

Chapter 71

Kylan

I leaned back in my chair, watching Jumper nibble on the nuts I had brought her. She rested on my shoulder, and flicked her tail occasionally.

"You were hungry, weren't you?" I muttered, rubbing a hand over her small head. I felt stupid for talking to a squirrel, but after a while, you get used to it.

This whole thing was ridiculous. I mean, keeping a squirrel? I had only done it so Puppy wouldn't nag me. It's not like I actually cared about the damn thing or anything.

"I didn't meant to get home this late, but I had to made a quick stop."

I sighed, dropping my hand to the bracelet on my wrist—the one Puppy had insisted I take to make us even. My thumb brushed over the tiny lycan charm, and my thoughts drifted back to her...again.

It had been like this ever since we had gotten back.

She was just an interesting thing to be around.

Her giggles, her stupid excitement over elves, the way she would drop subtle hints for me to invite her to my room, having no idea what kind of effect it had on me.

I closed my eyes, leaning back further in my chair. I didn't want to think about her, but she kept slipping in anyway.

Especially that moment in the car...

The way she had moved on top of me, the way her face twisted in pleasure, her soft moans—it was enough to drive anyone insane. Surprisingly enough, the one thing that really drove me insane this time wasn't just the way she looked or sounded—it was that strange glow in her eyes.

It had shocked me. That white glow that burst from her eyes as she came in my arms was anything but normal, not even close, and I didn't know how fast to put her glasses back on.

It might've been the first time I had seen it on her, but I had seen it before.

It was the same glow the soothsayer had in his tent, and the same glow as that woman in my dreams—the one I couldn't get out of my head no matter how much I tried.

I looked up at Jumper, who had now climbed onto my head. She made sounds, nuzzling her nose against mine. I chuckled softly, grabbing more snacks for her to eat.

"Who are you, Puppy?" I whispered, not even sure if I wanted the answer.

Yet, I was curious, and the soothsayer's words kept going through my mind.

'Child of my blood'

That old, ugly man had some nerve to call her that, like there was some connection between them. Why? What did it mean?

I let out a huff before rubbing a hand over my face. I wished the 'blood' comment was the only thing that confused me, but it wasn't. I tried to play it off because I didn't want to ruin the day, but there was so much more.

'They will be coming for our eyes. They will be coming for all of us, and everyone is going to die.'

Perhaps those were the words that bothered me the most, because I was convinced I had heard those words before. It was somewhere deep in my memory, but I couldn't place them.

I squinted, trying to think harder, but it was useless. "Fuck," I shook my head, feeling frustrated.

Why do I even care?

It wasn't like she meant anything to me. This thing between us? It was just because of the bond. That's it. We had sex, sure—great.

Her eyes glowed, sure—great...

I had always known she was odd. From her strange confession about her eyes in the woods, to the way she looked at the world like it was new to her.

I already knew something was different about her—but the glowing eyes thing really threw me off.

My thoughts were interrupted by the sound of Jumper nibbling on another nut. "You're too loud," I chuckled, reaching up to scratch her head again.

Unfortunately, even Jumper wasn't enough to pull my mind away from Puppy.

I groaned, sinking back in the chair before staring up at the ceiling. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't get those glowing eyes out of my head. They weren't just strange—they were something impossible to ignore.

It wasn't like me to obsess over something like that—but I needed answers.

A heavy sigh escaped from my lips as I got up, brushing my hands through my hair. Jumper hopped off my head, landing straight back into the chair.

I couldn't believe myself, but I was actually considering going to the library to figure this out. I was desperate for anything that would help clear my mind.

Determined, I headed for the door, but as soon as I opened it, I immediately regretted it.

There she was—Chrystal, as 'bright' as ever. Her arms were crossed, red hair in a tight bun that highlighted her sharp eyes and furrowed brows.

She was the last person I wanted to see. I knew there was no getting rid of her, but I had at least expected her to behave for a few days. Apparently, that was asking for too much.

"Where are you going?" she demanded.

"What are you doing here?" I countered.

Chrystal tilted her head slightly, smirking. "I'm sure you've cooled down by now. You said some things that don't make sense, and I forgive you... like I always do."

I scoffed loudly.

Forgive me? For being honest? I didn't have any time for this.

"Move," I spoke calmly, brushing past her. I closed the door behind me, then headed down the hallway, counting down the seconds until she would follow me—and she did.

"Hey!" I heard her heels clicking against the floor. "I'm talking to you!"

I kept walking. "You and I got nothing to talk about," I said flatly. I had already said everything I wanted to say, and if she would force me to say any more—it would not be pretty.

"Kylan!" she suddenly grabbed my wrist, forcing me to stop. I turned my head at the speed of light before narrowing my eyes.

"Let go, Chrystal," I warned.

She swallowed, dropping her gaze to my wrist. Her eyes, which had immediately darkened, settled on my bracelet.

"You don't wear stuff like that," she whispered. "Who gave you that?"

I sighed, feeling my patience wearing thin. "Go to your room, Chrystal."

I tried to escape from her grip, but she squeezed harder, her nails digging into my skin. "No," she breathed, her voice turning desperate. "I just want to know why you suddenly don't want me anymore. I want to know the name of that bitch who's on your mind."

There was that word again...bitch.

My teeth clenched as I was forced to hold myself back, mainly due to the guys who began walking past us, shooting us curious glances. She was embarrassing me, and that I couldn't take.

"Chrystal," I leaned in slightly, keeping my voice low. "Would you please let go of me?"

"No, I'm going to kill her!" she hissed, tightening her grip even more. "J-Just give me a name, Kylan, and I'll snap her throat—"

"Shut up!"

Something inside me finally snapped, and my voice echoed down the hallways. If people hadn't been looking before, they were definitely looking now. Chrystal flinched but didn't release me, forcing me to step closer, towering over her.

"I never liked you," I spat. "Never loved you. You're nothing but a self-centered, manipulative leech who doesn't know when to let go." I had finally said the words I had been holding back out of respect for Beta Jack and Nate. "Do you want to know why I don't want you anymore? Because I hate you. I hate you with every fucking bone in my body, and seeing you makes me want to snap my own damn neck—that's why!"

Chrystal backed into the wall, with nowhere else to go. Her eyes widened in shock, her lips trembled—and I could see that her words had hit her hard. For a second, I thought she might fight back, but she didn't. Instead, tears welled up in her eyes and slowly rolled down her cheeks.

The sight did nothing to me.

Not a thing...

I warned her, over and over, but she didn't listen. She had done this to herself.

"You don't mean that," she whispered, looking into my eyes with desperation.

"I don't think you want to hear what I really mean," I whispered back, hoping she would understand I was still somewhat soft considering her family's bond with Lyperia.

I held her gaze for a moment, waiting for her next move, until a voice cut through the tension.

"Hey," Nate suddenly appeared. He gently removed her hand from my wrist and wrapped his arm around his crying sister. "It's okay. Let's go to my room, Chrys."

Only when I looked around did I notice the crowd that had gathered, slowly beginning to walk away. I cleared my throat, embarrassed. I had made a fool out of myself, and everyone had seen it. This was no way for a prince of Lyperia to represent himself.

What would people think of me?

I watched as Nate led a sobbing Chrystal down the hallway. Just as they were about to turn the corner, he looked back at me. His jaw was clenched, eyes filled with anger as he shrugged his shoulder, indirectly asking me what the fuck I was thinking.

Sighing, I rubbed the back of my neck. Nate knew exactly how Chrystal could be, but she was still his sister. I understood his anger, and I knew he'd eventually get over it.

For now, I had more important things to deal with. Like figuring out the reason behind Puppy's glowing eyes.