

Chapter 75

Violet

I stepped back, my heart pounding as three other girls revealed themselves. Chrystal stood at the front, carrying a cold, cruel smile.

Behind her, the girls stood with crossed arms, like they had this all planned out—but the thing that made my stomach twist the most was when my eyes landed on one of the girls I recognized. It was the girl who had seen me in the halls of the boys' dorms not once, but twice.

I looked behind me for a second, my eyes shifting to the door—my only escape.

It was either that, or face whatever fate they had in store for me.

Without thinking, I spun around and grabbed the handle, trying to

Without thinking, I spun around and grabbed the handle, trying to open the door—but it wouldn't budge.

"Don't bother," Chrystal spat, though I could hear the amusement in her voice. "It's locked."

Before I could turn around again, a strong grip yanked my ponytail. A yelp escaped my lips as the pain shot through my scalp, and I stumbled, trying to fight back—but then another girl grabbed my arms from behind.

"Let go of me!" I struggled.

Chrystal stepped closer, her heels clicking against the floor until she stopped right in front of me. Her eyes were as fiery as her hair, and I could see she was enjoying every second of this.

Seeing me hopeless...powerless.

I was no match for her, and I knew that. She was a Lycan, I was a werewolf. She was of noble blood, I was just the niece of the Alpha.

She would demolish me.

"Not so tough now, are you?"

When had I ever tried to be tough? All I had tried was being civil with her. I tried to pull my arms free again, but the girl behind me only tightened her hold, making me wince. I was stuck, trapped—with nowhere to go.

"Please," I whispered, my voice trembling as fear took over. "Let me go. I haven't done anything."

Chrystal threw her head back, laughing. It wasn't just a regular laugh. It was mocking, cruel.

"You haven't done anything?" she sneered. Her eyes narrowed as she leaned closer. "Are you sure about that?"

I nodded. "Yes."

Her smile faded. "So you haven't been fucking my boyfriend?"

So that was what this was all about?

Of course it was, what else could it have been about? Kylan was our only connection.

"W-What?" I stammered, shaking my head. "No. I haven't."

Chrystal raised a brow, then turned to look at the girl I had recognized. "Amber," she called out her name.

Amber's eyes met mine, her arms still crossed as her lips curled into a smug smile. "Yes?"

"Are you sure it's her you saw leaving Kylan's floor...twice?"

My heart sank as those words left her mouth, though it shouldn't have been that surprising. I looked into Amber's eyes, hoping she would deny it, perhaps say it wasn't true or that she had been mistaken.

Amber smirked. "Positive," she said without hesitation.

Chrystal glared at me, and I tried to move my arms, but the grip was too strong. She brought her face close to mine as I held back my breath. "Then why are you lying, bitch?"

"I'm not lying," I argued, staring into those cruel eyes. "Because he isn't your boyfriend."

Her eyes widened slightly, and that's the moment I knew...I fucked up.

The small space grew silent, and the tension was thick.

I wasn't trying to challenge her—I was just stating the truth. Kylan wasn't her boyfriend, but judging by the way her eyes darkened—my words had probably hit a nerve.

She wasn't saying anything, which made me even more anxious. All she did was stare at me with those dead eyes, her expression blank but terrifying.

I took quick breaths as she circled around me, like she was preparing to tear me apart. I lowered my head, hoping not to provoke her any further. I waited, and waited, my heart pounding so loudly in my ears that I was sure everyone in the room could hear it.

Then, suddenly, I felt a sharp tug at my wrist, and my bracelet was yanked away. I released a small gasp as Chrystal dangled the bracelet in front of me.

"This thing?" she spat. "When I saw it around your wrist, I knew I recognized it from somewhere—and I don't know what strings you pulled to make him wear it, but you shouldn't have done it."

So he didn't throw it away?

For a second a feeling of relief washed over me, but was quickly replaced with shock as Chrystal held it above a nearby drain.

"Please," I whispered, my voice trembling. I hated feeling so vulnerable, but that bracelet meant everything to me.

My pleas only seemed to aggravate Chrystal even more, because the very next second, she tossed the bracelet through the gap, followed by loud laughter from the girls.

No...

"Please what?" Chrystal sneered, spinning back around to face me.

I swallowed my pain away. My bracelet was gone, just like that—something that meant so much to me, and she had reduced it to nothing more than a joke.

"You're a stupid little girl from some small village," she hissed, walking closer again. "So you don't know how things work around here—but let me make it clear for you."

I released a soft huff.

"Kylan is mine, and I want you to repeat it," Chrystal said.

I stood frozen, swallowing the lump in my throat as I felt conflicted—whether to refuse to let her have her way or just get it over with.

"I'm trying to be a good person this year," Chrystal scoffed, realizing I wasn't going to obey. "So I'm willing to forgive you...if you apologize."

I matched her scoff. Apologies? For what?

Existing?

Trying to keep my distance from her?

Breathing the same air as Kylan?

"I'm waiting," her eyes squinted.

I hesitated, my mind racing with the possible outcomes. She wasn't going to let this go unless I said something—but apologizing to her without a reason? I would rather choke on glass

"Chrystal," I breathed. "I'm so sorry."

Chrystal, along with the girls behind her, smirked as if they had succeeded, but I wasn't finished just yet. "I'm so sorry that you think you own someone who clearly doesn't want you."

Maybe she would let me go, but maybe she wouldn't—and if that was the case, I wouldn't die without saying what's on my mind.

Chrystal's jaw twitched. "And what makes you think he wants you!" she raised her voice. "You're nothing but a pathetic little village girl, an orphan they say, not even wanted at home...and you'll never be good enough for him."

Her words stung, but before I could think with my head, my emotions took over. "Well, the Moon Goddess seems to believe otherwise," I retorted.

"Kylan is my mate."