

## Chapter 4

Violet

“Don’t just stand here. Let’s go!” Trinity grabbed my arm and pulled me toward the dance floor, where most of the students were.

I tugged at the hem of my dress, nearly falling over. “Are you sure I look okay?” I spoke over the loud music.

Trinity grabbed two drinks from a passing tray, handing me one. “Of course you do. You look hot,” she shouted.

I let out a sigh, disagreeing as my eyes scanned the crowd. I didn’t feel hot—I felt stupid and out of place. All these girls looked good because they had the confidence to go with it.

Trinity wrapped her arms around my neck and swayed from side to side, forcing me to move with her.

“There you go!” she said, and I gave her a small smirk in return.

A loud, exaggerated laugh pierced through the music. I looked to the side to see where it was coming from, and it was no one other than our roommate who was more so like a ghost—Chrystal.

She was standing with Kylan, Nate and Amy. A weird feeling went through my body as my gaze fell on the Lycan prince.

Chrystal said something, placing her hand on Kylan’s leather jacket—but he had no reaction.

His face was just as stony as it had been in the restroom. When I first met him, his shoulder-length hair had been loose, but tonight it was pulled back into a bun.

Cold, yet undeniably handsome. That would be a good way to describe him.

Chrystal looked gorgeous. She wore a pink mini dress that hugged her body, and her red hair fell beautifully over her shoulders.

They matched perfectly, and were both attractive. One could easily understand why they used to date.

Why was I even observing these people?

I tried to look away, but failed miserably. My eyes remained glued to them.

“If you’re not interested, stop staring at him,” Trinity sang, nudging me playfully.

I dragged my eyes away, annoyed at myself for exposing myself. I truly wasn’t interested, and I truly didn’t care. “I wasn’t staring.”

Trinity shot me a sarcastic look. “Don’t try to understand. I’ve heard this is what they do. They break up and get back together like every other week.”

“Good for them,” I said with a shrug. “But I barely know the guy, and he’s not exactly the nicest—so I really do not care.”

Trinity raised her eyebrows, unconvinced. “You know what? I can name ten guys hotter than him,” she spoke as she glanced around the crowd. “Take him for example!” her finger pointed to a guy walking past.

I followed her gaze and nearly choked when I saw who she was pointing at—my brother, Dylan. I gagged to myself, trying to shake the image from my head.

“You didn’t even see his face,” I argued. “You only saw the back.”

“Yes, and?” Trinity blinked. “He has broad shoulders, dark hair, a good fashion sense, and that’s all I need to know.”

I laughed at her conclusion, and focused on the music. After several more drinks, I finally let loose and was able to let go of everything.

My worries, insecurities, the pressure of trying to fit in.

For the first time in years, I actually felt like I was having fun.

All was good, until the music suddenly cut off. It was replaced by a loud uncomfortable sound, followed by several taps coming from a microphone. The crowd turned their attention to the source, and it was Nate, standing on a small platform.

“Test, test—can everyone hear me?”

People cheered in response.

“It’s going to happen!” Trinity squealed.

“Great! Welcome everyone to the annual Starlight Festival!” Nate pumped up the crowd, getting the same energy in return. After the cheer died down, he continued speaking.

“I could give you all a long, boring welcome speech...” he grinned, “but we all know what you really came for.”

The students let out a gasp as Nate pulled out something which appeared to be a small potion bottle from his pocket. He raised it high in the air, showing off the silver glow swirling inside the bottle.

“Violet—that’s the Moon Goddess’ breath,” Trinity whispered.

I frowned. “The Moon Goddess’ what?”

“As you all know, once I open this potion, it might just be that you find your mate at this very moment.”

The students reacted, everyone was pushing each other to get closer—but I was in no hurry. By chance, I caught Chrystal wrapping her arm around Kylan, leaning into him with a big smile. He rolled his eyes, and pushed her away.

“Whatever happens next,” Nate continued, and I turned my head again. “Please take it to the dorms, remember nobody wants to see your business—there are condoms in every building. Let’s not make any fur babies tonight!”

The crowd laughed while my stomach twisted with unease. This whole thing was becoming too much. Mates, magic potions, fur babies...

Could we not just skip this part and focus on the academy?

“Five—“ Nate started counting down, the crowd joining in. “Four, three, two, one!”

He opened the bottle, and seconds later a large cloud of smoke traveled to the dance floor.

The music kicked back in, but the fog grew thicker, even reaching my glasses. I could barely see anything, and my attempt to wipe them clean only made it worse.

“Trinity!”

No answer.

“Trinity!” I called out again, but she was gone. Due to the heavy fog, I had lost her in the crowd.

To make matters worse, my body suddenly felt like it was on fire. Heat spread from my cheeks, to my core, even down to my limbs. Lumia growled inside my head, her voice louder than usual.

Something was happening.

Was it my glasses?

I needed to get out of here.

I panicked as I pushed through the crowd, still unable to see anything. “Sorry!” I muttered as I bumped into people, only I couldn’t see who I was apologizing to.

Once I finally made it off the dance floor, I grabbed a napkin and wiped my glasses, careful not to take them off.

The glasses weren’t the issue. They couldn’t be.

My heart was still raising, body fuming, and the tip of my fingers tingling.

‘Follow!’ Lumia growled, growing urgent. She had never been like this.

“Follow what?” I whispered, confused.

I spotted a guy disappearing into the woods, moving away from the festival, and without thinking, I followed. My body moved on its own.

I had no idea what was happening to me, but honestly, I wasn’t even sure if it was really me anymore. I was losing control, and that was the one thing I feared most.

As I stumbled deeper into the woods, the music faded behind me. The guy in front of me moved faster. He knew I was following him, I wanted to stop—but I couldn’t. Lumia wouldn’t let me.

I began to realize what was happening to me. The potion, the smoke—Lumia.

That guy must be my...

After a while, the guy finally stopped. His back was still turned to me. I froze, catching my breath before a loud ringing sound filled my ears. At that moment, all I could see was him, standing there in the dark woods.

Slowly, the figure turned. My breath hitched.

It was Kylan.

His cold eyes stared right at me. His gaze was dark, dangerous—and my stomach twisted.

He took a step forward me, his eyes never leaving mine.

He didn’t get too close. He kept just enough distance between us as if he was repulsed by the sight of me.

“Why are you following me?” he growled in fury.

I didn’t move a muscle. My heart slammed against my ribs as I took in his anger. He knew why. He must have felt it too, that strange feeling that had dragged me into the woods.

“I—I don’t know,” I whispered.

Not getting the answer he suspected, Kylan roared in frustration. Before I could ever think clearly, he moved at an incredible speed and shoved me hard against a tree.

I released a soft yelp, my back slightly burning, but all I could focus on were those dark eyes. They were angry, confused...hungry. His face was inches away, so close I could feel his breath against my skin.

And there it was again. That burning sensation spreading through every part of my body, and this time it was ten times more intense.

I tried to fight it, I really did—but before I could stop myself, the horrible words I had hoped not to speak for at least a few more years, slipped past my lips.

“Mate.”

The moment the word left my mouth, Kylan’s released a sharp breath. His eyes were still full of anger, but his hand moved to my face. He traced two fingers from my cheek to my lips, and when I parted them, he moved them to my chin.

It was almost like a warning.

I lead, you follow.

How could someone I hated so much stir something so powerful inside me?

To my surprise, Kylan leaned closer until his lip where inches from mine. His gaze turned a bit softer, more confused, and for a moment—I really thought he’d kiss me.

The thought was supposed to terrify me. I was supposed to pull away—but I didn’t. I couldn’t, and neither could he.

I could only hear the sound of our heavy breaths filling the woods. Time stood still...and then his lips crashed into mine.

The kiss was rough, almost desperate, like he was trying to prove that this would be the first and the last time. His hands gripped my waist, pulling me closer, and I melted into him.

I gasped into his mouth as his hands began to roam my body, and his tongue found its way between my lips.

The kiss deepened, and without thinking, I grabbed the collar of his leather jacket. I grabbed it tightly, holding on as if I never intended to let go—and strangely enough, I didn’t want to.

Kylan released a low growl, pushing me harder against the tree. The way his lips felt on mine made everything else disappear.

I lost myself in him.

Lumia was calm again.

But then, Kylan pulled away. He kept his eyes close, his forehead resting against mine as we both gasped for air.

That was my first kiss...

What the hell just happened?

As if snapped back into reality, his cold eyes opened again. He gripped my chin, forcing my gaze to meet his.

I wanted to speak, to ask what this meant, what his intentions were—but before I could say anything, Kylan’s lips twitched in anger.

“You...” he spat out in disgust, “...are a pathetic, low-rank puppy.”

My heart shattered into pieces. The fire I had felt during our kiss had been fully extinguished. My mind cleared again. Our first meeting, when he had knocked me over, had already set the tone for our relationship—and nothing could change that. He hated me, and I hated him.

“You are no mate of mine,” Kylan tightened his grip on my chin, making me wince. “Never.”

Then he walked away...