



Chapter 35

Anastasia

The next four weeks were a slew of dates, public outings, and horrendous "therapy sessions" with Knight.

Caius and I still didn't fully trust one another, but at least now we knew we were on the same team and wanted the same thing. He'd even begun to touch me more during our excursions. For all intents and purposes, he was the perfect gentleman, though each caress and graze came with a professional sort of detachment I knew had taken him years to perfect.

It didn't matter that we were now actively working together, the brute still pushed my buttons every chance he got. Of course it was only fair I did the same in return.

Given Knight refused to hire an actual couples therapist, his sessions quickly became the perfect place for me to practice my ability. As it turned out, the prospect of fucking with Knight was the perfect motivation for me to freeze time again and again and again. 1

Even Caius found my tricks amusing, despite calling me an immature brat that one time. I was positive his lips had twitched when I continuously snagged Knight's whiskey, which resulted in me progressively getting drunker and drunker during the session. He could deny it all he wanted, but I knew what I saw.

While I was quickly becoming used to Caius, with his grunts and brooding nature, and Knight, who was snarky and got himself into trouble far too much, I was still unused to the final Blackwell brother, Damon.





Damon was quiet and aloof, slinking around the place alongside Ghost, who never said more than a few words at a time.

The one thing I knew how to do well was observe, and every now and again I'd see this fire flare to life within Damon's bronze eyes. One that lit him up from within. My gut told me there was more to him than he was letting on.

There was a darkness that lived within the Blackwell brothers, one that felt like home as it brushed up against my own.

"Honestly, you should see him communicate with his warriors." I drawled, my phone resting on the bed. Leaning against the headboard, I swiped another coating of ruby nail polish on my toes. "They all talk through a series of grunts like a bunch of cavernmen. Even worse, they all understand one another. I've never seen anything like it."

I then did my best impersonation of Caius, huffing and growling until Evangeline erupted with laughter. The beaming smile on my face made my cheeks ache. Goddess, I had missed her so much.

It had been years since we properly communicated. I refused to bring my father's wrath down on her by implicating her in my disappearance. As I'd assumed, she had been the first place he looked. The bastard even threatened war on her if she dared help me.

"I don't know, Anastasia. It sounds kind of hot. All those muscled men, all that testosterone." Eva purred, her sultry voice peeling from the phone's speaker. "Speaking of hot, you beautiful bitch, I'm appalled you didn't tell me about your little relationship sooner. I had to learn about it from the tabloids of all places! You're absolutely glowing, and it's not because of the big lug you've been calling your boyfriend. Those tattoos of yours are stunning. Makes me want to get a few myself, but you know

my mother would kill me."

"As if you need them," I scoffed, wiggling my toes. They sparkled like rubies, shimmering from the light dusting of glitter I'd painted them with. "There's not a single person in your kingdom that doesn't think you're gorgeous. How have you and Nyla been doing?"

Nyla was Evangeline's girlfriend, only it wasn't exactly official. Since Evangeline was competing with her siblings to take her mother's place as ruler of the kingdom, she technically wasn't allowed to date, much less date another woman.

"Misogynistic wolves," Ziva snarled.

"Amen to that."

"Nyla and I are doing wonderful, even if she is a vindictive wench." She cooed in a way that brought a smirk to my face. They must've been in bed together then. That had to be the cause for Eva's good mood. "You're more than welcome to join us, Anastasia. Nyla loves blondes."

Their relationship was complicated, and not just because Nyla was female.

Her proposition, however, had me grinning. I'd missed my best friend so very much. For the past year and a half I had wanted to introduce her to Jasmine. I knew deep in my heart that they would love one another.

"By Nyla you mean yourself, right?"

"Duh." She laughed, "But believe me, Nyla wouldn't complain." In the background I heard another voice purr, "No, I certainly wouldn't."

"You two are bad influences," I tutted, laying back on the bed. I crossed



my feet, keeping my toes relaxed so they could dry properly. "If I ever want to switch sides for a bit you'll be the first I call."

She giggled, "Thank the goddess. I have to ask, though. How are you and that beast of a man doing? I want details, woman. Give me something to fantasize about."

"I wish I could," I scoffed, then paused, surprised by my own words. It's not like I wanted Caius in that way. "We haven't even kissed yet, Eva. Caius is seriously closed off."



Comments



Support



Share