

Chapter 492

Violet

Kylan was crazy.

And not just a little.

Yet, my feet were dragging me toward the middle of the circle surrounding the candles.

I was desperate, and that's why. This was what happened to a person after two nights of no nightmares and hours of overworking myself to the point my legs barely worked anymore. A crazy candle ritual put together by Kylan was not exactly part of my plans for today, but I would take it.

Carefully, I managed to step over the candles and turned in the middle of the circle. I scanned everyone's faces until my eyes found Kylan. He shot me a brief and reassuring smile while I gave him a slightly hesitant one in return.

"So..." I said. "What do you need me to do?"

"Seriously, Vi?" Trinity said, still standing by the door.

Kylan raised his brows, a small chuckle slipping out of him. When I heard a sound at the window, I turned my head and looked at Dylan. He shook his head, eyes on the floor like he could not stand to watch it happen.

And judging by all of this, only Kylan and Nate seemed at peace with this idea. It was most likely something the two of them had come up with together.

I squinted at all of them.



“Please, explain?”

Kylan drew out a breath. His eyes glanced at Trinity for a moment. “This is not illegal witchcraft.” Then he turned back to me. “We are also not summoning death. I would never let you do that.”

He stepped forward, but stopped just in front of the candles. “Nate and I skipped combat and went to the library—“

I snorted before he could finish. “The two of you,” I said, looking back and forth, “skipped your beloved combat to go to the library by yourselves.”

Nate released a chuckle while Kylan rolled his eyes. “As I was saying,” he continued. “I did some reading on nightmares and found out about a well-known method witches have been using for ages. They call it Walking the Threshold.”

I shook my head. “Never heard of it.”

And I was part witch, so that was embarrassing on my part.

“The idea is that you go into a kind of in-between state after drinking a special tea. Dylan helped me—“

“Dylan, you were in on this?” Trinity interrupted.

Dylan raised his hands in defense. “Not by choice, baby.”

Kylan kept going. “The tea lets your body settle, and the idea is that you’ll be able to walk around the cave, take in everything around you, and hopefully get an idea of where that cave might be.”

A tight knot formed in my stomach. “So you want me to stay in my nightmare?” I asked softly. There was nothing I wanted more than to go



back there and save my parents, but there was also this small part of me that was scared. I didn't know what of.

"I only want you outside the cave, and not inside." His eyes pierced through mine.

"Because I won't have any powers, and no one will be there to save me," I concluded.

Kylan nodded. Whether something could actually happen inside that strange nightmare had still been unclear. It was something I was yet to figure out.

"All you have to do is walk around and take in your surroundings. Anything that might help us figure out where the cave is."

"Is it dangerous?" I took a breath.

Kylan held my gaze. "You're a witch. As long as you're in the circle, the candles are tied to your emotions. If anything bad happens, we'll blow them out and you will come back."

I nodded, thinking about it for a moment. This was actually insane, and possibly too dangerous, which was why Aelius hadn't even addressed it.

None of us had any business doing this, but then again...I suppose we had never done things the normal way.

I glanced at Dylan. He was still at the window, his jaw tight. But even so, I could see the stress on his face. He must've thought the same. That we had no business doing this. That's when my doubts crept in.

My head snapped back to Kylan. "Why do you think I'll be able to do it now when I haven't been able to go back to that place for the past days?" I asked curiously.

It was kind of hard to believe that some scented candles and homemade tea could do what two days of exhausting myself had not.

Nate let out a small chuckle from by the door.

"Vivi, we have all seen what you can do."

Kylan's eyes softened. "I believe in you," he said, his voice steady. "I believe in what you can do, and honestly, I don't think you even need any of this. But it doesn't hurt to try, right?"

I let out a sigh.

I believe in you...

"The only thing that has ever held you back," he added, "is your confidence."

The words hit me deeper than they were supposed to because it wasn't a lie. The sound of heels clicked across the floor, and then Trinity appeared in front of me. She stood beside Kylan, her arms crossed.

"I don't want to interrupt your moment, and I definitely do not want to agree with him...yet," Trinity said, glaring at him for a second. "Especially not about this crazy plan, but he is right. The only thing holding you back is your confidence."

"Yes," Dylan added suddenly. He had finally stepped away from the window and walked up to join us. My eyes were on his. "I still don't agree with this...semi-witchcraft or whatever this is," he said, gesturing at the candles. "But I also don't agree with this thing you do where you're always doubting yourself. Nobody pushed you into that circle, and we all know you are going to do it because Kylan thinks it's a good idea, and now it's either time to get out of that circle or get shit done but stop



wasting my time!" he snapped. "All of this is making me nervous, and I can't..." He took a breath, and a laugh slipped past my lips. "Just please," he said. "Do something!"

Trinity and Kylan both turned their heads toward him at the same time with surprised looks on their faces. For a moment, he sounded just like the Dylan I grew up with. Though, he wasn't completely wrong this time.

I guess it had kind of become a routine by now. I would say I couldn't do something and ended up doing it anyway. And now it was time to get rid of that bad habit.

"Okay," I breathed, shaking my shoulders.

"Let's do this thing."

A satisfied smirk played on Kylan's lips as he glanced over his shoulder. "Nate?"

"Got it."

Nate came walking up with a small cup in his hand. There was tea inside it. I could tell from the steam. He held it out to me, and I took the cup, my lips slightly trembling.

But I couldn't go back now.

As I raised it a little, a strong smell hit me. It was definitely lavender mixed with something else.

"You might want to sit down for this one," Dylan said. "It'll take you out within seconds."

I stepped back to the center without saying a word and lowered myself down onto the floor. For some reason, having all four of them so close,



staring at me, made me ease up a little.

"Oh, by the way!" I began. "If I do die from this, please just let it happen. That would mean I don't have to run the race tomorrow!"

"Pup," Kylan chuckled.

Lumia growled within me, not impressed with the joke.

At least it got a laugh out of all four of them, even Dylan. It lifted the heaviness in the room. Of course I knew I wasn't going to die.

I trusted them so much. I knew they would never let anything bad happen to me. Even Kylan, despite all that had happened between us.

They were not the problem. Keeping that thought in mind, I exhaled and lifted the cup. "Here I go," I said.

I brought it to my mouth and drank it down in one go. My throat heated, and I felt the tea spread behind my ribs.

Suddenly, my vision got blurry and my head felt heavy. When Dylan said it would be a matter of seconds, this was not quite what I had expected.

A soft breath escaped me as my eyelids slowly began to drop.

'See you on the other side, Witchey,' Lumia murmured.

And then everything went dark.

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