

## Chapter 63

~ That Morning ~

Kylan

As I got ready for class, I noticed a hair tie on the edge of my bed. I picked it up, chuckling. Puppy had left in such a hurry an hour ago—and it was probably for the best because the last thing I wanted was for someone to see her leaving.

If word got around, the next thing you knew, people would assume she was my mate, and once that happened—I'd never hear the end of it. I wasn't just looking out for myself, but for her as well.

My thoughts drifted back to last night, every moment replaying in my mind. I couldn't shake off how good she felt, the way she had clung to me, the way she tasted, and the soft moans that had escaped her lips as she collapsed in my arms.

Yesterday was not like it was with anyone else before—and even though I enjoyed it, it terrified me.

My smile faded as I remembered that one horrific thing I had almost done. I had called her beautiful, let myself say things I had never meant to say out loud—and when I felt her neck under my mouth, the beast inside me had begged for control and almost succeeded in marking her. Claiming her.

I hadn't lost control like that in a long time, I didn't like losing control, but it had felt right—too good.

Even though I would never allow the beast to trick me like that again, I was nowhere near done exploring her. I needed another taste, to have her again and again.

I closed my hand around the hair tie, squeezing it tightly before I took a deep breath and slipped it into my pocket. It was just a hair tie, but holding onto it helped me control these urges.

It was pathetic.

Sighing, I pulled myself together, reminding myself that whatever this was—I needed to keep a clear head.

A knock on the door pulled me from my thoughts, and I made my way over, expecting it to be Nate. Unfortunately, when I opened the door, Chrystal stood there.

She twirled her braid with one hand and blew a bubble with her gum, eyeing me seductively.

She had done this before. Come to my room in the morning and let me have her—but today, I wasn't interested.

“Hi, babe,” she shrugged, pushing past me to step inside.

I rolled my eyes, closing the door behind her with a breath. The last thing I needed was Chrystal barging in here, especially now.

“What are you doing here?” I asked, not hiding the fact that I was irritated. It was a good thing Puppy had already left, otherwise Chrystal would've lost her shit.

Chrystal froze for a second as a look of surprise—maybe even fear—flashed across her face. I could tell she couldn't believe I was even questioning her presence. She hid her initial fear with a confident, unbothered smile she always wore as she stepped toward me, forcing me to take a step back.

“Babe!” she cooed, reaching out to grab my face with both hands. She leaned in to kiss me, but I pushed her away, feeling annoyed. She knew better than to put her lips on mine.

Puppy had done it too, but with her it was different. Now that I had, had a taste of Puppy, the thought of being with Chrystal felt like trying to drive an old, worn-out truck after taking a spin in a sports car.

Everything with Chrystal felt forced, while everything with Puppy felt real. We had both tried to ignore our pull until we couldn't anymore.

“What the hell?” Chrystal snapped, looking taken aback.

Yes, exactly—what the hell?

“Sit,” I mumbled, gesturing toward the bed. Exhausted, I dropped into my chair and leaned back.

I knew I'd have to handle this carefully. Chrystal's brains were underdeveloped, and if I didn't lay this out clearly, she would keep coming back for more.

She sat on the edge of the bed. Her eyes locked on mine as she waited.

“At least you want to have a talk. It's been ages since we really spoke—”

“You can't come here anymore,” I cut her off, my tone firm and final.

Her face froze. The smile on her lips dropped as she blinked, not expecting my words. She looked confused, and was in the middle of processing what I had just said.

I took a slight breath, wanting to get this over with, without dragging things out.

“Come again?” she spoke, tensed.

“You can't come here anymore,” I repeated, looking into her eyes.

Chrystal's chest rose as she took quick breaths, her jaw clenched, eyes narrowed—and then she burst into laughter. It was wild, unhinged laughter. She shook her head, like I had just told her the funniest joke she'd ever heard.

“What do you mean I can't come here anymore?”

Why was she questioning me?

I clenched my jaw, fighting to keep my calm.

“You've been fucking me for weeks,” she snapped, “and now what? You suddenly don't want to anymore?”

“Good, you're getting it,” I spoke dryly. I didn't need to explain myself to her. This was over, and she had to take it like a big girl and move on.

“You're a friend to the royal family, Nate's sister—so I'm trying to be respectful,” I spoke in a serious tone, “but whatever we had is done.”

Chrystal threw back her head, giggling. “Come on, Kylan. I know you better than that.”

She stood up slowly, her gaze locked on mine as she moved closer. Then she straddled me before letting her lips trail toward my neck as her hands roamed my shoulders.

My hands instinctively went to her waist to push her back, but I decided to wait for a bit.

As I had mentioned before, her brain functioned differently.

Not even the feeling of her lips against my neck had the same impact as Puppy's. Compared to her, every moment I'd ever shared with Chrystal or anyone else for that matter felt dull...empty.

She moved her lips to my ear. “I know you don't do 'done'—especially not with me.”

That was it. I pushed her off, standing up to put some space between us. “Do you need some time to gather the stuff you left around, or do you want me to collect it and bring it to you later?”

A dark look appeared on her face. In one swift motion, she raised her hand to slap me. Before she could reach my cheek, I caught her wrist, gripping it tightly as I held her gaze.

Her eyes flashed with anger and disbelief as I stared back at her, daring her to try anything else. Maybe she had forgotten that I was her future king, and maybe it was time to remind her again.

Her lips twisted into a smug smirk. “I know you have other girls in here, and that's nothing new. Even then, I'm the only one you've bothered fucking more than once.”

I hummed, my grip still firm on her wrist. I would let her say her piece, let her believe what she wanted, but after that—it would be time for her to leave.

“I also know you're not suddenly celibate, because that dick of yours is the only thing you've got going for you.”

I gave another hum, amused by her choice of words.

Her expression hardened. “So that only leaves me with one thing. You're falling for someone.”

Her words hit me hard, but I kept my face tight. Falling? No, that's not what this was. Puppy was different, sure—but that was just because she was my mate. Falling in love wasn't something I did.

Chrystal leaned closer. “I showed you last year, and I told you a while ago—when it comes to you, I can get really crazy,” she threatened. “And when I find that bitch you've been fucking, I'll kill her. Tear her to shreds and make you watch.”

Every bone inside my body screamed at me to defend Puppy, but I kept my cool. If Chrystal even thought about so much as laying a finger on her, I would destroy her. I would end her for good, and that's where I would not give a flying fuck about her family's status or my bond with her brother.

She wasn't just playing with me, she was playing with the beast—and he would not take it.

For her own sake, I was hoping it was all talk.

I chuckled, releasing her wrist before stepping aside. “Get out.”

Chrystal's brow lifted in a startled expression. She clearly hoped I would lose my temper, snap, and give her another reason to pull me back in.

It was the same twisted cycle we'd fallen into before. Each time she had made me feel fired up, and each time I had given in. Especially that time she had hinted at harming anyone trying to take me away from her. Back then, I had nearly snapped her neck.

She wasn't completely stupid. She knew what she was doing. She thought I wouldn't do it because of her dad, but things had changed.

This time, she wasn't going to get the reaction she wanted. I would not give her the satisfaction.

Chrystal waited for a moment, and when she realized she wasn't getting anything—she stormed out, slamming the door so hard the sound echoed in the room.

Alone at last, I could finally relax. Although not fully, because Chrystal's words still lingered in my mind.

‘You're falling for someone.’

A loud scoff left my lips. I wasn't some idiot who believed in that bullshit. I had been through enough to know that love was nothing more than a myth people told themselves to excuse weakness.

It wasn't something I was capable of feeling, and despite last night, there was no world where I would look at anyone—especially a werewolf—and feel something like that.

Puppy was still my mate, so it only felt natural to want her, to think about her. The thing I felt was different, it was something—but it wasn't love.

It was nothing more than an itch that needed to be scratched, a meaningless curiosity.

Whatever Chrystal thought she saw, she wasn't seeing correctly.

Love was for fools, and I wasn't about to become one.

Not now, not ever.