



Chapter 11

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Violet

I paced back and forth in front of the classroom, my heart pounding uncontrollably. Today was my first trial day on the Elite Team.

It was supposed to be a fun experience, but all I could think about was Kylan.

My sweaty hands clutched my bag as I took another peak through the window. Students were already sitting inside. They looked like a combination of sophomores, juniors, and seniors—around seven in total. 1

My eyes landed on my brother, Dylan, who was sitting with his friends, strangely enough with a smile plastered on his lips. So he did have another expression other than that cold, distant gaze. It was just not reserved for me.

It was still crazy that he had yet to acknowledge me even once.

Kylan wasn't there yet, neither was Nate who was attached to his hip.

I still had no idea how I would survive my first day after everything that had happened between us.

Through the window, I caught a man heading to my direction, carrying a book in his hand. He was handsome, with thick dark curls, and dark eyes. His training gear fit him perfectly, showing off his toned body, and his smile was friendly.

I felt my cheeks glow as he gave me a small wave, gesturing for me to come inside.

After hesitating for a while, I pushed open the door.

"Violet," he greeted me as soon as I stepped in. "Welcome."

His voice was deep, but warm. "My name is Rochwall, and I'm the commander of the Elite Team," he held my hands for a few seconds.

"Nice to meet you," I said softly, struggling to maintain eye-contact. He truly looked handsome. Maybe he should've been my mate instead.

"Take a seat," Rochwall said, still smiling. "There are sixteen in total. We're just waiting on a few others, some of the veterans and three other recruits."

With one final pat on my back, he left to go to his desk again. Uncomfortably, I glanced around the class, trying to figure out where to sit. Unfortunately, my eyes flickered to Dylan, and this time he was looking right at me.

His previous smile had vanished, now replaced by the cold look I was so familiar with.

"Nope," I muttered to myself, taking a seat at the front, as far away from Dylan as possible.

First I had to choose my seat based on Chrystal, now my brother. It just couldn't get any crazier.

Moments later, the room started to fill up, and with five more minutes to go—Kylan still wasn't present. I felt bad for feeling this way, but I had really hoped he fell down the stairs and took the first route back to his little kingdom.



With each minute passing by, I gripped the edge of my desk more tightly.

Why did it have to be him?

Out of all the people in the universe, why did he have to be my mate?

I would've even settled for a human if the Moon Goddess decided—but for the first time ever, I began doubting her. She had it all wrong.

My heart stopped for a second, hearing the sound of Nate's warm laughter, and then the door opened.

Kylan entered the room, Nate trailing behind him.

It appeared he hadn't fell down the stairs. 1

He walked past me, ignoring my existence, while Nate ruffled my hair with his hands, then kept walking.

As soon as Kylan stepped in, the energy had completely shifted. People looked at him for acknowledgment, and he greeted most of them with a handshake.

He treated them better than he had ever treated me.

I followed him with my eyes, noticing he took the table all the way in the back.

"Now that everyone is here," Rochwall called out.

I shifted my gaze back to the front, hearing all the voices die down as everyone turned to him.

Rochwall stood in front of the class. "Welcome to the Elite Team," he

spoke. "Today, you will have to prove yourselves. Over the next twenty-four hours, both the old and new recruits will be tested."

Tested?

Already?

"You will be divided into teams," Rochwall continued, "and you'll be tasked with delivering a package outside the gates tonight. No matter what happens, you are not to open that package or else you'll get disqualified."

"Why do we veterans need to get tested again?" Someone asked.

"You know why. We do this every year because you still need to prove you belong on this team," Rochwall explained. "As for the recruits, your team leader will decide whether you are worthy of a spot on the Elite Team."

My mind was elsewhere, still trying to process the situation. We would be going outside of the gates, at night?

"You're not really sending us outside in the middle of the night, right?" A female voice asked the same thing I was thinking.

Someone else groaned loudly, "It's better than last year when we were locked in a tiny room for hours!"

The class began laughing, but I didn't join them. All I could think about where the thousandth scenarios where something could go seriously wrong. Not just outside of the gates, but in this Elite Team as general.

Was I even ready to protect this school?

Not to mention, I hated working in teams. Back home, I always got picked as last, and till this day, I still lived in fear of being nothing more than a leftover. I could only hope Rochwall would be the one choosing teams.

“All you have to do,” Rochwall said, clapping his hands together, “is deliver the package within twenty-four hours, and that’s it. The winning team will get extra credits, and their team leader will be named the new captain of the Elite Team.”

Now people began whispering, hearing about the new bit of information involving the captain of the Elite Team. I knew there would be several leaders for the smaller groups, but there would always be one captain in charge of the entire squad.

I knew the previous captain, Jessie because he was one of Dylan’s close friends. Whenever he came to visit during the break, he would throw me a friendly smile. Now after being captain for three years he had graduated and went back to his pack to become the general.

I didn’t care about winning or getting my leader the captain position. I just didn’t want to fail or hold back the team.

“The first person I’ll be naming team leader for Group 1, who will be running for captain, is...” Rochwall looked around. “Kylan!”

My eyes widened as I turned my head.

Of course, it had to be him. He was their golden boy who could do no wrong. If only they knew what they were dealing with.

People cheered him on as he got up from his chair with a stoned expression like he didn’t expect otherwise.

Now I was hoping Rochwall would let them pick their own teams after all, because I was certain he wouldn't choose me.

Rochwall named three other team leaders—two guys and one girl—who joined Kylan at the front.

"Kylan," Rochwall said, "you're up first."

Kylan's eyes scanned the room. They landed on me for less than a split-second, but I quickly lowered my head. "Am I allowed to pick anyone, or does it have to be a specific role?"

"Your team, your decision," Rochwall replied.

"Nate," he spoke before Rochwall had even finished.

Everyone in the room let out a collective groan as not a single person had not been expecting it.

"Just get married already!" someone called out, causing the room to erupt in giggles. Even I couldn't hold back a chuckle.

Nate walked to the front with a lazy, slightly embarrassed smile and joined Kylan's side.

As the other leaders chose their teammates, I sat in silence, noticing the seats around me were slowly emptying.

"Kylan, your turn again," Rochwall called.

Kylan's eyes scanned the room again before they landed on Dylan.

He hadn't been picked yet, and he also hadn't been named team leader which made an awful lot of sense to me.

Dylan was our future Alpha, smart, an incredible strategist, and strong—but no one liked working with him. He was an annoying know-it-all. Even Nate wasn't fond of him, and Nate liked everyone.

"I guess I need someone with brains," Kylan spoke calmly. "Dylan."

Many frowned, not expecting Kylan to pick him. Dylan stood up with an unreadable expression and gave Kylan a weak handshake. Those two definitely didn't like each other.

Now I was starting to feel self-conscious. Out of the four remaining people, I was the only new recruit left. All the others had been picked before me.

They seemed like strong warriors, skilled and powerful—while I was nothing more than a quiet healer. I had already accepted that I'd end up as a leftover on the last team, and honestly, I didn't mind. Those three girls seemed kind enough.

At least I wouldn't be stuck on a team with Kylan and Dylan. Between the two of them, I couldn't begin to guess who hated me more.

I observed closely as the two exchanged a few words. I couldn't hear what was said, but somehow their eyes snapped toward me. All three of them, Nate included.

I blinked in surprise.

No, please...

"Kylan, your turn," Rochwall said again.

Kylan's gaze settled on me, his unfriendly gaze piercing through mine.

"Four-eyes," a sigh escaped from his lips.

My stomach dropped.

Why me?

My legs were trembling as I stood up from my seat and walked toward them. Dylan's expressions was blank, Kylan's hard, only adding to my confusion about why I was even there.

"Violet," Nate smiled with his eyes, giving me a friendlier welcome than the other two.

Why even pick me if it was going to be like this?

The others continued choosing their teams, and I stood back innocently until a hand was wrapped around my wrist. Shocked, I looked at Kylan, who moved in closer.

"You're here because of your brother," he whispered, his breath hot against my ear. "Don't hold back my team, Four-eyes."

Then he released me without another word, leaving me standing there, speechless.



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