

## Chapter 38

Violet

With fumbling hands, I stood in the grand hall with Dylan and Trinity as we waited for our parents. The room was filled with students everywhere reuniting with their families, receiving warm hugs as laughter filled the air.

I didn't really know what to feel.

It was strange to see people have normal bonds with their families, while I had whatever the hell I had going on.

Trinity squeezed Dylan's hand, looking every bit of nervous. "I'm so scared to meet them," she admitted, biting her lip.

Dylan puffed out dramatically, wiping imaginary sweat from his forehead. "You're nervous? I'm the one who should be sweating."

"No, you don't," Trinity giggled, leaning in to kiss his cheek. "My parents will love you just as much as I love you."

She wiped off the lipgloss she'd left behind, patting his cheek while Dylan smiled like a fool. They were always so sweet with each other to the point I couldn't help but smile at their little moments.

"Trinity!" A woman's voice suddenly called out.

Trinity's face lit up with excitement. "There they are!" she said, waving.

I watched as a man and a woman approached, the man holding the hand of a young boy. Trinity had mentioned before that she had three older brothers and a younger, seven-year-old brother. Her parents were friendly, I could tell by the genuine smiles on their faces.

"You guys!" Trinity let go of Dylan's hand and ran to her family, hugging them tightly. I nudged Dylan gently. "Don't be nervous. You'll be fine," I whispered.

The younger boy, who looked like a mini version of his dad, had somehow moved in front of Dylan, crossing his arms. His big, curious eyes narrowed in suspicion, and a loud breath escaped his lips, making the brown curls—identical to Trinity's—on top of his head shift slightly.

This little baby meant business.

"Are you Trinity's mate?" the boy asked, crossing his arms tighter.

Dylan chuckled, "Yes—Yes, I am!"

"I'm Isaiah," the boy squinted his eyes even more, looking like he was trying to stare right through Dylan. "My brothers told me to deliver you a message."

"Oh?" Dylan raised a brow, amused. "And what's that?"

Isaiah released a soft growl, one that almost looked too adorable. "If you hurt our sister, disrespect her, look at her the wrong way, yell at her, don't open doors for her—and don't tell her how much you love her every single day—we'll kill you."

Dylan and I stared at each other for a moment as we were both caught off guard by Isaiah's speech, but then we burst out laughing. Dylan ruffled the boy's hair, which was met with protests. "You're just a cute little thing, aren't you?"

Isaiah stomped his foot, scrunching his face in frustration. "No, I'm not!"

I giggled at the scene in front of me. It looked like Dylan would fit in perfectly fine. L

In the meantime I, Trinity's parents finally reached us.

"This is my roommate, Violet," Trinity introduced me.

Trinity's dad almost broke his jaw smiling, as he extended his hand. "Clarence. Nice to meet you, Violet."

"And this is Ayana," he added, motioning toward Trinity's mom.

Before I could say anything, Ayana pulled me into a hug, wrapping her arms around me tightly. I froze for a second, surprised by the unexpected affection, but then relaxed and hugged her back. It made me think about how nice it must be for Trinity to get this warm welcome all the time.

Ayana pulled back, her hands still resting on my shoulders as she studied me with a smile. "I've heard way too many good things about you from my daughter," she said, her eyes sparkling.

My cheeks flushed at her words. "Thank you," I murmured, not really knowing what else to say. Honestly, I wasn't all that.

Trinity grinned and gestured toward Dylan. "And this is Dylan...my mate."

"Your mate," Clarence repeated. He shook Dylan's hand with a firm grip then bumped his shoulder with his fist. "I believe you're taking good care of my daughter, kid?" his tone was kind but strict. "It has always been me and her brothers, but now it'll be you."

Dylan nodded. "Yes, sir," he responded, his voice steady.

Clarence grinned. "Good—we wouldn't want to have to kill you."

"Dad!" Trinity groaned.

Dylan shrugged it off with a laugh. "I'll keep that in mind, Sir—"

"Clarence," Trinity's dad corrected him before smirking. "I like him. He looks alright to me."

Ayana, who had been quietly observing Dylan, gave a shrug with her shoulders. "Perhaps," she said, scanning him from head to toe.

Dylan who looked like he was about to shit himself, hid it well as always, and showed her a charming smile. "If I didn't know any better, I would've thought you were Trinity's sister," he said smoothly.

I rolled my eyes, fighting back a laugh at his obvious flattery.

Ayana gasped dramatically, placing a hand over her heart as her eyes grew bigger. "Tall, handsome—and polite!" she exclaimed.

Seconds later, Mom and Dad entered into the hall. Alpha Fergus, and Luna Sonya. As always, their presence commanded attention without even trying.

Dad was tall and broad, build in the type of way that would people step aside without him needing to say a word.

His dark hair, now almost silver, fell just above his sharp brows as he scanned his surroundings, carrying the same stern expression he always did.

Yeah, that man wasn't going to hug anyone.

Mom, on the other hand, had a softer presence than usual. It was probably because of Dylan, her only son who she adored so much. The moment she laid her eyes on him, her expression brightened even more.

"Dylan!" she beamed from a distance. Both of them headed straight to him, as if I wasn't even there.

When they arrived, Dad didn't say a word—just placed a firm hand on his shoulder—his way of a warm greeting, I guess.

Mom, however, caressed Dylan's face before plastering him with a thousandth kisses. The attention they gave him almost felt suffocating, it made me feel invisible.

I pushed myself to the side as they introduced themselves to Trinity's parents. Mom turned to Trinity, smiling warmly. "So you're the one who will be taking me over," she said, her tone full of approval. Then she glanced at Dad. "So what do you think?"

Dad eyed Trinity with his usual analytical gaze before responding. "Considering what pack she comes from, I'm sure she'll do a great job."

"I'm glad to hear that," Clarence spoke.

"Don't forget your daughter!" Dylan suddenly grabbed my hand, gently pulling me forward. "You're also here to see her, right?"