

Chapter 12

Violet

I sat back, doing absolutely nothing while the others discussed their plan to get the box to the other side. At this point I couldn't give two fucks, and would see what the deal was tonight.

Kylan said it himself.

'You're here because of your brother,'

He had made it clear he didn't want me on his team, and since my fate was in his hands, I knew he wasn't going to accept me into the Elite Team. So, I decided there was no point in breaking a sweat.

I had wondered why Dylan vouched for me, and now as we sat around the table, I knew exactly why.

There was one leader, Kylan, a combat specialist, Nate, a strategic specialist, Dylan—and me? I was the only healer left. They had no choice but to take me.

Apparently if I were to magically make the team, this would be our team for the entire year. Dylan knew what he wanted, and had probably convinced Kylan to take advantage of every role, even if that meant putting up with me.

"Violet—focus."

I blinked, startled by Dylan's voice. It was the first time he'd said my name in months. His eyes looked intense, like he was trying to get through to me. He knew I was bad at paying attention. I had been

dreaming in class for years.

All eyes turned to me, including Kylan's.

"I am focused," I mumbled.

Dylan shook his head, "Then what did I just say?"

My mouth felt dry. I hadn't listened to a single word, but I knew Dylan well enough to guess what he might've said. When it came to me, he always used the same strategy.

"You said I should not interfere," I replied slowly, "and keep nearby in case someone gets injured."

Dylan nodded, his expression softening just a little. "Yes, and I also said that the box is most likely not just a box," he said. "I don't think we're going to have to fight or that there needs to be any healing."

Great.

So as decided, I would just do nothing.

I glanced at Kylan out of the corner of my eye, noticing how much attention he was paying to Dylan. Despite whatever was going on between those two, Kylan seemed to trust his judgment.

It was clear that the captain's position mattered to him — otherwise both Dylan and I wouldn't have been sitting at that table.

I stayed quiet as they talked more. Every word, every strategy sounded so complicated that it made me think that perhaps I truly wasn't cut out for this.

The healing part came so easy, but when it was time to actually use my

brains—I panicked.

My thoughts got interrupted by the small blue card which Dylan had slid across the table toward me. I picked it up and read the words 'Night Pass'. It was a card to get outside past curfew.

"We'll meet at the gate at midnight," Kyran decided. "Don't be late."

He wasn't looking at the group when he said it. He was looking right at me. I gave him a nod, although I didn't understand why he would think I would be late.

If I had to bet, I'd put a million on being the first one there.

"So, Dylan," Nate spoke as the conversation died down, "I heard you found your mate?"

Surprised, I stared at my brother. I had no idea. He hadn't said anything to me, but then again—not that we'd really spoken much since I got here.

Dylan chuckled, his eyes held a warmth I hadn't seen in years. "I did," he said, "but that's not important now." 1

That warm gaze was the same I had seen in others who found their mates. When I was younger, I used to dream about receiving that look, but now, as I glanced to the monster sitting next to me, all I wanted was to poke his eyes out.

That warmth...it didn't exist with Kyran. It never would.

Was I lusting over him?

Yes, sure. He was hot, and I wasn't going to deny that.

If I could've jumped on top of him right now, I probably would've—

Lumia or not. Well, I was still a virgin—but if I wasn't, I definitely would've.

What was I even thinking?

I shook the thought away, trying to focus.

The chair screeched as Kylan pushed it back and stood up. "One small backpack," he said. "Don't make it too heavy, and don't bring anything you can't carry."

Kylan walked away, and Nate got up right after him. As he passed me, he reached over and ruffled my hair again—it seemed to be his thing. "See you tonight, beautiful," he grinned, before following him.

My lips curled into a smile. I wasn't in the best mood, but there was something about Nate that just made my day.

The smile was short-lived as I looked ahead, straight into the eyes of Dylan.

He shot me one of his usual cold glares, leaving me to wonder what I had done this time.

"You shouldn't get too close to them," Dylan scolded. "They're dangerous. From a different hierarchy."

I laughed to myself, shaking my head. If only he knew.

"Oh, you've got nothing to worry about," I replied, meaning every word of it. Nate was Nate, and Kylan...I wasn't even going to start on that.

Dylan's face didn't soften. All I got was a sigh and an eye roll as he stood up from the table, preparing to leave. Instead of leaving, he just stood

there, staring at me. Confused, I frowned, wondering what his deal was.

"I'm proud of you, kid," Dylan said quietly, so soft that if I had breathed the wrong way, I might have missed it. "Keep up the good work."

My mouth hung open, unsure of how to respond, and before I could say anything, he had already walked away.

What?

Dylan had never said anything like that to me before. Words like that didn't exist at the Bloodrose pack and especially not in his vocabulary.

It just didn't make any sense. Maybe he hadn't vouched for me because I was a healer, but to keep himself close to me and laugh in my face when I'd fail.

Was he mocking me?

Yes, that had to be it. It sure sounded like the Dylan I knew.

I squeezed the night pass in my hand, slowly shifting my mindset. I was going to make the team, show them they were wrong about me, and I was going to perform so well that Kylan wouldn't be able to reject me, even if he wanted to.

With no classes for the next two days, I had enough time to give it everything I had.

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In the evening, I packed a small backpack. It was filled with some snacks, water, extra clothes and a few antidotes just in case.

Trinity, who had helped me pack, claimed to be jealous of me going

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outside the gates. I didn't feel that excited though. Heading into the woods in the middle of the night wasn't exactly my idea of fun.

We spent some time hanging out, watching a movie—but I couldn't exactly focus. My mind kept going back to the Elite Team.

For some reason, she didn't ask about Kylan, and I appreciated that.

At some point, I went to bed, hoping to get some rest. Ten minutes before midnight, I grabbed my bag and my pass, ready to head out.

The dorm was dark and quiet, and I did my best to sneak out without making too much noise. Just as I quietly closed my door behind me, I turned around—and nearly screamed at the sight of two familiar figures.

Chrystal and Amy stood there, like two bodyguards in the dark, arms crossed, staring directly at me.

Whatever stunt this was, it was clearly rehearsed.

My eyes were wide as I placed a hand over my heart. What were they doing here anyway? Those two were never here.

The two began walking toward me, their arms still crossed. I tried to slip away, but they had already trapped me against the wall.

What was it with these Lycans and trapping people?

"I really need to get downstairs, so if you don't mind," I whispered as friendly as possible.

Chrystal released a chuckle, playing with a strand of her hair. "It's cute and all that you made the Elite Team," she said. "And I know you're the last person I should worry about, since you're not even his type. But stay

away from my man—got it?”

She patted my shoulder twice, a sick grin on her lips, and I glanced down at her hand. This was the part where I had to put her in her place. Maybe not too much, just enough to show I wasn't someone she could push around—though with Chrystal, I wasn't sure if that would even work.

I gently moved her hand off my shoulder. "First of all, I don't want your man," I stated. "Second, if he really was your man, you wouldn't have to worry about all of this."

The grin on her face was no more. Amy who hadn't expected for me to defend myself looked back and forth between the two of us.

My heart raced. I did this to get her off my back, but the way her eyes turned dangerously cold made me realize it might've backfired.

I had only made things worse for myself.

What did I even think, going head to head with a Lycan?

"I-I really have to go now," I lowered my head. Then I managed to step around them and left the room as quickly as possible.

As I walked through the halls, my hands were shaking. Her lack of reaction terrified me even more, but that was something I'd have to deal with when I got back.

I spotted a guard standing by the door downstairs, and showed him my night pass. With not much time left, I made a run for it. By the time I reached the gate, I was out of breath, and my forehead glistened with sweat.

Of course, Kylan, Nate, and Dylan were already there, looking as calm

and collected as ever—looking at me as if I was the crazy one. Placing my hands on my knees, I bent over, trying to catch my breath.

“Hi beautiful,” Nate laughed, ruffling my hair before rubbing my back. “Are you still breathing?”

I looked up and instantly noticed the small smirk on Dylan’s lips. He loved seeing me struggle, so it was no surprise he was enjoying this. My eyes shifted to Kylan, who wasn’t amused by the situation either.

His expression wasn’t sympathetic—in fact, he looked irritated. My gaze landed on the golden box in his arms before meeting his eyes again.

“I told you to be here on time. You’re late,” he spoke, dryly.

“I’m not late!” I argued, looking at my watch. I was three minutes too late. “You’re just early.”

He didn’t say anything. He just glared at me with that judgmental look. Making the Elite Team wasn’t guaranteed for me, but Kylan had much more at stake. He was aiming for captain, and thanks to me, he now had a three-minute delay—which I was pretty sure had stretched to four by now.

“She’s here,” Nate defended me, eyeing Kylan.

Kylan grunted in response. “It’s a good thing you’re not a warrior. Healing suits you,” he spat.

“Your condition is tragic, and you’re breathing like a pig.”

I called him all sorts of bad names in my head, wishing I could say something back—but I didn’t have the energy or the guts. Especially if I still wanted a shot at making the team.

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Kylan used a key to unlock the gate, leaving me to wonder how on earth I was going to survive the night with him.

It was going to be a disaster.



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