

Chapter 487

Violet

"Well then, I guess this is it," Trinity said with a yawn. After a quiet and uncomfortable trip, we were back at Starlight and stood in the courtyard. It was already way past midnight.

Trinity stretched her arms over her head and walked into Dylan, who was standing behind her. Dylan gave us a lazy wave of his hand before they walked off together.

Now it was just the three of us. Me, Nate, and Kylan.

"You're staying with me, right?" Kylan asked.

No, not a chance.

After everything that went down tonight, I'd surely sleep in my own bed.

Was he serious?

I fluttered my eyes and nodded with a hum.

Kylan smiled in return, and we started making our way toward the building. Nate let out a long sigh as we reached the corridor toward the stairs.

"So," he said. "Jorn's gonna be a real treat in a few hours."

Kylan let out a laugh.

"You know how he gets in the morning," Nate went on. "He's like seventy times worse. I should have drunk more of Trinity's tea."

My eyes narrowed as Kylan let out another laugh, and the two started talking about something completely unrelated to what had been going on. I drifted after them, only thinking one thing.

How?

I didn't know how they were doing this. How they could just be talking, joking about Jorm and tea, like we had not spent our night sitting on a woven mat inside a stone temple while Aelius was speaking of a war.

Kylan had just heard he would have to learn how to control Baelor, but it sure didn't look like it.

They were just joking through it, and I wasn't the type who would get bothered by something like that, but it landed wrong tonight.

My head was somewhere else entirely. It was with mom and dad, Kian, and the two halves of Baelor. It was with that stupid nightmare that had been too unclear to make out a location.

"See you later, Violet."

My heart jumped a little. "Huh?"

I looked around me. I had not realized we had reached Nate's floor or that I had even taken the stairs at all.

Nate was standing at the door to his hallway, his eyebrows raised at me with a small smirk on his lips. "Yes, she's already asleep," he chuckled. "Later, Vivi."

He shook his head once, disappeared down his hallway, and then it was just the two of us. Me and Kylan.

His gaze locked onto mine, and I took the time to get a good look at him.

The man behind those beautiful eyes was crazy enough to go on some kind of rescue mission by himself, and the longer I looked, the more I regretted it. We should've asked Aelius for another way and—

"Pup!"

"Yes!"

I felt the heat rise to my cheeks. "What is it?" I muttered.

Kylan drew a breath. "Do you know why they invented stairs?"

I stared at him, my head already working overtime. Was this some kind of hint about the cave?

"No?" I said.

He released a short laugh. "So we can go from one floor to the other."

Oh...

Heat rushed through my cheeks, and I quickly looked away, feeling embarrassed. Kylan's hand rested on my lower back as he gave me a gentle push to guide me up the stairs.

"Come on. Move."

We walked to his room, and as soon as we got in and the door closed behind us, Kylan let out a long, tired breath. "Interesting night," he said.

Interesting night?

I stayed by the door for a moment, my arms folded as I just watched him. Truthfully, I didn't know what to do with him right now.

After all of...that, that was his final response? Interesting night...


Kylan pulled his jacket off and dropped it over the chair. His shirt came up next. He lifted it over his head in one go and tossed it onto the bed. Then his hands went to his belt, and he started unbuckling it.

I bit my bottom lip, still trying to figure out what exactly was happening. "What are you doing?"

"Shower," he said, like it was obvious. "Did you not hear Jörn will be brutal tomorrow...well, I suppose later."

He pushed his jeans down his hips and stepped out of them. "You can join if you want to," he offered.

"No, thanks." I chuckled, shaking my head. "I'll go after you. I have a lot of thinking to do."

"Is that it?" he said, glancing at me sideways. A small smirk reached his lips. "Or are you worried Baelor is going to jump out and get you?" 

Seriously?

Kylan chuckled at his own joke, then raised his hands in surrender. "I'll be good and keep my hands to myself. I promise."

My pulse quickened for a moment as he hooked his thumbs into the waistband of his boxers and shoved them down. My eyes nearly shot to the ceiling before they could see anything.

I had told myself, not yet, and looking down there was dangerous. A trap, and I had been there before. I knew better.

Kylan laughed under his breath as he walked past me toward the bathroom. "Come on, Pup," he said, opening the door. "We've been together for how long now?"

I stood in the middle of his room, finally dropping my head. Forget the boxers. I still could not wrap my head around how he could be so...normal.

He was the one who liked to talk about things, analyze them, and figure out our next move. So why wasn't he doing it now?

I let out a frustrated breath through my nose and decided to rush after him. Seconds later, I found myself in the bathroom.

"Kylan?"

He was already at the shower, his fingers twisting the handles before my ears filled with the sound of water. "Violet?" he said, glancing at me for a second.

Nope...

This wasn't happening. He didn't get to take a shower and wash his beautiful hair after the night we had just had. He didn't get to pretend everything was fine.

Before I knew it, I started pulling my own clothes off until there was nothing on my body. I pulled the shower door open, repeating the same words in my head.

Eyes up...

As soon as I stepped in, Kylan let out a laugh of disbelief. "You followed me in here?"

I felt my cheeks burn. "Well yes...you're being weird."

"I'm being weird?"

A sigh came out as he turned his back against me. He let the water run

down his body, running his hands through his hair. My eye twitched as I ducked under his arm to stand in front of him again. My back hit the cold tile as my hands planted flat against his chest to block him from bailing.

Eyes up, Violet.

Eyes up...

Kylan looked down at me, the corner of his lips curling into a smile. "You're cute when you get all serious."

I pushed his chest. It was just a small push to make a point, but it ended up hurting me instead. "Ow!" I winced and shook my hand.

"What was that?" Kylan said, biting back a smile.

"Kylan," I said, raising my brows. "Are we just...not going to talk about any of it? Just go to sleep and wait for Aelius to call us again?"

His smile faded a little, and he released the smallest breath. His eyes shifted to the tile floor before they found me again. This time they were less playful than before. A bit more serious.

"I know all of this might be sensitive, Violet," he said softly. "I was only trying to give you a minute. I didn't want to come in and dump it on you the second the door closed."

That made sense.

"Well," I said, raising my chin. "I do want to talk about it."

He breathed out slowly, his thumb reaching up to brush along the side of my face. "I don't want to fight you ever again," he chuckled. "I hated it, and you heard what Aelius said."

"I don't want to fight you either. I just want to talk," I said defensively.

"Okay." His eyes stayed on mine. "So talk."

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