

Chapter 410

Violet

The cool water hit my waist as Kylan closed the distance between us.

His hand cupped my face, his thumb brushing over my cheeks then my lips, his touch so soft it made me weak in the knees. I leaned into his palm, my hands finding their way to his chest.

"You are a menace," Kylan murmured.

"I learned from the best," I breathed, my eyes shifting down to his lips.

It was only a matter of time before his mouth crashed down on mine, but with a hunger that stole my breath away. It was a claiming.

A breath escaped me as his tongue swept into my mouth, and my arms wrapped around his neck to pull him closer. Our bodies pressed together from chest to thigh.

I could feel him, hard and ready, against my lower stomach, and the heat shot straight to my core.

His hands slid from my breasts to my waist as he pulled back from the kiss and pressed his lips along my jaw. "Do you have any idea what you're doing to me, Pup?"

My lips parted to answer, but a desperate sound came out instead when his hand squeezed the curve of my hip.

"Kyl—" I gasped, my voice catching as his fingers suddenly found the slick heat between my legs. A shiver ran through me as I pressed into him. "I wonder what makes you so wet," he groaned against my neck. "Is this from the water, the run...or your little game?"

"Must be the water," I panted, chuckling. I rocked my hips against his hand, and that was all it took for him to slide a finger inside me. I clenched around him instantly, then rocked my hips against his hand again.

A faint whimper slipped out as he added a second finger, curling them just so until they brushed a spot that made my vision blur.

"The water, you say?" Kylan exhaled. I would have loved to say something back, but I couldn't. My nails dug into the muscles of his shoulders, the sensations too overwhelming.

Though the water swirling around us was freezing cold, all I could feel was his hot body against mine, and all I could focus on was the relentless motion of his fingers and the pleasure building deep within.

I closed my eyes, earning a disapproving sound from Kylan. "Look at me," he commanded softly. "Let me see your beautiful eyes."

I let out a trembling sigh, forcing my eyes open to meet his intense gaze. His fingers didn't stop and kept moving while he watched every flicker of pleasure on my face as he worked me.

"I've got you," he encouraged, his thumb now circling the sensitive nub.

My breaths came in short, sharp gasps. I was trembling, clinging to him, and somehow it still wasn't enough. I needed more.

"Wait, wait!"

A needy sound fell from my lips as I dug my nails into his arms. A frown appeared on his face.

"You like it when I'm clear, so I'm going to be very clear," I nodded, not caring how desperate it sounded. "I need you to fuck me. Right now."



Kylan blinked, then wiggled his brows like he was trying to figure out whether I had lost it. He shook his head and burst out laughing. "Oh wow."

Usually I would've backed down, blushed, or done something embarrassing, but I honestly didn't care anymore. I inhaled sharply. "Yes."

"Okay," he said, still laughing a little.

"Okay," I repeated, my lips curling into a relieved smile.

I grabbed his shoulders and tried to lift myself to position us properly, but he immediately pushed me back just enough to stop me. "Pup," he warned, his hands tightening around my hips. "I mean...Violet."

"Yes?" I challenged. "Don't you want to?"

I rolled my hips against his erection, making him suck in his breath. "Fuck," he mumbled under his breath, half frustrated. He pressed his forehead against mine, his eyes closing for a second like he was physically fighting himself.

"It's not a matter of want. I'll always want you," he said, his voice serious. "But we don't have...anything."

It took me half a second before I knew what he meant by that.

"Oh..."

"Yes, oh," he echoed, amused.

He shook his head. "And as tempting as this is," he sighed, "I don't want to take advantage of the situation because you can't control yourself right now."



My expression shifted within seconds. First soft because I thought his words were cute, then I gave him the most sarcastic look I could manage.

Really?

The man who had been hard in seconds was talking about self-control?

And then my heart melted once more.

The man who had been hard in seconds was worried about crossing a line. That's how much he cared.

I gave him a soft smile as I looked at him, then the moon, then back at him. "I don't care at the moment," I shrugged, pursing my lips.

He stared at me. "Violet," he said. "I'm serious. Don't push aside your own limits for me."

"I'm not!" I defended, nudging his shoulder.

"I also don't want you to go against yourself for me," I told him. "But you should know that I trust you. I want you."

My hands moved up to his face, thumbs brushing over his jaw as I breathed against his mouth. "All of you."

His grip on my waist tightened immediately.

"Shit," he muttered. "I'm trying to be the responsible one here and you're not making it easy for me."

There was a smirk on his lips, and his breathing had changed. "Are you sure?" he asked.

"Positive."



Yes, perhaps a bit of a reckless suggestion, but right now it didn't matter. We had been holding ourselves back for a long time, and the moon wouldn't wait for us.

"I don't think I'll end up...you know," I said, refusing to let those words out. "The Moon Goddess can't possibly hate me that much."

His dark eyes bore into mine for a long second, then they changed. They had become softer, more careful. A chuckle escaped him.

"Well," he said.

I barely had time to react before he grabbed my thighs and lifted me. A squeal left me as water splashed around us, and my legs locked around his waist.

He moved us through the water toward the rocks by the waterfall. "At least now I know the Moon Goddess doesn't hate me."

"Slow down!" I let out a startled laugh. A second later, my back hit the wet rock.

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