

Chapter 59

Violet

“What do you want?”

Kylan’s simple question repeated in my head.

He had me pinned against the wall, his breath against my skin—yet he still needed me to say it. He was either trying to embarrass me, or maybe he truly had no clue and wanted to hear me admit it out loud.

His hands pressed into my sides, and his bare chest rose as he took in a breath. His brown eyes flickered over my face, as if he had all the time in the world, waiting for my answer.

I reached for his shoulders, pulling him back slightly so he could take a good look at me, and see I meant every word. “I want the same thing you do.”

His gaze held mine, and he looked kind of disappointed. Was that not the answer he wanted to hear? That I wanted him?

My heart quickened as I waited for him to speak up.

“I can’t accept you as my mate, Violet,” his jaw tightened. Each time he used my birth name, I knew he was serious. “I can’t love you—I can’t be with you—“

“Yet you refuse to accept my rejection?”

His words stung, but I already knew what to expect. I didn’t exactly come here to marry the guy either.

I knew he couldn’t promise me love, but that wasn’t what I was asking for. I just wanted him.

“I don’t need you to love me,” I whispered, “I just you to fuck me so we can get this over with.”

A slight chuckle escaped his lips as he stared at me, surprised by my choice of words. I stepped closer. “Don’t you want me?”

He looked down, brushing my arm with his fingers—though I could still see a small smile. A sympathetic one. “You’re a virgin.”

I moved my head to search for his gaze again. “So?”

“So, I need to know if you really want this,” he said, moving his hand to my chin. I gave him a nod, not giving a crap about anything at this moment.

All I knew was that I needed him to do something, anything—to make this feeling disappear. I knew exactly what I wanted, and I wasn’t about to back down now.

“And I need to know,” he said, his voice low, “if you can keep this casual. I need to know that you’re not…”

“That I’m not?” I frowned.

“That you’re not expecting anything, and don’t hate me when I do reject you.”

A small smirk tugged at the corner of my lips, and then I had to held back from cackling. He was quite the comedian.

“Funny,” I said. “I was just about to say the same thing to you.”

He rolled his eyes, his expression softening a bit. I guess he was satisfied with the answer, because he leaned closer, his breath warm against my skin. His lips brushed lightly against mine, and I closed my eyes—waiting for the taste of his sweet lips on mine.

And then, finally, he kissed me.

His lips were soft at first, gentle—but then he deepened the kiss by sweeping his tongue into my mouth. He was rough, exploring—and claiming me with his tongue.

I moaned in his mouth, tightening my grip on his shoulders as the intense Kiss brought a familiar feeling to my core. His lips felt so good on top of mine—like it belonged.

Kylan slid his hands down my waist, lifting me effortlessly as he pressed my back against the wall—not breaking the kiss. My legs instinctively wrapped around his hips, needing more of him. Something hard pressed against my core through the fabric of our clothes, making me whimper into his mouth.

I didn’t want to wait any longer.

I needed him badly.

“Kylan…” I breathed, pulling back slightly to catch my breath. His eyes were intense and filled with desire as he looked down at me.

“Yes, beautiful?”

Beautiful?

My cheeks flushed. Whenever Nate used that nickname on me, I just wanted to melt into his arms—but with Kylan, it was different. The way he had said it turned me on in ways I could’ve never imagined.

“I want you…” I whispered, brushing my hand against his chest. “I want you to…” the words couldn’t leave my mouth.

I had already told him I wanted him to fuck me, and I wasn’t going to say it again. He was supposed to be my enemy, so I was embarrassed enough already.

“I know,” Kylan whispered with a cocky smile, and a hint of pride in his eyes. “But I need you to chill, okay?” he spoke, pressing his forehead against mine. “I want you to feel good, I don’t want to hurt you.”

He didn’t want to hurt me…

A warm smile reached my lips. For some reason I had expected Kylan to be the type of guy who would just stick it inside, and I certainly didn’t see him as the caring type. However, the soft and concerned look he gave me, made me open my eyes.

Kylan had many different sides to him, and in this situation—he was anything but heartless.

“Okay,” I said, nodding, my breath still coming in short gasps.

“Okay,” Kylan repeated.

He pressed another deep kiss to my lips as he carried me to the bed, then lowered me gently on the soft mattress. My legs were still wrapped around him as he bit my bottom lips before moving lower to kiss my jawline.

A sigh escaped from my lips at the new sensation, and I arched my neck, offering more of myself while slowly moving against him. I knew he wanted to take his time, but I was running out of time—I desperately needed him.

Kylan chuckled against my collarbone, his hands warm as they traced a path from my waist, stopping just below my breast. His hands lingered there, teasingly slow as my body reacted to his warm hands.

Not able to take it anymore, I reached down and tugged my shirt over my head, tossing it aside.

Then, with a simple flick, I unhooked my bra, tossing it aside as well—finally freeing myself.

Kylan grew a startled expression on his face.

“Uh?”

“Yes?” I shrugged. "I don't have your time."