

Chapter 74

Violet

It was late, training had ended—and yet I found myself still in the training room, the only one left.

Commander Jorn's training would be brutal, and I wasn't about to embarrass myself again. The trauma from his training was still fresh, and I would rather die than have him yell at me again.

I needed to keep up with the Elite team, and if Kylan wasn't going to train me—fine, I would do it myself.

Gritting my teeth, I tried to focus on my planking exercise. Three minutes had passed, my arms were shaking—but I was still holding on. My eyes were wide open, and I refused to close them because whenever I did, I was forced to think about him.

Kylan.

He had a way of sneaking into my thoughts.

Nate's words kept repeating in my head. "Whatever excuse he just gave you? It's bullshit."

His words irritated me, but he was right. Kylan was all about training me, especially after we had missed a few days—and now he had suddenly changed his mind.

I thought we had reached some kind of understanding.

Friends with benefits, without the part where he would ignore me right after.

Why did he do that?

A frustrated sound left my lips as I looked down at the bracelet hanging on my wrist. Suddenly feeling weak, I stopped my exercise and rested on my knees, staring at the shiny piece of jewelry.

Maybe it was a small, irrelevant detail, but he wasn't wearing his bracelet today. Not that it mattered—I figured he'd throw it in the trash—but it bothered me more than it should've.

I rolled my eyes, hating myself for having those thoughts. "Calm down, Violet," I muttered, annoyed. "It's just a stupid bracelet."

Except it wasn't. Not to me.

It felt like a memory we had made, and deep down, it hurt to know I didn't know how much time had passed since he probably tossed it aside.

I rubbed my finger across the charm, thinking back to how his had brushed my thigh before he told me to 'pay him back.'

Back then, he was so gentle and commanding, making sure to hold my gaze—and now it was the complete opposite.

I released a soft grunt, shaking my head. Maybe I was reading into it too much. Maybe I was the problem.

He told me what we were, and after he had held me in his arms that one night in his room—I was beginning to misunderstand the point of being friends with benefits.

For some reason, I had fallen in love with him, and now I had to figure out a way to fall out of love with him—and I had to do it fast.

"Enough," I told myself, getting up from the floor. It was time to stop being pathetic and focus on what I came here to do. Honor Mom's legacy and become the best healer this school has ever seen.

I gathered my stuff and made my way to the running tracks to run a few laps. It was already dark outside, and I figured most were already in their dorms.

As I began running, my hands instinctively brushed the bracelet.

That's when I knew I was lying to myself... again.

I couldn't fall out of love with him because he already had me. Every single bone in my body longed for him.

"What do you want, Violet?" I whispered, finishing my tenth lap. My legs ached, but it wasn't unbearable because that wasn't my main problem at the moment. It was Kylan.

What did I want?

I wanted to be his.

I wanted him to accept me as his mate, and I wanted him to love me the way I loved him.

Yes, this silly village girl wanted to be with the Lycan prince of one of the strongest kingdoms. There was a fantasy and a reality between what I wanted and what my chances were.

I sighed, glancing down at my watch.

9 PM

It was one hour before curfew, and I needed to get back. Tomorrow would be just as hard as today, especially if I had to train by myself again, and I needed the rest.

Trinity was probably at Dylan's, but I wasn't in the mood for too many questions, so that was fine by me.

After gathering my belongings, I started walking toward the dorms.

"Violet!" A voice called out behind me, making me stop in my tracks.

I turned, surprised to see Amy waving at me. She jogged over, her pink hair bouncing up and down as I quickly glanced around, trying to see if Chrystal was nearby.

Amy was usually glued to her side, but this time she seemed to be alone. I knew I shouldn't care, but I couldn't help but wonder how Chrystal was doing. She really seemed a mess this morning, and one-sided enemy or not—the sight of it was kind of sad.

"Hey," Amy said when she reached me. She carried a friendly smile on her lips. "What are you doing out here?"

What was she doing talking to me?

"Just..." I gestured around the track. "Running."

Amy raised her brows. "At this hour? Impressive."

Was she serious, or was she mocking me?

I didn't know what to make of her tone. Amy had never really spoken to me before—and the last time she even acknowledged me was when I did a walk of shame. Her sudden interest felt off.

"Are you heading back to the dorms?" she asked, pointing to my bag. I gave her a hesitant nod.

Please don't offer to walk together—please don't offer to walk together...

"Perfect! Let's walk back together," she said brightly—to my dismay.

Shit.

"Sure!" I plastered a smile on my lips, though the idea made me uneasy. Honestly, I didn't like her, and it had to do with her inability to make her own decisions.

She was a follower, had nothing interesting to add to the academy—or anything, for that matter—and she just wasn't my type of person.

However, saying no wasn't an option because if I did, I would've been the one causing the drama.

"Let's go this way," Amy said, grabbing my bag from me. "You must be tired. I'll carry it for you."

"No, that's fine—"

"I said I'll carry it!" she grabbed my arm, locking hers tightly around mine. Her grip was firm, too firm, and an uncomfortable feeling spread through my chest.

Trinity's grip had always been firm, but in a different way. In a protective way. This, however, just felt wrong. My instincts told me to run, but for some reason, I ignored them because, once again—I didn't want to start any drama.

"The dorms are that way," I said, suddenly realizing we weren't heading in the right direction. She had led me into a dark, empty alley near the tracks.

Amy's smile disappeared, and the look in her eyes turned cold. "And hell is that way—you stupid bitch."

Before I could react, she shoved me through a door and I stumbled backward, tripping over my own feet.

"Am—" I tried, but then I heard the slam of a door closing behind me.

She was gone.

I looked around the pitch-black space, my heart racing as I tried to push open the door, but it wouldn't budge.

"Amy!" I called out, my voice shaking. I suppose this was the punishment for not trusting my instincts. "Amy, please—this isn't funny!"

I hated the dark.

I always had, because when I was younger, that's when the nightmares and the prophecies would hit. That's when I felt most vulnerable.

"Amy!" I slammed my fist against the door, over and over. My breaths grew faster, shorter, and I began feeling dizzy. "Amy, please—"

"You don't need to call her. She can't hear you anyway."

A voice spoke behind me, cold and sharp. "This is between you and me."

I froze, immediately recognizing the voice, and turned around. "Chrystal?"

A figure moved in the darkness, stepping closer. My heart pounded as she stepped into the small source of light, revealing herself. Her eyes seemed different from this morning, almost demonic.

"You have crossed me, Pup," she said, her nose twitching.

"And now I have to take care of it so it won't ever happen again."