

Chapter 376

Violet

Talk to my dad?

Right.

That was the deal we had made in the garden.

He would talk with the queen, and I would talk with Fergus. My smile weakened. "After all of this is over."

I was really going to do it, but after seeing everything, after hearing Fergus question whether Little Violet had been responsible for killing her parents, I knew things would probably be even more complicated than I had expected them to be.

What if he had only tolerated me all these years because he had to?
Nothing more.

What if all the moments we had been sharing lately were fake?

I had a lot to explain.

"Hey, don't do that," Kylan comforted me. He took my hand and brushed his fingers over my knuckles. "You'll be okay."

"Do I look okay?"

We looked at each other for a second, and then both released tired laughs. My thoughts drifted to tomorrow. For all we knew, everything could go wrong.

People could get seriously hurt, Kaelis's howl would be ruined, and I did

not want that to happen. I could face it with Kylan by my side, but that did not make the risk any less real.

"Are you nervous about tomorrow?" Kylan asked. "Do you want to talk about it?"

I shook my head. "I don't want to think about tomorrow. Not right now."

Before he could get another word out, I shifted and straddled him, my knees on either side of his legs. His breath caught for just a second, and his hands lifted, unsure where to go before they settled at my hips.

"So no talking, I assume?"

I hummed and shook my head, my arms sliding around his neck as I leaned in until our foreheads touched and our noses brushed.

"Violet," he whispered. His hands moved slowly at my waist, drawing small circles, like he was savoring the moment. "You're going to have to spell it out for me," he chuckled softly, clearly enjoying this far too much. "What do you want to do?"

I pulled back just enough to look at him, my brows drawn together. He already knew what I wanted, but he enjoyed hearing me say it, especially when it gave him something to tease me about.

"No. What do you want to do?" I threw back at him.

"I'm not sure," Kylan yawned, long and dramatic.

With a smirk, he placed his hands on my sides and pushed me off so he could get up. I gasped as my back landed on the mattress, then propped myself up on my shoulders, staring after him.

"I'm going to take a shower and go to bed," he said. "It's going to be a

long day tomorrow."

My head tilted, and my brain froze as I needed a second to catch up.

Another yawn left him as he stretched his arms over his head and walked toward the bathroom like nothing had happened, leaving me there in shock.

I stayed still for another moment, trying to decide if I was confused, offended, or impressed.

That never happened to me.

Kylan never rejected me.

The water had already been running for a while when his voice called out, "Are you coming or not?"

My lips instantly curved into a relieved smile. I got up and made my way toward the bathroom, stopping midway to glance at the black cage in the corner. Innocent-looking or not, that thing gave me the creeps. 

As soon as I entered, my eyes were drawn to Kylan's bare body behind the glass, the shower running over him. When he glanced over his shoulder and saw me leaning against the door, he chuckled and looked at me calmly, like he had all the time in the world.

I did not, but that didn't stop me from looking at him.

He looked like a god. Almost too perfect to be real, and I would never get tired of seeing him.

Water cascaded from his broad shoulders, all the way down his chest, highlighting every muscle, trailing all the way down to his—



I swallowed my lips to prevent my breath from hitching and took a step forward. Slowly, I peeled off my clothes, piece by piece. I wanted him to look because I knew his eyes were still on me, even when he pretended not to care.

My thong slid down my thighs as I was down to the last two pieces of clothing, and his lip twitched in amusement. I unbuckled my bra next, the clasps snapping open with a soft click.

With a sarcastic smirk, I tossed it away, letting it land with a soft thud against the glass wall of the shower.

He cracked a laugh and turned away as if it hadn't fazed him. I joined him, and stepped under the spray with purpose, the warm water washing over my skin. I circled Kylan slowly until I stood in front of him, feeling his eyes on me as they wandered, tracing every curve.

The moment stretched so long I waited for him to say something, to touch me, but he didn't.

Instead, he brushed his wet hair back from his face, infuriatingly calm.

"Do you want something?" he exhaled, resting his hand on the tile just above my head. A lazy smile appeared on his face.

If this was really how he wanted to play, fine.

I laughed, then clicked my tongue as I reached out and grabbed his arm to pull it down. "Yes. We might all die tomorrow, so we might as well fuck like it'll be our last."

Kylan's laugh broke through the steam, and I immediately felt my cheeks glow. He caught my wrist, brushing his thumb over my skin. "Puppy," he said, amused. "What's up with the language? Since when do you talk like

that?"

I tilted my head, shooting him a daring look. "Like what?"

He didn't answer with words. He closed the small space between us, his eyes darkening into something hungry. Then his hand cupped the back of my head, and his fingers tangled in my wet hair as he pulled me closer to bring his lips down to mine. 1

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