

Chapter 64

Violet

Each time I heard footsteps, my eyes were automatically fixed on the door, hoping it was him.

I had been waiting to see Kylan all day. At first, it was out of excitement, but after Trinity's words at lunch, I wanted to see how he would react. The idea of him with Chrystal, right after I left his room, made me fear that he regretted everything that happened between us—and I was hoping to be wrong.

After keeping me in anticipation, the door cracked open again, and this time it was actually him—Kylan. Nate and Dylan were right beside him. My heart stopped for a moment as Kylan's eyes found mine, like he'd known I'd be waiting.

I wanted to get up, walk straight over to him—but I held myself back. Instead, I gave him a small smile, hoping to test the waters. Was he going to pull away again? Would he just brush me off?

To my surprise, Kylan smiled back. A warm, genuine smile.

He really had some nerve, smiling at me like that after everything I had heard. It bothered me, yet somehow, seeing his expression calmed me because it meant he didn't regret last night. I smiled back.

He looked extra handsome today, which didn't help my case. Why did he have to look this good?

The three of them walked over, and I suddenly began stressing over my appearance, wishing I had looked a bit more polished. But then again, he had seen me last night—a mess, moaning and clinging to him. I guess what I looked like now didn't really matter.

"Hey, sis," Dylan greeted first, ruffling my hair as he walked past.

"Stop it!" I groaned, pushing his hand away, but before I could fix my hair, Nate's hand was already there.

"Vivi!" Nate said with a grin, making an even bigger mess of my hair.

I shoved him too, but then I felt a third hand join in, ruffling my hair yet again. My heart jumped. I knew exactly who it was because that was a touch I would never ever forget again. Shyly, I looked up to find Kylan smirking down at me. I didn't push him away—just stared up at him like a fool.

"What's up, Pu—" he started to say, but then stopped himself, glancing at Dylan, who had one eyebrow raised, daring him to finish that word.

It was understandable. He didn't nickname me Puppy because it was a cute name, but because I was a werewolf.

I grinned, feeling a quick wave of relief. He was still the same Kylan from this morning. If he weren't, he would've never addressed me like that.

"What's with your good mood today?" Nate asked, looking Kylan up and down with squinted eyes.

Kylan shrugged. "What mood?"

"You're different today, man," Dylan jumped in, tilting his head. "You're less...you?" he made a gesture with his hands, making me giggle.

Kylan responded to my laughter with a chuckle, and I felt my cheeks heat up.

"I slept good last night," he said, looking right at me.

I bit my lips, holding on to the hope that he wasn't referring to his morning with Chrystal. I knew it was pathetic to even hold on to that hope—yet I did.

We gazed into each other's eyes for a while longer, then got interrupted by Rochwall who entered the room in good spirits like always.

"My kids!" He called out, snapping me back to the present. He clapped his hands. "Pair up, please!"

My eyes immediately fell on Kylan, hoping that he might ask me to partner up. When he looked back at me, I was so sure he would say something—but then he gave me a wink, and nudged Dylan.

"Come on," he said, slamming his arm over his shoulder to tap it. And just like that, he walked off with my brother instead of me.

My mouth fell open in disappointment, and the thought of him choosing Dylan over me, despite clearly reading the room, felt frustrating. What was that wink for?

I felt Nate's eyes burn into my back and turned to face him. He grinned, a low hum leaving his lips.

"Yes?" I lifted a brow.

"Nothing," he said, though his smirk betrayed him.

I crossed my arms. "Just say it."

"Okay, then," Nate chuckled, brushing his hair back with his hand. "Since yesterday was a full moon, and I'm just going to assume that the two of you were together—and if you weren't, I'll give you the chance to defend yourself," he spoke.

By now, Nate was able to see through me—and on top of that, he was smart, so lying to him was out of the question. That's why I decided not to respond. That way, he'd know there was nothing to defend.

"Look at you!" Nate beamed after a moment of silence. "So I guess this means you do care."

My cheeks flushed as I rolled my eyes. "I'm not going to discuss anything about Kylan with his right hand."

Nate laughed, holding up his hands in surrender. "Right hand? Okay, okay. Message received." He backed off with a smile, thankfully letting the topic drop.

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Elite training went by faster than I expected, and crazily enough I was still standing. After what I had experienced last week with Commander Jorn, and even Kylan's exercises—this was close to nothing.

Even then, I was more than happy to wrap it up because all I could think about was finally getting a chance to be alone with Kylan.

"Let's go, Pup," he nudged my shoulder after class, and I immediately followed him. As always, we walked side by side toward the woods in silence. He never said much during our quiet strolls, and I never thought much of it—but now I was wondering what was going on in that mind of his.

His brain always seemed to be working overtime, and I just wished I could look inside it so I could see what he was thinking about.

Was it last night with me?

His morning with Chrystal?

I released a soft huff, shaking off the thoughts as we reached the woods. As soon as we did, Kylan switched back into his Captain role, drawing that frustrating, annoying, line between us as he commanded me through my exercises.

As expected, Kylan's training was much different from Rochwall's—and for some reason, today's session was harder than yesterday's. It might've been because my legs were still sore from yesterday, or maybe because my head was spinning with all these thoughts about Chrystal.

Would he have touched her the same way he touched me?

Tasted her?

Fucked her?

Or even worse—called her beautiful?

I was going insane, and Kylan being all mysterious about it was driving me even crazier.

After my last set of push-ups, I got up from the ground, my arms wobbling as I leaned over, resting my hands on my knees as I tried to catch my breath.

Kylan patted my back, gently. "Good job," he whispered.

I looked up at him, still panting. Unfortunately, I could not get the question out of my head. It kept me wondering...if it was bothering me so much—should I just ask him about it?

He wasn't exactly the warmest, but I also didn't see him as the monster I once feared. After last night, he actually looked capable of having a conversation.

"Kylan," I spoke, softly, standing up straight. "Can I ask you something?"

"Ask," he replied, immediately, his expression unbothered.

Startled, I walked over to grab my water bottle. Now that he had said yes, I wasn't sure where to start. I took a long sip, trying to think of the best way to approach this. He probably thought I was going to ask something about training, not knowing it was something more personal.

"You can talk to me," he spoke again, chuckling lightly. It was almost as if he was encouraging me to speak up.

I took a deep breath, feeling the anxiety kick in. "I—I know it's none of my business, and whatever we have going on is casual..."

He raised an eyebrow, his expression surprisingly calm, as if he had already anticipated this conversation—and he probably did.

"Yes?" he pushed.

I exhaled, preparing for the words to leave my mouth. "I heard Chrystal visited your room this morning, not long after I'd left?"

Kylan's gaze remained unchanged, but he listened attentively. It went quiet for a few seconds before he spoke. "What's your question, exactly?"