

Chapter 39

Violet

Mom and Dad shared a glance, probably confused by how close Dylan and I seemed. “Of course are,” Mom said softly, reaching for my hand before pressing a quick kiss to my cheek. “It’s nice to see the two of you getting along for once.”

I glanced at Dad, not having any expectations—but to my surprise, a smile appeared on his lips. A real smile.

A proud smile.

“I heard you made the Elite Team within days,” he looked into my eyes. “As expected from you.”

“Really?” Clarence looked impressed. “That’s quite something. You must be really proud of your children,” he added, full of admiration.

Dad chuckled softly, glancing down with a smirk. “I’m always proud of my two children.”

My heart melted at his words.

Two children...

For a moment, it felt like I was finally seen, acknowledged. The pride in his voice as those words left his mouth was something I had been craving for so long.

Even though I walked into it with no expectations, the day started off great.

After some more talking, it was time to show them around campus. Trinity walked with her parents, while Mom and Dad walked beside Dylan, occasionally making small-talk.

The air was filled with the sound of students and their families, laughing and talking. For a moment, everything felt normal.

Quite some time had passed when we had stepped outside to the quad to head to our next destination.

A large group of people were gathered around the front gate, and there were several guards, watching the area closely like hawks.

“What’s all of this?” Ayana asked.

Dylan released a breath. “The king of Lyperia is visiting his son,” he explained.

That’s right.

That’s all anyone in class could talk about—the king’s visit to the academy.

Dad’s lips curled in a dry smirk. “Ah, so the royalty finally graces us common folk with their presence.”

Clarence frowned, looking at Dad. “Not the biggest fan, I assume?”

Dad chuckled softly, shaking his head. “We go way back. Let’s just say I’m not waiting on an autograph.”

I blinked, surprised. Uncle Fergus knew Kylan’s dad? That was news to me. How deep did their history go?

Clarence sighed. “Neither am I. We once did business with him. The man’s a—”

“Clarence,” Ayana interrupted giving him a look.

He held his hands up in surrender, pursing his lips before zipping it with his hand. Everyone laughed at his funny expression.

“Didn’t you say the king’s beta’s daughter is your roommate?” Ayana pointed out.

Trinity and I shared a glance, scrunching our noses at the same time. Once again everyone laughed because not a lot had to be said.

As the laughter faded, I couldn’t help but feel some type of guilt toward Nate.

It wasn’t fair to lump him in with them. He was different. Not just from the Lyperians, but even from the Lycans. For starters, his heart was much softer.

“Anyway,” Clarence changed the topic. “Let’s talk about something that actually concerns us—like how we can strengthen our packs with this alliance.”

As we continued walking, Dylan casually wrapped one arm around Trinity’s waist, and slung the other over my shoulder, pulling us both closer.

“You know,” Dylan began, looking back and forth between us. “I’m so glad my mate and my little sister are getting along. We’re like one big happy family,” he exaggerated, stretching his words.

I laughed a bit, thinking about how different things were just a while back.

Out of the corner of my eye, I noticed Mom and Dad watching us with warm, relieved smiles. It was a look I hadn’t seen in years.

Dad wasn’t a saint, he had made mistakes, but he must’ve had a really hard time. Apart from the fact that he just wasn’t an affectionate man, he couldn’t show me any of the little affection he did have because of Dylan.

He was just trying to protect his legacy, even if it meant pushing me aside.

I didn’t resent him. I didn’t resent Dylan either, not even after he had confessed to holding a knife to my throat. I had a special condition that required special attention, and Dylan had grown up feeling overlooked because of it.

Whatever was going on between us, we should’ve gotten over it a long time ago. The scars still remained, there was a lot we had yet to discuss—but I felt relieved that after all those years, it could still be fixed.

I felt an uncomfortable pit in my stomach as the large group of Lyperian guards moved toward us, on their way to walk past. They walked in a circle, and I knew exactly who was in it.

“Lower your heads,” Dad suddenly hissed. “I don’t want this man talking to me.”

I assumed he meant the king.

Mom laughed as everyone obeyed. Everyone but me, because I couldn’t help myself and just had to look up. First my eyes landed on the king as I was able to get a glimpse of him. He walked in front.

It was just a small glimpse, but his presence was overwhelming—and even if he wasn’t wearing that royal attire, I still would’ve pointed him out as the king.

Next I saw Nate and Chrystal walking alongside what I assumed were their parents. They were in their own little world, talking and laughing like a regular family. I smiled instantly, hearing Nate’s bright laughter filling the quad.

That same smile vanished the second my gaze shifted, and I saw him—Kylan, trailing just a step behind.

He was pushing a wheelchair, and sitting in it was a guy who looked just like him. He was just as handsome, only slightly thinner, paler. I didn’t have to crack my brain to realize who it was—Kayden, the brother he had poisoned.

In a split second, Kylan’s cold eyes locked onto mine as he pushed his brother. Deep down I panicked, though I couldn’t tear my gaze away. Instead of backing down, I narrowed my eyes to match his coldness.

The world seemed to move in slow motion as we both stared at each other. Seeing Kylan brought back many thoughts and emotions—and other than that mind-blowing orgasm, none of them were good.

Kayden tilted his head, looking from me to Kylan as if he was trying to figure something out—then he chuckled.

My heart raced, and I quickly looked away, forcing myself to keep walking as I looked straight ahead.

I didn’t dare glance back. Kylan’s eyes were the coldest they’d ever been, confirming my suspicions from training. That death stare had been meant for me, no question about it. Whatever grudge he was holding, I had an awful feeling this wasn’t over.

Not even close.