

Chapter 153

Violet

Kylan and I walked through the halls in the early morning, hand in hand, on the way to Elite training. What was supposed to be a regular walk had gathered even more attention than the initial mate reveal.

We were still the center of attention, and all eyes were still on us. It even went as far as some students pulling out their phones to take pictures, while some whispered as we passed.

I couldn't even remember it ever being like this for just Kylan before. Sure, people respected him, followed him, stared at him—but this? This was different.

I knew what they were thinking.

What had a girl from the Bloodrose done in her past life to get mated to the heir of Lyperia? Or maybe not. Maybe they were making fun of me because he was literally dragging me with him as he walked, and I struggled to keep up.

I let out an embarrassed chuckle, trying to let go of Kylan's hand so we would at least look a little less stupid, but he wouldn't let me.

A frustrated growl came from his lips, and he held it tighter.

"This is ridiculous," I protested. "It looks like you're holding me hostage."

"I should," he glanced down at me. "I can't have you trip and embarrass us again."

I rolled my eyes, my lips curling at his excuse. “Sure.”

Soon, we reached the training hall. Even worse than early training today would have to be Commander Jorn. Just thinking about that man gave me the chills. He had this thing for pushing me to the point I felt like I was going to break—both physically and mentally.

Still, I was hopeful this time around. Kylan's training had helped me a lot, and after everything I had seen inside the Veil, after seeing Adelaide—it had somehow given me more strength.

We stopped at the part where the male and female locker rooms split. However, our hands were still intertwined.

I looked at Kylan. “Unless you want me to join you and a bunch of naked guys, you really need to let go now.”

That’s all it took for him to let go of my hand.

I smiled. “See you later?”

“See you later.”

-

I changed into my training gear, tied my hair into a ponytail that was perhaps a bit too tight, and looked into the mirror as always. By now, it had become like my ritual.

I wasn't obsessed with myself, and I didn't know why I did it—but I did. I remember Adelaide loved looking at herself as well.

In the reflection of the mirror, I caught some of the girls walking toward me. Mandy was in front, leading the group. She was a junior, a combat

major—kind, but I wasn't that close to her. The only real conversation I'd ever had with the brunette was about how Commander Jorm seemed to have it out for the women way more than the guys.

"Hey!" she called out.

"Hey!" I answered, turning around, still smiling.

That smile turned into a frown for a split second as she suddenly opened her arms, then pulled me into a hug. It felt awkward. She had never hugged me before. Matter of fact, none of these girls really talked to me much.

They had known each other for longer. I was never upset—it was understandable. They were kind but distant because they were mostly all combat majors, and I was the only freshman girl.

When we pulled away, I saw her eyes drop to my hand, same as the other girls. Seeing them staring at my finger made me feel anxious, and I quickly hid my hand behind my back. There was still a lot to unpack about how people viewed me differently now, just because I was Kylan's mate.

But people were people, and I knew very well that if they would somehow find out I was a witch, a child of blood even, they would be disgusted.

"Don't you also have a break between classes later?" Mandy asked.

"I do, actually." I blinked, confused. How did she know my schedule?

She smiled. "Do you want to join me and the girls for lunch?"

I tilted my head. "Lunch?"

My brain quickly tried to come up with the nicest way to shut her down.

Not because I didn't want to bond with them, but because I knew better. I knew my worth.

"Sorry, I have to study for a test later," I lied. "But maybe next time?"

Mandy fluttered her eyes, surprised. The girls behind her looked just as confused. The silence gave me a perfect opportunity to leave the scene with a polite nod, not looking back.

Even if the princess of Trigon herself wanted to have lunch with me, I wouldn't care much—because at the end of the day, it would always be Trinity.

The girl who would always check up on me, sent me texts to make sure I was okay, and even brought me fresh clothes this morning without asking any questions.

She was my best friend, my sister, the one who'd had my back since the beginning. She was with me when I still wore those thick glasses, had no ring, no royal mate, no spotlight other than being the worst member on the Elite team.

Even when Chrystal and her minions bullied me, Trinity could've chosen to back off to save face, but she didn't. She stayed—and I remembered.

I stepped inside the training hall, and I wasn't sure if it was because I pushed the door open with a bit too much force, but all eyes turned toward me...again.

I looked around the room, pretending not to notice, hoping the attention would fade just as fast as it came.

"Vivi!"

I snapped my head in the direction of the voice and spotted Nate. His hand was raised in the air, waving like he hadn't seen me for ages. He was all smiles, like nothing had happened at all, and he was right to do so because it didn't. Not between us.

Kylan wasn't here yet, but right beside him stood Dylan. His arms were crossed, jaw clenched, and I still did not know what his problem was. I had no idea what kind of nonsense Fergus filled his head with, but he would have to come to terms with the mate bond sooner or later.

I hadn't spoken to either of them since... everything. Dylan had run to my uncle as soon as he found out Kylan and I were mates, Chrystal had been sent home, it was all too much and I hadn't even had time to breathe, let alone talk to them.

I had prepared for the worst, but it didn't seem to be the case. Nate's energy pulled me in, and I matched his bright smile as I walked over to them.

Also, their eyes immediately shifted to the ring—my ring. And yes, training or not, it would remain on my finger.

Nate grinned, but Dylan didn't hide his disapproval.

"I just knew from the moment I met you," Nate said, grinning wider, "that you and I had to share some sort of connection."

I laughed and lightly slapped his chest. "Don't act strange. You knew I was his mate."

Nate looked into my eyes. "Yes, I did."

When those eyes stared into mine, I couldn't hold back a gasp. His eyes were red—too red. Then it hit me. He was too excited, too smiley, too

jumpy...it had to be those Lunaris pills again.

I felt a knot in my stomach, then I felt guilt. Was he using because he couldn't handle the situation with Chrystal? Was it because he felt like he had to pick a side, and it messed with his head?

I so desperately wanted to talk to him about it, tell him that his evil twin had nothing to do with the bond I shared with him, but it didn't feel like the right time. Not here.

"So when are you coming to Lyperia?" Nate asked.

Right, there was still that whole visit thing...

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