



Chapter 540

Violet

"Bad news for you," Jorn groaned. "I'm still alive."

He tried to laugh, but it turned into a painful cough. Rochwall immediately held the back of his head, with Nate helping him. Dylan was crouched beside Trinity, who was still treating the shadow wound.

She was focused. Her hands glowed faintly, and she looked exhausted. Sweat lined her hairline, and a few curls clung to her forehead, but she hadn't stopped.

Kylan and I joined them. I wasted no time and placed my hands beside hers to join in. I pulled with her, taking as much of the weight off her as I could. But she had already done such an amazing job that the darkness fighting against us was much weaker now.

"Trinity." I chuckled at her. "You did amazing. Seriously!"

She simply shook her head, refusing to accept any praise. "I can do more," she stated. She pushed harder and pulled another thread of black smoke from the wound. Her hands were trembling, her breathing ragged, but that didn't stop her.

"No, Trin. You are amazing," Kylan acknowledged. Dylan nodded in agreement. "He's looking great. It's working."

He forced a smile, then stared down at Jorn's face. His eyes held an expression of guilt. I had no idea where it had come from, though I had a pretty good feeling.

Jorn had taken that hit for me while he couldn't, and the wound eating



through him had come from Baelor.

Not Kylan's Baelor, but Kian's Baelor.

His brother...

Whichever way you looked at it, that injury was because of someone Kylan had always felt responsible for, and that feeling couldn't have been easy.

"How are you doing?" Nate asked. He had been so set on staying by Kylan's side on the bridge, so making the decision to do what was best for the group couldn't have been easy for him either. He must've been so worried.

When Kylan didn't say anything, his voice turned softer. "What happened back there? With you and Kay...Kian?"

Kylan didn't respond to him. He pretended not to hear and glanced at Jorm's wound again. Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Sterling locking his cane between two seats before he headed toward us.

"So, another thing." Nate cleared his throat. "There's no good way to say this, but...who's driving?" he asked. "Seeing as our driver is currently in pieces somewhere in the front."

That was definitely one way to put it.

"I can't," Rochwall said, shaking his head. "I'm staying at Commander Jorm's side."

Jorm chuckled, then hissed in pain. "You hate me that much?" he said between hitched breaths. "You want your ugly face to be the last thing I see before I go?"



"Something like that." Rochwall huffed out a laugh.

Nate slapped his hand on his knee. "I'll drive," he offered.

"No." Dylan was already on his feet. "I'd like us to get there in one piece, thank you." A dry smile crept onto his lips. He leaned over to smack the back of Nate's head, forcing him to sit back down. "I'll drive."

He started walking the aisle but slowed halfway and looked back at Trinity one more time. Concern flickered across his face as his eyes lingered on her shaking hands. Dylan was the type to protect what he loved, and I could tell he wanted nothing more than to drag her away by the arm. However, he didn't because he knew what she was capable of.

As soon as his eyes met mine, he blinked his worry away and pressed his lips into a thin line. Then he turned and continued walking.

I also shifted my gaze to Trinity. Her body looked tense, and her hands were shaking so hard now I was surprised she was still doing everything without a single mistake. Unbelievable.

"Trinity, rest," I told her. "I've got it."

She shook her head. "I can keep—"

"You did good." I moved my hands to fully cover the wound, forcing hers out from under mine. The weight doubled the moment I took over. Only then did I truly realize how much she'd already done.

"I'm taking over from here," I told her. "You need to sit down and breathe...and that's not a question."

She looked at me, and for a moment I thought she would argue. Trinity was stubborn like that. But this time it was different. Her arms were



done, and we both knew it. I wasn't going to let her wear herself out when I had enough strength to take over.

"Okay...fine." She nodded slowly before pushing herself off the ground, gripping the back of the nearest seat for support. "I'll go sit with Dylan."

Just when she was about to walk away, a weak voice called out to her. "Richard."

It was Jorn.

She looked back at him with surprised eyes.

With gritted teeth, he tried to prop himself up on his elbow so he could look at her. Then he spoke.

"From the bottom of my heart." His voice was soft and genuine. "Thank you."

There was a moment of silence. Since it had come from Jorn's mouth, I suppose we all worried a little.

Nate snorted a laugh, quickly dropping his gaze. "I'm sorry," he apologized.

"Oh, he's got a heart now?" Rochwall chuckled. "Look at that!"

Jorn scoffed, then winced hard, one eye squeezing shut. "Shut up," he said roughly before softening his voice again as he continued speaking to Trinity. "You're good, kid. Really good," he said. "Better than half the idiots we've got already." A tired smile pulled at his mouth. "No matter what happens...I don't think anyone here can say you haven't earned a place on this Elite team."



Trinity's lips curved into a weak, surprised little smile. There was no rant about not wanting to wear that hideous team gear or attend extra training this time. She just accepted it with a nod.

The engine started, and we finally started moving.

Trinity made her way to Dylan in the front while Sterling, who had been watching quietly, let out a hum. "The most special thing about her," he began, "is that she would throw away her own life without a second thought if it meant someone else got to keep theirs. She is strong."

"I agree," Jorn said, lying down again. "And Violet?"

"Yes?" A small, tired smile formed at my lips.

Part of me actually thought he was about to praise me too, and I would get my little moment.

"You and Kylan." He took a breath. "You've got a lot of explaining to do."

Well...

No praise I suppose.

Kylan and I glanced at each other. He rolled his eyes with a slight smile.

"Take it easy on them, especially the girl who is saving your life right now," Sterling defended. "They have proven themselves to be true Starlighters."

"Wish I could say the same for you, old man," Jorn said, pushing his luck. It was hard to tell if he was feeling better or if he thought he was going to die and figured he might as well speak his mind after all those years. "You endangered the kids, and I can't help but wonder...was this little field



trip really worth it?"

Sterling let out a short laugh, lifting his brows. He reached into the inside of his coat and pulled out a scroll before holding it up. "It sure was."

Finally.

My eyes locked onto it. That was what he had been guarding under his coat this whole time. Sure, we'd ultimately gotten out alive with valuable information about mom and dad, but that piece of paper of his was what all of this had been for.

My hands were still working the shadow wound, but my eyes were on the scroll. "It's time to stop with the secrets. A lot has happened today, and we all want answers," Sterling nodded. "I think that we all have a great deal of explaining to do...and plenty of time for it."

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