

## Chapter 5

Kylan

“Ky,” Chrystal moaned into my ears as she reached her peak. Her body trembled beneath me, nails dug into my back, hard enough to leave marks.

I waited for a while before I rolled off her with a disappointed sigh. It didn’t feel satisfying, not in the way it should have—and it was all because of…her.

Chrystal had the audacity to place her hand on my chest and started tracing circles with her fingers. “That was amazing,” she whispered.

For you.

She leaned closer to kiss my cheek, but I could avoid it just in time. I rolled my eyes, pushing her away as I got out of bed. Our business was done here, and so was any desire to stay here with her.

“Why can’t you just stay with me for once?” Chrystal asked, her voice a little frustrated. “Like you used to.”

I ignored her, scanning my messy room. Only, it wasn’t my mess—it was Chrystal’s. Her clothes, her makeup were all scattered around the room and it made me think that perhaps I had made her too comfortable. We weren’t together anymore.

Luckily, I had a private room. One of the privileges that came with being heir to the Lycan throne. In my freshman year, I did share a room with Nate, who was Chrystal’s brother, and my future Beta who would follow into his Dad’s footsteps—but after a few months of complaining, I had managed to get us separate spaces.

Part of me just needed to breathe without him around all the time, and that small part of me wanted to respect my best friend by not fucking his twin within a ten-mile radius.

Now it had backfired.

“Make sure you take your shit with you this time. All of it,” I said coldly, heading for the bathroom before I could hear her response.

I jumped into the hot shower, trying to think of that one thing I had been trying to ignore—but couldn’t. I clenched my fist as I rested my head against the shower wall, my mind traveling back to the Starlight Festival.

Four-eyes…

That’s what I called her.

I didn’t know her name, and didn’t care for it.

All I knew was that she was my mate, and not the strong Lycan mate I wanted—no, a puppy.

That damn girl with those sharp blue eyes, hiding behind those glasses was my mate. The beast tried to show it to me when she had spied on me in the restroom, and I nearly prayed to the Moon Goddess for it not to be true.

The first thing I wanted to do when Nate opened that bottle was choke him to death for putting me in this position.

I had shoved her against that tree, and had been so close to ripping her apart for even speaking the word ‘mate,’ but then my body betrayed me. I had to get a taste of those plump lips, and once I did—I was unable to stop myself.

I hated myself for it. She was a stalker, a creep.

Why her?

I was heir to the throne, future king of the biggest Lycan kingdom, Lupyria. It didn’t make sense, nothing about this bond made sense—yet it did.

Perhaps this was my punishment from the Moon Goddess for that horrible thing I did many years ago.

That thing the king keptAnd reminding me of by showing me how little he cared for me.

With a throbbing head, I got out of the shower. A towel was wrapped around my waist as I walked back into the room, and unfortunately, Chrystal was still lying in bed, her eyes following me like she hadn’t gotten the message.

“You’re still here?”

“Well, yes,” she replied. “Why wouldn’t I be?”

I ran a hand through my wet hair, trying to keep my temper in check. “Chrystal, you know the deal. What we had is over. I told you, if it isn’t for your body, I don’t want to see you. Now leave.”

Chrystal’s face twisted in anger. I didn’t pity her because we were supposed to have this mutual understanding, one we had both agreed to.

After an on and off relationship that had been going on for years, we had broken up a few months ago, and this time it was for good.

Dad, the Lycan King, had pushed us to be together. He insisted that his Beta’s daughter and his heir to the throne were a perfect match, one that didn’t need the blessing of the Moon Goddess. No matter what the future held, we were destined to be together in his eyes.

I never liked disobeying him, so I endured—but at some point I just couldn’t stand it anymore. I had never been loyal to her, never loved her, and I wasn’t capable of loving anyone.

After what I had done to my brother, my very own flesh and blood, it didn’t take long to reach that conclusion.

“Leave,” I pointed to the door.

“But Kylan,” she whined, “my roommates are so lame. Except for Amy, I guess. She’s kind of alright, but a total try-hard. You should see the others, you’d laugh at them…”

I stopped listening and put on my clothes. The annoying tone of her voice was nothing more than an irrelevant background noise. She could complain all she wanted—but it’d end all the same, with her leaving my room.

Once I finished dressing, I yanked the covers off the bed, exposing her naked body. “Come on,” I encouraged, grabbing all her clothes from yesterday, then I tossed it at her. “Didn’t I make myself clear? Get dressed, take your shit—and leave.”

Chrystal grunted as she stood up and threw the dress over her head. “Who is the slut you’re with now?” she began accusing me. “Is that why you don’t want me around anymore?”

Slut?

My mind went blank.

“I’ll find her!” Chrystal shouted. “I’ll find her, and then I’ll ki—”

Refusing to let her finish that sentence, I had already pinned her against the wall. A gee took over as my hand gripped her throat, hard enough to send a clear message.

My claws appeared, teeth sharpened as the beast tried to take over, and a low growl came from deep in my chest.

“Careful, Chrystal,” I warned, my claws slightly grazing her skin.

Her eyes widened in shock, her expression filled with fear. In all the years we’d known each other, I had never lashed out at her like that. For the first time, she didn’t talk back, and I was sure it was because she had no idea what had taken over me.

I didn’t even know what was happening to me.

Startled, I managed to control the beast and stepped back. I felt disgusted, embarrassed at how easily I had lost control. This had never happened.

“Just…leave,” I muttered, turning my back on her so I wouldn’t have to see her fearful eyes.

There was a moment of silence, then she started gathering her belongings. “You could’ve killed me, you sick fuck!” she muttered under her breath, the words cutting deep.

The door slammed shut behind her, and I finally let out the long, frustrated breath I’d been holding back.

I glanced down at my hand, flexing my fingers that were claws just seconds ago, then I balled it into a fist. I didn’t want to hurt Chrystal. When she spoke about that ‘slut,’ the beast had instantly thought of four-eyes, and felt the need to protect her.

I was becoming possessive, losing control and it was not my choice. It was driving me insane.

Frustrated, I paced back and forth. How could I, the heir to the Lycan throne, get so possessive over that thing?

The king had drilled it into me time and time again, ‘If the Moon Goddess curses you with an unworthy mate, it means she hasn’t forgiven you for your sins, for what you’ve done to brother.’

For years I was forced to listen to his words, forced to think about what I had to do to secured my place as heir—and now I had received the ultimate punishment.

The mate bond.

I let out a loud growl, slamming everything from my desk in one go. She was driving me insane, and I couldn’t take it anymore. Pissed, I rushed to my walk-in closet. In a rage of anger, I threw all my jackets onto the floor, and searched for the one I knew would call me down.

My eyes landed on the leather jacket I had worn that night. I took the jacket, and then brought it to my face, inhaling her sweet scent that still lingered.

She smelled like candy—vanilla and sugar.

‘Mate!’ the beast growled from deep within.

“Shut up!”

‘Mate!’

“No!” I barked, clutching the jacket in my hand. So all that beast could think about was four-eyes? Okay, no problem.

All I had to do was reject her, something I already should’ve done in the woods—and then everything would go back to normal.

Determined, I stormed out of the room.

This pull, this bond, was suffocating me, and I needed something—anything—to make it stop.

As soon as I stepped into the hall, Nate slammed his arm over my shoulder. “Hey, Ky—”

“Not now, Nate,” I snapped, pushing him off and leaving him behind. I couldn’t deal with anyone right now. The only thing on my mind was four-eyes and rejecting her as my mate.

I sniffed the jacket in my hand one more time, then followed the clear trail, all the way to the building of the Lunar Hall dorm. It didn’t take long before I found the dorm where the smell was coming from. I waited around the corner.

So that’s where she stayed…four-eyes.

I took a step, but immediately retreated when I saw Chrystal step out.

“Shit,” I cursed under my breath.

Of all the people to walk out of that room, it had to be her. That could only mean one thing. Both of my stalkers were roommates.

The Moon Goddess truly had it out for me.

Chrystal walked in a different direction, and just as I was about to make another attempt, the door opened again. This time, it was her—Four-eyes.

She stepped out wearing tight jeans that hugged her curves and a simple tank top. Her blonde hair was in a messy bun, and my eyes moved to her lips. The same lips I had kissed not long ago—soft, warm, perfect…

I shook my head, snapping myself out of it. Those weren’t my thoughts—they belonged to the beast. I had only come here for one thing.

Four-eyes stood frozen in front of her door, her chest rising and falling as she scanned the area, searching for something—or someone.

Then she looked in my direction.

I couldn’t do anything but stare into those sad, blue eyes. It didn’t affect me, though. I knew the real pain was yet to come. She would be hurting far more when I would finally reject her.

Her sad gaze shifted to anger as she suddenly marched toward me, but I stood still, not moving a muscle.

‘Your fault,’ the beast growled.

Only then did it hit me. Those furious eyes? She was coming over to reject me.

Me?

Not liking where this was headed, I quickly turned and walked away, blending into the crowd of whispering female students who had now noticed my presence.

A smile appeared on my lips. So, Four-eyes thought she could reject me? Perhaps she was more amusing than I had given her credit for.