

Chapter 10

## Chapter 10

Kylan

If there was one thing I refused to lose, it had to be control—and at the moment I had none.

Fuck.

It was all because of her.

My head throbbed from the lack of sleep I managed to get last night. Every time I closed my eyes, all I could see was her. Four-eyes.

Her bold behavior, her piercing blue eyes, that stupid look on her face when she thought she could walk into my room and reject me. Me?

I panicked and did what I had to do—so I kissed her. Again.

It was all to show her I had the upper hand, and she did not.

Not even close.

But that small kiss turned into something unforgettable, and now I wanted more. Those soft lips had only strengthened my pull toward her, and I felt disgusted. I knew what that kiss in the woods had done to me, and still...

I wasn't supposed to want her, and it wasn't really me that wanted her—it was the beast.

I knew it was the beast because I couldn't care for anything or anyone other than my people. Growing up, the king always told me a mate was supposed to make me stronger—but if that were true, why did I feel so

weak?

As I walked through the campus, students created a path for me. Some nodded respectfully, while others avoided eye contact.

There was nothing to complain about because that was the way I liked it.

I longed for respect, and Four-eyes had lost mine when she tried to reject me for the second time.

If she had just waited, I would've come to her on my terms and freed her from the bond—but now, that wasn't an option. I'd rather eat shit than let myself get rejected by some werewolf.

Some silly, stubborn, short girl who could barely reach my shoulders.

There was no way.

By the time I reached the main building, I caught Nate leaning against one of the columns. He was chatting with a few of the other Lycans, but when his eyes found mine, he ended the conversation and walked over instantly.

As usual, Nate carried his trademark smile on his face. It was one which he had been carrying since childhood, and had never once faded.

He was always in a good mood, always so positive, happy—I had no idea how he managed to do it. If Nate was like the sun, I would be the moon. We were polar opposites.

Despite that, the two of us were close, best friends that grew up like brothers. His Dad, the Beta, was always with the king—and Nate with me. It was just the way it had always been. He never left me alone for too long, and had always looked out for me. The one to stop me when I was

about to make yet another reckless decision. He was one of the few people I could actually tolerate.

“Ky!” he bumped my shoulder with his fist before patting it. “You look like you didn’t get much sleep last night.”

I furrowed my brow, “I do?”

“Yeah, a little.”

“I’m fine.”

Nate narrowed his eyes. “Now that I think about it, you’ve been acting a little strange ever since the festival.”

“No,” I shook my head. “No, I haven’t.”

Nate had no idea about Violet, and I wasn’t about to tell him. No one could ever know I mated with a puppy. It would be an embarrassment to my family, the kingdom.

“Yes, you have,” Nate argued, “Chrystal noticed it too—”

“Chrystal doesn’t know shit!” I clenched my jaw, the words coming out louder than intended. She had always been good at spreading rumors, and now she had been feeding her brother lies.

Nate chuckled, raising his hands defensively.

“Fine,” he sighed. “Can I at least know if you think Rochwall is going to make you Elite Captain this year or do I just have to keep my mouth shut?”

“Captain...” I repeated, thinking about the position.

Rochwall was our commander on the Elite Team. He was a Lycan from another kingdom and a well-respected alumni who had excelled in everything from combat to strategy. Back when he attended Starlight, he had been on the Elite Team with the king, who had always spoken highly of him.

Nate bobbed his head. "With Jessie graduating, someone's got to take over, and let's be honest, you're the top pick."

I gave a nonchalant shrug, trying to act like the thought hadn't crossed my mind—although it definitely had.

"Rochwall hasn't said anything yet. But I'm not going to beg for it."

"Of course you're not," Nate grinned. "But we all know you're the best candidate."

Becoming Elite Captain was something I expected as there was no one fit enough for that role, but as of now, I had other things to deal with.

"Speaking of the Elite Team," Nate began. "One of the new recruits, Violet, is Dylan's little sister."

I hummed, pretending not to be interested. So she was Dylan's little sister? Personally, I had nothing with that guy. He had the worst superiority complex, and that was coming from me. No wonder those two were related.

Even though that meant Violet came from a somewhat important family, it meant nothing to me. She was from a small pack, and still—a puppy.

"She's great." Nate smiled.

My jaw tightened. "Is that so?"

"Yes," he spoke. "I mean, she's quiet, but funny, I've heard she's a good healer, she's...beautiful—"

"Too bad she's a puppy," I clenched my fists at my sides although I kept my expression in control. Beautiful? Who was he calling beautiful?

Nate being Nate, he was probably just being friendly—and if he wasn't, I had to protect him from danger.

Four-eyes was a plague.

If she was unworthy of me, she was also unworthy of my friend.

"It's not like I want her," Nate chuckled. "I just think she's cool to hang out with."

"Speaking of hanging out," he continued. "What's going on between you and my sister? Chrystal's been telling everyone that the two of you might be getting back together?"

I let out a frustrated sigh. He went from one mess to another. "There's nothing going between us. Your sister and I are done."

"Well, someone should tell her that," Nate snorted. "Because she's been telling people something different."

I let out a frustrated sound, running a hand through my hair. Chrystal had always been a problem, and ever since she received the blessing from the Lycan King—it had become even worse over the years. She thought she was untouchable.

"Have you seen your sister?" I asked, wanting to put the record straight.

She wasn't the only girl I was with, and she wasn't going to ruin my sophomore year with all that stalking.

"I think I saw her near the courtyard."

"I'll go deal with her," I said to Nate. "I'll catch you later."

We parted ways, and I immediately made my way over to the courtyard.

Indeed, I spotted Chrystal, standing and laughing with her friends. Unless I was inside of her, the sight of her made my blood boil. I hated rumors, especially when they weren't true.

I hated them because every little thing would reach Lupyria, which meant they would reach the king. She knew that.

"Chrystal!" I called out, causing all the girls to look at me.

"Oh, I'm sorry?" I spoke, sarcastically. "Since when did we have so many Chrystals?"

Luckily the girls got the memo and walked away with either a scoff or a smirk. Chrystal had her hands on her hips, a smug smile plastered across her face.

Just the fact that I had publicly acknowledged her meant a lot to her—but now I had to publicly embarrass her.

"Kylan," she pronounced my name as I stepped closer. She licked her cherry lips which were just as red as her fiery hair. "What is it?"

"We need to talk," I spoke, impatiently. 1

"About?"

I didn't bother beating around the bush. "You need to stop spreading rumors about us. We're not getting back together."

"Rumors?" Her smirk vanished. "I haven't said anything that isn't true. You have been fucking me, haven't you?"

I clenched my jaw, hating the way she twisted things to make me look like the bad guy. We had a mutual agreement. "That doesn't mean we're getting back together, and you know that."

Chrystal rolled her eyes, then stepped closer until she was practically pressed against me. "What's been going on with you lately?" she whispered, suspicious.

Was it really that obvious?

My entire body tensed at the suggestion, but I didn't let it show. "Nothing," I hissed. "Just getting tired of your bullshit."

A single eye twitched. "Because you've got someone else, right?"

I stared down at her, wanting to end the conversation at once.

I knew how Chrystal could get when she became this possessive. She was fully aware she wasn't the only one keeping my bed warm, but she also knew she was the only one I'd ever fucked more than once.

The last time she found out I'd been with someone else twice, she made the girl's life a living hell, torturing her until she eventually withdrew from school. That stunt forced Chrystal to redo her freshman year, but now it had turned out it didn't teach her a damn thing.

I didn't even want to think about what would happen if she ever found

out about the mate bond with Four-eyes.

It would end badly. For Chrystal. Because if she tried anything, the beast would make me kill her—and I knew I'd let him.

Fuck...

She was right about one thing—I wasn't myself, and something was seriously wrong with me.

"Who's the girl, Ky?"

"Drop it," I said coldly. "Remember what happened the last time you pushed me?"

Chrystal gulped, though her eyes held no fear. "I won't ever let you be with someone else, Ky," she stated.

"If I can't have you, no one can." 1

Without waiting for a response, she turned and walked away.

I felt my blood boil at her indirect threat. The beast inside me roared to attack, to make sure she never dared to challenge me again. My hands were shaking, my vision blurred and the thought of tearing her apart suddenly seemed very tempting.

Before I could think about fully losing control, someone caught my eye. I came back to my senses, seeing Four-eyes walk past the entrance with her friend.

She was completely unaware of my presence, laughing as if she didn't have a single concern in the world.

As if she didn't come knocking at my door last night to reject me. The



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sound of her laughter irked me. She had no right to feel at ease, no right to smile—and not even the right to a chuckle.

I inhaled her lingering scent and couldn't help but wonder if she perhaps smelled mine. She either pretended not to notice my presence or was too weak to sense it. Either way, it was just another reminder that she was nothing but a helpless, weak puppy.

I hated everything about her.

I hated the fact that she was on my mind, her sweet scent, and that out of all the people in the entire universe, she had to be my mate.

I hated it.



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