

The Lycan Prince's Puppy

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Chapter 1

Violet

My heart pounded with excitement and nerves as I walked across the campus of Starlight Academy with my suitcases in my hands.

This had been my dream for as long as I could remember—to be among the best shifters. The academy was very hard to get into but somehow I had managed to do it.

Today would be the start of a new chapter in my life, and absolutely nothing could ruin it.

"Move it, four eyes!"

Almost nothing.

I released a yelp as someone shove me down to the ground, and I fell down with my suitcases.

My glasses slipped from my face and I panicked.

"No, no!" I whispered, closing my eyes as I desperately looked for them.

They needed to remain on my eyes at all times. I'd had them since I was eight years old, and all I knew was that it would be a cold and lonely night if I didn't have them on at all times.

The nightmares, the visions...

"Yes!" I breathed, my fingers brushing against the familiar frame. Relieved, I quickly put them back on.

I caught a glimpse of the back of the guy who had pushed me over as he walked with his group of friends. "Asshole!" my wolf, Lumia and I muttered at the same time.

One of the guys, wearing a blue hoodie, looked back with what seemed like a look of sympathy.

Our eyes met, and then he made a turn, sprinting to my direction.

Flustered, I watched as he grabbed my suitcases from the ground before sticking out his hand to help me.

"Are you okay?"

"Yes, thanks," I accepted as I got up, now standing face to face with him.

My lips instantly curled at the handsome blonde in front of me, his eyes as brown as honey and his hair slightly lighter than mine.

"I'm sorry for the prince," he said. "He didn't mean it, he's a bit cranky today."

I frowned. "The prince?"

The guy eyed me strangely. "The Ly...never mind. First day?"

"Yes."

"Do you need help with your suitcases?"

"Yes, sure."

He grabbed my two suitcases and we began to walk, my short legs struggling to keep up as I was almost half his size. "Were you on your way to pick up your keys?"

"Yes."

"Can you only say, yes?"

"Ye...I mean—no," I shook my head, a bit embarrassed.

He chuckled. "I'm Nate, member of the student council."

"Violet," I responded.

Nate glanced at me, and then his eyes studied me. His look was so intense I couldn't help but blush. "So let me guess," he spoke. "Seventeen, small and humble pack, Alpha's daughter, healer's acquaintance?"

I looked at him, shocked, and let out a surprised laugh. "You were almost right—eighteen."

And then there was this other thing.

The Alpha was my uncle who had raised me, but it wasn't something I ever felt like discussing.

When I was eight, my parents had passed away in an attack, and my uncle had been taking care of me ever since. He was the Alpha of the Bloodrose pack, a small pack from the east.

"Studying to be the healer's acquaintance? Your parents must be proud of you," Nate said.

"Yes, and they..." I replied, the words trailing off.

Alpha Fergus had tried to treat me like a daughter, but the man was just too awkward to raise one. He had never been around much, and our Luna, Sonya had tried her best, but we just didn't have that mother-daughter click. Adding salt to the wound was Dylan, my cousin, who I grew up with. I called him my brother, everyone did. He had hated me all my life, never giving me a reason, and we had never gotten along.

He was a sophomore at Starlight Academy and had made it very clear that we were not family within these walls and to stay away from him.

His exact words had been, 'Do not embarrass me, freak.'

"They're proud," I sighed.

As I followed Nate, I noticed a lot of girls fighting for his attention. Once in a while he would acknowledge one of them, and was met with squeals. With a face like that, it wasn't hard to guess that he was popular. Above all, he seemed to have a good heart as well.

He caught me staring, and I lowered my gaze to the ground with a giggle.

"Here you are," Nate said.

I looked up and realized we had already arrived at the grand hall. "Come on," he guided me inside, and it was just as incredible as I remembered from the orientation—a large, open space with high ceilings and luxe appearance.

It was quite busy, the area filled with students and suitcases. "Wow," I gasped, looking around in awe.

Nate pointed. "That's the front desk. You can go there for information and get your keys," then he stuck out his hand. "It was nice to meet you. Welcome, and I hope you'll have a good year—Violet."

I looked at his hand for a moment before accepting it. "Thank you."

He winked at me, and I felt a flutter in my chest. I kept holding his hand for a second longer than necessary and when he stared at our intertwined hands with a soft smile, I released a cough and stepped back.

"Thank you," I repeated, not knowing what else to say. "And thank you for coming back to help me."

"No problem," Nate spoke. "Just doing my job."

Right, cause he was a member of the student council.

"Nate—let's go!" A loud voice called out.

I looked over Nate's shoulder to see where the voice was coming from. It was a guy leaning against one of the pillars, surrounded by friends, his back turned to us. It was the same guy who had called me four-eyes. I recognized his voice immediately. Nate had referred to him as a prince, and I wondered if it was because he was actual royalty or because of his entitled behavior.

Yet, Nate didn't hesitate for a second and immediately walked off to his friend.

"Next!" the woman behind the information desk shouted, snapping me back to reality. An unimpressed look was plastered on her face.

"Oh, yes—that would be me!" I said, sounding awkward even to myself as I struggled to push my suitcases to the desk.

"Name, class, and major," she demanded, her tone flat.

"Violet Hastings, freshman from the healer department?"

The woman hummed and looked through a stack of papers or files. Meanwhile my thoughts went to my three new roommates, hoping they'd at least be more bearable than that dude who called me four-eyes.

"I-I have to say, I'm very honored to be one of the chosen 200 to learn from the best healers and my Mom was actually an alumna so I'm really excited to—"

The woman cut me off, throwing a set of keys at me, and I caught them just in time. "Lunar hall, second building on your left, second floor, room 102—Next!"

"Okay?" I blinked, shocked by her rudeness. Before I could react, someone shoved me aside, and I almost stumbled but could luckily regain my balance just in time.

Following the rude woman's directions to the dorm building was thankfully not too much of a hassle. I managed to get to the second floor with a lot of struggle, completely out of breath and probably sweaty—but I was there and that was all that mattered.

The hallway was filled with students, chatting, moving in their belongings and so on. Overwhelmed by the noise and the people, I looked around, not knowing where to start.

"What room are you in?" a voice asked from behind.

As I turned my head, a woman gasped loudly in my face. "Adelaide?" she widened her striking green eyes.

I looked at the woman, trying to figure out whether I knew her, but I couldn't recognize her. "W-Who?" I stuttered.

The woman had light grey hair pulled back into a bun, glasses on her nose, and striking green eyes. She stared at me with an intense, almost hopeful expression while I eyed her back strangely, thinking she must have mistaken me for someone else.

"I'm so sorry," she apologized, "you just look like someone I once knew."

I smiled warmly. "It's okay."

"My name is Esther, and I'm the RD of this department. And you are..." she began, her eyes moving to the name on my key tag. "Violet Hastings from room 102—the room just down the hall," she said.

"Thank you," I sighed, grateful for the help.

Shooting her one last smile, I walked further with my suitcases to go to my room. With each step I took, I grew more anxious about meeting my roommates.

What would they be like?

Would I like them?

Would they like me?

Even with the Bloodrose pack, I realized I'd never really had friends. Sure, there were people I was closer to than others, but friends?

I reached the door to room 102, and my heart pounded in my chest. Taking a deep breath, I turned the key in the lock and then I pushed the door open.

In the center of the room stood two girls who immediately stopped talking and looked at me.

One of the girls had dyed light pink hair, the other dark curls. Their clothes were stylish and expensive-looking, making me feel insecure and out of place. They probably came from high-status families, bigger packs, unlike me.

"Am I interrupting?" I asked, my voice hesitant.

The pink-haired girl rushed toward me. "No," she spoke in a hurry. "I'm Amy, that's Trinity—and are you her? Kylan's ex?"

I frowned in confusion. "Who?"

And who was Kylan?

"Our roommate, Chrystal? The Lycan Prince's ex?" Amy explained. "I heard she has to redo her freshman year and is our roommate—are you her?"