

### Chapter 377

Violet

The first touch was soft. A small peck as his lips parted from mine and returned. The second was much firmer.

My lips parted as he deepened the kiss, his tongue sliding in and leaving me weak in his arms. A low hum escaped him, vibrating through my throat as he moved closer, until all I could taste was him. Nothing else.

One hand slipped from my cheek and settled beneath my breast, covering it fully.

A moan fell from my lips as he squeezed, his thumb finding my nipple and slowly circling it through our slick skin.

Kylan broke the kiss, and a quiet gasp slipped from me as I was suddenly spun, a strong arm locking around my waist. My stomach met the cold wall, the tiles sending a chill to my breasts.

My nipples tightened at the presence behind me, an erection pressing into my ass. His mouth found the side of my neck, building anticipation.

He wasn't doing anything, just breathing hot against my skin, and it drove me insane.

"Don't stop. What are you doing?" I sighed, pushing back to search for friction. Kylan's response was immediate. A low groan left him, and his hand pressed against my back, forcing me into the tiles again.

I pushed back once more, but before I could grind into him, he pressed me harder and let his lips brush against my ear. "You're not dying tomorrow," he murmured. "I won't let you. Ever."



I squealed as he turned me around and lifted me with ease, his hands sliding under my thighs. My arms flew around his neck as he carried me out of the shower, water trailing behind us and dripping onto the floor.

"The floor!" I giggled, still breathless.

Kylan ignored me as he headed for the bed and tossed me onto it without a second thought. His body hovered over mine almost instantly, water dripping from his hair onto my face and my breasts.

I cupped his cheek. "You made everything wet," I laughed.

A corner of his mouth lifted. "Isn't that the point?"

I rolled my eyes playfully as I pulled his face down to mine. This kiss was different. There was no teasing, no slow build, only hunger. His mouth claimed mine with an intensity I had never felt before.

My head spun as my hands slid into his hair, his weight settling fully over me. The feeling of him pressing against my thigh drove me insane, leaving me wanting more and more. A desperate sound slipped from my lips when he finally pulled away and trailed his mouth from my lips down my jaw, his tongue tracing a hot, wet path to the sensitive spot where my neck met my shoulder. His kisses softened, but remained there as they always did.

A faint whimper escaped me, and I turned my head, only to make the mistake of looking toward the wrong corner of the room where Kylan had left the cage.

A knot formed in my stomach, and I quickly turned away before I could even think of that thing inside it.

Nope.



Not now.

I shut my eyes tight, forcing myself to narrow to this room, this bed, Kylan...

Tomorrow's issues could wait for now. My head fell back into the pillow, offering him more of my neck. He could take all he wanted, and I would let him.

Kylan exhaled against my damp skin, inhaling deeply with his nose pressed to my skin. "It smells so fucking good," he whispered, his voice rough with longing. "I just want to—"

He cut himself off and went back to what he was doing, but I knew what he had meant to say.

'I just want to mark you.'

Then mark me.

Please.

He always said it, so why not now?

There was a hesitation in his voice. A strange, unfamiliar crack. I didn't like it, but for tonight, I chose to ignore it.

"You're taking so long today," I remarked with a grin. A low, helpless hum tore from my throat as I tilted my head back and closed my eyes.

He let out a quiet laugh against my skin. "I was going to give you exactly what you wanted," he whispered. "But you kind of ruined the mood with what you said back there."

"Do you mean the fuck me like it's our last thing?" I laughed with him. I



was certain he was joking, but then he pulled back.

Shocked, my eyes shot open as I suddenly felt his weight leave my body before he got off the bed and stepped away. "I think," he added calmly, brushing his hand through his wet hair, "I'll just finish my shower and fix the situation you caused down there by myself."

I followed his eyes as they traveled to his still visible erection.

"Wait, what?" I said, confused.

Kylan shook his head, chuckling. Even though his actions were harsh, his eyes turned soft. "When I fuck you tomorrow, it won't be because it's our last, but because we'll have something to celebrate."

Then he turned away without another word, walking back toward the shower as if he hadn't just left me hanging for the second time.

I stared at his back, stunned. All the way until he disappeared.

What the hell?

A laugh escaped me before I could stop it. Sure, I was pissed, but his words also warmed my heart because they sounded like a promise he would have to keep.

"Something to celebrate," I repeated.

If only...

—

It wasn't the morning light that awakened me, but an annoying croaking sound that filled my ears.



I moaned and tried to roll over, but couldn't move my arm. Kylan had it wrapped tightly around my waist as it had been all night, his body pressed against my back like a wall.

"Hey!" I hissed, kicking him with my leg. It was a soft kick, but as soon as the sound filled my ears again, I kicked him a bit harder.

"Stop doing that," I muttered, still half asleep.

Kylan's body shifted, and he released a soft groan. "How about you stop that?" he said, his voice hoarse.

"It's not me."

"Well," he said, "it's not me either, Pup."

The sound didn't stop and just kept going faster and louder.

"You've left the window open," I decided. He had probably opened it after his eventful shower last night when he went to cool off after whatever crisis he'd had in the bathroom.

A small, sleepy chuckle left me, but it stopped as his arms disappeared from my body. Kylan sat up so fast it startled me.

My heart jumped as I sat up straight too. "What's wrong?"

I tried to find his gaze, but he wasn't looking at me. His wide eyes were locked on the corner of the room, and when I followed his gaze, I knew what the problem was.

The cage.

Thorne was awake.



The raven flapped his wings wildly inside the small space as panicked sounds tore from his throat, the cage rattling with each movement.

Suddenly the room felt colder. Kylan and I looked at each other, but neither of us said a word. There were no words needed to make out the shocked expression on his face.

If Thorne was awake...then that meant...

"Do you think—"

Before I could finish, two loud knocks slammed against the door. We didn't move, didn't blink, just kept our eyes locked as more knocks came.

"Your Highness," a guard called urgently from the other side. "You must come right away!"

Kylan swallowed so hard I saw his throat bob. "What is it?" he yelled back.

"Prince Kayden!" The guard said, his voice shaking. "It's good news, it's...it's...a miracle!"

Kylan's jaw tightened. "What is?"

There was a pause that felt like minutes, and I felt close to fainting.

"He's awake, isn't he?" I whispered to Kylan.

The guard's voice shook as he spoke. "He... he..."

Kylan's eyes hardened. "He what?" he demanded sharply.

"He...They say he walks again."

Walks...



Kylan didn't react at all. His face paled, and he went completely still before several expressions took over. Shock. Disbelief. Something dark I hadn't seen before.

No.

This couldn't be true...

I pressed my hand to my chest as my heart started racing, pounding so hard it almost hurt. It felt as if I was going to die.

No.

No.

No.

This couldn't be happening.

This wasn't supposed to happen.

What the fuck?

Nothing about this felt like good news.

Nothing at all.

