

Chapter 173

Violet

Elite training was supposed to start in five minutes. I couldn't even remember how we ended up in bed, yet we did. Just like I couldn't remember the number of times, because somewhere along the way I had lost count.

One hand was gripping the sheets, the other buried in Kylan's hair, legs spread as he worked his mouth between my thighs.

And believe me, he was focused.

"Five..." I tried explaining, desperately. My words came out as a broken moan as he flicked his tongue around my clit in slow circles. He said something I couldn't quite understand, but at that point, I was already gone.

"We...really need to...go," I finally managed to choke out between breaths. As much as I loved the idea of Kylan between my legs, I hated showing up late. The thing that always triggered me the most was the part where all those eyes would turn to the door to watch you walk in and wait for an explanation.

"It's Rochwall," Kylan murmured against me. "He'll survive."

My head fell back, hips arching off the mattress as his mouth locked onto that sensitive spot again. Despite his protests, he sped things up, knowing exactly what I needed.

"You like that, don't you?" Kylan teased. "But I should stop since—"

"No," I whimpered, toes curling. "Please don't stop!"

"That's what I thought," he chuckled, then dragged his tongue over me again.

That's all he had to do before my body snapped. I locked my legs around his head as the orgasm rushed through me, fast and overwhelming. "Kylan!"

I cried out, pushing his head away before pulling him closer again. There were stars in my eyes, my thighs were trembling as he just kept going and going. These rooms definitely weren't soundproofed, so I was pretty sure everyone heard.

Only when he was certain he had pulled every last sound from my throat did Kylan finally pull back.

I panted heavily, planting my hand on my forehead. "Wow."

Kylan grinned, casually wiping his mouth with the back of his hand like nothing had happened. "Yes, wow."

"Yes," I breathed. "That's what I said."

His eyes locked on mine, and I didn't look away. There was always this flicker of cockiness behind it, like he was proud of the work he had just done—and to be honest, he should be. While I was struggling to remember how to breathe, he was completely unbothered, composed, and apparently amused.

"You got a little..." I exhaled, gesturing vaguely toward my own mouth.

Kylan raised a brow, then wiped the corner with the back of his hand.

I laughed, shaking my head. "You're unbelievable—"

Shit.

I cut off mid-sentence as my eyes snapped to the clock. "Kylan!" I gasped, sitting up fast. "We're late! We really should—"

"Yeah, yeah, I know what you're about to say," Kylan yawned. He was already halfway out of bed and heading for the bathroom. "We should

really take this to the shower since we're late anyway."

He looked over his shoulder, confused for a second, probably wondering why I wasn't already up and following him. Even I was confused as to why I wasn't following him yet.

Frustrated, I bit my lip. I could still feel that familiar ache between my legs, and I knew I wasn't about to turn him down. I never did.

I still wanted him.

Badly.

He was right. Rochwall had more students to entertain, and we were already late, so what would it matter?

"Five more minutes," I called out, dragging myself out of bed, though my legs felt like jelly. "And then we really have to go!"

—

"Kylan, let's go!"

I urged him to keep walking, but he didn't seem to care much. His hands were in his pockets, his steps slow and perhaps a bit too calm as we made our way through the campus grounds.

A mocking chuckle escaped from his lips. "Cute," he mumbled.

"There's nothing cute about being late," I snapped, adjusting the straps of my training gear for what would've been the fifth time.

Nate and Dylan had already texted both of us a while ago, asking us where the hell we were. According to them, today's training was apparently taking place in the woods, and Rochwall was pissed.

Somehow, the five minutes Kylan and I had planned turned out closer to twenty, and as much as I wanted to pretend I regretted it—I didn't.

At least, not yet.

I adjusted the straps of my training gear again. How could Kylan be so calm? I knew it was just Rochwall, but even a man like him had his limits right? What if everyone had to run a thousand laps for our mistake?

"You're overthinking again," Kylan said, pushing the gate open over my head. "No one is dying, Puppy."

I frowned up at him, walking through the Starlight gates. "I've never been late to Elite training before," I glared at him. "This will be the first time."

Kylan smiled as we entered the path to the woods. "Good for you," he said, pursing his lips. "You've been experiencing a lot of firsts lately."

I smacked his arm. "I'm not as good as the rest," I admitted, feeling my chest tighten. It was just the unfortunate truth. "So I don't want them to think I'm not as driven or anything."

Kylan's smile dropped. "Who said you're not as good as the rest?"

My mouth almost fell open. "You did!"

More than once.

Was he being serious right now?

Kylan let out a half gasp. "Ah, that's right. I did say that, and you did suck," he nodded. "But you're catching up nowadays," he added after a pause.

There was no apology, no beating around the bush. Just Kylan being Kylan.

A bit too honest, but only whenever he felt like it.

A voice could be heard up ahead, and I immediately recognized it as

Rochwall's. He was counting, his voice loud and clear, but not the usual sweet tone. No, he sounded like a tyrant. *Jorn 2.0*.

This was not good.

"It's probably nothing," Kylan said, even though we both knew he'd heard it too. As we moved closer, he slipped behind me, resting a hand on my waist. He leaned down and kissed the top of my head, but this affection didn't do much to calm my nerves.

"We're only a few minutes late."

A few?

It was definitely more than twenty.

"All of you are going to learn to respect your commander today."

The deeper we went into the woods, the louder the voice became. "I did have a nice picnic planned for you," Rochwall's voice rang out through the trees. "But since your Captain can't even bother to show up..."

I didn't hear the rest.

I didn't even want to hear the rest.

I immediately looked at Kylan, who responded with a shrug. "It's not the end of the world," he mumbled, trying to play it off. He reached out to lift a low-hanging branch that blocked our view, and once he did, a large, empty space cleared in front of us.

There they were...

The entire Elite team, all of them in a mid-exercise straight out of hell.

They were on the grass, planking in the heat, soaked with sweat. In the center of it all was Rochwall, holding a red flute to his lips.

The moment he saw us, he lowered it. "Ah," he shouted. "Look who has decided to show up. At last, the king and queen of Lyperia have decided to grace us with their presence."

Every pair of eyes turned towards us with the nastiest glares, even those of Nate and Dylan. This was exactly what I had feared would happen.

"I have good news," Rochwall called out. "Today we'll be training like we're preparing for the end of the world, and it's all because of you!"

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