

Chapter 170

Violet

I stared at him, heart pounding in my chest, trying to process what he'd just said.

"But if you want me to...I can take care of you again."

It was such a simple request, yet nothing about Kylan had ever been simple. Did I want him to? Of course. But before I would make a complete fool of myself, I waited for him to push me off, to tell me he had changed his mind. Only, it never happened.

Still straddling him, I slowly reached up and cupped his face in my hands. My thumbs brushed his cheekbones as I looked into his eyes, filled with sincerity.

"It's not just want," I whispered. "I need you. But only if you want this too...not out of pity or obligation."

I knew I had now given him the power to stop, but I didn't care. It wasn't just about me. I didn't want to force him, I wanted him to want me just as much.

Kylan frowned. "You don't get it," he murmured, flipping us with ease so that he was on top of me. "I've always wanted this."

His face hovered just inches above mine, dark and intense. Then he smiled. It was the soft kind that always made me melt because I barely got to see it, though I had been seeing it a lot more often lately.

Without thinking, I leaned in and pressed my lips to his. He immediately kissed me back, so gently I could barely function. His lips moved slowly against mine, like he didn't want to rush, like he wanted it to last forever. Not wanting the kiss to end, I tangled my fingers in his hair, trying to pull him closer.



It was a cute thing he was being gentle, but I didn't have any time for gentle. I wanted him to take me as hard as he desired.

A soft gasp left my mouth, feeling his hand slide beneath my knee. He lifted one leg, grinding up against me, causing a helpless sound to slip from my throat.

Overwhelmed, I pulled back my head, breaking the kiss before resting it against his, trying to catch my breath.

"Are you good?" Kylan asked, his breath mingling with mine. I gave him the smallest nod, and that was enough for him. His fingers slipped beneath my top, and my breath hitched as he traced my waist.

Then he kissed me again, deeper this time like he couldn't hold back anymore. His hands moved fast, and in a matter of time, he had stripped me down to just my bra and thong. Before I could catch my breath, his hand slid between my legs.

I gasped, my back arching at the first touch.

"You're soaked," he murmured, his fingers pressing against the thin fabric. His eyes never left mine as he began teasing circles over my clit through the lace, watching every little reaction.

Then he slipped his finger under my thong without warning, sliding it through my folds. "Eyes on me," he demanded, right as he pushed his finger inside.

My mouth fell open with a soft gasp, but I couldn't dare to look away. A breathy moan slipped out, hips twitched at the sudden sensation.

"I want to see you," he whispered, then curled a second finger inside of me.

"Kylan..." A broken moan slipped from my lips.



"You feel that, Puppy?" he said hoarsely. "How wet you are for me."

I held onto his shoulders, gasping, my thighs shaking as he drove me to the edge. It was embarrassingly fast, but I didn't care. All I wanted was to fall apart, and my body was seconds away from giving in.

"Let go."

I came with a loud cry, hips jerking, my walls clenching around his fingers. He didn't stop, working me through every wave until I was left trembling and breathless.

A chuckle came from Kylan's lips as he slid out his fingers. He brought them to my lips, and I stared, wide-eyed, as he brushed them across my mouth.

"Open."

I obeyed, opening my mouth so he could slip one inside. I didn't even think, my mind already numb as I sucked, tasting myself on his finger while he watched me with a burning gaze.

"Good girl," he praised. He guided me gently until I was straddling him again, and I could instantly feel him through his sweats. He was hard, thick, and pressing right against me.

Maybe Aelius was right about me. My patience was non-existent as I grabbed him through his sweats, earning a low and quiet groan. Kylan took control easily, pinning my hand in place so he could hold me still. His free hand worked fast as it had already found its way to my bra, unclasping it with a quick flick before tossing it aside.

Now I was bare, exposed and his hungry gaze would not turn away. As soon as my nipples were met with the cold air, they hardened. A soft moan slipped from my lips as soon as Kylan's hands cupped my breasts, his thumbs circling over my buds.



"Violet," he said my name so perfectly, his eyes locking with mine. "I want you to ride me."

My heart jumped. I knew I had done it before, in a semi-public area, inside of a car, no less, but something about taking the lead in an actual bed felt much more intimate to the point it made my stomach twist.

"No," I said quickly, though I really wanted to.

"No?" Kylan cracked a small smile.

"I...I'm embarrassed," I admitted. "And I don't like being in charge."

I bit down on my lip, suddenly unsure of every little stupid detail. How to move, where to put my hands, how to look at him without feeling exposed or pulling some weird face.

"You are embarrassed?" Kylan let out a low chuckle, pulling me closer. He bent down to close his mouth around one of my nipples, and swirled his warm tongue, pulling another moan from my lips.

Then he pulled back, his eyes still fixed on where his mouth had just been. "You've got nothing to be embarrassed about," he said. "Look at you...you're perfect."

He massaged my breasts with his hands, just enough to make me release a shuddering breath. "Don't you agree?" He looked up at me.

A whimper slipped out before I could stop it, my body arching into him.

"Come on, say it," he whispered, still kneading my breasts. "Say you're perfect."

"I'm perfect," I breathed. My words were shaky, and I wasn't quite sure whether I truly meant it, but the moment was real.

Kylan gave me one final squeeze, then leaned back just enough to reach into the drawer. My eyes followed every moment, heat already flooding



between my legs as he pulled out a condom.

I couldn't look away, especially not when he pushed his sweats down, freeing himself. He was the perfect one. A work of art...

He was thick, hard, already slick at the tip.

Perfect...

My mouth actually watered as I even considered getting a small taste, but I knew my place. I knew that was something I wouldn't be able to take yet, and I didn't want him to bear any responsibility for me possibly choking around him.

So I did the next great thing, which meant taking the condom from his grip. Kylan watched me as I tore it open and rolled it down on him, slow and careful.

He groaned. "I thought you didn't like being in charge."

My cheeks warmed. "Maybe I changed my mind."

Kylan hummed low, gripping my hips to guide me. I lifted, positioning myself right above him, then slowly sank.

I stretched around him, letting out soft breaths as he filled me inch by inch. My fingers gripped his shoulders, and my eyes were shut tight as I tried to breathe through it. He felt just as good as I remembered.

"All the way," he demanded.

Shocked, I opened my eyes, only to see his were locked on mine. A sharp whimper came from my throat as I sank all the way down, feeling him fill me completely. Kylan let out a deep groan beneath me, his fingers digging into my hips. I stayed still for a moment to adjust to his size, my hands resting on his chest as I caught my breath.

Then I started to move. Slow at first, just a simple roll of my hips to test



Kylan's reaction. He hummed. "Just like that," his grip on my thighs tightened. "Fuck, you feel amazing."

A rush of confidence hit me as his praises motivated me to keep going. After a while I found a steady rhythm, riding him deeper, harder, just the way I had imagined it. The pressure inside my core built with every grind, and my moans were loud and shameless as I desperately began to chase my release.

Kylan's hands slid up my body, moving from my waist, to my breasts, just wherever he could touch.

"Look at you," he breathed, enjoying the show. "Taking me so good."

Then he thrust up, hard. I cried out, already breathless, and fell forward onto his chest as he continued, hitting that spot that drove me insane, over and over. A low groan escaped from his lips with every thrust, mixed with quiet curses.

"Do you want to come?" Kylan growled into my ear.

"Yes," I gasped, barely able to speak. "Please," I begged.

Then suddenly, he stopped.

"Wha—?"

I couldn't finish the sentence before he flipped me onto my stomach, pulled my legs apart, and thrust back into me in one deep, hard motion.

I gasped, almost screamed, at how deep he felt. Kylan grabbed my hips, holding me steady as he started moving, hard and fast.

"K-Kylan," I cried out, my voice breaking as pleasure took over.

"You're taking me so well," he growled, not slowing down.

His grip on my waist tightened as he dragged me back into every thrust.



It was just him, me, and the relentless sound of his body slamming into mine.

"Yes, that's it. Come for me."

I was already there. My body tense, a loud cry came from my throat, and then my orgasm ripped through me. My mouth hung open, hands gripped the duvet as I clenched around him.

Kylan groaned behind me, his hands steady on my hips as he slammed into me a few more times before he let out a clear grunt. I felt him twitch inside the condom, then his body dropped against mine. Both of us were breathless, wrecked.

He stayed inside of me, not moving his position while his lips pressed small kisses along my back. We stayed like that for a while until he rolled beside me.

He did what I assumed was getting rid of the condom before he leaned back and wrapped an arm around my waist to pull me closer. The room was quiet as we were both trying to come down from whatever the hell that was.

My body felt numb, empty, but my heart was so full. This wasn't just casual sex anymore. This was way more than that, and he'd be stupid to believe otherwise.

I didn't say anything.

Neither did he.

It was like that for a while until I eventually let out a long sigh and turned to look at him. Kylan was already watching me, his brown eyes soft and concerned.

"You okay?" he asked, brushing through my hair with his hand. "I wasn't too rough with you, was I?"



"No, no!" I shook my head. "It's just...wow."

His lips curled no more than an inch as he pulled me even closer, letting me press my face to his bare chest. His skin was so warm, though his heart beat a bit faster than usual.

"I need you to stop being cute," Kylan said, pressing his lips to my temple to give me a kiss. Then another one, and another one.

"I'm not trying to be cute," I protested, slamming my arms around his body. I rested my chin on his chest so I could look up at him. He looked so effortlessly handsome, like he didn't even have to try. To me, there was no one in the world more beautiful.

He squinted, looking down at me with a smile. "What?"

"Nothing," I said. "I'm just looking at you."

It was true. I was just looking at him, but I was also imagining what it would be like to cuddle up against him every night. He wasn't usually that affectionate, but something had shifted.

Even as he looked down at me, his eyes were filled with a kind of warmth one could only dream about.

I had seen that look before. It was the way Greg used to look at Claire, the way Alaric looked at Adelaide, and the way Dylan looked at Trinity. It was the look you only gave to someone you loved deeply, and for a moment, I truly wanted to believe it.

"Kylan?"

He hummed in response, still staring at me. I considered asking what that look was, but I decided against it and didn't.

I didn't want to ruin this moment, and I certainly didn't want to hear anything that might make me doubt it again.



"Never mind," I nuzzled into his chest again. For now, this was enough. "It's nothing."

Suddenly, a loud chirping sound echoed through the room, ruining whatever moment we had. Kylan instantly looked back at the one who definitely had his love—Jumper.

"What's wrong, Jumpie?" he asked affectionately.

So she had a nickname now? Who would've thought big, cold Kylan would drop everything for a squirrel.

"I know what's wrong," I told him. "She wants to get out of that cage because she's too obsessed with you," I concluded. "You should've named her Chrystal instead."

Though his fingers still brushed through my hair, his focus was fully on Jumper. I couldn't believe I wasn't only competing with his first love, but also a squirrel. I mean—a squirrel?

"She's seriously going to hurt me in my sleep one of these days."

"No, she isn't like that."

"But she wants to."

Kylan chuckled, kissing the top of my head again. "I won't let her, though," he whispered against my hair. "I won't let anyone hurt you, Violet. You're safe with me. Always."