

Chapter 171

Kylan

"What are you smiling for?"

I looked across the table, brows raised at the person who had the audacity to ask me that question. Nate.

Why was it any of his business anyway?

"I'm not smiling," I denied, knowing damn well I was, and I had a very good reason for it. Nate squinted his eyes like he didn't believe me, but I gave him a blank stare until he had no choice but to give up.

Seconds later, he was already busy with the others at the table. I leaned back in my seat, scanning the cafeteria.

It wasn't too busy, except for our table, full of Lyperians I didn't care about. I only cared about one thing, and that was Puppy, who had yet to walk through that door.

She should've been here by now...

I knew she had a free hour. I knew her schedule by heart. I had to—because who else was going to protect her?

She always came around this time, sometimes sat alone, sometimes with Trinity, never had anything else on her tray but an apple she'd only take a few bites from, and a bottle of water. She'd sit with her head down so she wouldn't have to make eye contact with anyone, and usually tripped over her bag because that was Puppy.

I would usually watch her from a corner, laugh, of course, and the day I finally suggested we'd sit in the cafeteria, she wasn't here.

So where the hell was she?

Annoyed, I picked up a grape off my plate and popped it into my mouth. I didn't even like grapes. I was just pissed she wasn't even here.

Surprisingly, all that frustration disappeared when pieces of last night played back in my mind. Her soft moans, how she said my name, the way she'd squeeze her eyes shut, part her lips a little before she would come.

Most importantly, the beast had been able to control himself and didn't mark her. That was good news. Amazing, actually.

But while that was good news for now, I also knew that there would be that moment where I wouldn't be able to hold myself back. Not with her.

"Are you looking for someone?" one of the girls beside me asked. My eyes rolled back before I looked at the nosy brunette.

"Do you need me to get them for you—"

"No," I said dryly, not interested in what she had to offer. She was a Lyperian, and other than myself, I didn't want any of them near her. I was serious.

I glanced at the door again.

Where was she?

She had ten seconds before I went looking for her.

No, one second.

Abruptly, I pushed back my chair and rose from my seat. All eyes were on me, waiting for me to explain. "I forgot..." I cleared my throat. "There's something I need to do."

While the others went back to what they were doing, Nate shot me a curious glance. "You want me to come with you?"

I pulled a face like I was considering it, then shook my head. "No, I'm

good."

Luckily, Nate shrugged, not pushing it. I made my way out of the cafeteria as quickly as possible and headed across campus, toward the building I knew Puppy had her last class in.

As I walked, I scanned my surroundings, hoping for any sign of her.

Where are you, Puppy?

I hated this feeling. I wasn't one to panic, but that glow in her eyes still scared the shit out of me. Not because I didn't think she could handle it, but because I just wanted to protect her. I wouldn't be able to live with myself if I couldn't honor that promise.

Yes, she was strong. Probably stronger than me. But that didn't mean I wasn't allowed to worry.

As I entered the building, I was immediately met with that sweet, soft sound of laughter that could only belong to one person. Puppy.

Something warm tugged in my chest, and I let out a relieved breath. She was okay. She was probably with Trinity.

But the second I turned the corner and saw that that wasn't the case—I froze. She still had that beautiful smile of hers, but she wasn't with Trinity.

My Puppy was with some guy. She was laughing, hand on her belly, head tilted, the same way she would do with me.

Why the hell was she with some dude?

Just as I was ready to attack, she looked up and waved, her face lighting up. A sense of calmness washed over me as I nodded back, forcing a smile. However, it was short-lived, because it turned out the wave wasn't meant for me.

I followed some guy with my eyes as he walked past me, straight to Violet. The first one left with a quick goodbye, and then she turned toward the second.

What was this?

My jaw tensed. And then it got even worse.

The prick leaned in like he was about to hug her. Violet patted his shoulder and stepped back, creating distance between them.

Good...

This time, I didn't wait for her to giggle. I walked right up with steady steps, no hesitation.

"Pup."

With force, I bumped the guy's shoulder on purpose, hard enough to make him stumble a little. Violet looked up, surprised, as I slid my arm around her waist and pulled her closer.

"Kylan?" she blinked at me, her eyes kind and innocent as always. She couldn't see I was livid because according to her, why would I be?

She truly had no idea...

I nudged my head toward the dude, waiting for an explanation.

"Oh," she said. "This is one of my friends from class. His name is...I'm sorry, what's your name again?"

"Fra—"

I wanted an explanation. Definitely not an introduction.

"Violet has no friends," I said flatly, cutting him off.

I suppose it might've come off as rude, but I meant it. She had 'Trinity. Nate, I guess. Dylan was her brother-cousin. That was it.

Puppy gave me an immediate look, most likely offended, but I was just speaking facts.

She frowned. "Well, not friend friend, but I do know him from class," she said. "He was just telling me how great Lyperia is. His mom actually —"

"I don't care."

I pulled her a little closer, not even bothering to lower my eyes to look at that thing that was at least two heads shorter than I was.

"She'll see you in class," I said, patting the guy's head. He got the message and immediately turned on his heel, leaving us alone.

Good for him.

I didn't need to say anything else. I just grabbed Violet's hand and walked away with her like he had never existed, because to me, he didn't.

This wasn't me. I didn't get possessive, jealous, or hungry for attention... at least not until I met her.

It was pathetic, and I would continue being pathetic. She was mine.

"Well, that was uncalled for," Violet said once we had left the building. She pulled away from my arms, and a strange feeling settled in my chest.

"He was hitting on you, Violet," I said her name.

"No, he wasn't," she argued. She turned to stand right in front of me, forcing me to stop. "He was just being friendly," she defended him, crossing her arms.

I stared at her, deadpan.

"Puppy...be serious."

She gave me a shake of her head like she didn't get it, and honestly? At times it hurt my brain to think about just how oblivious she could be.

At this moment, she was even more oblivious than she had been in the woods when she couldn't comprehend that she was her. My first love.

And now she actually thought those guys wanted to be her friends.

Of course they didn't want to be just her friend. No one in their right mind would look at her, the most beautiful girl in Starlight, and want to be just friends.

I knew how this worked. I had seen it plenty of times before. These guys probably had nothing going for them, no throne waiting on them, so all they could do was hope to get a piece of the Lycan prince's mate so they could brag about it later on.

I knew Violet wasn't stupid enough to give them a chance, but them thinking she was stupid enough to even dare make a move pissed me the fuck off.

It made my blood boil.

"Kylan?" she pouted, angrily. Her eyes narrowed. "Even if he was hitting on me, why would you care?"



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