

Chapter 50

Kylan

I sat alone in the cafeteria, pushing every chair around me out of reach so no one would get the idea to sit nearby.

It had been a few days since family day, and already, I was hoping the king would skip the next one, sparing me from the same mess all over again. The whole event had been too exhausting.

Today was my last day off before Elite training picked up tomorrow, and I needed the rest. Unlike the last session, we would have different commanders this time—and they weren't as soft as Rochwall.

They were trained to see through every flaw, and pushed to make lives miserable—even mine. That was their job, to make everyone strong enough they wouldn't crack under pressure.

My peace was interrupted by a group of three girls at the table in front of me, giggling in an irritating way. They whispered, kicked their feet under the table like a bunch of little kids, and glanced around the cafeteria—but when I heard them murmur about Violet, the freshman healer, my interest suddenly piqued.

Why were they talking about my puppy?

I trapped my chin between my fingers as I tried to follow their conversation, and then her name fell again, and again, followed by another round of giggles.

Without giving it a second thought, I got up and headed to their table. I recognized two of them from last year when I probably took them to my room. I knew they were Lyperian, but I didn't know their names and didn't care.

“And Nate—” one of the girls whispered, but when her friend locked her eyes with mine, she nudged her to stop talking.

“P-Prince Kylan...”

They all went silent, looking at me as I pulled out a chair, and stretched out my feet on the table with a smirk.

“Go on, don't let me stop you,” I said, waving my finger in the air. “We were just about to talk about Nate, right?”

The girls relaxed a bit more. “So that means you've also heard about Violet?” One of the girls leaned forward, looking a bit to eager.

What right did she think she had to say her name?

Before I could answer, her friend opened her mouth, “Of course not. Everyone knows he and Nate aren't speaking at the—ow!” Another friend had kicked her leg, and they fell silent again, glancing at each other.

I gave them a hard stare, ignoring the fact that they were in my business. “I'm waiting.”

They hesitated for a bit before one of them finally spoke up. “The entire school has been talking about it. Apparently, the freshman healing major, Violet, slept with Nate two days ago,” she whispered. “And he gave her his high school graduation hoodie.”

My lips curled into a frustrated smile as the corners twitched. Violet with Nate?

My mind created an image of her walking through the halls, wearing his hoodie, after telling me would rather get fucked by my dozen brothers than letting me touch her again.

Nate was like my brother...

So, that was her plan.

I called her a clingy virgin, so she went after someone close enough to be my brother.

She told me she wasn't interested in him, just to jump on top of him—and it was all to get to me. I was certain.

“She even walked out in leggings,” one of the girls added. “Which you only do if your legs are sore.”

The others burst into laughter, shaking their heads in disbelief. “I can't believe she pulled Nate.”

I squinted my eyes, thinking the comment was off. What did she mean by that, and why was it so hard to believe?

“How come?” I plastered a fake smile on my face.

“Well, for starters, she looks like a know-it-all with those nerdy glasses, always walking around like she's something because she got into Elite, and let's be real—she's not even that cute,” the girl sneered. “Nate could do so much better.”

“Exactly,” another one jumped in, rolling her eyes. “I don't know how she does it. Myra told me she even left the male dorms from another floor recently.”

My jaw tightened.

What Puppy did or who she did wasn't any of their business. It was hers, mine—and that's it.

I suspected they must've been talking about that time when she had left my room.

“So what, she's just going to slut around and fuck everybody?”

They all burst out laughing, the sound getting on my nerves. I could feel my blood boiling, and had the urge to deal with all of them—but I tried to keep calm.

I didn't want anything to think I was interested because I was not.

I might've taunted Puppy by kissing Chrystal, after Kayden decided to interfere, but that was my right because she was my pup.

Only I got to mess with her, and no one else—especially not a group of random girls who looked like they were last in line when the Moon Goddess handed out faces.

Violet was many things, but she wasn't bad looking.

“Maybe Nate's unwell! I mean, there are much better options—”

“Okay,” I yawned loudly, getting up to get their attention. I had already heard enough.

They glanced at me with bright smiles while I gave them a lazy one in return.

“If these are the better options,” I said, looking at them, “then she doesn't really need to worry, don't you think?”

Their faces fell, and they stared at me with stunned expressions. I chuckled at the silence as I walked off, feeling satisfied, but as soon as I reached my third step, that satisfaction had vanished.

My jaw instantly clenched, and my hands curled into fists. I knew exactly what I wanted to do next, and it was only one thing.

I had to find Nate and punch him in the face—simply because he deserved it.

No other man had the right to touch her...

Just the thought of him touching Puppy aggravated me in a way I couldn't explain nor understand.

I knew it was deserved though. I had hurt her, and she got her revenge—well played.

She chose the perfect weapon, Nate—and she knew how to wound me, too, apparently.

With each step I took, the irritation in my chest burned hotter. As I strode down the halls, I stopped every single person, asking if they had seen him.

Each response led me further in his direction, and eventually I spotted him standing outside the library, his back turned against me.

I released a soft growl, clenching my fists harder.

“Nate!”

He immediately turned around, and the moment his eyes landed on me, a smug grin spread across his face, almost as if he had been expecting me.

I wanted nothing more than to knock that stupid smile off his face, and this time I knew I couldn't just blame the beast—no. It was me, all of me.

As I walked, I prepared to connect my fist to his face, but when I finally stood in front of him—I couldn't.

That annoying smile and those kind eyes of his were making me feel sorry for what I was about to do—all I could do was glare at him, trying to sort out the tangled mess of my feelings.

My teeth clenched in frustration.

He had taken her virginity...given her his beloved hoodie...

And why did I care? She was nothing to me. She meant nothing to me.

Nothing.

Whether he'd screwed her, whether they were together—it shouldn't matter. I wasn't supposed to care because I didn't care about her—so why was I so worked up about it?

I took a small breath, unclenching my fist.

“What I said to you was out of line,” I muttered, realizing I had to say something before I'd look like a complete idiot. Now that I was already here, it seemed like a good moment to apologize. “I didn't mean any of it. How about we let bygones be bygones, and...I'm sorry.”

Nate's smile only grew. “Anything else?”

What else could there be?

I bit back a growl. Apologizing was already difficult enough. I had only apologized to one person in my life, and that was Mom. The only other person who deserved my apology didn't want it, and that was Kayden.

All Nate had to do was take this single apology and never count on another one.

“No, that's it.”

Nate chuckled before pulling me into a quick hug. He slapped my back as I tried to shove him off, hating the affection.

“Buddy, I missed your negativity,” he said, still grinning in my face.

I lifted my brows, “Negativ—what?”

“Never mind. You wouldn't understand.” Nate brushed it off with a shrug, then he slung his arm over my shoulder as we began walking, yet again showing affection which I was so heavily against.

“You ready for training tomorrow?”

I shot him a look. “I'm always ready.”

“Good,” he almost beamed. He was too happy today, but it wasn't the kind of strange happiness that Lunaris gave him—it looked genuine.

Was it really because of her?

Puppy?

Was he actually into her?

“What?” he asked, catching my stare.

“Nothing,” I shook my head. “Just wondering what you've been up to these days.”

“Oh, you know,” Nate clicked his tongue.

“No, I don't know—that's why I'm asking.”

I narrowed my eyes, wondering why he was trying to hide what apparently the whole school had been talking about. Did he think I wouldn't hear eventually?

Nate stopped walking, forcing me to pause too. He locked his eyes with mine, the look on his face was challenging. “Kylan, if you've got something to ask—just spit it out.”

An uncomfortable feeling spread through my veins. I had a good feeling he knew exactly what I was getting at. It was they way he'd said it.

I was certain he had found out she was my mate.

Nate was always quick to read the room, so I was surprise it took him that long to figure it out. Maybe he knew it all along, but waited for me to tell him, maybe he had finally put two and two together—or maybe Puppy told him about it, and their revenge sex was all part of some scheme to get to me because I had been an asshole to both.

Not that it mattered.

None of it mattered to me.

Really...she could go after those dozen brothers for all I cared.

I let out a sigh, shrugging it off. “It's nothing.”

“It's nothing?” Nate repeated, studying me for a moment as if he expected a different answer. When he realized that was it, he bobbed his head. “So, we're good then?”

I gave him a nod. “We're good.”

We were good—I could make peace with Nate, easy, simple.

But Puppy? She was turning out to be a big problem.

My problem.