

Chapter 26

Violet

Where am I?

I sat up, rubbing my eyes as I took in the unfamiliar surroundings. Swallowing my throat, I remembered I was in Kylan's room. The memories from yesterday flooded back, and I snapped my head to the empty space beside me.

The same empty space where he had touched me. My cheeks burned, remembering everything from last night. How I laid between his legs, trembling, crying out in pleasure as he touched me like no one had ever done before.

Not even I could touch myself like that.

Just the memory made my head spin again, and I couldn't believe it had actually happened. I wasn't used to this kind of thing—wasn't used to feeling this way. And the fact that it was Kylan, of all people, made it even more complicated.

I was relieved that he wasn't there. Kylan definitely seemed like the type to wake up early, so it wasn't a surprise he had left early.

Grabbing my phone from the nightstand, I read the time. It was only 6 AM.

If I left now, there was a good chance I could slip out without anyone seeing me and avoid the infamous of a walk of shame.

If anyone would even see me walking out of Kylan's room, it would not end well for me. I didn't know what Chrystal had done to the previous girl, and I wasn't about to find out either.

In a rush, I jumped out of bed and ran to Kylan's closet to grab my dress off the floor. I was on a mission to leave before Kylan could return.

As I held the piece of fabric in my hand, I had already decided that there was no way I would be leaving in that. It screamed 'last night's mistake' and that was the thing I was trying to avoid.

Shaking my head, I pulled out the first pair of sweatpants I could find. They looked way too big, but passable.

I wasted no time and pulled them on under the oversized shirt I was already wearing. The sweats were so big, I had to roll up the ends several times.

The final combination with my heels looked ridiculous, but not as ridiculous as trying to sneak out in that velvet dress.

After grabbing my belonging, I headed for the door and left his bedroom, walking as quietly as possible. The hall was still dark, and all I wanted was to make it out without being noticed.

Just as I thought I was in the clear, a door opened—and some girl stepped out, nearly bumping into me.

"Oh?" she eyed me up and down, smirking. Her eyes scanned the direction I'd come from, and I could already tell she was making up scenarios in her mind.

Hopefully, she wouldn't make a connection. After all, there were plenty of rooms I could have come from.

"Sorry!" I whispered, lowering my gaze. Then I continued my path outside of the building, and made my way over to my own.

As soon as I reached the dorm, I kicked off those ridiculous heels and leaned my head against the door. Other than that girl, no one had seen me.

The Moon Goddess was on my side—for once.

The dorm was dark, quiet—and empty. Trinity was most likely still with Dylan, and as usual, Chrystal and Amy were nowhere to be found. Those two girls were nasty, and the lack of things scattered around or living room told me all I needed to know.

With it still being so early in the morning, I decided now was the best time to take a shower. Every morning was the same—and by the time everyone else was up, there would be a long line. Something I always tried to avoid.

I grabbed my things and headed to the shared shower, desperate to wash off last night's sins. As the warm water hit my body, I closed my eyes, the memories of last night creeping back.

My body was heating up, and I didn't know whether it was the hot water or the pure humiliation. Never had I expected for Kylan to make me scream out his name like that, and he had never even got past my waistband.

He had only touched that one spot over my panties, yet he had completely overwhelmed me.

He said he could make me come in less than a minute, and he did. It was pathetic.

It was final.

I had to do a full-face plastic surgery, change my name—and live among the humans.

That would be the only way.

I had crossed a line I shouldn't have, especially since I didn't even want to be with him. It was an in the moment type of thing, and I hadn't expected for him to make me feel that way.

Releasing a growl of frustration, I slammed my fist against the shower wall. I wasn't in the mood to explain to Dad why he needed to fund a new showerhead because I broke it, so I quickly turned off the water.

All I had to do was avoid him, but—no. I followed him, slept in his bed—allowed him to touch me...

I wasn't the sharpest tool in the shed, and no one had to tell me that. I was well aware.

After drying off my body, I wrapped a towel around my hair and slipped into a bathrobe. Then I made my way to the halls to go back to my room.

As I walked the halls, I glanced at the pictures on the wall like I usually did, and as always—my eyes stopped at the year Mom graduated.

I paused, scanning the picture with my eyes—but something was off.

I blinked, leaning in closer. The class picture of Mom and Adelaide hugging each other tightly, had been replaced. The picture on the wall was different.

It was just Mom, smiling—without Adelaide beside her. Adelaide was nowhere to be seen. In disbelief, I turned my gaze to the names of the students—but even her name wasn't there.

It was like Adelaide had been erased from existence, even though I knew for a fact she had been there just yesterday. I saw it with my own eyes.

Why?

A knot formed in my stomach. First, Esther had been weird about mentioning Adelaide, then Rochwall pretending not to be close to Mom...and now this?

If Adelaide had never reached out to me in the woods, I wouldn't have cared that much—but she did.

I had this uncomfortable feeling that there was something behind it, and every time I tried to let it rest a little—something new just fueled the fire.

What were they hiding?

I didn't know what it was, but I was going to find out—no matter how long it would take.

Once I was back in my room, I didn't waste any time. I fixed my hair, got dressed, and rushed to my desk with my laptop and phone. First, I went through the pictures from the library, in the hopes of finding something I might've missed.

My eyes inspected every image, from Mom's achievements to her poems—but there was nothing. Not a single mention of Adelaide.

I sighed in frustration, unsure of what to do next, but I wasn't ready to give up just yet either.

I opened my laptop, going straight to the Starlight Academy website. The first thing I did was search through Mom's graduation year, then the Elite Team records—but also those were as good as empty.

If I wouldn't have known better, I would've believed that year had never existed.

There was only one album labeled 'First Elite Team', and it contained just two photos. It wasn't much, but at least it was something, so I clicked on it—hoping to find anything. I was getting desperate.

The first picture was of a young man, I had immediately recognized as Rochwall. He looked just as handsome back then as he does now—but still, it wasn't what I was looking for.

Skipping to the next picture, it was once again Rochwall—but this time he wasn't alone. There was a woman beside him.

I squinted my eyes, looking at the woman, and then I let out a small gasp, recognizing her. It was his wife, the same woman he had brought to dinner last night.

"What's her name again?" I whispered to myself, grabbing my phone and scrolling through the pictures. It was a good thing I had snapped a shot of every name on the Elite Team roster from that year.

I began reading. James Rochwall, Claire Hastings, Greg Loren, Jane East...That's it!

Jane. That was the name of his wife.

A loud puff escaped my lips, knowing that while this was something—it definitely wasn't much. The picture on the screen seemed crop, and I could tell it was originally a group picture.

Had I known about Jane last night, I could've pulled her aside and asked her about Adelaide—assuming Rochwall hadn't told her to stay quiet about it. Now I was stuck.

My gaze shifted to the last name on the list, just before the two that had been crossed out.

Elyx Lythoria.

It was a strange, unique name—one those usually belonged to shifters from an older clan. I was almost certain I wouldn't find anything, but it wouldn't hurt to try.

I exhaled, my fingers hover over the keyboard as I typed it into the search bar. "Please," I whispered, but just as I was about to hit enter—I heard three loud knocks on my door.

"Violet!" I heard Trinity's voice as she sang. She barged in, barely giving me a chance to close my laptop. So much for knocking.

She grinned widely, running towards me with babysteps. "Vivi!" she then pulled me into a tight, happy embrace.

Trinity looked good for someone who should have been doing the walk of shame, meaning she must've already left her mark at Dylan's dorm.

Clothes, hair, makeup—everything.

"I had the best time last night—my man is am-az-ing," Trinity gushed, practically glowing. "And that third leg, and that golden tongue of his—"

With big eyes, I slapped my hands over my ears. "La la la—I don't want to hear!"

"Oh, shit—that's your brother!" Trinity burst out laughing and kissed my cheek. "I'm sorry, I forgot!"

I cringed at the thought. "Aren't his roommates getting tired of you?"

She shook her head, pursing her lips playfully. "He has two, actually. They're really nice guys. Their mates too—they're all sophomores."

I nodded, my thoughts drifting as Trinity continued talking. Her happiness was infectious. She really did make it sound like having a mate was the best thing that could ever happen to someone.

"Now I feel bad for you," she finished, her voice full of sympathy. "I mean, having such an asshole for a mate and spending the night alone in your bed?"

I laughed, frowning a little. If only she knew. I looked at her, wondering if I should tell her the truth—about what really happened last night.

All hesitation vanished as the words came out before I could stop them. "I kind of slept in Kylan's room last night."

Her eyes went wide. "Wait, wait—what?"

I blushed, and Trinity immediately reached for my neck, trying to check for a mark. I pushed her away, laughing nervously.

"Did something happen between the two of you?" she asked, her voice jumping with curiosity.

I was certain my face was on fire now. Since the topic was already out in the open, there was no escaping it now. "Something might've happened?"

Trinity grinned, shaking my body. "I don't have any classes until late this afternoon—so you and I are going to get something to eat, and you're going to tell me everything!"

"Okay," I sighed, smiling—there was no way out of this conversation.