

Chapter 285

Violet

Kylan seemed to be in some kind of trance as he stared at me, his eyes not moving away for a second. He slowly grabbed my wrist and removed my hand from his heart.

Did my words get through to him?

Did I take it too far?

My breath hitched as his eyes began to gloss, and he fluttered his lashes twice.

"Are you going to cry?" I whispered, curiously.

Kylan scoffed before a chuckle left him. "No," he said, slipping his arm around my waist. In one smooth motion, he pressed me back against the blanket, his weight hovering over me. A smirk tugged at his lips, but this one was different than usual. Hungrier.

"You should be careful with your words," he murmured low.

I gulped. "Why?"

His gaze dropped to my neck, lingering there like it was the only place he desired. "Because..." he spoke. "When you say the word mark, it makes me think of something I shouldn't be thinking about."

Before I could think too much about his words, he pushed his lips to my neck, pressing soft kisses. I let my head fall back, granting him everything. Then he started to suck.



It wasn't gentle. It was as if he was claiming me all over again, a sharp sensation went through me. He didn't care about what mark he was going to leave, but he was going to give me a mark, his mark. That was the message I got from it.

I lifted my hands to frame his face, making him pull away. His eyes burned into mine, and as I stared at him, I once again tried to find this monster or this beast he was speaking of, but I couldn't. I could only see Kylan.

My Kylan.

We stayed like that for a long moment, just breathing each other in while we both knew how this would end. Probably with him inside me. Hopefully.

I needed him.

Those words were the only ones going through my mind, and I answered them the only way I could. I pulled his face to mine and crushed my lips against his in a desperate need. It wasn't a soft kiss. Our mouths moved together, tongues tangled in a frantic, messy rhythm.

A deep, rough sound vibrated from his chest into mine. I couldn't get enough of him. It was almost as if I was drowning and he was my only source of air.

Kylan's hands slid down my shoulders, then to my sides, my hips, until he had reached my thighs and pushed my legs apart in one powerful motion before settling his weight between them.

When I felt something hard press against the center of my aching heat, I felt fully reassured that he wanted me just as much as I wanted him. A cry



came from my throat, and I immediately slapped a hand over my own mouth, embarrassed by the sound.

It wasn't that I felt embarrassed because of him. I always wanted to let him hear what kind of effect he had on me. It was because of Thorne and his good ears.

Poor Jumpie had already heard us many times, but the raven went a bit too far.

Kylan broke the kiss, smirking at me. "I know what you're thinking about, but don't." He shook his head.

I was just about to ask him what he thought I was thinking about, but then got distracted as he lifted himself just slightly to pull his shirt over his head.

He tossed it somewhere into the corner of the tent. I didn't know where, didn't care, because the only sight I cared about was his toned, bare chest. I reached out to touch him, but he came down to me again, capturing me in another kiss.

This time, his hands were all over me. One large, warm palm slid under the fabric of my top until his fingers closed over my breast. I arched into his touch and couldn't stop a moan from coming out, which he had luckily swallowed, turning the kiss even hungrier.

It didn't take long for him to yank my top down or to unclasp my bra, which also ended up in some corner of the tent. His skin felt so warm, I didn't even think about the cold air. Kylan's thumb brushed over my hardened nipple, and the next second, his wet mouth closed over it, his tongue swirling around the bud.



The sensation was so intense, so shocking, that a broken sob escaped me. I bit my lip, trying to stifle it with only one thing going through my mind.

Thorne...

"I told you not to do that," Kylan chuckled against my skin. "I don't care about him. I want to hear you, Violet."

Never.

His hand began to travel down my stomach, eventually slipping beneath the waistband of my shorts. They didn't stop there. They only went lower, and lower, and then his touch was there, right at my center.

A shocked, strangled sound came out.

I was wet, drenched for him, my body betraying just how badly I needed him. As he let out a low, appreciative hum of approval, the feeling seemed to intensify even more.

His fingers found my clit, and he began to rub slow but steady circles that had my hips lifting off the blankets entirely. Even as the pressure built inside me, I refused to let out too much. My breath came in ragged pants as I clutched at his shoulders for dear life, my fingers digging so hard I would surely leave a mark of my own.

"Let me hear you, Violet," Kylan rumbled. His words sounded like a command I couldn't ignore, and that was all it took. A wave of pleasure crashed over me in endless, shuddering waves as I cried out, allowing his name to slip past my lips, not giving a damn whether Thorne would hear me or not.

That thing had probably been listening to Dylan and Trinity all day, so this would be fine. Right?



I was still trembling, trying to control my breath, when I felt him moving. He hooked his fingers into my shorts and underwear.

"We don't have condoms," I spoke, my voice still heavy. "But I don't care. I guess you'll just have to pull out in time, and well, if you don't, we can always raise Starlight babies and—"

Kylan chuckled, fishing several packs of condoms out of his sweats, and threw them on the ground. I let out a surprised but impressed chuckle as well.

No wonder he wasn't as stressed over Dylan like I had been. He probably appreciated the gesture. "As tempting as it sounds, don't ever ask me to ruin your future again," Kylan spoke, peeling down my underwear with a single tug.



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