

Chapter 571

Violet

Minutes had already passed. Aelius had led me to a spot near the top of the hill, and then he had done absolutely nothing at all.

We just sat across from each other, long enough that I felt my legs going numb underneath me. I couldn't help but wonder what Kylan was doing right now. Would Varius have left him in that same anticipation?

At least from here, I could see the rest of the village at work. This time they sat in small groups, still meditating. Further down was Trinity. She sat near Jason and an older woman, grinding something in a bowl.

A bittersweet smile formed on my face. Everyone was learning, growing, and here I was...the one who was supposed to lead all of them, sitting in the grass doing nothing.

Aelius cleared his throat to grab my attention. I turned back to him, expecting him to say something. Nothing came out of him.

He just stared at me, patient and unbothered, like he had suddenly decided that now would be the best time to have all the time in the world.

I darted my eyes around, growing more uncomfortable by the second.

"So," I finally said. "When are we starting?"

"We will start," Aelius said, "when you have learned how to focus."

I let out a frustrated breath. "It's kind of hard to focus when your grandfather chose to sit here out of the hundreds of other temples he could've picked," I said with a sarcastic smile.

He let out a quiet hum, not really bothered by the jab. "Come." Both of his hands extended toward me. I looked down at them with a lifted brow,

not quite sure what he wanted.

Then it clicked. "Oh. You want me to take them!" I realized. I reached out and slid my hands into his before they closed around mine.

The eyes that stared back at me weren't glowing, but a natural shade of pale blue. Aelius had an intense gaze. "You had a dream," he stated. "And you have been wanting to tell me about it since the moment you walked into this village."

The corners of my mouth trembled up into a smile. Of course he knew...

And strangely enough, some small and hopeful part of me thought that maybe, if I got good enough at whatever he wanted to teach me, I'd be able to do the exact same thing.

Read a person other than my mate, just by looking at them.

I held onto his hands a little tighter, taking a breath. "It was the realm," I said. "I was there, and the cave...the ground was shaking, and then this root moved under the ground before the cave collapsed..."

"With your parents still inside?" Aelius finished. I was glad he did because saying it out loud made me feel sick to my stomach.

I searched his face for a reaction, but Aelius kept quiet. "I don't know what it means," I admitted. "I don't think you do either because if you did ...you would've told me."

Aelius closed his eyes in a nod, and I continued speaking. "But I've got this feeling I can't shake. Like there's something important I'm missing, but can't see yet. Mom is trying to warn me."

I felt Aelius squeeze my hands then, firmer than before. For a second, I thought he might be nervous, though I couldn't imagine after everything that something like that could get that emotion out of him.

"If it is truly still Adelaide reaching for you...then yes, it must be important indeed," he said slowly. "Your mother would not waste what little strength she has left on a warning that did not matter."

I waited, thinking there would be more. There was always more with him, and now that he wasn't being cryptic anymore, I had become way more hopeful. But instead of saying anything else, Aelius simply let go of my hands.

I gave him a questioning look. "Tell me," he suddenly said. "What do you know of your eyes?"

I opened my mouth, feeling confident. But then I closed it again.

Because what did I actually know? Not the backstory, the one he had given me himself, but something other than that. I couldn't just recite that back to him like it was my own answer...only that one was getting old. I knew he didn't want to hear that.

I drew in a small breath, then started saying the best answer I could come up with on my own.

"I know they turn on when they want to," I said finally. "When I'm scared, angry, or someone I love is in danger..."

"No," Aelius said.

"No?" My voice came out small.

"You have been using them the way a frightened child uses a sword," he growled as softly as one could. His gaze held mine. "But that ends today."

I nodded, not even knowing if I agreed or if any of what he was saying made sense.

"The only right answer," he went on, "is that you have called upon them, and every single time they have answered, it is because some part

of you reached for them first." He tilted his head. "Not fear, not anger, not love...but Violet."

I frowned. "Is there a difference?"

"There is a great difference," Aelius said. "When fear reaches for your eyes, fear decides what they do, and it's the same with anger and love," he explained. "But when you reach for them, calm and clear, knowing exactly what for...you will experience the real strength of your eyes."

It started to make sense. Maybe that was the reason why I could only go on for minutes before my energy would be completely drained.

"Your mother is wild, a bit reckless," Aelius chuckled softly. "But she understood this better than anyone who has ever lived," he said. "That is why her eyes are the strongest."

"So I should be like her?"

"No." Aelius shook his head. "You should be like you. That is the one thing you must never forget," he told me. "I do not want you to be another Adelaide, but her mindset. I want you to be strong and determined. Speak up, lead," he said. "Take all of that and make it yours."

I bobbed my head, taking in every word.

"Now," Aelius exhaled. "Look around you."

I lifted my gaze and let it travel across the hills. Villagers were still meditating, Trinity was still working, and Jason was moving between it all with his hands behind his back.

"What do you see?" he asked.

"They are...preparing?"

"What for?"

I shook my head, pressing my lips together. Think, Violet...

"The realm?" I said carefully, though I knew with Aelius it could never be that easy.

"No. They are waiting for your instructions," Aelius said plainly. "You stood before them, gave them a great plan, hope, but right now, you cannot lead them anywhere," he said. "Because you do not know your own eyes, and if you do not know your own, then you cannot possibly know theirs."

"But everyone's eyes are different, aren't they?" I asked. Look at Jason, for example. I doubted my eyes could glow all the colors of the rainbow like his could.

"That is true," Aelius confirmed. "But the root of them is all the same. Everyone has one thing they excel at and sometimes more than one."

My mind went to Morn. It was obvious she was a good example of one who excelled in everything.

"Before I send you into that realm to lead them, you must learn what each of theirs is," Aelius said. "And you can only do that if you discover what yours is. We have very, very little time to do it." His eyes pierced through mine.

"So that is where we begin."

SURPRISE GIFT: 100 BONUS FREE FOR YOU

GET IT



Comments



Support



Share

