

## Chapter 73

Violet

I brushed through my hair, making sure not to miss a single strand before pulling it back into my usual ponytail. It was still bright and early in the morning, but class had yet to start.

Today was a busy day, but I didn't mind. The thing I looked forward to most was Elite training—and even more so, the training with Kylan, which would finally continue.

Only a day had passed since we went downtown, and it had only been hours since I had last seen him, touched him—but I couldn't stop thinking about him.

With a smile plastered on my lips, I glanced down at the bracelet on my wrist. It was simple, but it meant something to me because Kylan gave it to me. Well, he didn't exactly give it to me—but he had paid for it.

Pretty much the same thing.

Would he still have his, or would he have already thrown it in the trash? Something like that wasn't too far-fetched for Kylan.

A knock on the door pulled me from my thoughts.

"Ready?" Trinity called out.

"Coming!" I yelled back, grabbing my purse.

As I opened the door, Trinity was already waiting for me. "Wait a second," she suddenly held up her finger, looking apologetic. "I forgot my notebook."

She ran back into her room, leaving me alone in the hallway. I walked further, reaching the kitchen, but immediately regretted it upon seeing...her.

Chrystal leaned against the counter, and I had already prepared myself for a snarky remark or a cold glance, but there was nothing. If anything, her expression seemed dull, and her face a bit pale. Her long red hair, usually glossy and perfect, was now messy, and uncombed.

Even though I shouldn't care, I had this horrible instinct to always help others, even when it came to someone like her. "Are you okay?" I asked.

Chrystal turned her head slowly to look at me. Her eyes turned from sadness, to confusion—to anger.

"It's none of your business, Pu—"

She stopped talking, her eyes widening as if she had just seen the ugliest person in her life. Then she took quick steps toward me, while I instinctively took a few back.

"Chrystal?" I asked nervously.

She didn't answer. Instead, she stood right in front of me, staring at me with her piercing gaze.

"Are you dating my brother?" she finally asked after a long silence. I blinked in shock. That wasn't quite what I had expected.

"What? No!" I shook my head, defensively. "I don't know who came up with that rumor." I added, "but I'm sure your brother must've told you we are nothing more than friends."

Chrystal's lips pressed into a thin line, as if she had hoped for me to answer differently. "Are you sure?"

"Positive," I furrowed my brows, confused by her strange behavior.

She released a soft huff, strangely enough looking like she was on the verge of tears. She didn't look as confident as usual. My heart skipped a beat as she grabbed my wrist without warning.

"Chrystal, what are you—"

She shushed me while shaking her head, and as she looked into my eyes, I did just that. Her grip wasn't tight, but just enough to make me uncomfortable.

Her eyes flickered to my wrist, and a frown appeared on her face. "You..." she whispered, her voice almost breaking. "You..."

"What?" I asked, feeling lost.

"You..."

"Let's go!" Trinity appeared from the hallway, waving her notebook in her hand. Chrystal immediately let go of me with a gasp, then ran to her room and slammed the door shut, leaving me standing there, unsure of what had just happened.

What was all that about?

I glanced at Trinity who looked equally as confused before we headed out the dorm and started walking toward Campus.

"Doesn't Chrystal seem a bit off to you?" I asked.

Trinity cracked a laugh. "Did you not hear?"

"About what?"

"Apparently, Kylan yelled at her to leave him alone or something. Some of the girls were talking about it."

I stopped in my tracks for a moment, processing her words. "Oh," I said, trying to hold back the smile that threatened to escape, but failing miserably.

Then I continued walking. Hearing that Kylan had actually told her off felt like music to my ears.

The thought of him giving her the cold shoulder after our time together made my heart race.

I still remembered his words that day in the woods when I asked why he had sent her away.

'Because she's not as interesting as you. I think no one is.'

Trinity nudged my shoulder, snapping me out of my thoughts. "Why do you look so happy to hear that?"

"I'm not happy," I replied quickly, trying to wipe the obvious grin off my face. Of course, Trinity wasn't buying it.

"I'm not happy," Trinity mimicked my words, pulling a strange face. I laughed loudly, locking our arms as we walked together.

"Who are you kidding?" she cackled.

She was right.

Who was I kidding?

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By the time my classes ended, it was already evening, meaning it was time for Elite training. Same as always, I stood in front of the mirror in the locker room, wearing my Elite gear. With my hands, I brushed a few loose strands to the side.

Even though I normally didn't care as much about my looks, tonight felt different.

I wanted to look perfect for him.

I hated admitting it because I knew what it sounded like—I sounded like someone trying to impress their high school crush. But it was the truth.

After deciding I was satisfied with my appearance, I finally stepped into the training room. Some of the girls were chatting in one corner, while most of the guys were warming up—but there was no sign of Kylan. Also Dylan and Nate weren't here yet.

I exhaled, dropping myself to the mat and waited impatiently, keeping my eyes glued to the door.

Minutes passed, but then I heard the familiar sound of Nate's addictive laughter coming from the hallway.

My heart made a quick jump as I focused on the entrance.

And there he was...

Kylan walked in with Nate and Dylan, deep in conversation. He looked so calm, carefree, and I couldn't help but smile.

My entire mood shifted as I got up, smoothening my gear before walking toward them—specifically Kylan.

I tried my hardest to act casual, but I wasn't sure if I was doing a good job.

"Hey, Vivi!" Nate greeted first, opening his arms to pull me into a hug. "Won the lottery?" he grinned as I rested my head on his shoulder.

I shook my head, pulling back. My eyes weren't on him, but on Kylan—who either still hadn't noticed me or just refused to acknowledge me. He was too busy with Dylan.

"Then what's with the good mood?" Nate pushed.

I ignored his question, reaching forward to give Kylan a slight tap with my finger. "Hey," I said.

This time, Dylan and Kylan stopped talking.

"Oh, hey, sis," Dylan greeted casually, immediately ruffling his hand through my hair. I could almost kill him, especially after putting so much effort into making it look good.

I instantly noticed Kylan's eyes were distant as he gave me a quick nod. They weren't cold, but they weren't exactly warm either. They were nonchalant—like he hadn't been buried deep inside me just yesterday.

He had done it again...

My chest tightened.

I opened my mouth to say something, but before I could, Kylan spoke first. "I have a lot of studying to do, so I was hoping we could reschedule training?" He didn't even have the audacity to look me in the eye. "I'll let you know when."

"Oh...okay."

I could barely respond before he threw his arm around Dylan's shoulder and walked off, leaving me standing there like an idiot.

The excitement I had felt moments ago had completely vanished, replaced by an empty feeling in my heart.

It ached, and it hurt to know that he was once again being this distant after touching me.

It had happened the first time, and the second time—so the third shouldn't have surprised me anymore. Yet it did.

"Hey," Nate, who had still stuck around, nudged my arm. "Did something happen between the two of you?"

"No..." I muttered, meeting his eyes. "Why?"

"Because Kylan doesn't study," Nate said, raising his brow. "The guy's smart enough to never have to open a book in his life. So, whatever excuse he just gave you? It's bullshit."

I folded my arms, feeling like I had just been stabbed in the heart for the twentieth time in just minutes.

So, he really was avoiding me...

It felt like with each step he took back after our encounters, the pain grew stronger. It wasn't just disappointment—I felt stupid.

I felt stupid because I cared, and no matter how much I told myself not to, it hurt. It really, really hurt.

"My children!" Rochwall burst into the room, loud as always. He clapped his hands loudly, and everyone began making their way to a mat. "Come on, we've got work to do!"

"You've heard the man," Nate gently placed his hand behind my back, forcing me to walk.

Work to do.

If only training could distract me from the one thing I couldn't seem to master—letting go of the one who definitely didn't deserve my energy.