

Chapter 2

Violet

I blinked, processing the information.

Am I her? No, and I was certainly no ex of a Lycan Prince. I would rather take a swim in my own vomit than get myself involved with such a person.

"Stop bothering her, Amy," the other girl with the braids, Trinity, spoke up. She gave me a welcoming smile, her eyes much softer and kinder than Amy's sharp, piercing gaze.

"Chrystal has red hair, remember?"

I touched my blonde locks self-consciously, noticing the pink-haired girl's face soften. Then I closed the door behind me.

"I'm Violet, nice to meet you."

"Hi, Violet," Trinity stepped forward, helping me with my suitcases. "Chrystal is a Lycan of noble blood, her Dad is the beta of the Lycan King of the kingdom of Lupyria, and she's our roommate. I'm in here, Chrystal there, Amy in there—and this is your room," she said, pointing and leading the way.

So our other roommate was of noble blood, living in the biggest of the three Lycan kingdoms, no big deal. Another blow to my confidence, just what I needed.

I scanned the room with my eyes as Trinity placed my stuff by the bed. "Here you go, and you're welcome," she said.

"Thanks."

The room was mid-sized, and still empty besides a double bed, an empty window and a small walk-in closet.

"We have to share a public bathroom. It's on the first floor," Trinity explained.

Amy joined us, leaning against the door frame. "Don't you think that's disgusting though? I mean, I don't want someone to give me, like... green toes?"

Trinity chuckled.

"Oh, you mean athlete's foot?" I jumped in.

Trinity and Amy exchanged a look, then turned back to me.

"Tinea pedis? Fungal infection?" I elaborated, only to get even more confused looks in return.

"Never mind—anyway, it's nice to meet you, and I hope we'll get along," I switched up quickly, making a mental note to avoid saying anything too nerdy around anyone.

My brother, Dylan, would occasionally tell me to stop being such a smart ass and that it made me ten times more unlikeable. He was the biggest nerd in existence so coming from him, it must've meant something.

"Quick question, are we all going to the Starlight Festival tonight?" Trinity beamed, wiggling her brows playfully.

Nope.

I turned to unpack my stuff, pretending not to hear. The Starlight Festival was held in the woods just outside the school gates.

It always took place on a full moon to welcome new students, and was especially a hot event among unmated werewolves who were desperate to find their mate.

The thought of being connected to someone, only to lose them, terrified me. The feeling I felt after losing my parents was one I never wanted to feel ever again.

"We should go. Everyone is going to be there—and I heard tons of students find their mate there," Amy said.

My stomach twisted with anxiety. I really didn't want to go, but I also didn't want to be that one person who only came to the academy to study although that was the truth.

I wanted to fit in but also wanted to stay true to myself, but I guess the one thing I truly wanted was to be different from the Violet back home.

"Have you guys found your mates yet?" Amy asked.

"No—Violet?" Trinity answered, and I looked at her, slowly shaking my head.

"So, you'll be coming with us then?"

"I'll sit this one out. Besides, I don't even have a dress for that," I said, hoping that would end the conversation.

"So? I'll let you borrow something," Trinity offered immediately. I knew she didn't have any bad intentions as she had been kind to me from the start. She just couldn't take a hint.

I felt trapped, knowing if I would decline, it would set the tone for my relationship with my roommates for the entire four years. Besides, it was just one night. What's the worst that could happen?

"That's nice of you—thanks!" I said, forcing a smile.

Trinity clapped her hands, smiling, then bumped Amy's shoulder. "See? Problem solved."

Amy chuckled, folding her arms. It was silent for a moment before Trinity opened another topic. "So what do your parents do?"

I blinked, caught off guard by the question. Just as with Nate, this was supposed to be the moment where I would usually say my parents were dead—only I didn't. Again.

Trinity answered her own question, "My dad is an Alpha, Amy's dad is a Beta—"

"Mine is also an Alpha!" I announced before she could say anything else. Now that she got her answer, I desperately hoped she would shift the topic.

Amy slightly rolled her eyes. "Yeah, yeah, same old—everyone here comes from status. Anyway, where is Chrystal?"

From the moment I had met her, she had almost seemed obsessed with Chrystal. All she could talk about was that Lycan girl.

"I'm sure we'll meet her soon. She's probably with Kylan and Nate," Trinity said.

"Nate? From the student council?" I asked, surprised.

Amy's eyes lit up. "Have you met him? He's Chrystal's twin brother and Kylan's future Beta."

I nodded, remembering the handsome guy from earlier. So he was a Lycan, a future Beta of noble blood—and my roommate's brother.

"Can you imagine? The Beta to the future Lycan King? Maybe he is my mate," Amy sang, and the two girls giggled. "I'm not counting on it to be the Lycan Prince, but I'll take the second best."

My face paled as I slowly put two and two together. The guy who had called me four-eyes was indeed royally. He was that Lycan Prince they were gushing over. That's why Nate had called him 'the Prince'.

I decided right then and there to stay away from him. If he could bully me after bumping into me, I didn't even want to know what kind of damage he could do without facing any consequences.

He was a Lycan, after all—ten times stronger, ten times faster.

"We should go—the RD is expecting us in ten minutes," Trinity spoke, glancing on her phone.

"What for?"

"She's giving us a tour," Amy replied.

"Then we should probably head out."

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As we reached the main hall in the healer's building, a large group of freshmen were already waiting and talking among themselves. Esther, the woman who had introduced herself earlier, stood on a platform.

The second I entered the room, her gaze landed on mine and she gave me a friendly nod, which I returned. I was waiting for her to turn away, but she never did. For some reason, Esther kept staring at me. I squinted my eyes, cracking my brains over the reason.

"Look, that's Chrystal!"

Amy nudged my shoulder, and I turned away, following her eyes. They landed on a gorgeous tan girl with long, straight red hair, standing with a group of girls. Chrystal was dressed in a short pink tennis skirt and a pink top, by the looks of it expensive.

Just by one look, it was clear she hadn't been in the dorm to welcome us because she had her own crowd and standards. She had probably already decided her roommates were not good enough for her without getting the chance to get to know any of us.

Her energy was completely different from her brother, Nate, who looked so kind and approachable.

"I'll go and say hi. I'll see you guys later!" Amy said before walking off toward Chrystal.

Trinity chuckled as we watched her tap Chrystal's back, attempting start a conversation. "And then there were two."

"Don't you want to meet her?" I asked, genuinely curious.

Trinity pulled a disgusted face, shaking her head. "She might be of noble blood, but that doesn't mean she can treat us like trash. If she really wanted to meet us, she would've been at the dorms."

I smiled, agreeing with Trinity. "Yeah, you're right. It's nice to meet someone who sees things the same way."

"Attention!" Esther called out.

The voices in the hall slowly faded as everyone turned to look at her. "Welcome, everyone, to Starlight Academy. I'm Esther, your Resident Director, and one of the Grand Masters in healing. It's my pleasure to welcome you to what I hope will be the best four years in your life."

Everyone around me clapped, so I awkwardly joined in.

"Starlight Academy is a place where you will learn, grow, and build life-long friendships—and I know many of you are nervous," Esther continued, making eye contact with me. I looked away.

"But I want you to know my office is always open, no matter what."

Trinity whispered, "They always say that but never keep their word."

I giggled, once again agreeing with her. It was always like that. They had everyone's backs until someone's family couldn't pay the fee anymore.

"Now if you'll all follow me," Esther instructed.

Out of the corner of my eye, I saw Amy walking with Chrystal. It looked like Chrystal had taken her under her wing, which made sense given Amy's excitement about meeting her.

Esther led us on a full campus tour, explaining that this week would be about exploring and learning the basic rules. We weren't allowed to spend the night in the male dorms, there was a strong curfew meaning no leaving the dorms after ten, no unauthorized shifting or any other kind of use of power, and especially no fighting unless it was on the training grounds with a teacher present.

Three strikes, and you're out.

"I might as well have applied for prison," Trinity muttered, making me laugh as we walked with a few more freshman we had made along the way.

The tour ended in the academic hall. "Look around some more, enjoy your week—and I will leave you girls to it," Esther said.

Everyone thanked her in unison, but once again her eyes were on me. I still wondered what her deal was, why she seemed to be paying me so much attention.

After she was out of sight, I tried to join the conversation with the girls, but they were already in it too deep.

"He literally just walked past us. Apparently, he's a sophomore CSL major," one of the girls said excitedly.

"CS-what?" I asked, feeling lost.

"Combat Strategy and Leadership? They're talking about the Lycan Prince again," Trinity explained.

"Ah..."

The topic wasn't all that interesting to me. All everyone seemed to be talking about was that damn Lycan Prince. The conversation continued without me, and it bored me so much, I felt a sudden urge to pee. "Does anyone know where the restroom is?" I asked.

Trinity pointed in a direction. "I think it's that way—do you want me to go with you?"

"No, I'll manage. Thanks!"

Following Trinity's instructions, I eventually stood in front of two closed doors with unclear symbols.

"Sure, why not?" I mumbled, trying to make a decision. One looked vaguely like a dress, so I guessed that one was for women.

As I entered the restroom, I saw it was empty and headed for one of the stalls. After finishing my business, I went to sink, rubbing the soap between my palms before washing it off. But

as I turned off the tap, I heard a sound from around the corner.

My heart skipped a beat. How had I missed a whole part of the restroom?

Curious, but more so fearful because I knew I had screwed up—I peeked around the corner, seeing exactly what I had been expecting to see.

To my horror, I saw urinals, and a guy with his back turned against me, zipping up his jeans.

I swallowed my breath, panicking, and I knew I had to leave quietly before he noticed me.

Carefully, I took a step back, only for my foot to hit the bin, followed by the sound of a loud clatter.

Shit.

The guy turned around swiftly, his expression tense and his jaw clenched. My stomach dropped. Even though this was the first time I had seen his face, I recognized his build immediately.

It was the Lycan Prince, Kylan, and he was walking toward me with a gaze so cold, it could kill. Everything seemed to move in slow motion as he stepped closer, and closer—until he stood in front of me, leaving no more than a few inches between us. Nervously, I bit my bottom lip, dreading whatever would come out of this.

I was so embarrassed, the sound of my own heartbeat echoed in my eardrums. The prince's eyes bore into mine, and he looked pissed.

I was frozen, my mind blank, unsure of what to do or say next.