

Chapter 6

Violet

“Somebody please kill me!” I groaned, burying my head in my pillow. Classes hadn’t even officially started yet—and I was already exhausted.

How was I even supposed to focus after everything that happened last week?

Many had said finding your mate would be magical, like something out of a fairytale. Your mate was supposed to be your soulmate—but mine? Mine was a mate from the lowest pit of hell.

He was disgusting, scum—cold-hearted.

First, he kissed me, then told me to stay away, and then he followed me back to my dorm. None of it made any sense.

Each time I closed my eyes, all I could see were flashes of Kylan’s lip on mine and I hated it.

As if things couldn’t get any worse, all the girls could talk about was how he had been sleeping with Chrystal, and that the two would be getting back together.

I didn’t mind. Couldn’t give two shits actually—but Lumia was heartbroken.

I hated him with every bone in my body, and when I saw him in the hall, I could see it in his eyes. He felt the same.

Being the good person I was, I wanted to reject him right then and there to make it easier for the both of us—but before I could even get the words out, he had vanished.

Kylan was going to reject me at some point. That was a well-known fact. I only wanted to do it before he had the chance.

I heard three knocks on my door before it opened. “Come on—grab your bag, and let’s go!” I recognized Trinity’s voice. “You don’t want to smudge your pillow with any makeup.”

I lifted my head to glare at her. “I’m not wearing any.”

“Oh?” she frowned. “Drool then. Come on, let’s go.”

With a groan, I pushed myself out of bed. I grabbed my bag and then followed behind her.

“What’s the point in sharing a dorm when it’s mostly just the two of us?” Trinity scoffed as we walked. She was referring to Chrystal and Amy, our roommates, who were rarely around.

I shrugged. “I don’t mind it.”

Over the week, it had become clear to me that I wouldn’t bond with the two Lycan girls anyway. Not like I did with Trinity. She was nice, funny, easygoing and it felt like we had been friends for ages. Our connection felt natural.

“Maybe we’ll bump into my mate, and I can finally introduce you to him!” Trinity’s eyes lit up.

I forced a smile. “Yes, maybe.”

Trinity had found her mate at the Starlight Festival, and hadn’t stopped talking about him ever since. This whole week I had to hear about how tall, handsome, and kind he was—yet she refused to back up these claims by showing me a picture. She said he was someone I’d have to meet in person.

I was happy for her, really. She deserved the world and so much more, but thinking about how things had turned out so differently for her made me feel a bit bitter.

My experience had been so humiliating, I hadn’t even told her about finding mine.

Trinity bumped my shoulder. “Don’t feel bad about not finding your mate yet. Maybe he isn’t at this school.”

“Yeah,” I murmured, glancing away. “Maybe.”

A while later, we had reached the crowded academic hall. Trinity pulled me into a tight hug.

“I have to go that way,” she pointed to a different wing of the building. “But have a good first day! And if we’re fighting someone, text me!”

I cracked a laugh, watching her leave. “I will!”

Unfortunately, we didn’t have any classes together today. I knew I couldn’t rely on her for four years, and had to do things on my own—but it wouldn’t be too far stretched to say I was already missing her.

As I walked down the hall, I looked for my classroom. When I finally found it, I took a deep breath, forcing myself to push all thoughts of Kylan out of my mind. What’s done was done, and now it was time for me to focus.

My first class of the day was the basic of healing.

I stepped inside the classroom, already seeing Esther, our RD, standing at the front. She shot me a warm smile which I returned.

Scanning the room, I searched for an empty seat, but then I heard it.

That familiar, annoying laugh.

I glanced over to where the sound was coming from and saw Chrystal sitting on a table, surrounded by her minions, including Amy. They were laughing and whispering, but their eyes were on me.

Whether they were laughing at me or with me, I didn’t know—and honestly, I didn’t care.

All I knew was that I needed to find a seat as far away from them as possible, so I did. I didn’t want to get into it with Chrystal, not when I already had enough trouble with Kylan. One noble Lycan was more than enough.

“Good morning, everyone!” Esther greeted as soon as I sat down. “Before we start, I want to do a quick introduction round. Name, age, where you’re from—”

Everyone groaned, but Esther continued, clearly not taking no for an answer. Luckily I was first, but as everyone was forced to introduce themselves my mind drifted elsewhere.

“Today we’ll be doing a simple healing exercise. Don’t worry, this is just to see where everyone is at, so no pressure.”

She explained the task in detail, but my mind was drifting again.

“Each of you will have a tank with thirty small fish,” Esther spoke. “The goal is to strengthen at least one of the weakened fish using your healing abilities. Good luck!”

I missed half of her instructions, but I didn’t care. The fish exercise was a basic I had learned from a young age. It was a standard among the healers of the Bloodrose pack—and we were all trained under the strongest pack’s healer, an old respected woman who had also tutored my Mom.

I looked at the tank which was placed in front of me. Swirling my finger, I healed one fish as I wanted to keep a low profile. I didn’t want to stand out or get labeled as the nerd or the show-off in class.

It used to be like that back home, and I didn’t want a repeat of that.

When I heard people talking and clapping in admiration, I turned my head toward Chrystal’s table.

“Fifteen fish,” Esther nodded her head, fixing the glasses on her nose. “Good job, Chrystal. Since you’ve already taken this class last year, I’m sure you can lead the other girls.”

Chrystal smirked, brushing her red locks behind her ear.

She really thought she was something. I hated her with a passion, but it wasn’t because of her—it was because of him.

‘She’s can’t lead us. We’ve done this many times before.’ Lumia crawled inside my mind. ‘Show her!’

I clenched my fists, staring down at the fish in my tank as anger took over my body.

‘First she stole our mate, and now she’s stealing our spotlight. She is not the best healer in this class.’

It was hard not to focus on Lumia’s voice as she pushed me closer to the edge. There was no reason for Kylan to dislike me the way he did, not while he surrounded himself with that.

It wasn’t fair.

‘End that bitch, Violet.’

“No—”

Before I could stop it, Lumia had won. The water in the tank splashed wildly, all thirty fish swimming around.

Gasps followed the room as everyone stood up to gather around my tank. My cheeks felt hot, I could feel everyone’s eyes on me. I hated attention, and because of that jealous wolf, I now had a room full of it.