

Chapter 61

Violet

I woke up with two strong arms wrapped around me and knew exactly whose arms I was in. Last night was a memory I couldn't and wouldn't erase from my mind.

My lips curled into a soft smile, and then my cheeks began to heat up as memories from last night returned. The way he touched me, cared for me—and was gentle enough to make me feel comfortable.

‘You’re okay, I got you—relax.’

‘Look at me.’

‘You’re beautiful.’

All of those were words I had never expected to leave Kylan’s mouth, but somehow he did—and then he kissed my head and held me in his arms for the entire night. It was probably nothing, just some aftercare—but it felt nice.

Even after almost marking me, he didn’t pull back, hadn’t kicked me out of his room, or brought it up.

It was a good thing he didn’t, because I just wanted it to be normal, but then again—maybe if he did, I wouldn’t have had this crush on him.

Yes, crush.

After losing my virginity, I did the one thing he told me not to do—catch feelings.

I was a sucker for my bully, and it felt terrible.

Sighing, I turned sideways to study his face. He looked so quiet, peaceful—and handsome, cute even. When Kylan didn’t have the chance to make any snarky remarks or look at anyone with those intense eyes of his, he seemed so harmless.

His breathing was slow and even, and his hand moved a bit as I stirred around. No matter how good this felt, I had to get back to my dorm.

Carefully, I grabbed his hand, gently removing it from my body.

As I tried to get up, I instantly felt an ache between my legs. It didn’t really hurt, it was a good ache.

I stood up, climbing over him—butt naked, and was immediately hit by a cold breeze. My nipples hardened as I scanned the room, searching for my clothes, which were not on the bed anymore.

“What are you doing?”

A low and raspy voice startled me, making me jump and turn around. Kylan rubbed his face, looking sleepy as his eyes landed on my naked body. He smiled slightly, checking me out.

“Dude,” I whispered, quickly grabbing a plaid blanket off the nearby chair to cover myself. “Stop staring,” I cleared my throat.

Kylan chuckled, amused.

“I need to get back. I have class in two hours,” I mumbled, barely able to look him in the eye.

Kylan stretched, yawning loudly as a lazy smile tugged at the corners of his mouth. “Just skip and stay here,” he shrugged.

My eyes widened, surprised. He couldn’t be serious. Could he?

What if I had calculated it all wrong, and he didn’t want this to be something casual?

What if he realized he was wrong, and maybe this could be something more?

“I’m kidding,” he smirked, shaking his head. I jumped out of those silly thoughts, not even knowing how my brain could come up with them. He would never want me—a werewolf girl, as Trinity liked calling it.

Whatever ridiculous thing was happening in my head, it was time to snap out of it.

Kylan gave a dismissive wave with his hand. “You should probably go before anyone sees you.”

Ah, there he was again.

Typically Kylan. The one I had gotten used to.

“I’m trying,” I clicked my tongue as I started looking around, hoping to find my clothes.

“Under there,” Kylan nudged his head toward the bed. Sure enough, I spotted my shirt and leggings hidden beneath the bed. I picked up my mess from the floor, then glanced back at him, waiting for him to turn around.

Only, he refused. He kept eyeing me with that annoying smirk.

“Do you mind!” I asked, clutching the blanket closer to myself.

Kylan’s grin widened, but he ultimately turned around. “You know,” he spoke as I got dressed, his head still turned. “I don’t know what you’re trying to hide here because I’ve already seen it all… sucked it all, licked it all—”

“Okay!” I felt the blush rush to my face as I pulled up my leggings. “You can turn around now. Thank you.”

Kylan didn’t wait a second, his eyes sparkling with an emotion I couldn’t quite understand.

Was it hunger?

Amusement?

A ‘get the hell out of here’ look?

“Pup,” he tilted his head, looking serious again. “You still hate me, right? I—I mean, we still hate each other—right?”

“What?”

“You still hate—”

“Yeah, I heard you the first time.” I felt a sharp pain in my heart. From all the things he could’ve said, he had to make sure we still hated each other.

He didn’t deserve my love, yet he had it—and there was nothing I could do about it.

The way he asked made it sound strange. It made our entire connection feel reduced to this mutual favor. The idea that we should hate each other felt forced, and I wondered if he was doing it to protect himself from the reality of what was really happening.

He was the one who had pushed his fangs to my neck, yet he was the one who wanted me to hate him.

“We don’t have to hate each other, Kylan,” I sighed, annoyed. “And I don’t want you to hate me either.”

He looked at me, frowning. “Then what do you want?”

I wanted the one thing he wouldn’t be able to give me. I wanted him.

“Since you want to call this casual, I thought maybe we could at least be friends.”

He chuckled, looking down for a moment as if trying to hide a smirk. I felt hurt by his reaction, especially since it looked like my answer had been some kind of relief to him.

He had this high opinion of himself, like he thought one night with a girl would make her fall for him—and, unfortunately, he was right.

After holding me in his arms for the entire night, it was as if nothing had changed between us—but I knew it had. It wasn’t because of the feeling between my legs, but because I fell even deeper every time I looked into those dark brown eyes—and I wasn’t sure how to process it.

Everything I thought I knew about myself was wrong, and maybe I wasn’t as hard on the inside as I thought I was. I didn’t even have the strength anymore to convince myself that I didn’t want to be with him.

“I really have to go now,” I muttered, turning away.

“Don’t forget—we’re heading to the woods again after training,” Kylan called out as I headed toward the door.

“How could I, when you remind me every other second?” I rolled my eyes, reaching for the handle. “I’ll see you later.”

“Later, Puppy,” I could hear him mumble before closing the door behind me.

For more than one reason—and one of them being getting a strike—these halls always frightened me, and that’s why I was desperate to get out as soon as possible. As it was early in the morning, it was still dark and empty.

I began walking, but didn’t get far as a door suddenly swung open, and a girl stepped out in front of me.

Fuck…

I froze, somehow thinking she wouldn’t be able to see me that way. The girl chuckled softly, looking me up and down.

My stomach twisted as I realized I recognized her.

It was the same girl who had seen me the last time I left Kylan’s room, and she carried the same smirk as the last time.

“Does your mate or boyfriend also live on this floor?” she stuck her nose in my business.

I shook my head. I didn’t owe her any explanations, yet it felt like I did, because I really couldn’t handle any more misunderstandings at the moment.

She raised an eyebrow. “I thought you were with Nate?” she said. “This isn’t Nate’s floor.”

“Rumors,” I replied. “We’re just close friends.”

“Close friends,” she hummed, her gaze lingering a bit too long. It was clear she was trying to piece something together, and I didn’t quite know what it was. The silence between us was suffocating, and I waited for her to say something more.

It looked like she wanted to ask something, but she didn’t.

I doubted it could have been about Kylan because everyone knew I wasn’t his type. From what I’d heard, Kylan had been very consistent with his choices—and I wasn’t even close to it.

Besides, the only way for her to suspect something would be if anyone had given her any reason to think that Kylan and I were anything more than students at the same school.

I didn’t really know anyone besides Trinity, so there was that.

“Okay,” the girl nodded. I gave her a slight nod in return and walked past her, not daring to look back.

As I walked through the campus grounds, the full moon from yesterday wasn’t there anymore, but the sky was still dark. The darkness felt like a small blessing—it meant I wouldn’t draw attention to myself. I was already on edge, trying to keep a low profile, and the last thing I needed was someone else seeing me and asking questions I didn’t have the answer to.

I entered the building, relieved to be closer to my room so I could finally breathe—but before I could even take a proper step, I bumped right into someone—hard.

Shit…

My stomach dropped as I looked up—and then I looked into the eyes of the woman who could be my worst nightmare at this moment.

Esther…