

Chapter 36

Kylan

"Fuck, Kylan, just like that," Chrystal panted, her voice breathless with each thrust.

I clenched my jaw, gripping her hair in one hand as I slammed into her from behind. Her voice irritated me, and my name leaving her mouth pissed me off even more.

It only did something to me when Violet said my name. That night it slipped past her lips, I wanted her so badly—I held back every urge possible not to take her then and there.

Fuck!

Why was I even thinking about her in this moment.

I gritted my teeth, trying to concentrate. Every time I tried to forget about her, she would somehow find her way back inside my head. It made me sick. I had been avoiding her on purpose, keeping my distance, even at Elite Training—but I just couldn't escape her.

Why couldn't I?

"Don't stop, baby!" Chrystal cried out, her voice breaking through my thoughts. "Fuck, Ky!"

I realized how much more aggressively I was moving as her moans grew louder, until she finally reached her peak.

My grip tightened as I pounded into her harder, chasing my own release, just wanting it to be over. Finally, with a grunt, I spilled into the condom—but it wasn't as great as it used to be.

Not anymore.

Not with her, not with anyone else.

A disappointed sigh slipped past my lips as I pulled away from her, and removed the condom before tossing it away.

Chrystal, still breathless, let out a soft laugh as she rolled onto her back.

I suppose at least one of us was satisfied.

"You're amazing, Ky," she murmured, smirking.

I didn't answer. I didn't care.

Instead, I buckled my jeans quickly and rushed to the bathroom, desperate to get away from her. It was for my own sake because once I would kick her out of my room, it would make me the bad guy again.

I was always the bad guy.

Frustrated, I leaned against the cold sink and stared back at my reflection. Sex was nothing more than a pointless way to release tension, but lately, it wasn't working.

No matter what I did, the emptiness remained.

The beast only wanted her.

The puppy who had said she'd rather get fucked by my dozen brothers before she would ever let me touch her again.

Good, because I didn't want her either. Not by choice anyway.

Then she had the nerve to flirt with Nate again, right in front of me. My knuckles whitened as I gripped the sink harder.

"Come on, Kylan," I whispered, trying to do something about the frown on my face. Why was I bothered by a werewolf? I was better than that.

"You're better than this," I repeated, going insane. I had already reached my lowest point when she had indirectly appeared in my dream. I took a breath as my mind drifted back to a dream I had not long ago.

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All I could see was white. Blinding, endless white. I scanned my surroundings, completely lost, when a soft woman's voice called out to me.

"Kylan..."

I looked around, trying to find the source of the voice, but all I could see was more white.

Then she appeared.

A woman in all black with a hood over her head, covering her face. The only thing I could see was her long black hair spilling from beneath the cape.

Who was she?

I froze as she moved toward me, every instinct telling me to run—but my legs weren't working.

When she finally stood in front of me, she reached out her hand, brushing against my cheek with her ice-cold fingers.

"You're broken," she whispered. "Just like him."

The woman's fingers lingered on my skin as my chest tightened.

"Him?" I scoffed, coldly. "Who is...him?"

"But that's okay," she said, ignoring me. "You'll make a great king, history won't repeat itself because you're strong, you have a will of your own—and eventually you'll learn how to love her."

"Love who?" I asked, my voice colder this time.

I heard the woman chuckle. "You know who," she moved her hand to my wrist. Then her fingers slid down to my ring.

"She's lucky," the woman spoke. "You have the last piece of Lyperian stone around your finger."

I yanked my hand back, furrowing my brows. How could this random woman possibly know about the material of my ring—the prize I had won during the heir battle? No one ever dared to ask about it. They all knew better than to pry because it didn't concern them. As simple as that.

It wasn't just any ring. Every Lycan receives a ring from their father, one that's meant to be passed down to their other half—though I never put much thought in that tradition.

After all, the king's ring hadn't gone to my mother, his supposed other half, but to the woman he truly loved. If even the king could ignore the tradition, what was the point of believing in it?

There was no way I would be giving a ring carrying the last piece of pure Lyperian stone to...

I paused, realizing who she was talking about. She was talking about Puppy.

"You will give it to her," the woman breathed. "I know you'll do the right thing and give it to her when she needs it the most. Regardless of your feelings."

Curious, I leaned in, trying to get a glimpse of the face hidden beneath the hood. I reached out slowly, ready to pull it back and see her face.

As I lifted the hood, she raised her head, and my breath caught in my throat. I only saw her face for a split-second before her eyes flashed a bright white, forcing me to shield my eyes.

Then she was gone.

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I didn't know what that dream meant, and why I could still remember it so clearly—but I did know one thing. It had to do with Puppy, and somehow she'd even started to make appearances in my dream.

It was a fucking disaster.

I shook my head, trying to push it all aside. I had more important things to think about today.

Such as the fact that it was family day.