

51 Paint And Kisses

Eve~ 1

There was a skip in my step as we entered the Obsidian Tower, Hades right behind me. He accompanied me upstairs as I ranted on. I could mention the names of the Lycan artists who had created the masterpieces I had the honor of seeing and analyzing, and I deeply regretted not learning more about Obsidian Pack art. They were truly breathtaking.

I hadn't felt like this in a long time—a very long time. It was like being back in a familiar place, surrounded by colors, shapes, and stories that spoke to my soul. My fingers itched to draw, to capture the emotions swirling inside me. I glanced over my shoulder at Hades, expecting to see his usual mask of indifference, but there was something different in his eyes. He wasn't just tolerating my rambling; he was actually listening, or at least pretending better than usual.

"The way they use shadow in their work," I said breathlessly, stopping in front of a massive canvas that hung at the end of the hallway, "it's unlike anything I've ever seen. It's like... they're painting with darkness itself."



Hades tilted his head slightly, his cold eyes narrowing as he studied the piece. "Darkness," he murmured, his voice low and smooth. "You'd think I'd be used to it by now."

I blinked, caught off guard by the unexpected comment. It was rare for him to share anything remotely personal, and for a moment, I wondered if he understood art in ways I hadn't imagined.

"Have you ever painted?" I asked before I could stop myself.

His gaze snapped to mine, sharp as a blade, but instead of the cutting retort I expected, he simply shrugged. "No. But I can appreciate the control it takes to wield something as elusive as shadow."

I smiled, feeling a strange warmth bloom in my chest. Maybe he understood more than I gave him credit for.

As we continued walking down the hallway, I let my thoughts drift, wondering what it would be like to create something here, in this tower surrounded by shadows and ancient history. The possibilities stirred a longing in me, one I hadn't felt in years.

"Perhaps I could sketch something tonight," I mused aloud, almost forgetting Hades was there. "I am brimming with ideas." As much as I was loving the pencil and the sketch pad, I itched for more instruments to express myself. But I couldn't allow myself to let my hopes rise too high that this would become my new reality. I had to remember where I was. Today was a blessing, and I was more than grateful. Before that fateful night, I had taken things for granted, until I was no longer allowed to see or paint colors on a canvas. At the age of twenty-three, I was finally able to delve back into that world I had missed for so long.

He made no comment, but I could feel his presence looming behind me—a silent force that, despite everything, didn't feel oppressive right now.

The elevator doors slid open to the floor where my room was as I continued to rant on. I couldn't stop myself. I was high on excitement, so much so that even the Lycan king walking with me didn't feel as daunting or unnerving as usual.

He opened the door for me. "Good night, Red," he murmured. His eyes were a bit distant.

"Thank you for tonight," I said, before stepping

into my room, still giddy from the excitement of the evening, my mind spinning with visions of sketches and canvases. I flicked the light switch, expecting the same dim, empty room I'd left behind.

But my breath caught in my throat.

Right in the middle of the room stood an easel, tall and sturdy, with a pristine canvas waiting to be touched by paint. Next to it, a wooden box overflowing with art supplies—charcoal sticks, paintbrushes, acrylics, pastels, and sketchbooks—everything I could ever need to create.

I took a step forward, my heart hammering in my chest as I ran my fingers over the edges of the box, barely able to believe what I was seeing. These weren't just basic supplies—they were the finest materials any artist could dream of. How? Who?

I didn't have to ask.

The realization hit me like a wave, and without a second thought, I whirled around and ran out of the room. My feet moved faster than my mind could process, chasing after the man who, moments ago, had left me at my door.

The elevator doors were just closing when I

reached him. "Hades!" I called, breathless.

He turned just as the doors slid open again, his usual mask of indifference already in place. I didn't give him a chance to say anything before I threw my arms around him, pulling him into a fierce hug.

It took me a second to realize what I'd done. I felt the tension in his body, the sharp intake of breath as my arms tightened around him. For a moment, I wanted to pull away, to apologize for the impulsive gesture, but something inside me resisted. I just stayed there, feeling the strength of him, the coldness that always seemed to radiate from him, somehow lessened.

When I finally let go and stepped back, I could barely look at him, my cheeks burning with embarrassment. But as I lifted my eyes, I saw something in his gaze—something dangerous, something that mirrored mine.

We stood there, suspended in the hallway, the air between us thick with a tension I hadn't expected. His gaze dipped to my lips, and my breath hitched, my heart thundering in my chest.

Before I could second-guess myself, I surged forward and pressed my lips to his.

For a heartbeat, he didn't move. But then, like a dam breaking, he kissed me back, fierce and unrelenting, his hands gripping my waist and pulling me closer. The world fell away, and all I could feel was him—his intensity, his coldness, his fire.

When we finally pulled apart, both of us breathing heavily, his eyes blazed with something I couldn't quite place.

"You should go inside, Red," he murmured, his voice rougher than usual. His fingers lingered on my waist for just a moment longer before he stepped back.

I nodded, dazed, and stumbled back toward my room. But as the door closed behind me, my mind was still spinning, still trying to process what had just happened.

Comment

View All >



Post your first comment



Vote



Fandom



Send Gift