

Chapter 66

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Violet

I leaned my chin into my hand, staring at Kylan from a distance. He was standing with some of the guys of the Elite Team, including Dylan as they were laughing about something.

Drool nearly escaped from my mouth as Kylan's lip curled into his signature smirk that always made my stomach flip.

My eyes moved to his biceps as I tried to focus on Trinity's voice, but it was impossible with him standing right there, looking so...him.

Fuck, I was sinking deep.

It was around afternoon, and we were sitting at one of the tables outside. For a change, the weather actually wasn't that bad, and the sun even casted a golden glow over the campus.

I had finished Elite training in the early morning, but it wasn't Rochwall's training that drained my energy.

It was him.

I hadn't spoken to Kylan yesterday, and not today either. It killed me. After our night in the woods and our little moment with the squirrel—who I never heard anything about ever again, by the way—I thought he would've at least had the heart to greet me, but he didn't.

Nate took good care of me, but Kylan purposely went to Dylan and stayed with him during training—at least, I think he did it on purpose.

For some reason, he wasn't talking to me, and I hated it.

I was bothered, sexually frustrated, and the only guy I wanted inside of me—didn't seem to be interested.

He spoke about a next time, but when would that be?

At least tomorrow, we would pick up our private training again. The thought gave me some comfort. I needed it—an excuse to talk to him again, to be close to him. The waiting was making me lose my mind.

"Violet, are you even listening to me?" Trinity's voice snapped me out of my thoughts.

"Huh? What?" I blinked, realizing she had been talking this whole time. It was probably just something about Dylan—again.

She lifted her brow, looking unimpressed. "You are so obsessed with him."

I sat up straighter, clearing my throat. "No, I'm not."

She didn't have to say a name, because I knew she meant Kylan.

"Really?" Trinity snorted. "You've been staring at him for ten minutes straight."

Which meant she had been blabbing about Dylan for ten minutes straight. I wasn't the only crazy one.

I tried to look away, but my eyes betrayed me. I was staring at him, and shamelessly on top of that. How could I not when he was talking to the guys, so relaxed, like he didn't have a care in the world.

Did he miss me the way I missed him?

Did he even think about me at all?

I knew it was bad, but the memories of our night together flooded my mind for what felt like the fifth time today. His touch, his warmth, the way he had looked at me before calling me beautiful,

but then I remembered just how quickly he could shut me out, act like nothing had happened.

"Just go and talk to him if you miss him that much," Trinity huffed.

"I don't miss him," I denied, but the words didn't feel right. Did I? Maybe I did. Maybe I missed the way he made me feel when he wasn't driving me insane. Or maybe I just missed him—his presence, his stupid smirks, and the rare moments when he actually smiled at me like I was more than just a burden to him.

Trinity rolled her eyes. "Sure, you don't."

I sighed, glancing at Kylan again. However, this time he caught my eye for a split second before we both turned away. My heart thudded in my chest at the small acknowledgment.

Who was I kidding? Of course, I missed him.

"Dylan!" Trinity suddenly yelled.

"Shut up! What are you doing?" I hissed, glaring at her.

"Helping you," she spoke through gritted teeth, waving her hand. This was definitely a reason for panic. Of course, if Dylan was coming over, Kylan would be right behind him. They'd been hanging out a lot lately.

"He's actually coming!" Trinity gushed.

I whispered, "Who, Kylan?"

She nodded eagerly, leaning toward me. "Yes!"

My heart beat faster as I rushed to fix my hair, smoothing the strands down as best as I could. Then I licked my lips, rubbed my eyes, and tried to look like I hadn't just spent the last few minutes obsessing over this guy.

"Hey, babe. Hey, sis," a familiar voice greeted us first.

Slowly, I looked up at Dylan standing in front of us. He gave me a nod, and I gave him a weak one in return. His arm was already around Trinity, and he pecked her lips, making her giggle.

It was all cute or whatever, but my attention wasn't really on them. No, it was on the figure just behind Dylan—Kylan.

His hand was in his pocket, and he was half-turned, not even glancing in my direction. I began stressing, as usual. Why wasn't he looking at me? Everything had been fine when we last spoke two days ago. What had changed since then?

I shifted my attention to Dylan and Trinity, immediately wishing I hadn't as the two gave each other some space to breathe for maybe two seconds before diving back into another kiss.

After a while, they finally broke apart. Dylan turned to Kylan. "I don't think the two of you have ever met," he said, looking between him and Trinity.

Trinity smiled at Kylan. "Yes, we did—at that team dinner?"

"Oh," I said, "The one where you were supposed to be my plus one but spent all your time with Dylan instead, so I had to go back all by myself and...and..."

My cheeks turned hot as the words left my mouth. Kylan chuckled softly, his attention snapping to me for the first time since he'd walked over—and I knew why he did.

That was the night I had ended up in his room, the night he had given me a memory I'd never forget.

Dylan and Trinity both eyed me strangely, but thankfully it didn't last long as Dylan focused on Kylan.

"No, I meant like officially," he clarified, gesturing between them. "Ky, this is my mate—Trinity."

Kylan gave her a warm smile, one that felt so out of place for him—yet it fit him perfectly. "I see the Moon Goddess was extra kind to you," he spoke.

Dylan and Trinity shared a look before laughing, but I was not that amused. He meant her beauty, of course. Trinity was gorgeous—everyone could see that, but his words stirred an ugly insecurity in me.

Kylan clearly hated the Moon Goddess for what she had done to him. Did that mean he thought she wasn't kind to him when she mated him to me?

Dylan grinned, nudging Kylan. "Who knows, maybe if you'll be good, she'll bless you too."

For a split second, Kylan's eyes locked with mine. There was no emotion, no smile—nothing.

"Maybe," he mumbled.

What did he mean, maybe?

The thing that made it even more awkward was Dylan being the only one unaware of our mate bond.

"So, what are you up to?" Trinity smiled brightly. "You only had training today, right?"

Dylan nodded in response.

Trinity and I were also done with all our classes for the day.

"Ky and I were just going downtown—" Dylan began, but Trinity cut him off.

"Perfect! I've always wanted to go!" she exclaimed, almost bouncing in her seat.

Dylan looked at Kylan, who shrugged his shoulders. "She can come."

Of course he was the planner of this whole event...Royal Captain Kylan, with his access to the gates and his authority, who could leave whenever he wanted. No one questioned him or held him accountable because he wasn't only captain, but also the Lyperian crown prince.

I was too lost in my thoughts, and only noticed the three of them staring at me until Dylan cleared his throat. My head snapped up, and I raised my brows in confusion.

"O-oh," I stammered, flustered. "I'm not that good at shifting..."

Dylan burst out laughing, and Kylan shook his head, a chuckle escaping his lips.

"We're driving, village girl," Kylan said with a smirk. "Not everything requires running around like a pup—"

Dylan glared at him, and he immediately stopped talking, replacing his words with a big, sarcastic smile.

"Ah," I blinked.

Of course, the first thing he said to me in two days had to be offensive. How was I supposed to know? I didn't even drive or have a license.

"We should go with two cars," Trinity suggested.

"I can go with you, and Violet can ride with Kylan!"

I could see the sly smile tugging at the corners of her lips. She knew exactly what she was doing.

Yes, I did want to be around Kylan—but not if he was going to be like this, because that would only break my heart.

Dylan nodded. "Sure, then it's settled."

I glanced at Kylan, definitely expecting him to roll his eyes or mutter some kind of complaint, but to my surprise—he didn't. He just stood there, calm and easy, as if it didn't bother him at all.

Meanwhile, I was completely overwhelmed by one thought.

Being alone with Kylan in a car...