



## Chapter 286

Violet

My cheeks flushed in embarrassment. He was right, but it was good to know there was at least a responsible one between us. I heard the foil of the packet tear and moved my eyes to his hard, throbbing erection.

He rolled the condom on with ease, and my hand slid down to caress his thigh. When our eyes met, he moved over me again. No time was wasted before I could feel him against me, his tip brushing my slick entrance.

My body gave a light shock, still humming with the aftermath of my climax, but that didn't change anything. I still wanted...No, I needed him.

Kylan looked down at me, his gaze full of intense concentration. "You will not hold back this time," he commanded. "You and I both know you've got enough volume to scream the whole Lyperia together, so I want to hear you."

He didn't even give me the chance to be embarrassed by his choice of words before he was already pushing past my entrance, stretching me open. We gasped together, and I clutched his waist, begging for a moment to adjust.

Once I adjusted, I gave his waist a light squeeze, urging him to move. "Kylan," I breathed.

That was all it took for him to sink into me. A needy sound tore from my throat as he filled me completely, deep, perfectly. Having him so close to me was a feeling I could never get enough of. Having his beautiful, dark eyes on me like I was the only one in the universe was a feeling I could never get enough of.



"Fuck," Kylan growled, dropping his head to my shoulder. "You feel so good."

I hummed in answer as he moved inside me, his thrusts quick and steady, like he didn't have a second to waste. Each stroke struck a new, unfamiliar spot inside me that made me cry out with need.

The sounds of his body slamming into mine filled the tent, loud and shameless, but I couldn't think of anything but him, and didn't care much anymore.

Curses spilled from his mouth, his deep groans blending with the pitch of my moans. Every thrust built pressure higher and higher, so strong I thought I might break apart.

It felt like he was everywhere. On my skin, in my lungs, my mind. His weight, his voice, even his scent...all of him, wrapping around me.

I was so close.

So, so close...

I felt my body tighten, and I was ready to give in, but then he suddenly stopped. A desperate, broken sound left me, but just as fast as it had left, he locked his hands on my hip.

"Turn over."

He didn't need to ask twice. Annoyed, but dazed and aching, I obeyed, rolling onto my stomach. A sigh escaped me as the heat of the furry blanket pressed against my skin.

Kylan moved over me, his body closing in. He slid one arm beneath me to push my hips against him, and the other one softly gripped my hair. Then



he found his way back inside me, this angle somehow deeper, more invasive, intimate. A cry tore from my throat before I could stop it.

He began to move again, slower but brutal, grinding into me with a rhythm that felt like torture. Each thrust pressed me harder into the blanket, dragging another moan from my lips. I pushed back, my body aching for more, but he made it clear that he was the one in charge here.

I gasped as his mouth found the shell of my ear. "You take me so fucking good," he breathed in my ear. "I should just mark you."

His lips traced the line of my shoulder, across my damp skin as they slowly made their way to forbidden territory. My neck...

He tugged my head back, his grip still gentle but firm in my hair. "Right there..."

What...

What was he saying?

My mouth opened, but no words came. Before I could even breathe, he pounded into me again, faster this time. I gripped the blanket tightly, the pressure building until I could barely take it.

His arm locked around my waist, pulling me closer to him. "Did that do something to you?" he murmured, his lips brushing my spine. "Show me."

The moment those words slipped past his lips, I shattered. A loud moan escaped me as I clenched around him, pleasure ripped through me until my body jerked against his. I couldn't stop it, couldn't hold anything back. The peak hit hard while he kept moving, pushing me through every shaking wave.



The way I pulsed around him pulled a groan from his chest that rumbled against my skin, his thrusts growing faster and deeper. He pressed his face into the crook of my neck, driving into me a few more times before his body stiffened and his own release tore through him. A rough sound spilled from him as he emptied himself, his hips jerking against mine through the last waves, before he finally collapsed on top of me.

Both of us were a breathless mess, our skin slick and pressed together. He was still buried inside me, and if I could, I would stay like that forever. No Baelor, Kayden, Thorne, The Veil...all of it.

His weight on top of me was the only comfort I wanted. It would be best if he stayed there, never moved.

He nuzzled the back of my neck, brushing a soft kiss there. I turned my head just enough to catch his tender gaze.

"Violet," Kylan shifted slightly, brushing my hair to the side to press a soft kiss against my temple. It was so gentle compared to what we had just done that it only warmed my heart even more.

"I love you so much," he whispered.

My lips curled into a smile, and then I burst out in laughter. It wasn't because of him or his words, but something else had suddenly occurred to me. It was the thought of someone finding us like this and casually walking into the tent because we were inside a tent.

The thought of being caught made me laugh even harder.

Kylan frowned. "What's so funny?"

I giggled, hiding my face with my hand before peeking up at him. "Do you think anyone heard us?"



He chuckled. "No. Not yet."

I let out a playful gasp. "Yet?"

His smirk grew as he leaned close and pressed a kiss to my temple. "Yet."

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