

Chapter 60

Violet

I suddenly grew self-conscious as Kylan's eyes traveled down to my boobs and remained there for a while. For a long time, I'd felt embarrassed, thinking they were too ugly, too big—tried to hide them away until Trinity told me nobody would care.

Now, I was unsure, because there was no response. Maybe, he did care.

Was he going to say something? Do something?

Suddenly, he smirked, shaking his head. "Who knew you had it in you, Puppy."

Before I could respond, I was pushed back down, and his teeth gently nipped at my hardened nipple. The sting I felt was quickly replaced by a wave of pleasure that made my back arch off the bed.

"Kylan..." I gasped, threading my fingers through his thick hair. He responded by taking my nipple fully into his mouth, sucking and licking while his hands knead my breasts. "You're perfect."

I bucked my hips, desperate for more friction. Kylan moved away from my nipples and began tracing a path down my stomach with his tongue, until he had reached the waistband of my leggings.

With one quick motion, he yanked them down before he spread my legs. My thong was damp with arousal, and he could see everything. That cocky smile played on his lips, but for the first time—I didn't mind.

He could smirk all he wanted, as long as he wouldn't stop.

My body jerked as he moved a finger past my clothed heat, and I released a sigh.

"You're so..." Kylan never finished his sentence, slipping my last piece of clothing down my legs.

Now I laid there, completely exposed, in ragged gasps while he had barely done something. His fingers ran lightly over my inner thighs as he shifted his position and dipped his head lower, right over my pussy.

"Keep your legs up for me," he whispered, guiding them toward my stomach. His eyes never left mine as he used his hands to support my legs. Then he leaned in, breathing in the scent of my arousal.

A shiver went through my body.

What was he doing?

Was this guy insane?

Without warning, his tongue slid across my clit, and I let out a soft moan, gripping the sheets beneath me.

He murmured against my skin, his mouth moving with a purpose as he tortured my bud, savoring every little taste.

I cried out, surprised by the volume of my own voice. I knew his fingers were magical, but his tongue...

A sigh left his mouth, and when he let out a slurp, shockwaves traveled through my body.

"Oh God..." I moaned, legs trembling.

"You like that don't you?" He looked up satisfied. "Does that feel good, Puppy?"

My cheeks flushed, seeing my own arousal glistening on his lips. Then I realized he had stopped what he was doing, to look at me.

His gaze darkened. "I asked you a question."

"Yes!" I spoke in a hurry, grabbing the back of his head to push him back down. "Please, don't stop. It feels so good."

He slurped for a second time, then again, and again—as endless moans left my mouth. I could sense myself getting closer, and felt a pressure in my core.

"That's right, come for me," Kylan whispered, and when he slipped a finger inside of me, moving with a steady rhythm—I lost it.

My hips bucked uncontrollably, and a sob came from my throat. My body tensed, every muscle tightening as the waves of pleasure crashed over me. My cries filled the room as I came loudly.

"Fuck!" I panted, vision blurred as stars appeared. I rode out the intense orgasm, trying to comprehend what the fuck just happened.

Kylan looked up, completely unbothered, not embarrassed in the slightest. Meanwhile I lay there, pants escaping my lips as I tried to steady my breathing.

"I don't understand how someone so sour can taste so fucking sweet," Kylan grinned, wiping his mouth with the back of his arm.

And I couldn't understand how he could talk to me as if we were discussing the weather after what had just happened.

My mouth was still open as he climbed back up my body, positioning himself between my legs once more. This time the visible bulge in his sweatpants had grown even larger—and I knew what was coming next.

My eyes tracked his every movement. Kylan removed his sweats, then his boxers, revealing the hard length as his erection jumped free. My mouth went dry, taking in every sight of him, every muscle.

He was large, and thick. Bigger than I had anticipated. A loud gulp came out as I watched him move his hands over his erection, somehow managing to make it even larger than it already was.

Kylan looked calm, too calm, and opened a drawer to reach for a condom. He wasted no time, rolling it onto himself.

When his eyes met mine, I chuckled, just to make it seem like I wasn't nervous—and drew a pattern on his abs with my fingers.

Truthfully? I was shitting myself.

"Are you go—"

"Yes," I spoke before he could finish.

"Good," Kylan chuckled, lining himself up with my entrance. The tip of his cock brushed against me, and I clenched my hands behind his back, trying to prepare myself for whatever pain would come next.

"Pup?" Kylan said, not moving an inch.

"Yes?"

"Look at me," he commanded, so I did.

His eyes were gentle. "If it becomes too much, you'll tell me—and we'll stop."

"I know," I smiled for a second, too breathless to speak. He pressed his forehead against mine and pushed forward slowly, giving me time to adjust.

A sharp feeling hit my core as he stretched me, and I bit my lip to stifle a cry.

"You're so tense—relax," Kylan whispered in a soothing voice. "Look at me."

I looked into his eyes again, and he gave me a focused look. "You're okay, I got you—relax."

Somehow his words helped, and I did as he said. He pushed further, and I could feel him stretching me, filling me completely. It didn't hurt as much, but it felt strange, different from just his fingers.

I gasped softly, trying to get used to the feeling while resting my chin on his shoulder. Kylan's words repeated inside my head.

You're okay, I got you—relax.

He stayed inside me for a while before he finally began moving, and the initial ache was quickly overshadowed by a flood of sensations and a warmth that spread through my belly.

He grabbed both sides of my face, forcing me to look at him, and then he inspected me as if he wanted to double-check whether I was really okay.

Only then, his thrusts began getting a bit more intense, but still slow, and careful.

I whimpered, bringing my chin back to his shoulder as my nails dug into his back.

Even though I tried to keep my focus, I began to panic. He wasn't making any noise, why wasn't he making any noise—was he not enjoying it?

Before I could overthink it too much, Kylan released a soft groan. "Fuck, Violet," his voice turned hoarse. "You're so fucking tight."

Hearing him call me by my first name, with such desperation, such need, made a soft moan escape from my lips. His hands traveled to my hips, holding me steady as he thrust harder, faster.

Both our breathing grew heavier as our bodies met, over and over. Each stroke hit the right spot, and was driving me insane as he claimed every part of me.

"Look at me," he panted, grabbing the sides of my face again. Our eyes met, the intensity between us reaching a depth I hadn't felt before, and in that moment, I realized I was really falling for him.

It was the one thing I had promised that wouldn't happen—but here I was.

He leaned in, pressing his lips to mine, but each time we tried to deepen the kiss, our breaths grew too fast—forcing us to pull back.

I smiled embarrassed, earning one in return while he brushed a few strands behind my ear. "You're beautiful," he whispered, his thrusts becoming more determined. There was a shift in his eyes for a split-second after he had said it as if he wasn't supposed to say it out loud.

"Are you okay?" he asked, strangely enough still communicating despite the intensity.

"Yes," I breathed.

That was all he needed to hear to pick up the pace, thrusting relentlessly. I clung to him for dear life, crying out in pleasure.

He growled, rolling onto his side and pulled me with him while his cock was still buried inside me. With this new position, each thrust hit deeper, and harder, than before.

One hand held me steady as his other hand found its way to my breasts, encouraging him to pound even faster. My breaths came in ragged gasps, and the sound of our flesh meeting had almost overthrown the moans.

"Come for me," Kylan whispered, moving his hand from my breast to my throat. His touch was gentle as he tilted my head, pressing softly against my pulse, but his thrusts were the opposite.

"Kylan!" I sobbed, feeling my walls tightening around him. My body tensed, shaking, as I neared the edge—and then, I screamed, feeling my climax wash over me.

"Fuck," Kylan breathed against my neck, chasing his own release as I tried to recover from mine.

But as I began to catch my breath, I slowly realized that it were his fangs brushing my skin, the sharp points grazing directly at my neck. He was on the verge of losing control and had almost become one with the beast inside him, so close to marking me.

I didn't know whether to feel excited or fearful as he kept moving against me. I knew it were not his intentions to go that far, because he had been very clear about keeping things casual—but if he did do something, would I really mind?

Yes...

Because if it did get that far, I wanted it to be because of his choices, not because he was unable to control himself and would later end up regretting his decision.

He had regretted even touching me the last time and had pulled back because of it.

Two strong hands dug into my waist, his thrusts began to slow down, and then he came, groaning against my neck. I sighed, feeling relieved as his fangs slowly retreat, and he slowly returned to himself.

Would he have noticed what had happened?

Of course he would have—it was his body.

After calming down, Kylan pulled out, and I immediately turned to see his face. However, he had already looked away, avoiding my gaze.

He was too focused on discarding the condom, while I was still panicking.

Was this it?

Would this one slip drive him to push me away, even after taking my virginity?

Just as I assumed the worst, Kylan exhaled and lay back on the bed. My eyes widened in surprise as he casually opened his arm, silently inviting me to his side.

A bit confused but curious as to where it would lead, I accepted, resting my head against his chest. The warmth of his body and the steady, beat of his heart erased my worries. I could hardly believe how calm he seemed, how safe he felt.

This was...different.

"Kylan?" I said, my voice sounding more like a question. He hummed softly, his eyes meeting mine with a gentle, almost tender smile.

Between the warmth in that gaze and the softness in his expression, my heart had no choice but to beat faster.

In that moment, I knew I was fucked.

It wasn't a game anymore.

I fell for him, hard.

I fell for someone who would never want me in that way.

"Nothing," I returned his smile, smuggling closer. His soft lips pressed a gentle kiss to the side of my head—and he held me close, saying nothing, though his silence felt like more than enough.

I felt at ease in his arms, and for now—that was all I needed.

The rest of the bullshit would come later.