

CHAPTER 1



*H*is fist barely missed my face as I ducked out of the way and jumped into a defensive stance. He came at me again and I swung around and kicked toward the center of his chest. Without skipping a beat, he grabbed me by the ankle and pulled me off my feet. I hit the ground with an audible grunt as the wind escaped my lungs.

"That was better, but you need to make sure you have a clean shot or you'll just end up on your ass every time," Jake instructed.

"No kidding," I said, pushing myself off the blue padded mats and rubbing my butt and thigh. "Let's go one more round." I wiped the sweat off my brow with my forearm, doing my best to keep my panting in check.

The sun had long since taken its plunge beyond the horizon and still, it was unseasonably warm. The heat combined with the humidity made my skin slick with sweat and forced me to shower twice a day.

"Alright, when you're ready," he said, jogging in place as if training me wasn't enough of a work out for him.

I grabbed a sip of water and when I was ready I chanced a swing at him while he was unprepared.

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He blocked me with his forearm. "Fighting dirty, huh?" he asked, stepping back. "Bring it on, Miss Evans." He motioned with his fingers for me to advance.

I took a deep breath and shot forward, alternating my punches. Left, right, uppercut, right, uppercut, left. He effortlessly blocked all my blows but I kept him on the defense and was able to push forward. Taking another step, I swung around and planted a kick against his chest. He stumbled backward.

"There you go," he said, finding his balance and taking a swing at me. It was my turn to dodge and try to get the upper hand. My forearms were already red and sore, but he kept pushing forward. I ducked into a squatting position and swung out my leg, catching his feet and bringing him to the mat.

Applause came from behind us and caught my attention. Annabel and Brett stood watching us from the patio.

"It's about time someone put my husband in his place," Annabel laughed, waving playfully at Jake.

"You're really coming along, kiddo," Jake said from the mats, resting on his elbows.

"It's all those cardio kickboxing classes I used to take," I replied, reaching down to help him up.

"He's right, you're doing great," Brett said, stepping toward us.

"I'm motivated. I just wish my Magic was coming along as quickly as my self-defense."

Jake pat my shoulder as he stood. "Magic takes time and a lot of practice, but you'll get there."

"I hope so," I sighed. I had the ability to see the past, present, and future but I still couldn't get a solid read on where Robert was or what had happened to him and it was slowly driving me insane.

As a small measure of self-preservation, I threw myself into training. The hour or so I spent sparring with Jake every day was the only time Robert wasn't on my mind. When fists and legs are flying at you, it's hard to think about anything else.

"So what are you ladies up to?" Jake asked.

"Actually, I came out to talk to you," Brett said. She raised her eyebrows and tilted her head. Jake nodded slightly, and if I wasn't watching him I wouldn't have noticed.

"And I just wanted to grab a quick kiss before heading out," Annabel stood up on her tiptoes to steal a peck.

"You're going somewhere?" Jake asked Annabel.

"Just need to run to the store, I'll be back before you know it," she said.

"Alright, see you in a bit." Jake smiled down at her and tapped her backside before she orbed out of sight.

Another careful lie. Annabel was doing some research for me in secret. She was the only one I'd opened up to about my parents besides Robert and she was helping me search for answers. Her ability to orb in and out of hard to reach places always proved useful.

Annabel was also the only one on my side about Robert, which made her that much easier to be around and open up to. Sure, Jake wanted his brother back and believed Robert was still on our side, but he wasn't in a rush to look for him either. I think Brett was really starting to wear him down. And who could blame him, with each day that passed, it was getting easier to believe that Robert was never coming back.

"Let's call it for tonight. We can practice more tomorrow," Jake concluded, wiping a towel across his face.

"Sounds good. Aunt Beth should be here soon to work on my Magic anyway," I agreed, and wiped my own sweat off of my forehead with the end of my shirt.

Over the last few weeks, I had started getting used to spending most of my time at the Maxwell estate. Brett and Annabel had really helped me after the battle at Pacifica Pier, and Jake was becoming more and more like a brother to me. Once I recovered from my near drowning, he began meticulously training me in the

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art of self-defense, while everyone else was helping me hone my magic.

I thought about how proud Robert would be of the progress I've made and my heart ached that he wasn't here to see it. He was my first introduction to Magic and I'd fought him every step of the way. If only he could see how much I'd embraced the Magical world in the weeks since he'd been missing.

Leaving the changing room, I walked over to the pool and dove in. The cool water washing over my body was refreshing after a rigorous session of training. I did a couple laps, enjoying the feel of the water on my skin, and then rolled over and relaxed, floating aimlessly around the pool.

I moved my arms back and forth, creating ripples across the water as the rhythmic sloshing relaxed my mind. The stars above twinkled like diamonds against the black velvet of the sky. Propelling myself through the water, gently kicking my feet and using my arms to steer, I admired the cosmos.

My Magic squirmed inside me, begging for release as my thoughts wandered back to Robert. I wished I could see if he had betrayed us or not, I wished I could see if he was okay. The power inside of me hummed just beneath the surface, ready and waiting. There was something about the water that made my Magic flare up stronger and more robust than any other time. I always tried to reach out to Robert while I was in the water, hoping that extra boost would allow me to get a clear picture of him.

Taking a deep breath, I swished my hair back and forth, letting the strands float across my shoulders like seaweed. Magic soared inside me as I thought about the last time Robert and I were alone together and a warm feeling began to spread through my torso.

The stars swirled above me like Van Gogh's, *Starry Night* as a vision took hold.

Robert was fast asleep on a thin cotton mattress. He looked peaceful as his chest rose and fell with each gentle breath. Quiet footsteps made

their way down the hall and I peered through the bars to see who it might be.

It was Lila. She gazed over her shoulder as if to make sure the coast was clear and then waved her hand over the locked bars. They slid open with ease and she quietly walked over to where Robert was sleeping.

Oh god, what was she going to do to him, I thought.

"Robert, wake up," Lila whispered into his ear. She gently shook him until he opened his eyes.

He rolled over languidly and looked up at the woman hovering over him. His eyes widened at the sight of her and he jumped to his feet, saying, "What, what is it. What's wrong?"

"We have to go." She looked over her shoulder. "Now."

"We?" he asked, rubbing the sleep from his eyes.

"I promise I'll explain later, but we need to go." She held out her hand for Robert to grab, her expression deadly serious.

Colors and shapes swirled around me as the scene changed again and Robert and Lila were standing near the ruins of a castle arguing.

Before I could get a good look at the scenery, my vision went dark and a hotel room rose around me. Lila walked out of the bathroom, letting the yellow light flood the room with a healthy glow. She wore a towel wrapped around her and quietly padded across the carpet on tiptoes.

I was able to look around and spotted Robert asleep on the oversized bed. My vision crossed the room to Robert's prone form and I watched him sleep. The light from the bathroom touched his face, highlighting the dark circles under his eyes and stubble around his jaw. A hot branding iron seared through my heart and angry tears filled my eyes. How could he be with Lila after she tried to kill me?

Lila switched off the bathroom light and the room plunged into darkness.

My lungs burned as I coughed up a mouthful of chlorinated water. Two sets of hands dug into my arms and pulled me over the side of the pool, scraping my back in the process as they dragged me onto the concrete.

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"Violet, are you okay?" Jake asked, his voice rattling me to my senses.

"Yeah," I coughed again, "I'm fine." I waved him off.

"Any reason you were at the bottom of the pool then?" Brett asked, un-phased and handing me a towel.

"My magic, it just took a hold of me." Another cough rattled me. My breath came out ragged as I tried to remember every detail of the visions I'd just seen. "I saw Robert."

"He's alive?" Jake asked and grabbed me by my shoulders.

I nodded.

"So is he with them or us?" Brett asked with ice in her voice. She was still convinced Robert had betrayed us. And for the first time since he went missing, doubt crept into my heart.

"I don't know," I admitted, unable to meet either of their eyes.

"What do you mean, you don't know. What'd you see?" Jake helped me to my feet.

I shook my head and wiped the water from my brow. "Lila was helping him escape. I don't really know what to make of it."

Brett shook her head. "I knew he'd never fully let go of her."

Jake's eyes widen and his lips formed a hard line, "Brett, is this really the time?"

"What do you mean never let go of her?" I asked, looking between Brett and Jake.

"He and Lila used to be an item," Brett explained.

"Brett," Jake warned.

"She has the right to know," Brett shot back. "Robert left her when he realized he was meant to find you."

"How long ago was this?" I asked, dumbfounded.

"Five, six years ago," Jake confirmed.

"But I thought Robert knew about the prophecy since he was a boy?"

"He did, we all did. But William's journal was boxed up and forgotten about. It wasn't until our grandfather died and we

cleaned everything out that we found the journal and the second half of the prophecy."

"That Robert had to find me before it was too late," I added under my breath.

"Exactly," Brett agreed with a nod. "He walked away from Lila and his training to search for you."

"So you think he still has an attachment to her?"

"I think your vision speaks for itself." Brett crossed her arms over her chest.

"Can't we just be happy he's still alive?" Jake offered, trying to sound hopeful.

"When are you going to wake up and smell the coffee, Jake? Mark my words, Robert will be back for Violet." Brett scowled and pointed in my direction.

"You can't just write him off, he's our brother." Jake tried to reason with Brett.

"Can't I?" Brett's eyes shot daggers at Jake.

"Guys, let's not go down this road again," I suggested, and stood between them, placing a hand on each of their shoulders.

"Fine by me," Brett said and stormed off toward the house.

"And I thought I hated Lila," I scoffed.

Jake shrugged and let out a heavy sigh as we watched Brett slam the French doors behind her.

"Brett has a hard time letting things go," he said.

Furrowing my brow, I asked, "What happened? I mean, why does she hate Lila so much?"

"They used to be like sisters, inseparable even." Jake folded his arms across his chest. "Then one day they hated each other and Robert, in his infinite wisdom, sided with Lila."

I stared at Jake, eyes wide. The thought of Brett being inseparable with anyone was hard to imagine. Getting close to her was like trying to get near to a cornered animal.

"Ever since then," Jake continued when I didn't say anything. "Her and Robert have had a shaky relationship." Turning to look

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at me, his lips curled up on one side. "It's been better since you came around though."

I chuckled. "Are you sure about that?"

"Absolutely." Jake clapped me on the back and I let out another shaky cough.

"What do you think about Robert and Lila?" I asked.

"I refuse to believe Robert would betray us."

"God I hope not." I bit my lip and the corner of Jake's eyes crinkled as he appraised me.

"You two got pretty close, closer than you're letting on, huh?"

I leaned my head against his shoulder to hide my face. "I don't know," I hesitated. "Maybe."

Jake chuckled. "Don't worry. We'll get him back."

"Trying to beat the heat, I see," said my aunt, her voice breaking through the night.

"Trying would be the operative word," I said through a cough.

"You sure you're okay?" he asked again.

I nodded. "You're going to start sprouting grey hairs if you don't stop worrying."

"Ouch. Point taken." Jake held up his hands in surrender. "I'll leave you ladies to it then."

Jake made his way back toward the house. I didn't envy him if he was going to search for Brett.

My aunt kicked off her sandals, sat down and let her feet dip into the water.

"How was your physical training today?" she asked.

"Good. I actually got one in on Jake. He went down like a ton of bricks." I snickered and sat down next to her, dipping my feet into the pool. "Training every day is starting to take its toll though. Jake isn't holding back as much anymore." I shrugged my shoulder and smiled.

"I'm glad things seem to be going so well for you lately." Her tight, sympathetic smile reminded me that it had only been a few short weeks since I was fighting for my life.

"I wouldn't say things are peachy. My life's still on the line," I noted.

"Yes, but the next time a threat comes at you, you'll be ready."

The next time, I thought. There would always be a next time, wouldn't there? By now Aiden had to know I wasn't killed as planned and he would be back. It was just a matter of when.

Sighing, I asked, "Should we get started?"

I was never ready for sessions with my aunt. It always left me feeling more depleted than my physical training ever did. On the bright side, I was getting better at controlling my visions and that was the whole point. Getting sucked into a vision in the middle of a fight wouldn't end well. So it was my aunt's job to teach me how to block out my vision and only see them when I needed to.

"Ready when you are," she said, tucking one foot underneath her so she was facing me. I did the same and reached my hands out to her.

She placed her thumb in the middle of my palm and held the back of my hand with her finger.

"Now just relax and let your Magic flow in a steady stream like we've been working on," my aunt instructed. Her soothing voice made her sound wiser than her years.

I closed my eyes, took a deep breath and focused on letting my Magic course through me at an easy pace, instead of the burst of energy I was used to every time I had a vision.

Magic slowly spread from my chest into my limbs. Pins and needles pricked at my calves, then my toes and I knew I was doing it right.

Over the last month, I'd become very intimate with how my Magic felt and now I couldn't imagine my life without it. I felt stronger now, more alive than I ever did before Robert healed me. I may not have been ready to accept all of this before, but this is who I am and I wouldn't have it any other way.

Taking a deep breath, goosebumps covering my skin, I said, "Okay, I'm there."

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A warm breeze blew across my bare shoulders as I sunk deeper into my Magic.

"Alright, now clear your mind," Beth said and squeezed my hands.

I pictured myself in a room with no doors and no windows. Every thought, every feeling I had was plastered to the walls from head to toe. A family photo of the Maxwell's hung on the wall closest to me. I touched the edge of the silver frame and it vanished, leaving a blank white space in its place as I pushed the thought of them out of my head.

I continued clearing the imaginary room, picking up items and letting them vanish from my mind until the only thing left was Robert. He stood in the center of the room, wearing the blue button-up shirt and jeans he wore the day we met and he was watching me with a small smile.

Moving toward him, I tried to push him from my mind. The edges of him blurred a little, but he stayed in place. He was the one thing I could never really let go of. The constant worry of what happened nagged at my subconscious twenty-four seven.

"It's not working," I sighed.

"You're almost there, what's blocking you?" Beth asked.

"Robert. He won't budge."

"That's okay, he's a part of you."

When Robert healed me, a part of his Magical soul infused with mine, making him forever a part of me and allowing me to come into my Magic.

"You have to stop thinking of him as a weakness and use him to strengthen yourself. Now take a deep breath and focus," My aunt instructed. She paused, allowing me to concentrate before she continued. "On your sixth birthday, what did I wear to your party?"

Images from my childhood started popping up around me, filling the white room with color. My sixth birthday started to take shape and then my aunt walked across the lawn, holding a large present.

"You wore a floor-length floral skirt and black strappy top," I said and smiled as the memory played out in front of me.

"Good," my aunt said. "Now, let's go to the night Robert saved you."

Just like before, I cleared my mind until the room was white and then focused on the memory of the night I was attacked.

Black asphalt rolled out like a carpet. The night sky formed above me and Robert and I appeared on the ground at my feet. He hovered over me, panic radiating off his face as I lay there pale and still. Robert called my name and my eyes fluttered open. His hand moved to my torso and my body jerked as he began to heal me and change me forever.

This was an easy vision to pull up. I'd returned to this moment a million times when we were trying to figure out who had given the order to kill me.

"Come on, Aunt Beth, challenge me," I urged.

"Alright, let's see if we can get a read on where Robert is in the present," Beth suggested.

Damn, I cursed myself. I took a deep breath and tried to focus on Robert. He stood in front of me, his hand reaching out to grab my own, but I couldn't reach him. My heart started racing and my Magic became ragged instead of the smooth, steady flow it had been a moment ago.

"Violet, you have to focus," my aunt chastised.

Gathering my thoughts, I focused on Robert as he faded in and out in front of me.

Trees sprung out of the ground and he began to run through them like the devil was on his heel. Cold, damp air surrounded us as a brilliant blue light blinded me. The world turned upside down and my vision swirled around me, chaotic and violent.

My Magic flared to life, pulling at me with such force, the air was ripped from my lungs. I'd never felt the tug of a vision so strong before, so urgent and I squeezed my aunt's hands to steady myself.

"Something's pulling me," I said, my voice shaking.

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"I feel it too. Don't fight it, let this one take you," Aunt Beth encouraged.

Releasing the dam on my Magic, raw, hungry power erupted from every part of me.

As I opened my eyes, the blinding light subsided and I was able to see a blue haze beginning to form. Heart pounding, I watched as the fog in front of me began to coalesce into an oval shape made of a thick, churning liquid.

Transfixed to the gentle ebb and flow of the oval, I noticed a shift in the ripples as a figure appeared in the center and stepped through the swirling blue. She was stark naked. Her long, dark hair flowing past her waist and her eyes a brilliant blue that stood out against her pale skin. She was undeniably beautiful, but there was something about her that made my blood run cold.

She wrapped a robe around herself and looked up as if she was seeing something far away. Her piercing blue eyes looked through me and a small wicked smile spread across her face. She raised her arm and pointed off into the distance.

Shaking and feeling like I'd been punched in the stomach, I was violently shoved from the vision back to reality.

"Who was that?" I asked the moment the vision released me.

Aunt Beth's eyes widened and her pupils dilated. "Morgana," she said, the word barely a whisper on her lips.

"Does that mean she's alive?"

"If she hasn't already been brought back from beyond the veil, she will be soon. The timing felt close."

"How, I mean, what was that?" I stumbled over my words. I wasn't sure what to ask first. I'd never seen anything like that, never felt such raw power pull at me.

"Aiden must be opening the portal to the land of the dead. I always wondered how it would be done, but a portal, it's impossible," Beth rambled.

I grabbed her arm and pulled her focus back to me, "You need to explain to me what we just saw." I gave her a stern look.

"Morgana will come through a portal, if she hasn't already, and rejoin the world of the living."

"Right, I got that part. What I'm not so clear on is how we can bring back the dead."

"No one in their right mind would. For every life you bring back, someone must die. In Morgana's case, an unthinkable amount of people must die in her name for her to escape the veil."

"Die in her name?" I watched my aunt's face carefully.

"Yes, a ritual must be performed so that the soul being sacrificed is counted toward Morgana's debt," she explained.

"So the spell Lila and Ian were trying to perform on me..."

"Exactly. Had they succeeded, your soul would have been sacrificed in the name of Morgana and you would have become part of her re-birth."

"And this portal, how does it work?" I asked.

"You need very strong dark Magic. No one's dared to summon a portal in centuries." Beth rubbed her arthritic fingers nervously.

"Okay, well we already know Aiden's psychotic. This seems pretty par for the course."

"You don't understand. Opening a portal is forbidden to the Magical world. Using that kind of Magic goes against nature."

"So what do we do?" I asked.

"You need to wake The Lady and you need to do it fast."

I gawked, overwhelmed. "Okay, but I don't know the first thing about waking her."

"We'll need The Pieces of Three. The Ring of Dispel, The Lufian Necklace, and Excalibur if you're to succeed. It won't be easy," aunt Beth explained. She gave me a pained smile and squeezed my shoulder.

"And how do we find the Pieces of Three?"

"Talk to Matthew, he can help."

I scrunched up my face at the thought of telling everyone that Morgana was indeed back and the war for the Magical world was upon us.

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"I guess we should tell the others," I said.

"Yes, it's time we start preparing for what's to come," Aunt Beth agreed.

"Am I going to talk like that one day?" I tried to lighten the mood. It's not that I wasn't taking this seriously, I just couldn't panic every time something bad happened, I'd be locked up in an insane asylum by now.

My aunt gave me a sideways glance. "Just warn the others."

"Wait, you're leaving?"

"There's someone I need to speak with now that Morgana's returning."

"Who?" My eyebrows formed a deep V at her sudden change in demeanor.

"It's none of your concern. Just make sure the Maxwells know what's going on," Beth insisted.

"Okay," I said and nodded. I didn't want her to go but I'd come to realize she wasn't just my aunt. She was a Soothsayer to the Magical community and that came with certain burdens. Once I was able to master my ability, I'd be faced with the same sort of responsibility so I let her go without another word.

Walking into the house, the air conditioner was on full blast and the towel Jake had wrapped around me did very little to keep me warm. I shivered as goosebumps covered my skin.

Jake, Annabel, Brett, and Matthew sat in the living room discussing the fact that I'd had a vision of Robert and Lila. Brett's face was as red as an heirloom tomato and Annabel's normally easy going attitude was nowhere in sight. Thankfully, Jake seemed to be keeping the peace between the two of them, while Matthew hid behind his laptop.

"I'll be in touch soon," my aunt said as she grabbed me by the shoulders and pulled me in for a hug. "Make sure Matthew helps you find The Tokens."

"I will and be safe," I said.

Her eyes reflected the sadness in my heart. Both of us knew

how quickly things could change for the worse, so we did our best to never take our goodbyes for granted.

"I'll walk you out," Brett said. She motioned to Bethany and they made their way to the front door.

"So, you finally got a good glimpse of Robert?" Annabel asked. Her expression was one you might see on a kid salivating over a Popsicle.

"I did." I shook my head in disbelief. "It wasn't like my other visions. I felt like we were connected somehow, like he was reaching out to me." I said, moving into the living room.

"And he's alright?" Annabel stood, untangling herself from Jake.

All I could do was nod.

"I remember doing some research on soul connections awhile back," Matthew began, "when you first started coming into your Magic." He flipped open his messenger bag.

"Soul connection? So, they're physically a part of one another?" Jake asked, laying his arm across the back of the couch.

"Well, yes actually. Because Violet was on the brink of death when Robert healed her, a piece of his soul latched onto hers and brought her back. We all know that's how she got her Magic. I wonder then..." Matthew paused and turned toward me. "If it's possible that you were able to see him from such a distance because he's a part of you."

"But why hasn't it ever happened before? I've been trying to get a read on him ever since he vanished. Why now?" I asked.

"I don't know, but if I had to guess, I'd say it's because of all the training you've been doing, physically and Magically. You're coming into your full potential," Matthew said, an easy grin plastered across his face.

I bit my lip and looked around the room. Somehow it felt bigger, emptier without Robert here.

"It's just..." I hesitated. I had gotten close to the Maxwell family since but I was still hesitant about opening up to new people.

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"What is it?" Annabel asked.

"My Magic, it felt different somehow," I admitted, shifting my weight onto my other foot.

"Different how?" Annabel asked.

"It was raw and urgent. Nothing like I've felt before."

"Here we go," Matthew interrupted, his laptop glowing brightly before him. "It was Graham who mentioned the soul connection. He's done a bit of research on the topic and thought I might be interested, given my proximity to Violet."

"Well, what's he say?" I asked, leaning against the back of one of the overstuffed chairs.

"He said that Arthur and Merlin are the only recorded account of anyone having a soul connection and that's why they were so powerful. They were able to tap into each other's magic and join forces."

"So what, Robert and I are only the second ones this has ever happened to? I find that hard to believe," I scoffed.

"No, Graham said they were the only *recorded* account." Matty's smile grew as if he was about to let us in on a secret. "He's stumbled onto a few other pairs that he thinks may have had the soul connection, but it was during a time when Magic was banned, so digging up any information is proving to be difficult."

"Who were they?"

"He didn't say. He said he'd look into it more and let me know if he was on to anything."

"Alright, what does history say about Arthur and Merlin's connection?" I asked.

Matthew's eyes lit up with his smile. He looked thrilled to have a captivated audience. "We all know that Merlin saved Arthur's life because he knew Arthur would become one of the greatest kings of all time."

Everyone nodded in agreement.

"The reason Arthur was one of the greatest kings of all time is not because he had Merlin by his side, but because he and Merlin

were able to tap into each other's Magic and make the impossible happen," Matthew continued.

"So it's possible that Robert and I have the same ability?" I guessed.

"It's not only possible, it's the most likely explanation for what happened between you two. And it may be why they took him. To keep the two of you apart, so your Magic can't become something unbeatable."

"They thought I was as good as dead, why take Robert if they've already eliminated the other half of the connection?"

"She's right," Annabel chimed in. "They'd have no need for Robert if they thought Violet was dead."

Matthew shrugged. "Maybe they knew there was a chance she would survive, and taking Robert was their insurance," he reasoned.

"Oh come on, Matty, you can't actually believe that?" Brett asked. Her voice startled us all as she walked back into the room.

"You of all people know anything's possible when Magic's involved." His eyes narrowed on her. "And I refuse to believe Robert's a traitor," Matthew insisted. His last comment won him a glare that was probably meant to light him on fire.

I rolled my eyes, more than tired of this argument, and said, "So back to the soul connection. Can you reach out to your contact and see if you can get any more information?"

"I'll email him right now and see if we can set up a meeting."

"Great. Thank you."

"It's getting kinda late. Should we head out?" Annabel asked.

"There's something else I need to tell all of you." I stood up straight and took a ragged breath. "While my aunt was here, we had a shared vision of Morgana." Fear, anxiety, and solace crossed their faces as I looked around the room. "Aiden's opened a portal to The Veil and brought her back, or will bring her back very shortly," I amended.

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"You're sure?" Annabel asked, her mouth slightly open and eyes wide.

I nodded.

"So this is it then. The war for the Magical world has begun," Brett concluded. She placed her hand on Matthew's shoulder and he looked up at her gravely.

"It's time to wake The Lady," I said. "But, first we'll need The Pieces of Three." I turned to Matthew. "Aunt Beth said you'd be able to help us find them, a ring, a necklace, and Excalibur."

"I'll put out a notice through the channels and see if I can come up with their whereabouts," Matty said.

"Are you ready for this?" Jake asked me.

"As ready as I'll ever be." I shrugged and chills that had nothing to do with the temperature ran all over my body.