



Chapter 212

Violet

Kylan dragged me through the garden like we were being chased. His hand was wrapped around mine as he led the way. His steps were so fast, even Jumpie, who had been clinging to his shoulders, had a hard time keeping up.

"Where are you taking me?" I laughed, barely being able to hold up my dress with my free hand.

He didn't answer right away, just kept going, pulling me down a path lined with lights and trees. I followed without fighting it, giggling, out of breath, but not minding at all.

Any alone time with Kylan would be worth it.

"Can't we just go back to your room?" I groaned, tugging his hand to slow him down a little.

"Pup," Kylan laughed, turning his head slightly. "The point of escaping is that no one can find us."

Fair enough.

I looked around the garden as we moved deeper into it, and all the violins of the feast faded away. Everything was quiet, and not even the Lyperian guards were around.

The little lights above us twinkled softly, and even the flowers seemed to shimmer in the dark. It was so peaceful, so beautiful, it didn't even feel like the palace. It was just too magical.



"This is the most beautiful sight I've ever experienced in my life," I whispered as I looked up at the lights.

Kylan's head turned to me, still smiling, still holding my hand. His eyes softened as our eyes met.

"It is," he said.

I smiled, glad we were on the same page about that.

He started walking again, and as he took his steps, I let my eyes fall on his back. Even looking at him just felt so safe and perfect, and I was sure Jumpie, who had now settled against his neck, would agree.

Kylan made me feel calm, and in this moment, away from the feast, it felt as if the world had paused for a second.

There were probably a hundred things I could ask him about today. Things I had planned to tell him, and things I had planned to ask. But everything in this moment was just so perfect, I didn't want to ruin it.

For now, it could wait.

As we walked further, I noticed something in the distance. A greenhouse, tucked away behind the trees.

I hadn't seen it this morning.

And if Kylan, or anyone else, hadn't brought me there, I probably never would have. We walked toward it, hand in hand, and the closer we got, the more it took my breath away.

Flowers climbed along the glass walls, and the grass looked overgrown, like no one had taken care of it in a long time. We had places like that at



the Bloodrose, but I couldn't imagine something like this wasn't rare to see in Iyperia.

My blue dress was probably muddy, but I didn't care much. Madam Renata probably would, but she wasn't here.

It was just us in this moment...

Kylan looked around like he was checking if anyone might have followed us, then he opened the door. "Let's go," he said, pushing me inside with a smirk.

The greenhouse smelled like fresh flowers. Plants hung from the ceiling, and the glass walls were foggy to the point it almost looked like a dream.

As someone who appreciated nature, there was so much more I wanted to see, but I didn't even get the chance to take it all in because Kylan was still dragging me by the hand.

He led me to a wooden table tucked away in the back. A surprised gasp left my mouth as he swept everything off with his arm. Pots, baskets, everything.

Then he managed to lift me up in one move and placed me onto the table with ease.

"Kylan!" I laughed.

"Yes?" He stepped closer, grabbing the sides of my dress. His hands traveled up the fabric until they settled tight around my waist. All while Jumpie was still on his shoulder.

Kylan's touch was warm, relaxing, and exactly what I had longed for ever since we came to this kingdom.



I placed my hands behind me on the table, breathing in slow. Those dark eyes seemed even darker now. They were focused, hungry, and it wasn't hard to guess what could be behind them.

I smirked at him, biting my lip. "I thought we were going to talk about what you said... and what it meant for u—"

His lips crushed into mine before I could finish. Kylan's lips moved against me like he had wanted to do that all night.

"Violet," he exhaled, pulling back just enough to rest his forehead against mine. His hands cupped my face, thumbs brushing slowly across my cheeks, and his eyes locked onto mine like they were saying a hundred things without needing words.

"We need to talk," I managed to get out. "About you...wanting me to stay here?"

"We will talk about how much you mean to me. I swear we will," he whispered. "But first, I want to show you."

He moved his lips to my neck, grazing the skin with soft kisses that made my breath hitch.

"Show?" I breathed out. "You just want to—"

"Yes," he squeezed my waist hard enough to make me gasp. "I have no idea what you were going to say, but I want to do all of that," he murmured against my skin. "You got me."

His lips didn't stop, trailing hot, open-mouthed kisses down the side of my neck. A soft gasp escaped.

Right when I thought nothing could distract me, a soft bump landed



against my arm, and I looked down.

“Jumpie?”

The tiny squirrel gave me a stink eye before bumping her head against me again and again, like she was mad Kylan had forgotten about her.

She let out one last squeal, then jumped off the table and disappeared somewhere into the green.

But I couldn't focus on her for long. Not with Kylan.

Not with his mouth on my neck...lower now.

He moved slowly, and every inch of my body felt like it was on fire. By the time he got to the top of my chest, his fingers had already managed to slide my dress down to my waist.

I released a small sigh as the air hit my skin, and felt my nipples harden instantly. Even with Kylan's lips, the greenhouse was cold enough to make me shiver.

The moment his mouth wrapped around my nipple, the breeze didn't matter anymore. He circled it with his tongue. Slow, warm, and focused.

“Kylan,” I pulled back his head to look at him. He looked up, his mouth glistening. “You look beautiful.”

His lips brushed along my collarbone. “I love everything about you,” he whispered, “and I'm so proud of the way you handled yourself today.”

I laughed, breathless, threading my hand through his hair as he slid the dress further down my waist. A soft moan escaped as he kissed lower and lower, and then I felt him kiss right below my belly button.



His hands now found their way to my legs, and when he reached the inside of my thigh, he squeezed it gently. My breath caught,

And just like that, I could feel the heat pooling between my legs.

I closed my eyes.

I wanted him.

All of him.

But just when I was about to fully melt into him, my eyes flew open.

No condom.

That wasn't something I could ignore. Not now. Not ever. I wasn't trying to end up raising little wolf pups at Starlight.

I let out a shaky breath. "Kylan—"

"I know," he said immediately. His voice was soft, not even a little disappointed. "I just want to make you feel good. That's all I care about."

Before I could respond, he gently pushed me all the way down until my back touched the cold wood of the table. I flinched a little, but he shushed me with a kiss on my stomach and pushed up my dress so it covered most of my view.

Kylan disappeared between my thighs.

I couldn't see him anymore.

I could only feel.

My protective shorts slid down my legs, followed by my panties, and I bit



my lip, anticipating his touch.

His breath tickled the inside of my thigh.

He kissed me once, then again, a little higher each time. His mouth moved slowly, taking his time. By the time he reached me, I was already shaking.

When his tongue touched me, gentle and sure, the moan that left my mouth came before I could stop it. He moved slowly at first, like he was trying to remember me. Every curve, every bit that drove me insane.

Then his warm lips moved against my most sensitive spot at a steady pace. My hips jerked, and a breathy moan escaped my lips.

I could barely breathe.

"Kylan..." I gasped.

He hummed in response.

The sound vibrated through me, and I rolled my eyes back, throwing my head back to enjoy the moment. Kylan pulled me closer by the thighs, like he wanted more of me, all of me. My hands reached behind me, grabbing the edges of the table for balance as I tried not to fall apart.

It didn't work.

My back arched off the wood, hair falling into my eyes, and I cried out again, louder this time. Loud enough that anyone walking past the greenhouse would be able to hear us.

Maybe it was because I had waited for his touch far too long, but the pleasure built faster than I expected, flooding me so quickly it made my



head spin.

His movements got sharper, faster, and his tongue worked me like he was determined to ruin me. It was all too intense. I didn't know whether I wanted him to stop or keep going. I couldn't even think straight.

I felt myself getting close...too close.

"Please...stop," I gasped, even as my hands tangled in his hair, pulling him closer.

I was so close. My core tightened, and every touch, every flick of his tongue pushed me closer to the edge.

"Ky—"

The sound that was about to leave my mouth was cut short by the door to the greenhouse slamming open with the loudest crash I had ever heard.

"I knew you were doing something to my dau—!"

I let out a startled breath. Kylan vanished from under my dress so fast I barely saw him move. One second he was there, and the next he was on top of me, shielding me with his entire body as his arm flew over my bare chest.

My eyes widened as I blinked at the figure in the doorway.

So it had turned out that the night could in fact get any worse.

"Dad?" I squeaked.

Fergus Hastings stood there, and all I wanted to do in that moment was disappear.



What had I done to the Moon Goddess to deserve this? 1

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