

Chapter 25

Violet

"Mom said it was a favor from an old friend," I replied, sighing as I thought of her. The one who had always supported me, no matter what.

Both her, and Dad.

I had always been extra careful with my glasses because I did not have a choice. I had replaced the frames many times, but never the glasses. Lyperian stone was rare and not replaceable now that it no longer existed.

The glasses were as important as my life. Without them, I had no control over anything.

"How does the stone help you with your problem?" Kylan asked, scooting his body a bit closer.

A warm smile crept onto my lips at his genuine interest. He had become even more curious now that he knew the materials came from Lyperia.

"It helps block out certain energies. Without it, I get overwhelmed by voices or—" I trailed off again, not wanting to get too deep into it. I had already said too much. The last thing I wanted was to go from Puppy to Freak.

Luckily, Kylan didn't push further. When he noticed I was done speaking, he let it go and turned off the light.

The room was dark, and I began feeling uneasy as it hit me I was spending the night in an unfamiliar space, with a guy I desperately forced myself to dislike.

I fidgeted a little, trying to find a comfortable position to fall asleep as soon as possible.

"Are always this restless?" Kylan commented. "Relax."

I sighed, turning my head toward him in the dark. "I'm just not used to sharing a room, that's all."

He chuckled, and even in the darkness, I could sense his signature smirk. "So you Bloodroses are spoiled," he called me out. "I thought your pack was supposed to be humble."

I huffed. "We are humble. I just like my space."

"Fair enough," he mumbled. "You wouldn't survive a day in the palace."

I snorted at his words. "Yes, must be terrible—having more than one room per person."

"No, but what's terrible is having twenty-three siblings."

I nearly choked. "Twenty-three?!"

"Yeah," Kylan confirmed, sounding bored, like it wasn't worth making a fuss over.

I gasped in disbelief. "I mean, that's just...the king must have super seed or something."

Kylan laughter filled the dark room, and I was glad he could appreciate my humor although it wasn't supposed to be funny. "He's dedicated to his job."

"Dedicated, how?"

"Well, you know—" Kylan began before going on some kind of rant about his Dad's fourteen mistresses. I listened attentively, enjoying the sound of his voice.

I used to think it was odd that Kylan had friends, especially since he didn't seem like the talkative type—but believe it or not, the guy could talk.

Turning my body slightly, I suddenly realized my arm brushed his shoulder. Somewhere along the way, I must've shifted closer to him without even noticing. Nervously, I bit my lip, noticing how little space was left between us.

"I—uh, sorry," I apologized, feeling the need to move back.

Before I could move away, Kylan shifted slightly, giving me more space to get comfortable. "The worst thing is birthday season, but everyone knows by now not to expect a gift from me," he said casually, continuing the conversation as if nothing had changed. He seemed completely unfazed by how close we were.

"Not even your sisters?" I chortled, not finding it hard to believe. "I already feel sorry for whoever you'll end up with—but then again, I wouldn't expect you to know what a woman wants."

"I don't know what a woman wants?"

"Yes," I spoke confidently. "Because you're selfish?"

"Selfish?" His tone shifted.

Was he just going to repeat everything I said? Yes, selfish.

I felt the heat from his body as he moved closer "If I were really that selfish, I would've pushed you back to your side a long time ago," he murmured, his voice low.

His eyes were on me, and I could feel it—even in the dark. Before I could say anything, his hand was suddenly at my chin, pulling my face toward him.

His touch sent a shock through my body, and I stopped moving—unsure of what would happen next.

"And in terms of knowing what a woman wants," I could feel his breath near my lips. I swallowed hard, as I found myself staring into the darkness, where his face must've been just inches away.

Then it happened.

His lips crashed against mine, harder than expected. The kiss was hungrier, more desperate than the first one we had shared—and I couldn't help but gasp into his mouth.

One of his hands moved around my throat, not tight but firm enough for me to feel a strange feeling in my underbelly. He broke the kiss and trailed his lips to my jawline, kissing and sucking gently.

Every touch, every kiss affected my breathing, and I found myself melting into him. I couldn't think straight, and before I knew it, a soft hum escaped my lips.

"So, you think I don't know what a woman, huh?" his voice trembled against my skin. "Is that what you think, Puppy?"

I couldn't respond. All I could do was focus on his hot lips against my skin, and how good he was at using them. His grip around my throat tightened a little as he trailed his lips down my neck.

His touch felt amazing, unlike anything I had ever felt before because no one had ever touched me like that before.

Soft breaths left my mouth, and my arms were wrapped around his bare waist. Kylan hummed as he moved his lips to my ear before he gently nibbled on my earlobe. "Do you want me to show you, Puppy?"

I could barely think, let alone respond. Each new touch sent a wave of warmth through my body, and the soft nibble at my ear only added to the unexpected tension that was building between my legs.

My heart pounded so loudly, I was sure he could hear it. "Show me," I breathed, my voice barely a whisper. I hated myself for how easily I gave in to him, for the way he had this power over me. But despite all that, I couldn't stop the words from slipping out. I didn't want to stop.

That was all the invitation Kylan needed. His hand moved to my inner thigh, sending a rush of heat through my veins. I gasped softly, already feeling overwhelmed. My teeth pressed down on my lower lip, trying to hold back the sounds threatening to escape-but he noticed.

"Don't try to be quiet now," he murmured against my skin, trailing kisses along my collarbone. His hand inched closer and closer to where I wanted him the most. "I want to hear everything."

I trembled under his touch as he positioned me between his legs, pulling me closer until I was leaning against his chest.

"Open," he demanded, gently parting my knees with his hand as his breath marked my neck.

My pulse quickened. I felt completely exposed, vulnerable—but safe.

Kylan's finger slid up and down the damp fabric of my thong once, and I struggled to keep quiet. He hadn't even done much, yet my body already betrayed me.

My back arched into his hand, a soft whimper escaping my lips as a wave of heat rushed through me.

It was as if my whole body was on fire, and he had barely started.

As soon as his fingers pressed against my clit through the fabric, my body reacted on its own, and my hips rose to meet his hand. A shaky breath escaped me, and I bit my lip, trying to hold back the sound—but it was useless. The soft moan that followed after, made me want to disappear into the ground.

"You're so sensitive," his voice was low as he began circling my tender spot. His pace was slow. My breaths quickened, and this time a louder moan slipped out.

"I bet I can make you come in less than a minute," he whispered, his fingers continuing their torturous rhythm.

I closed my eyes, trying to focus entirely on his touch. His fingers kept rubbing that tender spot, and my body reacted instinctively, moving against him. The tension in my core was building, tighter with each stroke.

"Do you like that, Puppy?" he asked, his breath warm against my ear. "Feels good, doesn't it?"

I nodded against his chest, unable to form words.

His fingers pressed harder, moving faster. "Do you want to come?" he asked again, but I couldn't respond. All I could do was moan as the pleasure kept building.

"Then ask politely," he slowed down just enough to make me open my eyes. My cheeks flushed. There was no way I was going to ask him for that.

He smirked, sensing my hesitation. "Or are you going to admit that you were wrong, and I do know what a woman wants?"

I bit my lip, nodding frantically, unable to stop the sounds spilling from my lips. Whatever he was doing, I just wanted him to continue.

Even if that meant admitting I was wrong.

He sped up again, his fingers moving with more pressure—and then I finally snapped. A powerful wave of pleasure ripped through my body, making me gasp loudly as I bucked into his hands. "Kylan—" I cried out, unable to hold back.

My entire body trembled uncontrollably, my legs shaking. I gripped onto him for support as the orgasm took over, feeling wave after wave of intense pleasure to the point my mind went blank. I couldn't stop the sounds, couldn't control the way my body reacted—it was all too powerful, and when I was finished, I was a breathless, and weak mess against his chest.

I panted, my chest rising and falling as Kylan's hand gently brushed through my hair. His fingers were soothing, comforting—and so was the way he whispered in my ear. "Good girl."

His grip around me tightened slightly as he held me close, giving me time to calm down.

It took a good while before I could even think straight—but when I did, it finally got through to me how embarrassing all of this was.

I was a panting mess in his arms, moaned out his name—let him call me Puppy.

Nope.

Without looking at him, I carefully moved away from between his legs, and turned around in a swift motion so my back was turned against him.

I couldn't bring myself to meet his eyes. Better yet—I could never look into his eyes ever again.

What the hell just happened?

A quiet chuckle left Kylan's mouth, and it was the sound of someone who knew exactly what he'd just done. I just knew it wasn't the first time he had done it—make someone lose control like that without going to the fullest.

"Hmm," he hummed as if he had found out something. "So it turns out you're not a prude after all."