

Chapter 37

Kylan

Family day....

Just the thought of it made my chest tighten. It was a day where all families would visit, pretend everything was perfect like all of our lives weren't filled with secrets and lies.

For me, it was even worse. I'd have to see the king again—the man who had never truly forgiven me for what I did to my brother.

Shaking the thoughts away, I decided to take a quick shower. Although it didn't do much to ease the tension, it had at least cleared my mind for a moment. Once I was done, I stepped out of the bathroom, only to see Chrystal still lying on the bed, undressed.

"Mind if I shower here and get ready?" she asked, although it sounded more like a statement. "Our dads will be here in an hour."

Without a word, she got up, grabbing her things from her bag like she had planned it all along, and headed straight to the bathroom.

"Have you already made up with my brother?" she called out, closing the door behind her. "You know, he never said what happened between you two."

I growled. "Because nothing happened!"

Chrystal spat out a few more things I didn't hear as the noise got muffled by the sound of the running water.

I had just managed to calm down a little, and she just had to piss me off again.

I hadn't spoken to Nate since that day, and the guilt was eating at me. What I said to him was out of line, I could admit that—but at the same time, Nate needed to suck it up and let it go. It was wrong, but I wasn't going to apologize.

As his future king, I couldn't apologize to him. That would be ridiculous. After years of friendship, he should know I didn't mean what I said and just get over it.

After a while, Chrystal stepped out of the bathroom, fully dressed. My eyes scanned her from head to toe. Her red hair was tied neatly in a bun, and she wore a flower-patterned dress with heels. She looked like the perfect daughter, exactly what her dad expected for family day—polished, proper, but in my eyes—fake.

I hadn't even bothered dressing up as it was of no use. I could wear a shirt saying 'The Lycan King is My Biggest Love,' and the king still wouldn't care. That's just the kind of person he was.

"Are you ready?"

"Yes," Chrystal walked over. She leaned in to kiss me, but I turned my head just in time for her lips to brush my cheek instead.

I wasn't in the mood for any of that, and I didn't want her lips on me either.

"So what?" Chrystal spoke, frustrated. "I'm good enough to fuck, but you can't kiss me?"

Yes, that was exactly it—and she just couldn't get it through that head of hers. I was too tired to explain that we were never getting back together. She wouldn't get it anyway.

"Where's Nate?" I asked, cutting her off before she could press further.

She sighed, rolling her eyes. "He's in the hall, waiting for us."

I nodded, not saying another word as I walked past her, heading toward the door.

As I left my room, I spotted Nate already standing there, but the second he saw me, he quickly diverted his eyes.

So, he was still pissed.

Chrystal walked ahead, joining her brother. "Hey, Natey," she sang, her voice annoyingly bright.

"Sissy," Nate slung an arm around her, pulling her close as they walked in front of me. Their bond was complicated. They tolerated each other, loved each other, but Nate had often confided in me about his frustrations, especially in the way she treated others.

The two were like night and day, only at this moment, with his attitude, Nate really began to remind me of his sister.

"Do you think Dad's in a good mood today?" Chrystal asked.

Nate chuckled. "Does it matter? He's always in a good mood with you."

I stayed a few steps behind as we walked through campus, where students had already reunited with their families. It was packed, but the real crowd was gathered around the gates, watching the sleek black limousine with the Lyperian crest—hoping to catch a glimpse of the king.

There were more cars lined up behind it, surrounded by Lyperian guards as people were snapping pictures.

The crowd parted to let us through, and I crossed my arms, leaning casually against the gates, pretending like I wasn't fazed. There were about twenty guards surrounding the limousine—not much for Lyperian standards, but still enough to draw attention. The kind of attention I didn't want, especially today.

"Your Highness," the guards bowed one by one. I gave them a tired nod, barely acknowledging them. My eyes were glued on the limousine, and all I could think of was the king who could walk out any second.

The door to the limousine swung open, and Jack, the beta, stepped out first.

Chrystal squealed, running towards him like she hadn't seen him in years. "Daddy!"

Jack grinned, embracing her. "My little girl."

True, the Beta's mate, followed right behind, and joined the hug. "I love that dress on you, Chrystal. Give me a twirl!"

"It's cute, isn't it?" Chrystal spun around as she continued talking to her mom about whatever nonsense they usually chatted about.

My eyes shifted to Jack, who turned to Nate. He sighed before opening his arms. "Son!" his voice was full of warmth as Nate stepped into his embrace.

The four of them stood there like the perfect little family, while I watched like an idiot because I had nothing better to do.

Like almost every Lyperian man of status, Jack had mistresses as well—but it hadn't changed anything for the family. They were all close, the siblings—and even the wives.

It was the complete opposite from the situation I grew up in. Sometimes, I couldn't help but envy Nate. Not that I'd ever admit it.

Jack was a tall, intimidating man with a presence that could scare anyone off, but the moment he opened his mouth, you'd realize you shouldn't judge a book by its cover. He was like an older version of Nate—not this Nate, but the one before I offended him.

Beta Jack caught me staring and shot me a polite smile before bowing slightly. "Your Highness," he greeted, politely. He nudged True, who gave me the same greeting.

I chuckled under my breath. This man had held me as a baby, been there more than my own father ever had, and yet he still spoke to me with respect. It was strange and unnecessary, but that was Jack. Always following the rules.

True, glanced around, wrinkling her nose as she looked at the buildings. "When was the last time these were cleaned?" she asked, her voice dripping with disapproval. "They look a bit dirty."

A sound somewhere between a scoff and a sigh escaped my lips, knowing exactly where this conversation was going. So mother, so daughter.

Chrystal gasped dramatically. "I know, right? I mean, we're hosting the King of Lyperia here. You'd think they'd step it up a bit."

I didn't care to listen for much longer as my eyes snapped back to the limousine. The guards were forming a protective circle around the car as the door opened again, which could only mean one thing.

And then he stepped out.

The King of Lyperia.

He looked as intimidating as ever, dressed in his royal attire that was anything but subtle. Between the crimson robe, the golden lining, and the jewelry, he might as well have worn his damn crown.

People said we looked alike. Looking at the king was like staring into a mirror—but he wasn't looking at his reflection. As always, he only had eye for the crowd.

People began to murmur, some snapped pictures, others just stared in awe. The king loved attention, he thrived off it. He was obsessed with power, and especially because he knew no one could take it away from him.

The car door opened again, and this time I heard the sound of wheels.

"Shit," I muttered, forcing myself to look, even though I already knew what I'd see. The ramp of the car lowered, and my brother Kayden rolled out.

Seeing him, it felt like all the air had been sucked out of my lungs. It always did because I had put him in there. No one else, but me.

I hated seeing him because it brought back guilt, shame, and every other emotion I'd spent years trying to bury.

Looking at Kayden felt like being forced to look at my biggest sin. We were also like night and day. He was honorable, warm, charming, always in a good mood, while I stayed cold and distant. People were drawn to him, I pushed them away.

With raised brows and a big smile, Kayden wheeled forward, his gaze never leaving mine. Time stood still as he moved in front of me, and I had nowhere else to look but into his eyes.

"Kylan," he grinned, giving me a nod.

I gave him one in return, although I failed to smile back. There was nothing funny about this situation.

"Kayden," I spoke, my voice barely above a whisper.