

## Chapter 471

Violet

I had gotten used to the dream by now, and this was nothing new.

The Veil, the darkness, the voices...and then I fell. Only, this time I didn't wake up. It went further.

When the white faded, I found myself standing somewhere new. It was a field covered in soil, the clouds dark and ashy. I scanned my surroundings, but I was all alone.

"Mom?" I called out, my voice shaking.

"He's coming, Violet."

My heart stopped. I had called out to Adelaide, but this wasn't her voice. It was still Mom...my other mom.

Claire...

But how?

"Mom?" I whispered, spinning around. "Where are you?"

I was met with nothing. Just the wind brushing against my skin. "Mom, please talk to me!" I asked, my voice breaking. "Who is coming?"

There was a heavy silence, but then I heard her voice again. It was strong and clear.

"Kian."

Suddenly, a massive shadow appeared from the darkness. I recognized it



all too well. Horns twisted from its head, and its eyes were a deep, horrifying red. I squinted to take a better look at it, quickly deciding that it wasn't that familiar at all.

This thing...

It was Baelor, but the energy was much...darker.

It moved toward me. Slowly at first, then faster and faster until a scream tore from my throat. "No!"

My hands flew up to cover my eyes, and I squeezed them shut as hard as I could. The ground beneath me shook, and I could feel it getting closer and closer.

Wake up, Violet.

Come on, wake up!

-

"No!"

I sat upright in my bed, my chest heavy as I gasped for air. My nightgown was drenched in sweat, and my hand immediately reached beside me to grab Kylan. To feel his warmth.

But he wasn't there...

Because I wasn't in his room.

I was in my room, my own bed. Whatever Kylan had inside of him, that was Baelor, but this thing was not. I mean, it was, but only much, much darker. More wicked.

My hand shook as I pressed it against my heart, feeling it pound against my palm. "It's not real," I breathed. "It's not real. It's not real."

I repeated the words, hoping saying them would make me believe it. But I knew what I saw, and it wasn't anything good. That uneasy feeling crept up behind my eyes again, and Lumia let out a defeated sigh.

Just as I was about to count down, three loud knocks echoed against my door. I yelped and jumped up, almost falling off the bed.

"Vi!" Trinity's voice called from the other side. "It's time to get ready for class!"

"Coming!" I called back, still trying to steady my breathing.

"Trisha from down the hall told me we have that hot professor today," Trinity continued. "Aren't you curious?"

I laughed. Not because of the professor, but because of how I had teased Kylan about it yesterday. That nonchalant look on his face when I mentioned a handsome sorcerer was to die for.

It was great spending time with him again.

Did we talk everything out? No, not really.

But we were okay again. We missed each other too much to stay angry, and the love we shared was so much bigger than any problem we could face. And it worked.

~

I got ready for the day, pushing my thoughts to the back of my mind. About an hour later, I sat with Trinity in the cafeteria, killing some time before we had to leave for class.



Of course, Trinity wanted to know what happened yesterday. She had already asked last night, but I was too tired and had promised her tomorrow.

Well, tomorrow was now.

I still hadn't told her what exactly the fight was about, and worked around it instead. And after I finished explaining as much as I could, she looked extremely puzzled. That was one way to describe it.

"Vi," she said slowly, leaning back in her chair. "You two are going through the band-aid phase."

I blinked. "The what?"

"The band-aid phase," she repeated, like it was obvious. "I don't know if it exists, but I just made it up because I need you to understand," she said. "It's what Dylan and I went through when he came at me with that bullshit about not wanting to be the Alpha."

She leaned forward, resting her hands on the table. "It's when you put a band-aid on a wound while knowing deep down it won't hold," she explained. "Because you love each other too much and can't stand arguing. So you patch it up, and pretend everything is fine," she continued. "Only it ends up exploding in your face. It always does."

The band-aid phase...

I couldn't deny how quickly we went from arguing to laughing yesterday. I accused him, forgave him, was hurt by him but also needed his comfort. Even this morning.

It had felt right in the moment. Like healing.

But was it, really?



"So you believe that Kylan and I..." I swallowed. "This thing between us isn't over yet?"

Trinity shrugged. "It isn't about what I believe," she said. "It's about the facts."

I looked down at the ring on my finger. The ring I had one day decided to wear again instead of keeping it in my pocket because it came from Kylan and was special to me.

Maybe this was our band-aid phase.

As much as I wanted to believe we had moved past it, the truth was still there. I told him I would never accept what he did, and he told me he didn't regret it. That was that.

We had even laughed about it, but we hadn't resolved anything.

We had just decided to stop talking about it.

But it didn't have to be bad. Maybe we were an exception, and just understood each other well enough to know it would be impossible to change each other's minds again.

My thoughts were interrupted when I noticed Professor Jill walking through the cafeteria. Beside her was...Commander Jorm?

I blinked, not quite believing what I was seeing.

The two of them were laughing, talking, and the man with a first name, Stellan, even handed her a sandwich.

She took it with both hands, an exaggerated laugh leaving her. He leaned in closer and whispered something, making her nudge his arm playfully.



Trinity let out a soft coo beside me. "Are they mates?" she asked, her eyes wide with curiosity.

"No," I said, shaking my head. "A few of the girls said Professor Jill lost her mate a long time ago."

Trinity had a sad pout on her face, then she smiled again. "Do you think the two of them are together?"

I snorted. "I hope not," I said. "That's my commander, Jorn."

The man had made my life a living hell since I joined the Elite Team. Always pushing, criticizing, making me feel like I didn't belong. But...he did adjust my gloves. That was kind.

"Professor Jill can do much better."

"They both look gorgeous though," Trinity said, inspecting them. "It wouldn't be a bad match. He's clearly into her."

I smiled softly, watching them for another moment. Maybe there was more to that man than I knew. Maybe underneath all that coldness, there was a heart that actually cared.

I used to think Kylan was a prick when I had first met him.

Professor Jill spotted us and waved her hand in the air. I lifted my brow when Commander Jorn raised his hand too, actually greeting me.

"Girls!" she called out. "Class is almost about to start. You do not want to miss this!" There was excitement in her voice.

"She must be talking about that hot visiting professor!" Trinity threw her a thumbs up from a distance and turned to me. "Let's go, Vi."

~

We made our way to the classroom and arrived as some of the last ones there. Professor Jill was already standing at the front, organizing some papers on her desk.

Trinity scoffed. "Is that woman a master of teleportation or what?"

I laughed out loud, throwing my head back.

"Please stop."

Trinity scrunched her face, and I only laughed harder. "No, I'm serious. How did she get here before us?"

My stomach hurt by the time we found our seats. "Well, it's almost impossible to walk in those heels of yours, Trin," I offered as an explanation. "It might have something to do with that."

We sat in the back today because suddenly everyone had decided to show up early to claim the front rows. Suddenly, everyone was invested in Advanced Healing.

I looked around at all the girls. They were wearing their best clothes. Their hair was done, makeup sitting flawless. It was like they were going to a ball instead of a lecture. All for this professor.

I was just joking when I told Kylan about dressing up. I had shown up in a shirt and jeans, and didn't bother much. I didn't even dress up for him.

And Trinity? Well...

She always looked good. She planned her outfits weeks in advance, and never had a bad day.



“What do you think the professor will look like?” Trinity whispered.

“You're a bit too interested for someone who's dating my brother,” I teased. She definitely wasn't like this yesterday.

“You know Dylan is still my babe,” Trinity smiled. “But people have seen him in the halls, and everyone has been saying this man is a total heartthrob. A ten out of ten, and I just need to see for myself.”

I sighed deeply.

Who did I hope the professor would look like?

Maybe my Grandpa Aelius, so he could tell me more about the dream I had. My lips curved into a smile as I shook my head.

Only he wasn't handsome...and definitely too old.

All of a sudden, everyone in the room gasped. Some squealed while a few even rose from their chairs, twisting their necks to get a better look.

“Ah, there he is!” Professor Jill announced.

I also looked toward the door to see what the hype was about.

But when a pair of dark brown eyes immediately locked onto mine, I couldn't believe what I was seeing. My breath caught.

“Vi...” Trinity breathed beside me, just as shocked. “That's—”

“Students,” Professor Jill said warmly, gesturing toward the man standing in the doorway. She smiled.

“I want you to meet our visiting professor for today.”

“This is Jason.”

