

Chapter 169

Violet

I sat on the edge of Kyran's bed, somehow feeling more nervous than all the other times I'd stayed here.

My eyes were locked on the closet door, fingers fidgeting in my lap as I waited for him to come out. Any second now, he'd be walking out shirtless.

He would possibly want to act all formal, talk about Aelius—while I only had one thing on my mind.

Sex...

While the negative aftereffects of using my eyes appeared to be much better than before, with each minute that passed, I began to feel this constant burn in my stomach. It felt like a fire I couldn't put out. It wasn't just desire. It was hunger. I felt restless, hopeless, and desperate.

So desperate, I was almost prepared to pretty much fly through that damn door until...

I sat up straight, hearing the door unlock. Then Kyran walked out the way I had expected him. Hot and shirtless...

My mouth nearly drooled as my eyes trailed down the sharp lines of his chest. His arms flexed as he ran a hand through his hair.

"Here you go, catch!"

I blinked fast, watching as Kyran suddenly revealed a black shirt behind his back and threw it in my direction.



I held out my arms, ready to catch it, but it landed right on my face. “Seriously?” I muttered from under the fabric, though I didn’t really care. Shamelessly, I breathed in the familiar scent that had surprisingly managed to calm me down a little.

Once I was done sniffing, I pulled it off and gave him a sarcastic expression.

Kylan’s soft laughter filled the room. After Aelius had nearly ruined his night in the woods, it seemed like he was in one of his playful moods again. The one where I could talk to him about anything, and he would just listen for hours.

This was the way I loved him...

Maybe if I would ask him to fuck my brains out, he would...no!

Embarrassed by my own thoughts, I closed my eyes and shook my head. Get a grip, Violet.

My heart made a quick jump as I opened them and found Kylan staring at me, a frown on his face. “I already know you’re weird,” he said, “but somehow, you always manage to out-weird yourself.”

“I...” I gave up before I could even start the sentence.

Kylan tilted his head. “Your lesson with Aelius.”

“Huh?” I blinked, caught off guard.

“You were going to tell me about it?” he said, yawning. “Something about the long version?”

“Yes, yes!” I nodded quickly, suddenly remembering our conversation in



the woods. As I tried my hardest to keep it together, Kylan casually walked toward the bed and dropped down before moving himself to sit up against the headboard.

Once again, my eyes went to his abs that had flexed so easily. I imagined running my fingers across them, wondering the way they would tense over my touch even more, same like last time.

“What did you do?”

My eyes shot up again. “Huh?”

As soon as my eyes met his, that strange feeling came rushing back again. It hit me out of nowhere, and I knew for certain that it wasn't there before. At least, not this intense.

Losing my sight was the price I had to pay for Adelaide's way of turning off her eyes, but perhaps this was the price I had to pay for the way Aelius believed worked best for me.

“Aelius,” Kylan spoke again.

“Oh, yes...he, uh...,” I started, my brain completely blanked. Violet, focus.

“We, uh...he made me close my eyes and then, uh...” My words faded out again. He was asking all these questions, but my mind was numb. I didn't want to talk at all. The only thing I wanted was him.

All of him...

I swallowed hard at my thoughts. What the hell was going on with me? It was just like the last time. The same heat, same ache—and it wasn't even a full moon.



That damn Aelius...

Was that what he wanted to tell me when I was about to leave?

"You're not that good at storytelling?" Kylan pointed out, frowning. He seemed so calm, so normal...

"I'm sorry," I said, flustered. I stopped talking for a second, tearing my gaze away from Kylan. Then I looked at Jumper, who was bouncing around in her little cage without a single care in the world.

At this moment, I really wanted to be her. Oh, how nice it would've been to jump, run, hide, get fed—basically anything instead of dealing with hormones, sculpted abs, or a horniness so bad it made you forget how to speak.

"He made you close your eyes, and then?" Kylan slightly raised his voice. He didn't sound angry or too intense. I suppose he just wanted to hear the story.

I focused on him again. "And then he made me open them, and now I can control the glow...kind of."

I nodded confidently, proud of at least remembering something.

Kylan fluttered his eyes at me, giving me a look like he was trying to figure out if I was actually serious. "Was this that long version of yours?" he asked.

My confidence faded in half a second, realizing he wasn't all that satisfied. "Yes," I hummed, looking down. I felt my cheeks burning.

Somehow, I had managed to look into those brown eyes again. Only this time they were narrowed, his arms resting behind his head as if he were



inspecting me.

"Why are you sitting so far away?" he asked, tilting his head just a little.

I froze for a second. "I'm just sitting," I said, smacking the covers with my hand. Totally not awkward.

Kylan's eyes bored into mine, silence settling between us. Whatever I was feeling, I knew there was no way he hadn't been feeling it as well. At least a little.

The mate bond went both ways. There was just no way he had invited me here just to hear a half-assed story about Aelius...right?

Kylan was used to having a girl in his dorm every single night, but as far as I was concerned, he hadn't been doing that for quite some time now.

He had to be going insane, right?

I knew I was, and I couldn't take it any longer.

Screw it...

"Do you remember that thing that happened to me during full moon, when we...you know."

Kylan didn't even blink. "I remember," he spoke immediately, like he was waiting for me to ask that question.

"I just feel," I started, waving my hands around like that would somehow help me find the right words. A hopeless sigh slipped out. There was no other way to say it.

"Horny?" I whispered.



A full, deep laugh burst through the room.

I puffed up my cheeks. "It's not funny!"

"You making a whole thing about it kinda is," he said with a grin. "You're turned on, so what?"

So turn it off?

My lips were slightly parted as I watched him. I had been overthinking for days, trying to figure out how to say this. And now that everything had reached its peak, I had nothing left. No excuses, no pride, just the truth.

I wasn't the crazy one. He was the one who didn't want to touch me in the first place. First, it was my glowing eyes, then whatever excuse he had made up in that stubborn head of his.

"Come here."

Wait, what?

Kylan stretched out his hand. Shocked, I looked at it, then back up at him, my heart pounding inside my chest. His eyes were calm and steady, like he had been waiting for me to speak up.

As if I were moving in a trance, I slowly scooted closer and reached out, accepting his hand. Our hands barely touched, and a spark already ran through my fingers.

When there were only inches left, he pulled me forward. It wasn't gentle or rough, but very direct. In one smooth motion, he guided me until I was straddling him, my knees on either side of his hips as his hands rested on my waist.



"Kylan?" I whispered, confused. My hands rested on his chest, wide-eyed and unsure of what had just happened.

Kylan's eyes darkened as he looked up at me, waiting for what my response would be. I could feel everything. The heat of his skin under my palms, his heartbeat...the throb between my legs as he positioned me right where I wanted him.

My heart was racing, and my brain couldn't seem to form a single clear thought. All I knew was that I didn't want to move. Not even a little.

Or maybe I did want to move...

A quiet sigh came from his lips as his hands settled on my hips, like he had no plans of letting me go.

"I took care of you back then," he said, his eyes softening. "Didn't I?"

It wasn't the teasing gaze from before. His eyes were warm, kind, like I was something precious. He drew in a long breath and slid one hand up to my face, his fingers brushing softly against my jaw before tucking my hair behind my ear.

It was such a small gesture, so simple, but coming from him, someone who rarely showed any affection, it meant everything.

"Did I not?" he asked again, pressing his forehead gently against mine.

"You did," I breathed. "And then you didn't. What changed?"

"I was scared," he admitted, his voice just above a whisper, as if I wasn't supposed to hear it. My heart stopped beating for a second. Kylan didn't get scared. Hearing him say that...it didn't feel real.



"Scared of what?"

"Of losing control."

"What does that even mean? What would happen if you did?" I asked, my head still resting against his.

Was this it? The moment he was finally going to say it?

That if he lost control, he would have to face the truth. That he did love having me close.

That maybe he loved me just as much as that first love of his.

Then he suddenly pulled back, shaking his head like he either didn't want to, or couldn't, explain.

No, no, no...

Not when we were almost there.

I reached up, touching his jaw lightly as I forced him to look at me. "Kylan," I said, staring straight into those eyes that were still as soft. Meanwhile, I was still seconds away from moving against him, hoping it would ease the ache even just a little. However, this was much more important. "I don't understand. Please make me understand."

"I can't make you understand. I can't even make myself understand," Kylan chuckled, like he couldn't believe the words were coming out of his mouth.

"But if you want me to," he said, lowering his voice, "I can take care of you again."

