

Chapter 44

Violet

“My mom,” I replied. He probably thought I meant Sonya, but that didn’t matter. I’d spare him the backstory.

“How long ago?”

I squeezed my eyes a bit. “Like ten years ago?”

“Ten years ago,” he whispered, still inspecting the glasses on my face.

“Well, make sure to keep them on at all times,” he spoke, his face serious. “We wouldn’t want you to lose them.”

If only he knew...

I swallowed, nodding quickly. “Yes, Your Majesty.”

The king didn’t give another response and simply walked past me, leaving me standing there. I let out a slow breath, feeling more than happy that he had left.

Even though I tried not to focus on Kylan, it was hard not to, especially when Chrystal laughed out loud, leaning into him like he had just made the funniest joke on the planet.

As if it couldn’t get any worse, Kylan wrapped his arm around her waist and whispered something into her ear, making her laugh even more.

At times it seemed like he hated her, but then he did stuff like this.

It was just like he had been with me.

My stomach twisted, and I looked away, the sight too much to bear—only my eyes landed on Nate. He shot me his signature smile, and I gave him one in return, blushing as the thought of what I had asked him suddenly came rushing back.

It felt like a lifetime ago because we hadn’t discussed it anymore.

My attention was pulled away by the sound of a rolling wheelchair, and I looked down at the guy in front of me, who carried the biggest grin on his face.

Kayden.

He looked so weak, fragile—but still looked like the happiest person alive. Even though I didn’t know him personally, seeing him like that, bound to a wheelchair, was difficult and made me appreciate the smaller things in life.

It was hard to believe he had once been just as strong, if not stronger than Kylan—trained by the king himself.

Now he was smiling at me as if he had no worries, like nothing had happened, even though it had.

I had to admire his strength.

“Violet,” he pronounced my name as if it wasn’t the first time he had said it out loud. “Kylan has told me so much about you.”

I blinked in surprise, my face heating up. “Really?” I said, trying to hide the disbelief in my voice. Kylan didn’t seem like the type to talk about me—or anyone for that matter.

And if he did talk about me, what did he say? It couldn’t be any good.

“W-What did he say?” I shifted uncomfortably. “I know he’s not that fond of me...probably hates me.”

“Hate?” Kayden snorted, looking genuinely confused. “My brother doesn’t hate you. He’s obsessed with you to the point I worry for his health.”

I frowned, matching his confusion. Obsessed with me or with ruining my life? With everything Kylan had done to push me away, it was hard to imagine him being obsessed with me.

It just didn’t make any sense.

“When he speaks about you,” Kayden shook his head, balling his fist as he grinned. “He speaks with so much anger. The last time I heard that much anger was when he was obsessed with me.”

I glanced down at Kayden’s wheelchair, then back up to his eyes, unable to hide the sympathy in my expression.

The last time he was obsessed with someone, he put them in a wheelchair. Great.

It wasn’t exactly comforting, knowing Kylan’s idea of obsession would possibly end with destruction.

How much more could he break me?

Better yet, how much more would he break me?

Kayden most likely didn’t know that I was aware of Kylan’s darkest secret because if he did, there was no way he would dare to come here and make that statement.

“Kylan can be stubborn, but deep down, he has a soft heart,” Kayden’s smile never faded. “The two of you are mates, you belong together. He cares about you.”

My breath hitched.

He knew...

Did Kylan tell him?

I followed Kayden’s gaze and stared at Kylan, who looked at us with a hateful expression. His eyes turned darker, and darker—until he cupped Chrystal’s face and pressed his lips against her.

His hands squeezed her waist as he pulled her in closer.

My heart shattered. Just when I thought the night couldn’t get any worse...

It wasn’t because I cared—it was because he was still playing games with me, like the giant toddler he was. Instead of accepting my rejection, he went out of his way to taunt me and my wolf.

When the two finally finished sucking each other’s faces off, Kylan was kind enough to shoot me one last glare before he led her out of the restaurant and disappeared from my sight.

“So much for caring,” I muttered.

“Trust me—he cares,” Kayden smiled faintly, placing his hands on the rest of his wheelchair.

“It was really nice to meet you, Violet. I’m sure we’ll meet again—perhaps in Lyperia.”

I watched him roll away, wondering if he felt satisfied with himself now. It was good and all that he was still a positive person, but maybe he needed to lose some of that positivity and start seeing the reality. Kylan didn’t care about anyone but his damn self.

Kylan was a selfish person by heart, and nothing and no one could change that.

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After everyone left, I walked through the dark campus grounds by myself. Trinity had gone with Dylan back to his dorm, while I could still not let go of the image of Kylan making out with Chrystal in front of my eyes.

It was honestly beyond words how Kayden could stare at the truth right in front of him, and still found a way to protect him.

“Vivi!”

A voice snapped me out of my thoughts. I felt a hand on my shoulder and glanced sideways. As expected it was Nate.

“Hey,” I looked ahead again.

“Hey, you were quiet today,” Nate said. He moved in front of me and walked backwards so he could look at me. His blonde hair blew in the breeze, and his warm brown eyes searched mine, waiting for an answer.

“If something’s wrong, you need to tell me—so I can fix it,” he said, warmly. “I mean, only if you want me to.”

As I looked at Nate, something had finally hit me.

He was the only one who’d noticed something was wrong and cared enough to ask how I was doing. My parents hadn’t noticed, Trinity and Dylan were too focused on each other—only Nate noticed.

He had always been there for me, since day one. That day Kylan pushed me to the ground, he ran back to help me and ever since he had always been there for me.

If anyone had the power to make me feel better, it was him.

“There’s this one thing,” I sighed, curling my lips into a smile.

“What is it?”

“Family day is officially over,” I mentioned, hoping he hadn’t forgotten about our deal.

“Y-Yes?” his smile disappeared, only to get replaced by a more serious expression. He looked like he wanted to say something, but he hesitated.

“Nate, do you remember that thing I asked you?”

His brow furrowed slightly as he nodded. “Yes, I remember.”

He was being very careful with his answers. “Are you not going to invite me back to your room?”

He stopped walking, forcing me to stop as well. I stood right in front of him, with only several inches between us. My stomach fluttered as I waited for him to say something.

“Do you want me to?” he asked, carefully.

I nodded slowly. “Do you?”

“It’s up to you, Violet,” he said, calling me by my first name. He rarely did.

He was leaving the choice to me. I brushed his arm softly and gazed at him, hoping he’d just go ahead and ask.

Nate got the clue and let out a soft laugh. “Do you want to go to my room?”

“Yes,” I whispered, nodding. “I really want to.”