

## Chapter 489

Violet

The dream never came...

"Again!"

Rage went through me as I drove my heel into the punching bag with everything I had as the same thought played in my head again. For the first time in two months, there had been no nightmare. No veil, no cave, no red eyes...nothing.

Of all the nights for the dream to skip me, it had picked the one where I needed it most, and it made me pissed.

"Again!" Jorn's voice dominated the room.

I gave the bag another kick, and the whole team rocked back in unison. The sound was so loud, a thud hit the walls. Believe it or not, it was the first time since we had arrived at Starlight that I had been in sync with the rest of them.

Apparently, the secret to finally giving it my all was waking up. Literally.

I felt Kylan's eyes on me, but I didn't look at him. I couldn't. I knew he was worried about me. He'd been the second to tell me it was okay after I told him this morning that I hadn't had the nightmare or figured out the location.

The first had been Lumia.

But it wasn't okay at all. Regardless of Kylan learning to control the half of Baelor, that dream was the only thing that was going to take us to

Mom and Dad.

“Again!”

Another kick.

My focus was only on Jorn, who paced down the line with his hands behind his back.

‘Oh?’ Lumia hummed, surprised. ‘I did not know we could do that.’ Where Kylan was visibly worried, she seemed to be amused.

“Again!”

This time I kicked even harder than the last time, and it had been going on for a while now. My theory was simple. The reason the dream hadn't come last night was either because I had been too comfortable. Which was strange, considering all I had gone through.

But I was going to undo it. All of it.

Since this was about Mom and Dad, I was going to push myself in this room until I had nothing left. Until I fainted if I had to.

If I did, my body would have no choice but to give up. That way I would fall asleep completely drained, and possibly long enough to stay inside the nightmare until I could figure out where Kian had been keeping them.

Kylan let out a breath beside me. “Maybe you need to—”

“Again!”

Also this time, I had managed to kick harder. My teeth gritted against each other. Aelius said my eyes were special, but it didn't feel like it. I



wasn't even special with the eyes, let alone without them. I still had a long way to go.

Jorn's head snapped toward me as he suddenly stopped pacing. I swallowed as he started walking toward me, his eyes locked on mine.

But I didn't look away. My jaw locked as I glared at him, ready to take him on too.

'Calm down, Pup,' Kylan's voice came through the mindlink.

No...

I was not calming down. I was already aggravated as it was. If Jorn wanted to come over here and pick at me about my form or technique or whatever issue he seemed to have with me, he could do that. But I wasn't going to keep quiet.

He had stopped in front of me, his brows knitting.

"Hastings?"

I raised a brow as he pointed at the bag with two fingers. The woven bracelet I had given him jangled against his wrist.

"Only you," he breathed, eyes wide. "Again."

As I held his stare, I raised my leg and gave another hard kick with everything I had. A groan tore from my throat, and the bag moved side to side.

"Won't you look at that!" Jorn exclaimed. A laugh that sounded terrifying to my ears came out of him, and he threw his head back. He clasped his hands, taking a deep breath.



"Hastings," he said. "That is what I have been waiting to see from you, and what you should have shown me on the first day!"

"Huh?"

My eyes blinked in surprise. For obvious reasons, I had expected this to go differently.

"You are...just above average," Jorm praised, nodding his head. Seeing I had come from 'just below average,' I had decided to take it as praise.

"Keep up the work that I am seeing right now...and you might just get somewhere."

You might get somewhere...

I should have been happy, and had it been any other day, I would have. But especially today, they just landed wrong. It had only fueled me to push myself even more, and that was exactly what I had done for the rest of the training.

By the end, every bone in my body was burning. I had no idea how I was going to survive the rest of the day, but I did know one thing. My plan better work.

My hands were on my knees, and sweat ran down the side of my face as we waited on Rochwall. He would soon join us to walk us through our first Elite mission, but truthfully, I didn't have anything left in me to listen to more instructions.

"Vi, are you okay?"

I heard Dylan's voice, followed by his hand on my back. It was supposed to be comforting, but he had smacked it so hard, I couldn't help but



wince.

"Yes, what the hell was that?" Nate chuckled.

"Let's not talk about hell today," I managed to get out. That word made me think of him. Baelor.

Kylan had been less active. He just stood a few steps away with his arms crossed, watching me with this frown on his face. What was on his mind?

I gave him a questioning look, and he responded with a raise of his brow before looking at the others.

"She didn't get the nightmare last night."

I looked at Dylan and Nate, who both stared at me with curious eyes. Dylan's eyes softened seconds later.

"I think I understand what's going on here," he said. "And this is not it. This is not the way."

Please, no.

Don't be the big brother right now.

"Then what is?" I snarled.

"I don't know what it is, but pushing yourself until we'll have to scrape you off the floor is not the way," Dylan argued, his voice irritated.

Kylan tilted his head a little. "Thank you, Dylan," he said. "Because I was starting to think I might've been going crazy—"

"We had a good talk yesterday. Don't you start, please," I sighed, exhausted. They wouldn't understand anyway. I wanted them to



understand, but they wouldn't.

Nate was quick to step in and threw his arm around each of our shoulders.

"Hey, hey!" he called out softly. "Please don't fight!"

Kylan looked at me over Nate's arm, and we both chuckled at the same time, shaking our heads.

"Nate," I said.

"Yes, Vivi?"

"We're not fighting," I chuckled. "Also, if I were you, I wouldn't be hugging me right now. I'm really sweaty."

Nate glanced down at my drenched shirt, then stepped back with a scrunched face.

"What is the plan here exactly, Vi?" Dylan questioned.

"I—"

"Her plan," Kylan began, "is to push herself past exhaustion until she drops dead. Because apparently the only way we're finding the location is by communicating with Violet's ghost," he said dryly.

I clicked my tongue. "Do you have a better idea?"

He held my gaze, then looked down while mumbling something I couldn't understand.

He didn't have a better idea.

None of them did.



They had been quick to be worried about me, and I appreciated that, but there was no other plan. The dream was on me. Every minute I sat around not having one was a minute longer Mom and Dad were nearing their deaths.

I very much doubted Kian and Gloria would keep them alive if they wouldn't be, or refused to be, of any use.

"How about you just wait it out?" Dylan said carefully.

"I don't have time, Dylan," I said, my voice urgent. "My parents are rotting. Remember?"

Dylan was just about to open his mouth when the door opened. Rochwall walked in with a wide smile and a clipboard tucked under his arm.

"My children!" he announced. "Are you ready to battle for your first mission?"

Kylan exhaled, wrapping an arm around my waist. Then he guided me toward the mat to sit down.

"We'll talk about it later," he murmured. "We'll come up with something better than...this."



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