

Chapter 552

Violet

My brow lifted. "You're kind of funny," I said, "for someone who was ready to sacrifice himself a few hours ago."

Kylan chuckled, slightly rolling his eyes. "But I didn't," he said, his hand sliding to my waist. He gave it a squeeze, and a jolt spread through my body.

I let out a laugh and moved to nudge his shoulder, but he caught my wrist before I could do it, pulling me closer. His face was close now, his brown eyes locked onto mine.

The mood had changed in a second, and whatever I was about to say was gone. My smile faded too as my eyes dropped to his mouth, and suddenly he felt way too close.

His lips curved, neither of us saying anything. I could hear my own breathing, loud and clear in this small hut.

I smirked at him. "And if I told you that you were off probation," I teased, "what would you do about it?"

He didn't say anything back. His hands settled on my hips before he lifted me onto the edge of the counter with ease, pulling a quiet sigh from me.

"What do you want me to do about it?"

Kylan stepped between my legs and pulled me closer until there was barely any space left between us. I took one last look into his eyes,



and when I saw the hunger in those brown eyes staring back at me, I slid my fingers into his hair and pulled him down to me.

He slammed his lips against mine, and I grabbed the back of his neck, determined to make him stay there. It didn't take long before his tongue slid against mine, slow and wet. Flutters went down my stomach.

It was a kiss that had no patience. There was nothing gentle left in it. It was a mark that we had almost lost each other today.

I made a sound against his lips that I didn't try to hold back as his hands were everywhere.

One buried itself in my hair. The other grabbed my thigh and pulled it up higher, hitching it around his waist.

A low growl came out of him as I bit his bottom lip, and he kissed me harder. When we finally broke apart, we were both catching our breaths.

His brows knitted in amusement. My lips felt swollen, and his looked the same. "Why did you stop?" I asked, licking my lips. I could still taste him.

Kylan exhaled, dropping his forehead to mine. "I didn't," he said. "You did." His hands tightened on my hips, and he dragged me to the very edge of the counter until my thighs were pressed against him and there was nowhere left for either of us to go.

When I felt him hard against me through his gear, a short chuckle came out of me. Kylan shot me a flustered look, one he failed at



hiding. "Ah," I commented. "You're embarrassed. That's why you st—"

He never allowed me to finish and caught my words with his mouth. The kiss deepened, his hips pushing forward while I curled my fingers into his hair. His mouth left mine and dragged down my jaw, making me gasp out his name.

He hummed against my skin. "I love the way you say my name." His hand moved up my side and over my breast, squeezing through the gear.

"Kylan," I panted again. He groaned against my neck like I had just proved his point. Same as last time, being this close to him made me realize how much I had missed him. How much I needed all of him.

"Just..." I couldn't even get the words out. My hands were already at the front of his gear, fumbling for the zipper.

I yanked it down impatiently, not caring if I broke the damn thing, and as soon as it opened, I shoved the top half off his shoulders. A frustrated sound slipped from my throat as it caught at his elbows, but I soon got over it as I stared at his bare chest, rising and falling with each breath.

When I looked up, his dark eyes were still fixed on me. I breathed out slowly, dragging one finger down his chest, over the hard lines of his stomach, letting it trail lower. His muscles jumped under my touch, and a low sound rumbled somewhere in his chest.

He was especially sensitive today. I looked up at him through my lashes, smirking when his hips pushed forward again, impatient and needy.



Lucky for him, I didn't feel like waiting either.

I lifted my chin, sliding my hand down between us until my palm pressed against him through the fabric. His hips pushed into my touch almost immediately, like he couldn't help himself.

A deep sound came from him, his lips parting as he looked down. "You like that?" I chuckled.

"What's there not to like?" he breathed. I gave him a small shrug, reaching for the belt that held the bottom half of the gear together. The metal clinked as I pulled it loose, but before I could get any further, his hand came up and caught my chin.

I frowned at him, just letting him tilt my face up until I could only look into his eyes. His other hand held my hip, keeping me pinned against him. He was breathing hard, staring at me while his thumb brushed over my bottom lip.

"How do you want me to take you?" he suddenly asked.

I laughed under my breath, catching on immediately. He was trying to take control again. It was cute.

"What do you mean, how?" I giggled.

He leaned in and pressed his forehead to mine.

"I can take you like this," he murmured. "Right here or against the wall." His lips brushed mine. "I can bend you over wherever you like." His thumb dragged slowly across my bottom lip. "You just have to tell me."

I gave his lips a soft peck, the complete opposite of everything he had just said. "I don't care," I whispered. "I just missed you and want to be close to you again. That's all I want."

He went quiet for a second, eyes blinking.

Then he let go of my chin as a gentle smile spread across his face. The way he looked at me made it seem like those words had hit him harder than anything else tonight.

The thing was, I didn't want him to feel pressured. A lot had happened in the time since I'd basically made it clear that trusting him like that again was going to take a while, especially with Baelor inside him.

I knew this situation was serious, but I didn't want this to feel serious. I didn't want it to be about everything that had happened, or what it meant, or what came after. I just wanted it to be us.

"Oh." I smiled after a moment of silence. "Right. You wanted me to match your energy, didn't you?" I shook my head, laughing.

My hands wrapped around his waist, and I yanked him hard against me again, wrapping my legs around him. He hissed out a breath.

"I don't care how you do it. I just want you to fuck me."

Kylan almost snorted a laugh. "I...what was that?"

I rolled my eyes, smiling. "I want you to fuck—"

Before I could finish, someone cleared their throat loudly behind us, and I froze instantly. Just for a second, because the very next, I



shoved Kylan's shoulder aside and looked past him.

And when my eyes met Aelius's...I wanted to die.