

Chapter 32

Kylan

“Ah, that,” Nate grinned. “I wasn’t in training, because I was in Stacey, the science major?”

I couldn’t hold back the small laugh that escaped. Unless Stacey had Lunarised her ass, I suspected he could’ve done both the drugs and his ex. There was more than enough time for that.

“So the two of you are back together?”

“No,” Nate replied casually. “She was just talking about our breakup last year and how much it messed her up—next thing I knew, she was on top of me.”

“Right,” I mumbled, trying to sound as if I gave a damn. “Why did the two of you break up again?”

Nate stretched his arms, yawning. “Because I’ve got so much love to share with everyone.”

I scoffed slightly, entertained by his answer. Nate wasn’t as innocent as everyone made him out to be. With his ‘good guy’ persona, most people thought he was all charm and kindness, but I knew better.

He was nice, too nice to the point it had become annoying, that was not a lie—but he also had a reputation with women that even I couldn’t compete with. The only difference was that Nate was respectful and kept a softer edge, which made people overlook how often he moved from one girl to the next.

“Who knows, maybe if I find my mate one day—I’ll only give that love to that one person,” Nate smiled.

I didn’t react, just took a deep breath, keeping my expression neutral. His words were nonsense, especially since his Dad also had three mistresses. That was just the way it was in the kingdom.

“How about you?” he continued.

I kept my focus on my drink. “What about me?”

“A mate? One who checks off all your little boxes. Will you treat her with respect?”

Respect?

My grip tightened on the cup as a thousand thoughts swirled my head. Nate knew the situation, he knew what had happened between my parents—and he was well aware I wasn’t waiting on a mate.

“Ky,” Nate spoke. “What’s with you and Violet?”

My head snapped up. Why was he bringing her up now? I had never told her she was my mate, and didn’t plan on telling him either—so why now?

“What do you mean?”

“Why are the two of you not getting along?”

I scoffed internally but kept my face blank. “We barely speak.”

“Maybe, but I saw the way you treated her in the woods,” Nate pointed out, his tone carrying a hint of disapproval that rubbed me the wrong way. “Like she’s below us.”

My jaw clenched. “She was on trial. I had to push her, so I did,” I spoke, irritated.

It went silent. Nate’s eyes were fixed on me, but he didn’t say anything. He just stared, like he was waiting for something more—and it bothered me.

What did he want with Violet?

I had noticed them getting too close lately, and it was beginning to get on my nerves. I didn’t like it one bit. Sure, I had no room to talk, but I didn’t want Nate to treat her like the rest of the girls he played with. Giving her false hope and then moving on. That was my role to play with her, not his.

She was my Puppy.

“Okay,” Nate finally said, breaking the silence.

He let out a small chuckle, glancing down at the table like he found something funny that only he understood.

“So family day is coming up,” he changed the subject. “Since the king will be there, and my dad, it should be interesting—right?”

My nostrils flared at the mention of the king. I wasn’t looking forward toward family day, and didn’t want him here at all.

He didn’t bother coming last year, so why now?

“I wonder what changed the king’s mind to make him want to come this year,” Nate continued, completely oblivious. “I heard Kayden wanted to see you, and since the king always moves mountains for him, that must’ve played a part—don’t you think?”

I clenched my fists under the table, my knuckles going white. Nate’s words hit me in a way I didn’t like, stirring up that bitterness I could never get rid of.

The way he talked about Kayden, like it was nothing, got under my skin. It was always the same—my brother at the center of everything, while I received nothing from that man. Not even as his heir.

And the worst part? Nate was right. Kayden probably did play a part in the king’s decision.

“Anyway, you’ve been working hard,” Nate chuckled. “Maybe this time, he’ll finally acknowledge your efforts.”

I felt a wave of irritation roll through me. It wasn’t just what Nate said, but the way he said it. As if he was mocking me, despite knowing how deep it cut.

I didn’t need to hear all of this from someone who was loved by his father.

“How about I’ll worry about my family, and you worry about not overdosing on that fairy dust before your family gets here—okay?” I snapped, losing control.

Nate blinked, caught off guard. But I wasn’t done. “I do know why you’re always missing classes—and maybe you should be grateful I’m not locking up your dad for giving his Lunarised-son the nerve to think he could ever advise me.”

I watched as his face tightened, the impact of my words hitting hard.

“You’re not my therapist, you’re nothing more than your father’s son, a servant to your future king—and you need to stay in your fucking lane!”

As the words left my mouth, I instantly knew I’d gone too far. Nate’s kind smile—the one he always carried, no matter the situation—had faded away. It was replaced by something darker. Anger, real anger, unlike anything I’d ever seen from him in all the years we’d known each other.

His eyes narrowed, jaw clenched tight. It was a different kind of fury, one I didn’t know he was capable of. The small group of people in the café turned their heads, sensing the tension.

Their own conversations died down as all the attention was now on us.

“Nate—” I sighed, my voice calmer now. I regretted my words, but it was too late.

Nate pushed back his chair so abruptly that it scraped the floor. Without a single glance in my direction, he grabbed his jacket, and marched away, heading straight for the door.

As Nate stormed out, I could feel the stares on me—adding to my anger only more.

I snapped to the side. “What the fuck are you looking at?” I yelled. “Mind your damn business!”

The few people in the café quickly turned away, pretending not to have seen anything. I clenched my fists, still burning with anger. I wasn’t really angry with Nate—I was angry at the world.

He just said exactly what it took to push me over the edge, and now I’d pushed away the only person who had my back.

Perfect.

Just what I needed.