

Chapter 70

Violet

I caught my breath, surprised. This was definitely not what I had expected, but certainly what I wanted. My mouth felt too dry to speak, so I just nodded—instantly reaching for his belt.

My pulse quickened, hands trembled—but then he stopped me by placing his warm hand on top of mine.

Too fast?

I looked down at where my hand was, noticing the outline of his erection pressing against his jeans. A laugh escaped from my lips, and Kylan shot me a glare.

It turned out I wasn't the only one sensitive here.

"You need to chill," he chuckled, even looking a bit embarrassed. He took matters into his own hands and unbuckled his belt, lifting his hips a little so he could pull it down halfway. Then he revealed his hard cock.

My mouth almost watered at the sight, and only one thing went through my head.

Sex.

My eyes turned from hunger to confusion as he pulled out a condom from the glove box. Who else was he fucking in this car?

I quietly shook my head, trying to calm myself.

No, Violet.

That's none of your concerns.

He opened the package and carefully slid the condom on. Meanwhile, I couldn't wait a second and lifted myself off the passenger seat, to push back his, before hovering over him.

"What happened to patience?" Kylan's eyes locked with mine as a grin tugged at his lips. "It feels a bit offensive to call you puppy, when you're moving like a hyena."

"Yeah, let's not do that," I whispered, feeling his hands grip my hips. "You're the one who made me wait for days."

Kylan chuckled, pressing his forehead against mine. He slid my panties aside, allowing me to sink down on him, leaving us both gasping. This time there was no need to get used to the unfamiliar but thrilling sensation.

I moved slowly at first, unsure of what to do, but Kylan's hands on my hips guided me. "There you go," he whispered, pressing a kiss to my shoulder. A moan escaped from my lips, each movement sending waves of pleasure through my body.

Kylan brought his lips to my ear. "Does that feel good, baby?"

I nodded, unable to form words. My breaths came in shallow gasps as he tightened his hands on my hips, guiding me faster, until it felt like every part of my body was on fire.

"Look at me, Pup," Kylan demanded, grabbing my chin with his hand, and I obeyed. Still moving against him, I rested my head against his, staring into his intense eyes as my walls clenched around him.

"Just like that," he praised. My moans grew louder, his hands moved from my hips to my breasts, rubbing my nipples through my shirt.

"Come on," Kylan spoke, leaning back, his arms spreading wide as he rested against the seat. His eyes darkened with lust. "Show me how much you want this."

I held onto him tightly, my movements becoming more urgent, and faster as he watched me ride him. His soft groans, and his lips, slightly parted, encouraged me to continue.

My breath slightly hitched as Kylan's fingers found their way to my glasses, trailing along the edges. "Do you trust me?" he asked, his voice low.

I sighed, barely able to focus as I rode him, pushing one hand to his chest. "Yes."

The words left my mouth so easily, a response I didn't really have to think about. In the moment, I trusted him, fully.

Before I could even think about it, Kylan took my glasses off, holding them in his hand. I kept moving, feeling conflicted about whether to focus on the pleasure or the glasses.

It was the first time he had seen me without them—and honestly, the first time in a long time I had taken them off willingly. I had been taught my whole life not to, and was aware of the possible consequences. It felt strange, yet so freeing at the same time.

Wait...he could now clearly see my eyes.

I quickly lowered my gaze, suddenly feeling self-conscious.

"No—don't do that. Look at me," Kylan whispered, his tone demanding. "Eyes on me, Violet."

I lifted my head slowly, feeling exposed. My blue, insecure eyes met his as I tried to chase the release I desperately needed.

"Fuck, you're so perfect," Kylan groaned, holding my hips again.

Hearing those words from his mouth made me feel at ease. For some reason, coming from him, I believed them. All my insecurities somehow melted away, instantly replaced with confidence as I fastened my pace.

"Kylan!" I panted, feeling a tight sensation in my core.

"That's right, come for me."

His words pushed me over the edge, and I cried out, my body tightening around him as I came hard, screaming his name. Kylan followed quickly and came with a grunt, filling the condom.

I breathed heavily, staring into his eyes while we both came down from our high. My body still trembled with aftershocks of pleasure as I rested my head against his shoulder, feeling satisfied and surprised. The orgasm had been way more intense than the last time, but somehow, my vision was just fine—better yet—I felt stronger and more alive than I ever had.

Kylan pulled me back, forcing me to meet his gaze again. His eyes widened for a second, and I instantly did the same.

"What?" I breathed, suddenly feeling unsure. Did he not like my eyes without my glasses?

He kept staring for a moment, then covered it with a smile, and shook his head before slowly placing my glasses back on my face.

"It's nothing," he cupped the side of my face, then pressed his lips against mine. His hand gently caressed my hair, but then he pulled it back with a light force, exposing my throat.

"Such a good girl," he whispered, pressing soft kisses to my neck.

I felt a sense of pride and vulnerability as his words hit me harder than I expected. He had this way of making me feel cherished, and I was obsessed with it.

Even though I wanted him to stay inside of me forever, I got off him and moved to my own seat. Then, we both started fixing ourselves up again.

There was a silence between us, but it wasn't awkward. It was almost as if both of us could finally breathe now that the tension had finally been released.

I pulled my skirt down, and glanced over at Kylan. He had already pulled up his jeans and rolled down the window, tossing out the used condom like it was a piece of gum.

"Actually," I cleared my throat. "I think that's bad for the environment."

Kylan paused for a second, frowning. Then his lips curled into a teasing smirk. "Oh, I'm sorry," he said. "Would you rather keep it in your purse, then?"

"Ew?"

He laughed, shaking his head, and I laughed with him. The whole moment was ridiculous, but it felt good to be able to joke around with him like this.

Not long after, we were back on the road. Every now and then, I glanced out of the window, smiling to myself, thinking about the way he touched me. I couldn't stop replaying it in my head.

Poor Dylan and Trinity were probably already back by now, waiting for us.

Occasionally, Kylan would glance at me, and whenever our eyes met, we would share these small smiles that made my stomach flutter.

After maybe the fifth time, Kylan finally broke the silence. "Why are you so happy?"

My cheeks flushed, and I quickly looked out the window, pretending to be fascinated by a passing tree. "Just because."

Kylan hummed, clearly not buying it.

"I-I should really pay you back, though," I said, fiddling to grab my wallet. "For the bracelet and the sayer—"

"Pup," Kylan glanced at me briefly before focusing on the road again. "If you keep saying stuff like that, I might believe you're mocking me."

I blinked. "Why?"

"Because I say so," he never gave me a clear response, just focused on the road instead. His reaction caught me off guard. Sometimes, he could say the simplest things or just nothing, and completely throw me off.

But I wasn't about to let him have the last word.

"You don't want my money? Fine," I reached into the plastic bag, pulling out the bracelet with the little lycan charm.

Kylan frowned slightly, glancing between the bracelet and the road. "What are you doing?"

I leaned over, sliding the bracelet on his arm before he could protest. It reminded me of him either way, so he could have it.

"There," I said, sitting back with a satisfied smile. "Now we're even."

Kylan looked down at the bracelet, then back at me. His brows furrowed in frustration, but the corners of his lips revealed he was trying not to smile. "This doesn't count."

"Yes, it does."

"No, it doesn't."

I grinned at him. "Well, it does to me."

Kylan chuckled softly, shaking his head as he returned his focus to the road. "You're so stubborn."

"And you're welcome," I added, leaning back in my seat.

During the drive, I sometimes caught him looking at the bracelet, and it made me believe that even though he pretended to act like it didn't matter—it actually did.

I knew it was stupid to believe that, but the faint smile on his lips was the one thing I held onto.

That same smile had stayed on his face even until we pulled up to the school gates. I knew we had to part ways soon, and it sucked.

"I feel bad for making Dylan and Trinity wait," I admitted, looking at Kylan. I looked around, searching for them, but I couldn't find them.

"Don't worry," Kylan spoke, parking the car. "I let him borrow the spare key."

I blinked at him, narrowing my eyes. "Why? What did you tell him?"

"Told him I'd be making a quick stop to fuck his sister," he said, casually. "He told me to have fun."

My jaw dropped at his sarcasm, and I slapped his shoulder, earning a laugh.

Of course he wouldn't have told him that. He didn't even want to be seen with me.

The car suddenly grew quiet again, and even though the car was parked, neither of us moved.

We were both looking at each other, waiting for someone to speak first.

"Thank you," I finally said. "For today."

He nodded. "Yeah."

I bit my lip, hoping for something. I didn't even know what. A word, a gesture—anything to hold onto the passion I had felt earlier. My eyes searched his face, wondering if he felt it too, but it didn't look like it.

After all, this was a casual every day thing to him. If it wasn't, he wouldn't have a stash of condoms lying around in his car. I was just one of the many, and I was somehow desperate enough to be okay with it.

Pathetic, right?

I let out a quiet sigh, trying to forget the thought,

when Kylan suddenly moved. His fingers gently trapped my chin, tilting my face toward his. Before I could react, his lips pressed against mine.

My heart raced as I kissed him back, feeling the warmth spread through my entire body. When he pulled away, I was left breathless, my lips tingling.

I smiled like an idiot, not even trying to hide the blush on my face.

Kylan, nonchalant as always, opened his door and got out, walking around the car to open mine.

I got out as well, and we walked toward the gate in silence. Now that we were back at Starlight, a part of me worried that tomorrow he would go back to pretending like none of this had ever happened.

Kylan opened the gate, and after we entered and he had locked it again, his hand reached out to ruffle my hair.

"See you tomorrow, babe," he greeted.

I froze, watching him walk away.

Babe?

No Pup, Puppy, Violet—but babe?

My heart thudded so loudly I was sure someone nearby could hear it, and my smile was so wide I feared my mouth might fall off.

Once again, he had managed to surprise me just as I began to think I had figured him out. Once again, he had managed to make me fall a little deeper.

I replayed the word in my head, analyzing every second. He had called me that before, but only when he was buried deep inside me.

Was it a mistake?

Was I overthinking it again?

Why was I trying to convince myself it meant something, when he had been very clear about our arrangement?

Why was that stupid smile still on my face, and why were my lips still tingling from the touch of the boy who had kissed me like I was the only thing that mattered.

Maybe I was nothing to him, but he felt like everything to me.