

Chapter 78

Kylan

I fought through the pain, dragging my feet toward the door. I didn't care about the pain or the curfew—all I knew was one thing.

The pain wasn't mine, it was hers—and I had to find her.

The air outside was cold as I left the building to head to the Lunar hall. My head still throbbed, but I pushed away the feeling and focused entirely on finding her—Puppy.

In the meantime I tried texting her, calling her—but she didn't answer.

As I reached the hall and headed to her floor, several girls stared at me—but I ignored them. I didn't have time for their giggles or whispers, and I didn't care about the rumors that would surely follow—Violet was all that mattered.

What if she hurt herself because of my words?

Once I stood in front of her dorm I knocked hard on the door, not giving a damn about who would open it. Chrystal, her sidekick, Puppy's sidekick—I didn't care.

I knocked again, and again—but there was still nothing.

“There's no one there,” a soft voice spoke. I turned around, looking at a girl leaning against the opposite door. “All the girls are gone so it's empty.”

I shot the girl a glance, immediately turning away after hearing all the information I needed.

If she wasn't here, then where was she?

With my mind racing, I left the building again, thinking there was one more place she might be.

Maybe I had overestimated her. Maybe she was so heartbroken by me ignoring her that she found comfort in Dylan's arms.

Luckily Dylan's building wasn't far, and I had made it rather quickly despite the awful throbbing in my head. I wasted no time, knocking hard on his door.

He reacted quickly, opening the door but leaving it just ajar. He stood there shirtless, flustered—and it was clear he had been busy.

“Yes?” he said, glancing at his watch. “Are you looking for a strike?”

“Where's your sister?” I demanded, not in the mood for any jokes.

Sister, cousin—whatever the story was.

Turns out the two weren't even related.

Dylan frowned. “In her dorm, I hope,” he tilted his head, sounding unsure. “Wait,” he added, looking concerned. “Why are you looking for her?”

“Babe!” I recognized Trinity's voice behind him. Moments later she appeared, resting her head on his shoulder before shooting me a curious glance.

“Oh, Kylan?”

‘Mate, mate, mate!’ the beast inside me roared again, only more eager this time.

The roars were followed by another set of sharp pains, making me grit my teeth. “Violet,” I spoke, holding my head, looking at Trinity. “Where is she?”

Trinity furrowed her brows. “Babe, didn't you say she stayed behind after training?”

Dylan glanced at her, then at me as if he was still trying to figure out what my business with Violet was. He scratched his head. “Yeah, she said she was going to stay longer, train—run a few laps,” he answered. “Is there something going on?”

I didn't answer.

All I did was turn on my heel and began walking again.

‘Mate, mate, mate!’

The roars turned even more intense than before, and I rubbed my temples. By now I was certain it was past curfew, but I didn't care.

I would find her.

Wherever she was, I had to find her.

Frustrated, I walked through the campus grounds, trying to pick up a scent, anything—but there was no trace of her. Even as I pulled out my phone to dial her number again, there was no answer.

The line rang and rang, but she didn't pick up.

I grunted, shoving the phone back into my pocket. “Fuck!”

‘Mate, mate, mate!’

“Where are you, Puppy?” I hissed, trying to block out the noise. In a hopeless attempt, I checked out the training center which was also empty.

Maybe she was running laps, and fell?

In a second hopeless attempt, I began rushing toward the track, but as I reached closer, I saw something that made me pause.

Chrystal?

What was she doing here?

Far on the opposite, Chrystal and a few of her followers were walking off, giggling. It left a bad taste in my mouth. They had no reason to be out here, and especially not in the dark.

My eyes narrowed as I noticed something swinging in one of the girls' hands.

Violet's bag.

I recognized it instantly. That silly pink bear charm hanging from the strap was unmistakably hers. Only she would carry something like that.

“What the hell are they doing with her bag?” I whispered, clenching my fist.

Not hesitating for a moment, I took a step forward, determined to confront her and her entourage—but was quickly stopped by a loud roar from deep within. The beast wasn't having any of it.

‘Mate, now!’

I trusted the beast's words, knowing that if he was threatening to come out on his own, it had to be serious. Chrystal and her crew were something I would deal with later.

Right now, Puppy was more important.

As I reached the empty tracks, I immediately scanned my surroundings—but there was no sign of her.

Where was she?

Furious, I kicked an empty can across the tracks. “Fuck!” I yelled.

I turned around again, looking desperately as I looked for any clue of Puppy's whereabouts. Just when I was about to think of my next move, I noticed something from a small distance.

A figure.

It was a figure wearing a black cape, and as soon as it turned, my heart nearly stopped.

It was her.

The woman from my dreams.

This time, I got a better look at her face. The woman was pale, with pitch black hair framing her features—but the one thing that got to me where the eyes.

It were ‘those’ eyes.

The glowing eyes I had already seen a few times too many.

It could only mean one thing.

“Are you her?” The question slipped from my lips. “Are you Adelaide?”

She smirked, giving me a small nod before turning away.

So it was her...

A glowing white path trailed behind her as she walked, lighting up the ground.

“Hey!” I called out as she quickened her pace. She didn't stop, even as I called her, forcing me to keep up with her.

“Hey, wait!”

She pulled her hood over her head, walking toward one of the equipment rooms until she stopped at a door—then she vanished into thin air.

What the...?

It wasn't the time for questions, so I ignored whatever the hell had just happened and immediately reached for the door, trying to pull it open, only to find it was locked.

That door was never locked.

Someone had done it on purpose.

My eyes widened as I yanked at the handle, fighting to get in, but nothing happened. Fury took over, and I slammed my shoulder into the door, again and again.

‘Mate!’ the beast roared, struggling to release itself.

I wanted to, but I couldn't.

In this rage I was feeling, letting him out wouldn't do anyone any good.

With one last shove, I threw all my weight into the door, and it finally flew open. Breathing heavily, my eyes scanned the room.

And there she was.

Puppy...my Puppy.

My heart ached seeing her crumpled on the cold concrete floor. Her clothes were soaked, the same blonde hair that was always neatly in a ponytail was now wet and loose, and her body lay still... lifeless.

Who had done this to her?

“No...” I whispered, rushing toward her. “Violet?”