## Chapter 585

Violet

The door had barely clicked shut before Kylan's mouth was on mine. I grabbed him by the collar to pull him closer, leaving no inch between him. I kissed him back hard as he pushed me up against the door.

His hands slid from my waist down to the backs of my thigh, and then he lifted me off the floor. A hum escaped me as my legs wrapped around him on instinct. One of his hands dragged up my side while the other stayed under my thigh, gripping like he had no plans of setting me down.

His tongue brushed against mine, and the kiss grew deeper, needier. He pressed closer, his body moving against mine, and a soft whimper slipped from my lips at the feeling.

Then I felt him smile into the kiss. I bit down gently on his bottom lip, wiping that smug little smirk right off his face.

Kylan groaned and pulled back just enough to catch his breath. Our foreheads rested together as we stood there, both of us breathing hard.

"Pup."

He lifted one hand from my thigh and traced a finger slowly along my cheek. His eyes stayed on mine, so intense that my heart started beating faster.

"Are you really not going to apologize?" he murmured.

If I didn't want him so badly, that probably would've ruined the mood. I raised a brow. "No," I whispered. "You?"

His jaw tightened. His thumb brushed over my cheekbone as he stared at me, like he couldn't decide if he was annoyed or feeling something else entirely.

"What?" I asked.

He shook his head, almost in disbelief, and let out a quiet laugh. " Nothing," he said softly.

Then his mouth was on mine again. This kiss was harder than the last. Not angry, just heavier. Like neither of us could hide how badly we wanted each other anymore.

His hands slipped into my hair, tilting my head exactly where he wanted it, and I held onto him, pulling him closer.

I pulled at the collar of his training gear, tugging the shirt to try and drag it over his head. Noticing, Kylan broke the kiss, then yanked it off himself with one hand while the other still held me steady against him.

His mouth was on mine again, his bare chest pressing against mine through the thin fabric of my own training gear. Lower, something hard pressed against me that sent a rush of heat straight through my core.

A low groan came from him as he turned us around and walked backward until we reached the edge of the mattress. He threw me down, found his way on top of me while we both managed to kick off our shoes somewhere in the middle of it.

His lips traced down my throat, slow, until he reached my mark. "Right there." He dragged his tongue over it, making me release a breath. "You taste so sweet," he murmured against my skin. "I should just do it again, right?"

"Yes," I breathed, my hands finding the back of his head to pull him closer. "Do it." Lumia was reaching for it too. I could feel it.

I felt him chuckle against my throat, still refusing to give in. His hand slid up to cup my breast through my shirt before he tugged the fabric over my head.

Cool air brushed across my bare stomach, and I sucked in a quick breath. His mouth moved to my collarbone, then lower along the curve of my breast.

His fingers found the clasp of my bra almost immediately. He worked it loose until the straps slipped from my shoulders, then tossed it somewhere to the side.

The breeze hit my nipples for half a second. Only long enough to make me shiver before his mouth covered one. His tongue flicked over it, making me arch off the bed with a gasp.

One of his hands pressed my hip into the mattress, keeping me there while his mouth stayed on me. Soft sounds slipped from my lips, and I felt him smile against my skin.

Then he bit down.

"Kylan—"

My back arched at the intense feeling that somehow made everything feel better. He laughed softly against my skin while my breath caught in my throat.

His fingers hooked into the waistband of my sweats, and he started tugging them down until they were off. Slowly, inch by inch, his eyes stayed locked on mine as he moved lower.

Kisses brushed over my stomach, soft and teasing, until a soft laugh slipped out of me. He kept moving lower, taking his time as his lips found the inside of my thigh.

"Just..." I sighed, already losing my patience.

He traced the same slow pattern again and again, like he had all the time in the world. I was starting to think he was doing it just to drive me crazy.

Finally, Kylan's fingers caught the edge of my underwear and slowly pulled it down my legs. As he did, a low chuckle left him, and heat rushed to my face. I was soaked, embarrassingly so, though he didn't say anything about it other than a proud chuckle.

I felt his warm breath over my heat, close enough to make my whole body tense with anticipation.

"I'm in a bit of a hurry, you know," I breathed, trying to sound frustrated.

It seemed to work, because only a moment later, his mouth was exactly where I wanted him. No teasing, no dragging it out. He finally gave me what I had been waiting for.

A loud moan slipped out of me at the sudden touch, sharp and completely helpless. His hand pressed flat against my stomach, holding me still before my hips could even lift off the bed. A surprised laugh escaped me. I had told him I was in a rush, after all.

Kylan stayed focused, his tongue circling my clit with purpose while soft, breathless sounds spilled out of me, none of which I even tried to hold back.

Fingers twisted into the sheets as my thighs trembled against his shoulders, my mouth falling open without a sound. My eyes drifted

toward the ceiling as I slowly gave in to the rhythm of his mouth, each movement making it harder to think straight.

I chased whatever was coming, my hips rolling into him as that familiar pressure coiled tighter and tighter.

"Ky—" I panted. "Don't stop. Please...don't stop."

"Come for me," he murmured against me.

I let out a gasp, every part of me tightening.

"You like that, don't you?" he said, smug.

I hummed, past the point of forming real words, completely lost in the feeling. "Your mouth..." I exhaled, "does so much...more for me like this than when it's busy being...wrong about everything and getting in my way."

And then everything stopped.

Shit...

I felt it the second the words left me. His hands loosened around my hips, his mouth leaving me. I looked down at him, the heat now crawling up my face for an entirely different reason.

He was staring up at me, and whatever had been in his eyes a moment ago was gone, replaced by a look even my Life Sense wouldn't be able to read.

"I..." I started rambling immediately. "Okay, I didn't mean it like that!" I defended, waving my hands in the air. "It was a joke, a bad one. Clearly. I was just..."

Kylan pulled away from me completely as a quiet huff escaped him. I propped myself up on my elbows, watching him.

"A joke," he repeated. He released a chuckle, but there was no humor in it. I stared deeply into his eyes, which looked confused and flustered, waiting for an explanation.

"I..." I tried again.

But when I couldn't come up with anything, he got up from the bed without another word. He crossed the room, and a door shut behind him. It was either the bathroom or closet. I honestly didn't know because I couldn't bring myself to face him.

A big puff came from my throat as I flopped back down against the pillow. My eyes stared up at the same ceiling I had been so happy about seconds ago. In that moment, I realized that the situation would've probably gone better if I had just gone to my room.

Well...

That was definitely one way to end the night. And whatever that was seemed to have hit him twice as hard, which made me believe Trinity might've been right about the band-aid, after all.

'Good job, Violet,' a voice spoke within me.

I groaned. 'Not now, Lumia.'

'A word of advice,' she continued, amused. 'Please stop making jokes... we are not very good at them.'