

Chapter 65

Violet

My stomach turned, and I suddenly regretted ever bringing it up. I wasn't sure what to feel, let alone what to ask—and the words left my mouth before I could think about it.

"I-I guess I just wanted to know if...if perhaps I didn't make you feel good enough last night, or something," I stammered, cringing at my own awkwardness as the words left my mouth.

Kylan's expression softened, and he let out a laugh, glancing down. I was desperate to look away, but before I could, he stepped closer—closing the distance between us. My heart fluttered as his hand moved to my chin, tilting my face up to meet his gaze.

His eyes locked onto mine, and I felt my knees weaken. Every part of me silently pleaded for him to lean in and kiss me, touch me.

Do it, please...

But just as I thought he would, he pulled back and turned away.

"She did come to my room," he admitted, his tone casual. "But I sent her away."

Wait, what?

Relieved washed over me, but only for a second. He might've turned her away this morning, but what about tomorrow or the days after that? Just because he'd shut her out once didn't mean he would keep doing it—and especially not for me.

"Why?" I asked, hoping to understand.

He paused, then smirked. "Because she's not as interesting as you," he stated.

"I think no one is," he mumbled under his breath.

My heart flipped in excitement. Hearing those words from his mouth released a strange sense of pride. It was almost like an honor that he would admit something like that out loud.

Especially because I was by far the least interesting person in this whole school—and I had already accepted that a long time ago.

Kylan raised his brow. "Are you going to keep smiling like a creep, or are you going to give me 100 more lunges?"

My smile disappeared, and I rolled my eyes at his commanding tone.

"Yes, captain," I gave him a weak salute, making fun of him before dropping back down to the ground.

~

After what felt like hours of torture, I finally finished the last set of lunges. My legs basically weren't working anymore—yet I wanted to keep going.

I didn't want training to end. I wanted to stay out here with Kylan for a while longer, I wanted to talk to him—hold him, feel his touch again, just like last night.

After last night, I had realized that I love these moments alone with him, even if most of them involved him putting me through hell. Just being close to him, feeling his presence—it was addicting.

I didn't want it to be over...

"You're doing better than before," Kylan said, his voice surprisingly encouraging. "It hasn't been that long, but I can already see the progress. Just needs more time, but you'll get there."

"Thanks!"

With a lot of struggle, I raised myself from the ground as I took in his words. I met his eyes, and gathered some courage. "So... do you want me to come over tonight?"

Kylan released a sigh as I casually packed up my bag, like I didn't just ask him to fill my guts, my voice even sounding a bit too eager.

"Pu...Violet."

"Hmm?" I hummed, hearing my name slip past his lips.

Kylan glanced down at my legs, smirking. "You were struggling with push-ups and you want me to...get some rest," he chuckled. "You need it."

Embarrassment hit me. I had worked up so much courage to ask, only for him to laugh at me.

Maybe he didn't want to?

Maybe he would reschedule?

For fucks sake, why was I so desperate?

"R-Right, I suppose you're right..." I mumbled, fumbling with the straps on my bag.

Kylan's expression softened, and that's when I knew he must've sensed my embarrassment. "I'll give you two days off to rest. Pushing you double would just work to your disadvantage."

I lifted a brow, waiting for him to say something else.

Perhaps something like, "So I'll see you back in my room in two days" but there was nothing. Maybe fucking me was like fucking a turtle, and he didn't know how to tell me.

No, Kylan was honest.

If that was the case, he would've definitely said so...

I nodded, trying to hide my disappointment. "Thanks," I said quietly. "For the days off."

"Sure, Pup," he shifted, uncomfortably, placing his hands in his pockets. He turned around and started walking, and I followed right behind.

Suddenly, there was a loud thump behind us, and we both turned around to see a squirrel lying on the ground. The poor animal couldn't move. It looked small and fragile as its little chest made weak movements.

Without giving it a second thought, I dropped my bag and rushed to the squirrel's side. The poor creature let out soft, painful sounds—and that's when I knew I had to help.

I was pretty sure Kylan wasn't one to care about animals, so I was surprised when I heard a quiet sigh beside me. Shocked, I stared at him as he was crouched beside me.

Then I shifted my attention back to the squirrel's side and inspected the bruises on its side. "He must've fallen from the tree," I pouted, brushing a gentle finger along its fur.

"Looks like it," Kylan spoke, unbothered.

Ignoring his lack of interest, I stared into the pearl-like eyes of the hurt animal as it released a painful sound. "Hey, little on," I whispered softly, stroking its head gently. "Are you in so much pain?"

The squirrel squeaked as if trying to answer. I smiled softly. "Don't worry, I'll fix you."

Kylan let out another sigh, this time annoyed. "You just put your body through intense training," he said. "Are you really going to drain yourself for an animal that'll probably die soon anyway?"

Yes...

I didn't reply. I just focused entirely on the small creature as I closed my eyes, gathering my energy. A warmth spread through my body as I channeled my energy to the squirrel, trying my best to save it.

When I opened my eyes again, a faint glow surrounded its body, and the squirrel stopped trembling.

Moments later, its breathing grew steadier and the squirrel's nose twitched as it gathered its strength. Then, with a burst of energy, it jumped right into my hands.

"Wow," Kylan chuckled beside me. I glanced at him as he gave me an approving nod. "Okay, Hastings," he pursed. "Not bad at all."

I laughed, holding the little creature close. "Every life matters to me," I said, finally responding to his question. "I know everyone will die one day, but as long as I have the power to extend a life, even if it drains me, I'll do it."

Kylan's brown eyes sparkled in a way I hadn't seen before. It was almost as if my words had reached a part of him buried deep within, and I hoped it did. I knew Lycans were taught the complete opposite, so I had expected for him to argue back—but he didn't.

In the hopes of him not checking the poor thing, I extended my hands to offer him the squirrel. "Here," I said, smiling. "You can take care of him for now."

He laughed in surprise before cradling the squirrel in his hand. I watched him, surprised by his gentleness—even though he had also been that gentle with me.

Kylan snorted as the squirrel crawled up his hand, then to his arm, eventually moving up to his shoulder. Seeing the heir to the Lycan throne so helpless, so lost, almost made him look like a little kid.

It was cute.

The squirrel began bouncing on Kylan's shoulder, comfortably hopping up and down as if it had been there all along. I couldn't help but giggle at the sight. "Aw," I teased, covering my mouth. "He likes you."

Kylan scrunched his nose. "Alright, Jumper—time for you to get off."

We stood up, ready to head back—but the squirrel wouldn't budge. Even as I reached over to try and get it off his shoulder, it just went to his other shoulder—clearly determined to stay put.

Kylan rolled his eyes while I burst out laughing, the sight being too adorable for words.

"I think..." I began, pausing to check who we were dealing with, "She's obsessed with you."

Kylan smiled a little, shooting me a quick wink.

"Well, she wouldn't be the first one."

Wait, was that meant for me?

I cleared my throat, pretending I didn't hear him as he wrestled to get the squirrel of him, but still didn't succeed.

"Why don't you just take her with you and take care of her?"

"No," he shook his head. "I don't want to, and besides, pets aren't allowed."

"Oh, come on," I insisted. "I don't think anyone will see this little squirrel. Just take him with you."

He shook his head again. "I don't want a wild animal in my dorm. She belongs outside, and she probably needs to get back to her family."

"But..." I sulked, glancing at the cute little animal. "She thinks you're her family."

"Violet," Kylan called out my name again, exhaling. I pouted even more, hoping it would turn his decision, and his eyes softened.

I reached up and patted the squirrel's tiny head, and even though she still clung to Kylan, she let me touch her without trying to get away.

"Maybe I have a soft spot for her because...when I was younger—I was desperate for anyone to hold onto, even though I had a family."

Kylan's expression shifted, and something flickered in his eyes. "Come on, let's go," he said, the squirrel still on his shoulder.

I blinked in surprise. "What, you're taking her back with you?"

"Let's go," he repeated, his tone a bit more embarrassed this time. "Don't make me change my mind."

Kylan walked away, and I couldn't help but giggle as I followed him.

He spun his head to look at me, a chuckle escaping his lips. "I just hope for her sake that she won't have to hear you scream out my name next time."

Flustered, I stopped in my steps—then smiled softly, lowering my gaze.

So there was a next time...