

Chapter 161

Violet

"If that creepy woman bothers you again," Trinity's voice blasted through the empty cafeteria, "you better tell me!"

She was clearly talking about Esther. I turned the other way, silently ignoring her words.

Although I was back in my dorm, I had managed to escape her for the night, but I had run out of lock. I had Healing Class today, so there was that.

"Dylan went downtown with the boys, and for some reason, it bothers me because it was supposed to be our thing," Trinity complained.

"Like, didn't they already go yesterday?"

I didn't have to look at her face to figure she was most likely pouting. "Maybe it's time for you to let him breathe a little," I chuckled.

Trinity gasped, holding her heart. "Let Dylan breathe?" she spoke in horror like I had said something awful. "The same way you let Kylan breathe?"

Yes, that was definitely sarcastic.

"Speaking of Kylan, have you heard anything from him today?"

I smiled through the slight ache I felt in my heart, then shook my head. "Nothing. Not even a word."

Trinity tilted her head like she couldn't believe he had completely



ghosted me, but it was nothing new. "Don't worry. This is Kylan," I exhaled. "He gets all affectionate, gives me... hope, then he freaks out and starts acting weird again."

Luckily, this time around, he didn't give me the cold shoulder. Yesterday in training, he barely said anything, but he smiled a lot, and I guess that had to count for something. When he did speak to me, it was only to tell me that we were expected in Lyperia next week, that we had already been granted leave, and that I should start packing.

Trinity tapped the table, forcing me to look at her. "And you're saying it's not the first time he has done this?"

"I guess I'm kinda used to his ways by now," I said.

"But you shouldn't be," Trinity answered quickly.

"It's okay," I reassured her. "I really don't care."

But I did.

Or...I used to.

I looked down at my fingers, lost in thought. "I guess I cared at first, and I still do, but it doesn't hurt me anymore."

Maybe it was all the attention I had been receiving lately, or just seeing how far I had come. I didn't like being the center of attention, but because of that attention—

Maybe it was all the attention lately, or just seeing how far I'd come. Everyone suddenly seemed to care about me. The same people who used to ignore me or roll their eyes when I messed up were now being... nice. Guys looked at me. Girls smiled at me. It was weird, but also kind of nice.



I looked at Trinity. "He needs me more than I need him. He's just in denial because it's all new to him," I said. "Just give it some time."

I meant it. I was giving him time because I didn't want to pressure him. I wanted him to be honest with himself and find out on his own. And when he did, I would still be there. Still want him.

"How much time does a guy need?" Trinity asked, her expression full of disbelief. She reached over the table and took my hand, her eyes wide. "And I don't want to compare—"

"Are you going to start about Dylan again?"

"Yes, I am!" she hissed. "Ever since Dylan and I found out we were mates, he hasn't gone one day without telling me he loves me," Trinity claimed. "That's the kind of love I want for you, Violet—not one where you have to question every day whether your mate loves you or not."

I smiled warmly. I mean, I got where she was coming from, but Kylan was a special case who I had just started to figure out. "I'm happy Dylan is good to you."

"He is," she nodded. "And Kylan should be good to you too. Don't settle for the bare minimum just because he gave you that ring like it was some kind of favor when he should've done it a long time ago," she scoffed. "Maybe if he had been honest from the start, Chrystal would've never..."

Trinity's fierce eyes had immediately softened, and although I knew where she was going with this, the words would not leave her mouth.

"You are so much more than that, Violet," Trinity whispered. "You're more than him. I mean, look at you."

She leaned closer. "A child of blood? A princess? He's like... a loser



compared to you.”

I laughed, covering my mouth. “Trin!”

“It’s true,” she grinned. “Everyone’s obsessed with you now. Guys are literally begging for your attention. You even get gifts!”

I followed Trinity’s finger to the small box of chocolate beside me. Some random guy—a science major, I think—gave them to me, and I still didn’t know what to do with them.

“You should tell him about the loser thing for me,” I cracked a laugh, but Trinity didn’t even let out a giggle.

“No,” Trinity said, patting my hand before releasing it. “You tell him yourself. Just like Dylan told me you told your commander to screw off.”

I felt my cheeks glow, remembering how angry I had been that day. That day, after class, I even thought about apologizing to Commander Jorn, but after yesterday’s training, I was glad I didn’t.

He had become a bit more bearable during training and even greeted me in the halls today.

“What do I even say to Kylan?”

“Isn’t it obvious?” Trinity frowned. “You tell him that if it’s going to be like this—if he keeps denying his feelings—then that’s it. You’re not giving him any more chances. He either likes you or he doesn’t!”

A smile curled my lips, listening to her passionate speech. From day one, Trinity had been so full of fire, so confident and sure of herself.

If I had to say so myself, the Bloodrose was dull—definitely way less



affectionate—and Trinity? She would be like a fresh breath of air. Even Dylan had turned into a softie because of her.

Trinity had a mind of her own, her own opinion—and unlike Dylan, who didn't want me in Lyperia, I could hear in her voice that she did want me there. She just wanted me to be with the mate the Moon Goddess had granted me.

"You'll be a good Luna one day," I said softly.

Trinity stopped her rant, made an O-shape with her mouth, then pointed to herself. "Me?"

I nodded, smiling brightly.

"We don't know that yet," she awkwardly laughed, twirling her fingers in her curls. Then her expression tightened. "What we do know is that if you keep making excuses for his behavior and you don't tell him to get his shit together, I'll most likely be your Luna."

Just like that, my smile vanished and an uneasy feeling settled in my chest. After hearing Trinity, I had begun to realize that maybe I was making excuses for Kylan's behavior because I was afraid of even more rejection.

"The Lyperia visit will be a while, Violet," Trinity spoke. "All I'm saying is that it wouldn't be too bad to return with a mark."

"Right," I spoke just above a whisper. "I guess maybe it wouldn't be too bad."

—

It was just past afternoon when I stood outside the door of Healing Class.



Esther's class.

Students passed by, most of them greeting me with smiles, which I returned, but my feet felt like they were frozen to the floor.

It wasn't fear, because I wasn't scared of that woman. It was anger.

Even though she didn't play the biggest part, she was definitely one of the reasons my parents were inside that Veil. I had even considered the option for a while that she could've killed Claire and Greg, since she was also originally supposed to be in that Veil—but unless she was some world-class assassin, it seemed like an impossible thing to do without powers.

Sighing deeply, I looked up at the big silver clock on the wall. It was always time.

Releasing another deep sigh, I forced my feet to move and made my way into the classroom.

The moment I stepped in, my eyes instantly met Esther's. She was mid-conversation with a student, but the second she saw me, she stopped talking.

Her lips carried a smile that didn't quite reach her eyes, like she hadn't expected me to show up.

"Violet, come sit with us!"

I tore my gaze away and looked at the group of girls in the corner. It was one of her friends in this class, waving me over to sit on her seat, and whether it was a trap or not, I would never figure out.

I didn't want to sit with them. They didn't look ill-intended, and maybe



it was their way of saying they had switched sides, but it was too late for that.

"Maybe next time," I said with a polite smile, not even bothering to watch their reactions. I walked to my usual seat near the back and sat down alone.

As soon as I sat down, I could feel footsteps heading in my direction.

Esther...

All I could do was pray to the Moon Goddess that I wouldn't lose my shit as once again all my dark thoughts came back. Esther was good at pretending to care, playing both sides, and I didn't know what game she was playing—but I did know that I didn't want to be any part of it.

As the woman reached my desk, she placed her hands on the surface.

"Yes, ma'am?"



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