

Chapter 58

Violet

I froze, my heart pounding so loudly I could barely think straight. Part of me knew exactly what I would regret, because it was the same thing he would regret—and there was no way I could cross that line.

Wouldn't giving in mean letting him win after he had humiliated me on multiple occasions?

'Do it,' I heard something whisper from deep within, and I knew it was Lumia, encouraging me to do the wrong thing.

'Do it.'

Should I?

I leaned a bit closer, but didn't get far as Kylan stepped back. He eyed me as if I was the crazy one, as if he didn't just dare me to kiss him.

Just like that, I once again fell for his game.

"Your cheeks are glowing," he noted.

I gasped, reaching up to cover my face, but it was of no use. He had already seen it anyway.

How was he so unaffected by all of this? Did our bond mean nothing to him?

"Well," he said. "Since you're all fired up, let's see if you can channel that energy into your run."

I stared at him, wide-eyed. Was he serious? After all that, he was just going to tell me to run?

"Come on, Puppy," he clapped his hands. "Don't waste my time."

Another wave of embarrassment hit me as I indeed followed him like a lost puppy, almost running to keep up with him.

"I'm not doing ten laps, by the way," I huffed, crossing my arms, prepared for him to say something back.

He shrugged, barely glancing at me. "That's okay."

"Really?" I blinked, surprised at how easily he gave in. That was unlike him.

"Yes," he spoke, his expression dead serious. "We'll just do twenty tomorrow."

As expected, it was too good to be true.

I groaned, sulking, earning yet another unamused look. Before I could realize what was happening, he nudged my shoulder, almost tipping me over.

A soft yelp escaped from my lips as I lost my balance and stumbled, but before I could reach the ground, Kylan wrapped his hands around my wrist. An intense spark appeared in my body, but I tried to keep my face neutral.

It was the second time I had felt something like that. The first time was at the Starlight festival, when he had kissed me.

"Hopeless," Kylan muttered, releasing me. I glanced away, swallowing away my feelings.

When we finally arrived at the track, I ran my ten laps without a single problem. He was right, I was fired up—so fired up I wasn't even sweating after those laps.

If running was the one thing that would make me forget about these disgusting, unacceptable, feelings, I was prepared to run again, and again.

After finishing my laps, we walked the campus grounds together in silence. No matter how badly I tried not to, I kept replying our almost-kiss in my mind.

The way his eyes had softened, the way he had looked at me—like he might actually care.

It was stupid, but I couldn't help it. Thank the Moon Goddess he had stepped back because if he hadn't, I was certain we would be doing another kind of workout.

What was I even saying?

I face-palmed, feeling a pair of confused eyes stare at me out the corner of my eye. Kylan had already decided I was weird, so I didn't care much.

"Apparently it's a strong one tonight!" A girl squealed as we walked past, talking to her friend. "If I don't lock myself in my room, I swear, I'll forget about my assignments and jump on top of him."

The two girls giggled, and Kylan turned his head for a second. Then he hummed as he glanced at me.

"So, that's why you're even more strange than usual," he said, smirking a bit. "It's not even here yet so you must either be really desperate or really sensitive."

"What??" I asked, confused.

Kylan didn't respond, just kept that smirk on his lips as we walked, as if he knew something I didn't.

When we reached a certain point, we both stopped walking. His eyes held mine as I watched him, hoping for...what, exactly?

He looked like he wanted to tell me something, like he was struggling to say whatever words were on the tip of his tongue. Would he talk about the almost-kiss?

No, that was ridiculous.

It wasn't as if he hadn't kissed me before, as if he hasn't touched me before, and he had never said anything apologetic back then—so why now?

"I guess I'll see you tomorrow?" he breathed out, smiling faintly. It was one of his rare, warm smiles—one that made my heart beat faster.

I nodded, feeling a bit disappointed he didn't have anything else to say. "Tomorrow."

"Goodnight, Pup."

"Goodnight," I whispered.

I stood like a statue until he disappeared around the corner, for some reason hoping he'd run back and say something—anything but goodnight.

My feelings for him were even more confusing today, and they wouldn't have to be so confusing if he'd just treat me normally. My heart was a mess of emotions—hope, frustration, irritation, all of it.

"Get it together, Violet," I shook my head, snapping myself out of it.

"Not him, anyone but him," I scolded myself for even thinking that way.

I had to hate him.

I had to...

By the time I reached the dorm, I instantly noticed it was empty. Trinity wasn't around, which wasn't surprising since she was probably with Dylan...again.

I didn't mind, as it gave me the perfect opportunity to work on my assignments. Several hours had passed since I locked myself in my room to work on one of my essays, and with each hour that went by, I began feeling more and more uneasy.

Something kept nagging at me, and I didn't know what it was—but I feared it had to do with my feelings for Kylan.

Later in the night, around nine, I heard Chrystal and Amy come back. Even though it wasn't long before both girls went to their rooms, their presence pushed me even more to stay put in mine. I was not in the mood for their snarky comments. For some reason, something was seriously wrong with me today, and I knew one comment would make me snap.

The darker it got outside, the stranger I felt—and it had almost gotten to the point I just wanted to scream, and let it all out.

'Do it,' Lumia's voice suddenly floated into my mind. Her voice was low, almost teasing. 'Come on, do it.'

"Do what?" I growled, softly. She rarely spoke, so why bother now?

'You know exactly what,' she responded. 'Go to him. You want to.'

A heat spread through my body, and I shifted uncomfortably before pulling off my hoodie. I threw it in a corner, then ran my hands over my neck and arms.

The heat was so unbearable that I even had the urge to remove my shirt. I couldn't take it anymore. It felt like my skin was alive, tingling and burning with every small movement.

'Mate,' Lumia's whispers continued. 'Mate.'

"No!" I hissed, frustrated. Desperate for any kind of breeze, I pulled the curtains to open my window—but then I saw it.

A moon.

A bright, clear, full moon.

I swallowed, finally understanding.

The pull, the restlessness—I wasn't going crazy. It was something beyond my control.

Instead of cooling down, the sight of it only made me feel worse. I couldn't take it any longer, and all I wanted was for it to disappear, so I could feel normal again.

'Mate,' Lumia whispered again, filling my mind with thoughts I couldn't control.

'Mate—'

"Yes, I know!" I hissed, heading to my door. I glanced at the clock, seeing it was 9:30, then left the dorm without a clear plan.

All I knew was that I had to see him.

Kylan.

In a rush, I walked through campus to the empty halls of the CSL majors—on my way to Kylan's room. It was just before curfew, but even if it weren't, I was already so far gone that I would've risked anyone seeing me.

What would I even do there?

I didn't know. I didn't have a clear plan yet.

My pulse thrummed in my ears as I approached his door. I didn't waste any time and knocked once before the door swung open almost immediately.

Kylan stood there in sweatpants, shirtless, with water dripping down his toned chest. It was not the first time I had seen him like this.

"What do you want, Puppy?" he whispered, looking just as frustrated. Wait, did he feel it too?

My eyes were locked on him, and it was like my mind had shut down. All I could smell was his sweet scent, and all I could think about was him.

Being on top of him, under him, dominated by him—my thoughts were just Kylan.

His chest moved up and down as he took big breaths, then he gulped. "You can't be here."

Just as he was about to close the door, I managed to stop it with my foot. "No, wait!"

As if my body moved on its own, I lifted my hand and traced a line down his wet chest with my finger, feeling that strange spark again.

"Kiss me," I whispered, looking into his surprised eyes. "Please."

Kylan's gaze darkened as he leaned forward, instantly pressing his lips against mine. There was no hesitation, no doubt. His hands found my waist, pulling me closer as he deepened the kiss with a force so intense it made his head spin.

The feelings I had been trying to suppress were now out in the open, and poured all into that one kiss. The world outside faded away, leaving only Kylan and me in this overwhelming moment.

Suddenly, I heard the sound of a door unlocking, and Kylan broke off the kiss. Without a word, he took my hand and pulled me inside, slamming the door shut behind him.

He grabbed me by my shoulders, and pushed me against the wall, pinning me gently but firmly as his brown eyes held an intensity that made me want him even more, and this time I didn't hate myself for it.

There was a possessive hunger in his gaze as we stared at each other, waiting for whoever would make the next move. I was hoping he would, so I wouldn't look like a desperate loser.

"I didn't think you had the guts to show up, but now that you're here," he tilted his head, leaning closer to let his breath brush to my neck. A shiver ran down my spine, goosebumps erupting across my skin.

"I'm going to ask you one last time, and I want you to give me an answer," he spoke, trailing his nose along the curve of my collarbone, inhaling my scent. "What do you want?"