



Chapter 507

Violet

I leaned against the door with a small smile on my lips and watched as Kylan picked Jumpie and Thorne up from the floor.

"Come on, you two," he murmured. "It is bedtime for you."

A giggle slipped out of me. He looked good doing that. He had this habit of talking to them, and while back home, I got called weird for doing it, he didn't care much. He wasn't embarrassed or self-conscious.

There was just something about him handling them like that and murmuring to his unusual pets like a tired dad.

Jumpie latched onto Thorne's wing, and Kylan put them both in Thorne's cage, leaving the door open.

"I feel bad for keeping them in here," Kylan suddenly said. "I was thinking...maybe we could build them a house?"

He looked over his shoulder. "What do you say?"

He was talking to me, but my eyes were mostly fixed on the way the muscle in his arm shifted as he pulled the cage. It was the same as when he used to...

I took a breath.

Clean thoughts, Violet.

Even so, I couldn't help but bite my bottom lip as I waited patiently.

"Of course you'd say yes," Kylan answered for me. He said it under his



breath. "You're Violet."

He had not noticed me yet. Not the way I was standing against the door, watching him, waiting for him. Or maybe he did and had just been playing it cool.

"All finished?" I asked softly.

Kylan's eyes went from the shirt I was wearing to my bare legs, then traveled up until he met my gaze. His brows pulled in just slightly.

I stepped forward, a smile pulling at the corner of my mouth. He started walking toward me too.

"You have been staring at me, Pup," he chuckled. "And it's confusing me because you said..."

"I know what I said." A small laugh slipped out. The space between us got smaller, and when we stood close enough, I reached up and wrapped both my arms around his neck.

His hands were on my waist, so were his eyes as his thumb pressed into my hip. "Do you remember those other plans I was talking about?"

Kylan responded with a low hum. "Yes, I remember."

I let out a small breath. "I haven't even really thought about what's inside of you for a while," I hinted. "Which is definitely a record for me, honestly." I rolled my eyes. "And now I'm thinking of the best way possible to tell you what I want you to do without sounding too desperate."

A slow grin appeared on his face. He backed me up until my back hit the wall. A breath caught in my throat as his other hand went flat against the wall beside my head. My heart raced, and his shirt on my body suddenly

felt too thin. I wanted him closer.

His fingers brushed a strand of hair behind my ear. Then his thumb pressed against my chin, lifting it so my eyes had no choice but to meet his.

"Pup."

"Kylan."

I gazed into his eyes intensely. His eyes had a certain look to them. They were soft, yet eager and hungry.

"I want you to be sure," he whispered, smiling through his intense look. "I don't want you to..."

Before he could say something else, I pulled his head down and closed the distance. His lips met mine, soft and careful. My fingers curled in the back of his hair, pulling him in even closer.

I gasped as his mouth opened against mine and felt his tongue slide inside. My head tilted to deepen it, and his hand tightened at my waist.

A small sound came out of me into his mouth as I tugged at the hem of his shirt. Before it could lead to anything more, Kylan pulled back just enough to rest his forehead against mine. His breath was warm against my mouth.

"Are you sure, Pup?"

I gave him a sly smile. "What do you think?"

He chuckled against my lips. "No. Not what do you think. I need an answer."



"In that case," I chuckled back. "Yes. I am sure."

He was quick to close the gap again. This time there was nothing soft about it. His tongue moved with intent as my back pressed harder into the wall. One of his hands reached for the side of my jaw while the other slid down from my waist to the curve of my hip.

I could feel everything. The heat of his bare chest, the shape of him through his sweats, and most importantly, the bit of self-control he still had left. It was like he was reminding himself to keep some part of himself in check.

The kiss got messier. Slopier, as neither of us wanted to stop for air. I sighed into his mouth when his teeth caught my lower lip, my nails dragging along the back of his neck. His thumb brushed over my jaw before sliding down the side of my throat.

Then his mouth left mine and moved to my neck. A moan slipped out as his tongue brushed across my skin. I closed my eyes and let my head fall back against the wall, letting myself enjoy the moment.

It felt perfect. Better than I had even let myself hope for.

When I tilted my head to give him more access, his fingers had already slipped beneath my shirt, settling just beneath my breast.

See?

I could still do this.

Those were my thoughts just now until a terrifying image flashed behind my eyelids. Red eyes. Cold eyes. Baelor's eyes...

The image was there for less than a second, but it was enough. My body tensed, and I pulled away. Hard.



Both of my palms pressed against Kylan's chest, and I made a sound of frustration. I felt like an idiot.

Kylan took a small step back, his eyes more worried than disappointed. "Violet?"

"Sorry," I blurted. "Sorry, sorry!"

My legs rushed forward again, and I leaned my head against his shoulder so I would not have to look at his face. I couldn't even tell what the hell that was or why I had done that.

Kylan let out a small chuckle and rested his chin against the top of my head. "It's okay," he whispered.

I pulled back to look at him. "No," I stated. "It is not okay."

"It is."

"It's not." I shook my head slowly. "I mean, yes, it is okay, but the part that's not okay is that I don't know what's wrong with me...I think."

Kylan gave me a questioning look. "You think?" His eyes had softened, but there was still no judgment behind them. Several breaths slipped past his lips as he gently took my hand and walked me to the bed.

We both sat down on the edge, our hands still tangled together. He turned to face me. "You can tell me, Violet," he said. "You can tell me anything. What is the issue?"

I let out a small laugh through my nose. "So this is going to sound stupid ..."

"Since Elyx told me he cares about me, nothing sounds stupid anymore." Kylan let out a chortle. Despite the situation, I couldn't help but laugh.

"Try."

I dropped my eyes to our hands and rubbed my thumb across his knuckles. "When I am holding you, kissing you," I began, "I feel in control. I can feel you. I can feel us," I explained.

Kylan furrowed his brows. "Yes?"

"But the moment I cannot see your eyes anymore...the moment I close mine...there is this fear that yours will glow red."

I felt terrible for saying it, but saying it out loud made me realize that I did know what the problem was. "I know it is wrong to even think that."

"It is not wrong to think that." Kylan stopped me just in time. A light laugh came from him. "I had my own version of that for a long time," he went on. "When I first let him in...I was so scared. I feared him more than that elevator."

I chuckled at his attempt to lift the mood. "You were?"

"Yes," he confirmed. "I would worry...what if I closed my eyes and Baelor took my body while I wasn't conscious? What if I woke up trapped behind bars inside my own body? What if he hurt you?"

My chest tightened. He had carried that alone the whole time, and I was only finding out now. Well, I was only listening now.

"How did you get over it?" I asked, curious.

He breathed. "It took time."

Took time...

"I don't want time." I wanted to be fully honest with him. "I miss you,



and I do want to be with you." I squeezed his hand. "Maybe we can try again..."

Kylan was already shaking his head. "Not while you're feeling like this," he said. "I mostly care about you, your feelings and I need you to be okay."

"I know," I spoke softly. I bet it wasn't that hard to hear the disappointment in my voice.

Kylan's hand left mine and slowly slid to my inner thigh. A surprised look crossed my face.

His eyes held mine as his lips curled into a kind smile. "Remember the other ways I told you about?"

I looked at him with a questioning expression. "You'll have to explain."

His hand left my thigh and went to my shoulder. He pressed gently, guiding me back until my head met the pillow. Then he climbed up over me, one of his knees between mine. His arms framed either side of my head. I could feel the warmth of him without him pressing down.

"Well..."

His eyes went darker as his hand slid lower, past my collarbone and down my waist until it reached the hem of my shirt. His gaze stayed fixed on me as his fingers carefully brushed over the small shorts underneath before his palm came to rest against my thigh again.

My lips parted, my breaths so loud I was certain he could hear them, and his eyes had yet to leave mine as his hand started climbing up. His hand kept climbing, slow and patient, like he wanted me to feel every inch of the path.



When his palm pressed firmly against me through my shorts, I gasped. My back arched slightly off the bed. I felt sensitive all over. It had been too long, and my whole body responded to him with ease.

His hand had not moved from where it was, and his eyes pierced through mine. "I am going to take you apart with my fingers first."

His thumb dragged again, slower this time. My hips lifted off the bed.

"While you are going to keep those pretty blue eyes on mine the entire time."

My throat bobbed as I waited for him to continue.

"Then I am going to take my time getting down there, and I am going to enjoy it so much," he said, his voice dropping deeper. "I am going to taste you until your legs shake. Until you forget what it is you're fearing. And the whole time, you are going to be looking right at me, and you are going to see for yourself exactly what color my eyes stay."

After saying all of that, a tender smile reached his lips. "How does that sound?"

A breath I had been holding rushed out of me.

"Okay," I whispered. "We can do that."

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