

Chapter 575

Violet

My mouth hadn't had a single pause since we came back from Bloodstone Haven, and even now, sitting on Kylan's bed, it was still going.

I had told him about the Life Sense, about everything Aelius had taught me today, and he just listened. The whole way back, and now here too, without interrupting me even once.

When I finally paused to take a breath after all those hours, I got the time to actually look at him. That's when I noticed that I was the only one who had said anything. I had been curious about how everything went with Varius, but he had just let me do the talking until this point.

Since there wasn't much to say on his part, I just suspected that perhaps they had taken it easy today.

"Are you okay?" I asked. A small smile curled his lips, though his jaw was tight.

"Yes. Keep talking."

Only now could I see there was something heavy behind his eyes that hadn't been there when we left this morning.

When he didn't respond, the smile slipped off my face. "Okay," I said, my hand slapping his knee. "What's wrong?"

I could've just reached through the bond, but I chose not to. Whatever this was, I wanted him to hand it to me. Tell me himself.

"This is me respecting you," I said after a while. I brought my hand to his cheek. "Not me digging through your feelings when I very much could, you'd better appreciate it." I nudged his shoulder. "I can use the mate

bond, the Life Sense —“

“I know.” Kylan let out a chuckle, and playfully pushed my hand away from his face. Then he caught it before it could drop, holding it in his. “Violet,” he breathed, his thumb moving over the back of my knuckles.

He stared deeply into my eyes. “I saw your parents.” His words were so clear, I couldn’t have missed them. It was like he didn’t want to repeat himself.

My grip on his hand loosened, my brows pulling together. “What?” My voice came out small. Even though I knew what he had said, some part of me still needed the confirmation.

“I saw your parents,” he said again, slower this time. “Inside the realm.”

His eyes bored into mine, carefully. He was bracing himself for how I would take it. “I used Baelor’s eyes today,” he continued. “I could do this thing where I traveled with them, so I did...and it was Baelor who had led me to the realm.”

He held my gaze while mine begged him to keep going. My chest went tight. “My parents?” I whispered.

Kylan seemed to hesitate, but ended up giving me a nod. “Your dad’s alive,” he said. “But he’s bound to some kind of crystal and weak...barely breathing.”

His grip on my hand tightened as a thousand thoughts went through my mind. At least now I knew I wasn’t crazy, and that Gloria was most likely really getting whatever she wanted by hurting Dad.

“Your mom was on her knees,” Kylan went on. “Begging her to stop, and ...”

He swallowed, waiting for me to break, but I didn’t. I also waited for the other wave to hit. For the panic, tears and that thing that would always

happen to me when everything would come crashing down at once. It never came.

I bobbed my head. Because that was about all I could do. "Okay," I said.

Kylan's brows pulled together. "Okay?"

"Okay," I said again, firmer this time.

Because what else was there to say?

"That means I have to work twice as hard, then," I said. "I need to start putting the plan in motion because if they're already this far along, we might have to move everything up. Right?"

Kylan eyed me strangely. "Yes?"

I was sure he felt confused, but his words didn't break me down. If anything, they motivated me. They were alive.

I dragged in a breath. "It means I'll have to tell the team tomorrow, during Elite training?" I decided. "About who I am, what's coming...what I will need from them. I'm going to need their help, and I can't have it while they're still in the dark."

Kylan just kept staring at me, a little dazed.

"That's good," I nodded, my mind already working. "You're the only one who can get into that cave. So you remembering the whole layout might be the most useful thing that happened to anyone today."

It seemed like something that clearly wasn't supposed to be had given us more hope. I doubted those were Baelor's intentions, but that was the truth.

Kylan blinked at me in surprise. I released a chuckle, slightly rolling my eyes. "I know what you're thinking," I said. "That I've changed, and—"

"That's not it," Kylan interrupted. He slid his hand to my waist and pulled me closer. Then he leaned forward, his forehead nearly touching mine. "You haven't changed. You're exactly the same." His thumb brushed against my side. "You just finally started believing what the rest of us already knew."

"Right," I said, a smile tugging at my lips. Kylan shifted closer, resting his forehead against mine.

We just sat there like that, breathing the same air as we let the silence pass. A moment I knew we might not have later, so I treasured all of it.

"You know," he murmured, "we've had a long day. A hard one...well, two if we're counting." His thumb traced a slow line along my hip.

"Yes?" I breathed.

"I think we've earned a little something that isn't training, or planning, or —"

I laughed softly. "So that's what this is," I said, pretending to be offended. "You waited until after the serious conversation to try and finish what we started in the hut."

Kylan hummed, tipping his head like he was giving it deep, serious thought. "Maybe?" he said innocently.

I gazed into his warm eyes, then slowly moved. My body shifted until I settled into his lap, my knees on either side of him as my hand rested against his chest. A breath slipped past my lips as his hands went to my hips, gripping and squeezing me closer.

As we stared at each other, the look in his eyes darkened. Then his lips crashed onto mine.

The kiss was anything but careful. It was hungry from the first second, his hands dragging through my hair to pull me down harder against him.

It was all the tension of the last two days pouring out of me at once. A small sound slipped out against his lips as his grip moved to my waist.

My hands found the hem of his shirt and I tugged it up. I broke the kiss just long enough to pull it over his head before tossing it somewhere in the room. Seconds later, my lips were on his again.

His skin was warm under my palms as I dragged them down his chest. "Pup," Kylan warned, breaking the kiss.

He flipped us over in one smooth motion, and suddenly my back hit the mattress. He was above me, his weight settling over me as his mouth found my throat again.

I gasped, my fingers curling into his hair, my whole body arching up into him. He pinned my wrists gently above my head, kissing his way back up to my jaw. "I hope you locked the door," I sighed, teasing.

I felt him smile against my throat. "Nobody's interrupting us tonight." His breath was hot against my skin. "I'll kill them if they try."

His hand slid down between us, and when his fingers pressed between my thighs, and my breath caught hard in my throat. My lips parted as watched me the whole time, that dark, satisfied look on his face.

"Kylan," I breathed, my hips lifting to meet his.

"I've got you," he murmured, kissing along my collarbone. His lips traveled higher and higher until I couldn't think straight. I couldn't do anything but hold onto him.

Suddenly, we got interrupted by three loud knocks on the door. "Brother!" A bright and cheerful voice came out.

A laugh burst out of me as Kylan dropped his head straight down against my shoulder. He groaned in frustration.

Of course...

"So," I said, running my fingers through his hair, his heavy body on top of mine. "Are you going to kill your sister?"

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