

Rebel Witch: The Crimson Moth: Book 2

NINETEEN

RUNE

THEY WERE IN THE boiler room.

Heat steamed the air, curling her hair and making it stick to her sweaty skin. And *he* was there in front of her.

They were arguing. Something about a cravat. She wanted him to wear it, and he was refusing.

The mist swirled around them. He walked her backward, angry. Her shoulders hit the wall, cornered. She shoved him. He grabbed her wrists. They glared at each other. His eyes dropped to her mouth. Hers followed suit.

They were arguing again—only not with words. His mouth was on hers, hot and insistent; hers was hungry, insatiable, devouring.

I don't want to hunt you anymore, he growled in her ear.

What do you want to do to me?

Her hands tugged his hair.

His fingers unbuttoned her shirt.

This. He pinned her to the wall and murmured her name into her skin. *Rune, Rune ...*

“Wake up.”

Rune's head pounded. Her mouth was dry. And the room was rocking.

“Rune, *wake up.*”

She opened her eyes, squinting in the darkness.

“Are you all right?”

She looked up into Gideon’s face. Real Gideon, not dream Gideon. He was leaning over her, shirtless. His skin gleamed with sweat. Behind him was the cabin’s oak-paneled ceiling.

“You kept thrashing. I didn’t know what else to do.”

Rune sat up and looked down at herself. The sheets were twisted around her legs, and his white cotton shirt stuck to her sweaty skin. Even her hair was damp and sticky.

She glanced back to Gideon, sitting in a pool of moonlight. A hint of stubble shadowed his jaw, and sleep had mussed his dark hair.

Ancients help me.

She’d been having a sex dream about Gideon Sharpe. *While lying right next to him.*

Mortified, she scooted away, pressing her back up against the wall and pulling her knees to her chest. She tugged the hem of his shirt down to her toes to hide herself from view.

The only sleepwear she'd packed was lingerie. Lingerie chosen for a romantic getaway with Soren. There was no way in hell she was going to wear it while lying next to Gideon.

Hence his shirt. On her body.

"Why is it so hot in here?"

"I tried to open the window, but it's sealed shut."

She thought of her dream. Of the heat and the sweat and the ...

"Did I ... say anything?" Her voice sounded strained in her ears. "Or ... do anything?"

She winced at the thought.

Please tell me I didn't embarrass myself!

For the merest beat of a heart, Gideon hesitated. Then shook his head. He pushed himself to the bed's edge, where she heard him pour something.

“Here.” He handed her a glass of water. “For your headache.”

Rune took it.

“I’m going back to sleep.”

She watched him move back to his side and lie down, facing away from her. The mattress was so small, if he sprawled on his back, he’d take up the whole bed.

Rune sipped at the water, head throbbing, not trusting herself to lie down. Or close her eyes.

When he’d fallen back to sleep, she got dressed and slipped from the room.

No more wine, she told herself. You’re officially done with alcohol. Forever.