with red eyes staring back at me. Its eyes burned into mine, and my heart pounded in my chest as my legs froze, not sure whether to run or step closer.

The wolf didn't move. It just kept looking at me with those bloody red, piercing eyes.

Slowly, I took a step toward it, then another. I swallowed my breath as the wolf let out a soft growl. Not too loud, but one enough to make me hesitate.

Yet, something inside me pulled me forward, and before I knew it, I stood in front of the furry creature.

“Violet,” the wolf lowered its head. With trembling fingers I raised my hand, and slowly patted the warm, thick fur. The moment my hand touched its head, a bright flash appeared, and then everything turned pitch black.

“Hello?” I called out, terrified.

“Violet...” The voice came again, only louder this time.

I tried to look at my surroundings, but it was like I was blind, lost in the darkness.

My voice trembled. “Who are you?”

“You know who I am,” the voice answered, calmly.

“What's your name?” I asked, hoping for some answers.

“It's better if you don't know,” the voice sighed. “You're not even supposed to be here.”

I wasn't...

I gulped. “Why am I here?”

The silence stretched on, and then out of nowhere—I spotted the red eyes glowing in the darkness. A wave of nerves hit me instantly.

“You have her eyes.”

My heart pounded louder. “Whose eyes?”

“Her eyes,” the voice repeated.

“The eyes of Adelaide.”

~

I shot up in bed, breathing heavily as I placed my hand over my heart. With the back of my fingers, I managed to wipe my forehead, drenched in sweat, then brushed them over my eyes.

My glasses were off.

“No, no,” I whispered, frantically searching for them on my bed. When I finally found them, I slid them back on, releasing a relieved breath.

The dream felt too real, too realistic. That voice, that wolf—it wasn't like anything I'd ever experienced before. My 'nightmares' were supposed to be scary but this one was quite the opposite.

Sure, I woke up anxious, but I wasn't crying—and I wasn't terrified, and most importantly—I could remember everything.

I grabbed my phone from the nightstand, squeezing them slightly at the bright screen. A huff escaped my lips as I read the time, realizing it was time to get ready.

6 A.M

It was too early, but unfortunately Elite training was scheduled for either before or after regular classes.

Today was the day I had been dreading—our first official training. Combat training, to be exact. It was something I was terrible at. I had never been good at fighting, and it just wasn't my thing. I had always focused on my healing abilities because that was my strength.

Fighting and Violet did not go together.

To make matters worse, days had passed since I last saw Kylan, or even heard from Nate after that ridiculous request—and on top of that family day was just around the corner, and everything felt like a disaster.

All I wanted was to crawl into a hole and disappear.

Groaning, I buried my face into the pillow, releasing a silent scream. Right after, I had forced myself out of bed, knowing there was no escaping it.

I got ready, grabbed my bag and headed to the dark halls. As I walked passed the school pictures, I couldn't help but to stop in front of them again.

I was still in disbelief, and unsure why Esther would remove it—the picture of Adelaide beside Mom. It just didn't make sense, and the more I thought about it, the more frustrated I became.

My mind drifted to the man in my dream. He had said I had Adelaide's eyes. What did he mean by that? Did it even mean something or was I becoming so obsessed with that woman that I had even let her name appear in my dream?

Well, obsessed?

The obsession had kind of died down with Kylan, classes and what more—that I'd completely forgotten to dig deeper into my research.

I shook my head, trying to push those thoughts aside for now. There was no time for it, not today.

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Reaching the locker room of the training hall, I changed into the combat gear I had received a few days earlier.

It was a simple, tight black shirt, tight black pants and a silver pin at the front with the healer symbol.

Glancing into the mirror, I pulled my hair up into a high ponytail. For a second, I tried to put on a tough face, but I cringed at the reflection staring back at me.

I wasn't tough, or a fighter. I was short, and looked just as awkward how I felt.

Rochwall had to go easy on us today, right? After all, it was the first official training.

But what if he didn't?

My thoughts got interrupted by the buzz of my phone, and I picked it up to read the text.

Nate: I'll do it.

My eyes widened as I read the message again and again, unable to believe it. After days of silence, I had been certain he would say no—but now he was agreeing to it.

This was what I wanted, right?

But as I kept reading the words, I couldn't shake the nerves creeping in. This was a line I couldn't uncross. Would things change between us? Would I change?

I bit my lip, feeling my pulse quicken. Whatever the situation, it was happening. Nate was going to be the one, and I would not change my mind about it.

“Violet!”

I looked up to see one of the girls popping her head out from around the corner.

“We're going. Are you coming?”

I quickly shoved my phone into my bag. “Yeah, I'm coming.”

I shrugged off my thoughts as I followed the girls to the training hall. The massive room immediately overwhelmed me, as did the punching bags, sparring mats—and everything else I didn't even want to look at.

If it weren't for the Elite Team, I would've never even stepped foot in here. Combat training was entirely optional for healing majors, and I had avoided it like the plague.

“Hey, ladies!” Rochwall raised his hand.

I gave him a polite nod, while the other girls giggled, obviously charmed by him. Not that I could blame them. With his dark hair slicked back, and his training gear fitting perfectly, he looked even more put together than usual today.

As we waited for training to start, I joined the girls on the floor. I wasn't particularly close to them, and knew I would probably never be—but luckily they still made an effort to include me. Even if it felt a bit forced.

While they were busy doing their own thing, my mind drifted back to Nate's text. I still couldn't believe he had agreed to it, and now I wasn't sure how to act around him.

Strangely enough, I hadn't spotted Nate yet, but that royal piece of shit wasn't here either.

Or so I thought. I let myself relax for a second too long, and that's when he walked in.

Kylan....