

Chapter 28

Violet

“Fuck!” My heart jumped, and I immediately searched for something to cover my face with. The menu card in front of me seemed like my only option. My fingertips were already near the edge when I heard a voice call out.

“Violet!”

It was Nate.

Shit.

I slowly looked up, the sides of my lips hurting as I forced a smile, and waved back. My eyes flicked to Kylan, who was scanning the room with a frustrated look on his face.

Maybe he wasn't a morning person after all.

“Vivi!” Nate cheered again, but only one thought raced through my mind.

Don't come over, don't come over.

Don't come—

I swallowed my throat as Nate began walking in my direction, with Kylan dragging his feet behind him.

All flashbacks from yesterday appeared, and I could feel the heat rise to my cheeks. I blinked at Nate who had now stopped in front of me, his smile was warm, as always.

“Hey beautiful,” he spoke. “You're up early.”

I chuckled a bit at the nickname as I tried focusing on him instead of Kylan.

What was Kylan's problem, anyway?

He looked like he didn't want to be anywhere near me, as if he was the one who had screamed out my name last night, instead of the other way around.

“You're also up early,” I managed to give him a polite nod. “How are you feeling? I missed you at dinner last night.”

I knew for a fact that if Nate had been there, I would've never made the mistake of going to Kylan's room—because I would've spent all my time with him instead.

Nate gave me a thumbs up. “I'm good, fine.”

“Good,” I whispered, but in the back of my mind, I couldn't help but wonder if he was really okay. The only thing I could associate him with was the Lunaris addiction which sounded pretty serious.

I truly hoped for his sake that him missing yesterday's dinner had nothing to do with those drugs.

“Number 16!” A voice behind the counter called out.

“That's me,” Nate said. “It was good to see you, beautiful. We'll text later,” he spoke as he walked off with a smile to grab his order.

Kylan didn't move. For a moment, he just stood there—staring right at me with those sharp brown eyes, and it felt as if the world had stopped.

Did he want to say something?

Did he expect me to say something?

Before I could even think of what to say, he turned away.

“Kylan!” I called out, just like I had done yesterday while I followed him to his dorm.

He stopped, and I watched his back rise and fall with a deep breath. When he turned around, his face was colder than before. He had transformed into a completely different person from the one I had been with just hours ago.

“What?” he growled.

What, what?

“I just-uh,” I tried rambling my way through the awkwardness. “I don't want things to be weird between us. I mean, after last night and everything, I don't want—”

“Why are you talking to me like we're friends?” Kylan snarled, cutting me off.

I froze, my mouth half-open, completely stunned.

Kylan's jaw tightened, and the tension between us felt so thick. It was hard to breathe. I opened my mouth to say something, but nothing came out. I was lost for words because I didn't understand where all of this was coming from.

I knew we weren't the best of friends, but we shared a laugh yesterday—and none of this made sense.

Him being even colder than the first time we'd met, made no sense.

“I did you a favor last night. That's it,” Kylan stated. “I touched you to prove a point, the point has been made—nothing more.”

A cold wave washed over me, his words stung worse than anything anyone had ever said to me before.

Was he serious?

A favor?

“Wow,” I whispered, in disbelief.

Kylan's expression didn't soften. If anything, it hardened. “Nothing has changed between us. We're not friends, not even acquaintances. I'm your leader, your captain. That's all.”

I looked into his eyes, accepting every word he threw at me. There was nothing to defend because, deep down, I knew he was right. We were none of those things. Even the word 'mates' meant nothing.

My chest ached, and the pain was unbearable. It felt like Lumia was tearing me apart from the inside. It wasn't just my heart breaking—it was everything.

Kylan clicked his tongue. “I let it pass yesterday, but I don't know where you keep finding the nerve to talk to me.”

“I know you've never been touched like that before in your life, and you probably never will,” he didn't stop. “But if you're looking to play the clingy little virgin act, you'll have to find someone else. I'm not interested.”

“Neither am I!” I snapped, the words flying out of my mouth. The only reason he spoke to me this way was because I had let him—but this was as far as it would go.

Kylan widened his eyes in surprise.

“I would rather get fucked by your dozen brothers before I would ever let you touch me again.”

His jaw tightened as if he couldn't believe what I had just said. His nostrils flared slightly, and it was clear I'd hit a nerve deep inside him.

Good. That's exactly what I was going for.

He blinked, once, twice—balled his fist, seconds away from exploding. Then he held himself back.

A low, crazed scoff escaped his lips—like he was caught between being amused and furious.

We both glared at each other, trying to see who would break first—but then we heard Nate's voice from a distance.

“Ky!”

Kylan chuckled, breaking the eye-contact first, and then casually walked away as if I hadn't just offended him.

He was insufferable.

Nate turned to give me one last friendly wave before they walked out of the café, but I was too stunned to respond.

Whatever cruel game Kylan had been playing, he had me fooled—and I had walked right into it.

At the end of the day, I was the one who had trembled in his arms, and nothing could ever take that away from him—not even me threatening to let his hundred brothers fuck me.

I felt like an idiot.

“Ugh, this place is so dirty!” Trinity burst through the door again, unaware of everything that had just taken place. “I just ruined my lash in that dirty sink, so I had to pull off the other one and—”

Her eyes met mine, and her smile faded. “Did something happen?”

Did something happen?

Yes, I let Kylan play with my feelings, gave that arrogance prince even more power—and now it was time for me to take it all back.

I would hurt him, embarrass him—the same way he had hurt me.

“Yes,” I simply spoke, turning to Trinity. “Do you remember that thing you said about me trying out something different before trying out the real deal?”

Trinity raised her brows. “Yes?”

“I think I'm going to do just that,” I squinted my eyes.

“Finally!” Trinity grinned excitedly. “So who's our lucky guy?”

I held her gaze for a moment. If Kylan could play his game, then so could I.

“Nate.”