

Chapter 508

Violet

Kylan's fingers hooked into the waistband of my shorts. His eyes never left mine as he slowly dragged them down my hips, the cool air hitting my bare skin.

"Just look at me," he whispered.

"I'm trying." My lips parted as his hand slid back up my thigh, fingertips tracing lazy circles until they reached the damp fabric between my legs.

My fingers twisted into the sheets as his thumb brushed over me through the thin barrier. A whimper escaped me when he slipped beneath the cotton, his fingers gliding through my slickness.

I gasped, my eyes starting to fall shut on their own. "Eyes on me," he reminded me, curling his finger just right.

I immediately shot them back open. His never strayed from mine. Not even when he pressed a finger inside, slow and deliberate.

My breath hitched, back arched off the bed as pleasure shot through me. His free hand pinned my hip down, keeping me exactly where he wanted me. His thumb circled my clit, teasing, while his finger worked deeper inside me.

I bit my lip, struggling to keep my gaze locked on his as he watched every flicker of pleasure cross my face. "I have barely done anything," he chuckled, increasing the pressure. "I'm flattered."

A moan tore from my throat as his pace quickened, his thumb pressing harder. My thighs trembled, but his grip held me steady.



His eyes still burned into mine, still brown and still him.

"Don't close your eyes," he murmured, his voice thick. "Look at me."

And I did. His thumb pressed harder. His fingers curled. The wave broke over me, my hips lifting off the bed as a soft cry left my throat. My body shook around his fingers, and through every second of it, his eyes never left mine.

My body was still humming. I had nearly wrecked the sheets beneath me from how hard I had gripped them, and my legs lay limp against the mattress. A shaky sound left my throat when Kylan pulled his fingers out slowly.

A soft smile formed on his lips before he rested his hand on my hip, his palm warm against my skin. He chuckled lightly. "Are you okay?"

A breathless laugh slipped out of me. "Yes."

His thumb traced lazy patterns on my skin. "Do you want me to keep going?"

My stomach fluttered. Mind traveled back to the promise he had made earlier. "I'm not stopping you," I whispered, my cheeks slightly flushed.

He started making his way down, slowly. His hands found the hem of his shirt I was wearing, and he locked his eyes with mine as he pushed it up out of his way. "Keep going," I breathed when he stopped for a moment. He pressed kisses to my stomach, and his eyes lifted to mine every few kisses like he was checking I was still with him.

I was with him. Fully.

A soft whine left me as his lips found my inner thigh, his hand sliding my thong down my legs at the same time. A hum escaped him as his



shoulders pushed my legs farther apart and he moved between them.

The feeling of being bare to him, the warmth of his breath against my sensitive skin, pulled a gasp from me. My breath came heavy. I waited, and my eyes drifted closed again. The very thing I had said I couldn't dare.

"Eyes on me, Pup."

But the moment his voice filled the room, I opened them and looked down at him with a soft smile. His voice vibrated against my thigh. "Only on me."

"I know," I managed. "I remember."

He grinned against my skin right above where I was slick and waiting. His eyes flicked up to mine, like he knew exactly what he was doing to me. He probably did.

I couldn't help it. My fingers found his hair on their own, threading through the dark strands as I pulled him closer to where I needed him most. The first stroke of his tongue tore a sound out of me I didn't even recognize.

His tongue parted my folds and dragged upward, slow enough that my hips lifted off the bed before I could stop them. He was horribly, wonderfully slow. His hands were on me just as quickly, pinning me back to the mattress before I could rise again.

"Stay still for me."

I whimpered and obeyed. His smile pressed against me, and every instinct in me kept screaming to chase the feeling anyway. My fingers tightened in his hair, pulling just enough to make him groan against me. A small breath fell out of me at the same time, and his eyes flicked up to



meet mine.

Still brown...

His tongue kept working, and I could not understand how he could look at me like that. So tender. While his mouth was doing all of that.

He dragged against me again, and a quiet moan came out before I could catch it. "You aren't loud enough," Kylan murmured, pulling back just enough to speak. His lips glistened, head tilted as his brows pulled together. "You're hurting my feelings, Pup."

A dry laugh came out. "Well...maybe if you'd speed things up—"

His mouth silenced me before I could finish. His tongue circled, then closed around my clit, sucking hard enough that whatever I had been about to say turned into a loud moan.

My back arched off the bed, and this time his hands were no longer on my hips. They had found their way beneath my bra, his palms cupping my breasts.

"Ky," I sighed. His thumbs found my nipples, teasing them in slow circles.

I pulled my thighs up against my stomach, my hands stretched behind his back as I shifted under him. My breath had turned into short, broken sounds as I whispered his name, over and over.

"Don't stop," I melted into the feeling. "Please, Kylan, don't—"

He pressed harder, faster until I lost track of where I was. My eyes had closed.

I hadn't even noticed...



Kylan hadn't tried to stop me either. But as soon as the realization shot through me, I forced them open again. That was our deal.

And he was still there, those deep brown eyes locked on mine. There was only one thing on my mind, and that the release I had been chasing. The thing I had been carrying, the fear that Baelor would be the one looking back when I opened my eyes again, had completely vanished.

Because I knew Kylan's touch, I felt the love and knew it was only him.

"Kylan." His name came out broken. "I'm going to—"

His eyes crinkled at me. He didn't have to say anything. My thighs were shaking against his shoulders, my fingers pulling at his hair as he kept his rhythm. His mouth kept torturing my clit, and when I felt a final graze of his teeth, I lost it.

A scream tore out. My whole body curled off the bed, muscles tightened, and hips bucked as I came undone beneath him. Through every second of it, I kept my eyes locked on his.

My brows pulled together, my mouth still open as he worked me through it slowly.

A flustered laugh slipped past me as my body went slack against the sheets. When the aftershocks finally stopped, I was left breathless. Kylan let out a chuckle, pressing one last kiss against my oversensitive skin.

A small whimper slipped out of me.

Then he climbed back up my body, and I saw his face properly for the first time since he had started. His lips were swollen and glistening, jaw slick, and eyes were the most beautiful shade I had ever looked at.

Brown...



A giggle came out of me. I reached up and held his cheeks in both my hands, pulling his face down until his forehead rested against mine.

His weight settled against me. I could feel him through the front of his sweatpants, and he was still as hard as a rock. "Do you want me to do something for you?" I blinked at him.

Kylan chuckled, then pressed a soft kiss to my forehead. "It is tempting, Pup," he murmured against my skin. "But tonight was not about me."

I pulled him back and kissed him before he could say anything else, all the evidence of what went down moments before still present on his lips. But I did not mind it at all.

"And?" He let out a yawn as he settled himself beside me on the bed. His arm wrapped around me and pulled me closer until my head was resting on his chest.

"You were right." I could hear his heartbeat under my ear. "Your eyes didn't turn red."

He let out a laugh. "Like I told you."

"Yes..."

My body felt warm against his, and while I thought my mind had been quiet before, I could now tell that that hadn't been the case. Now it was.

Sure, I still had a million other things on my mind, but some of the fear I carried for him had finally eased. I pressed my face into his neck and held him a little tighter.

"Thank you," I mumbled against his skin.

His hand rested on my back. "For what?" he asked, confused.



"For everything you have done. Everything you will do." I let out a small breath. "Thank you."

Kylan went quiet for a moment. "I thought you didn't agree," he said softly.

I pulled back enough to look at him. His brown eyes searched mine, and I smiled at him. My fingers came up and traced a small pattern across his cheek.

"I don't...but that doesn't mean I can't thank you," I whispered. "Thank you." 