

Chapter 87

Kylan

Only one thing ran through my mind as I walked the halls, heading to deal with the issue that had brought me to this point.

Chrystal...

She had crossed the line this time.

I didn't know exactly what Puppy had seen in her vision, but if it matched what the beast inside me was urging me to do, then it had to be close to the truth.

I wanted to kill her for all she had done.

Yes, giving Puppy the ring had been my decision, but tying her to me with the most precious piece of Lyperian stone was something I never wanted to do, not like this. Protecting her wasn't a choice—it was an instinct.

I felt bad for admitting it, but when she had offered to give back the ring after finding out how to deal with her eyes—I felt relieved.

I cared for her, more than I wanted to admit—but the ring wasn't given out of love.

It was given because Chrystal had pushed me to it.

Puppy needed that ring to protect her eyes, and I needed her by my side for now—because the feeling of hopelessness I felt when I held her lifeless body was something terrifying. A feeling I could never face again.

I needed her by my side until I knew how to let go of her without feeling any pain.

She had become the one thing I feared the most—my greatest weakness.

The worst thing was that my greatest weakness was weak, too weak for words. Even though she had the bloodline of a royal and a witch, she was impulsive, acted without thinking ahead, even worse, without thinking at all.

I released a frustrated grunt, going around the corner as my eyes landed on Nate, casually leaning against the wall. The moment he saw me, his brows furrowed, as if he had been waiting for me.

"Where are you headed?" he asked, making his way beside me. "Are you going to Chrystal? She has been blowing up my phone about you and...what's going on?"

I didn't respond, just kept walking.

"Ky, what's going on?" Nate followed, sounding lost. "And how does she even know you and Violet are mates?"

I chuckled under my breath. Of course, Chrystal had already run her mouth because that's what she did best.

"I don't like that look in your eyes, Kylan," Nate pushed, his eyes searching mine for answers. "I don't know what she has done this time, but can't you just let it be?"

Let it be?

I stopped walking for a second, my eyes widening as I looked at him. Then I quickly picked up my pace, moving faster.

"Kylan," he said again, "you've already hurt her enough throughout the years, you've played her so much she has become obsessed with you—"

"Trust me, she hasn't been hurt half enough," I said, coldly.

"I'm sorry, what?" Nate spoke in disbelief.

He was the last person I expected to entertain his sister's nonsense, especially since I thought we both cared about Puppy—but maybe I was wrong.

"Do you even know what your sister has been up to?" I asked, confused. "She has nearly murdered a girl last year, almost done the same this year—and it has to stop."

"This year? What are you talking about?"

As expected, he was ready to defend Chrystal without knowing all the facts.

It was the same as last year, when she had lost control. She had attacked her former roommate after finding out I had slept with her twice, made the girl's life a living hell, tortured her until she eventually withdrew from school—and she only got away with retaking the year because I did nothing.

I did nothing back then because the situation was different. I barely knew the girl, so I didn't care. Chrystal, being the Beta's daughter, had a certain privilege, and I had no real reason to intervene. But this time was different. I knew Puppy, I cared—and I would not let her touch her ever again.

I knew better than that.

Nate knew better than that.

"Kylan?"

I didn't answer him. Instead, I just kept walking. From the moment Chrystal knew Puppy was my mate, she had disrespected me, crossed a big line by touching her, and not even Nate could save her this time.

As the future king of Lyperia, it was my job to put her in her place, and I would do just that. She was the Beta's daughter, acting like a spoiled, entitled brat. It was humiliating.

Drowning an innocent girl who she knew couldn't fight back, and ganging up on her was low, even for her.

She was a disgrace to the kingdom.

Nate followed me in silence as I made my way to the Lunar Hall. I didn't even know if Chrystal was in or where the hell she was, but I knew this conversation was going to happen—and it was going to happen now.

As I entered the Lunar Hall, the girls turned to look at me, whispering words I couldn't understand. It was nothing new. I had always been used to the stares—but now I wondered if it was something else. Had Chrystal already spread her bullshit to the others like she had done to Nate?

I hadn't heard from the king yet, but that meant nothing. After dealing with Chrystal for all these years, I knew she had already told him, and I knew he would come. When he did, I would have to deal with it.

Now with the ring on Violet's finger, it wouldn't take long, because just as I had to deal with this unfortunate situation, the king would have to deal with the unfortunate situation of me being mated to a witch.

Finally reaching Chrystal's dorm, I knocked loudly on the door.

"You need to calm down, Kylan," Nate tried again as I kept knocking. I shook my head, releasing a dry laugh. He truly had no clue.

The door swung open, revealing Chrystal. Her red hair was tied back, her eyes sharp and well-rested, like she had gotten full hours of sleep despite leaving someone for dead.

"Kylan," she said with a smirk.

I pushed the door open wider and stepped inside without waiting for an invitation. My eyes immediately fell on the girl with pink hair, who stood up from the couch. Chrystal's sidekick, I didn't know her name—didn't care, because she was irrelevant.

"Leave," I demanded, nodding toward the door.

The girl quickly glanced at Chrystal, then lowered her head and left the room. Chrystal didn't care to defend her, she just crossed her arms and chuckled.

This was the difference between her and Puppy. Puppy demanded I call her friend by her name today. She might be weak, but she had a heart.

"I knew you'd come back to your senses," Chrystal said. "You're here to explain, aren't you?"

I clicked my tongue, turning to Nate who was already comfortably leaning against the counter, watching the scene unfold. He shot me a curious look, probably wondering where this was going.

"You too, Nate," I said. "Leave."

"No," he dared disobey my orders. "Whatever you've got to say to my sister, you can say in front of me."

I took a breath, growing more frustrated by the second as I debated whether to drag him out of the room for being disrespectful or just let it be.

"Fine," I muttered at last. "Suit yourself."

I shut the door, then turned to Chrystal, who still carried that smug expression on her face. The sight of her made my blood boil.

"I knew not to expect too much from you," I spoke calmly. "But ganging up on Violet, drowning her? Leaving her to die? Really, Chrystal?"

Nate gasped a bit, snapping his head toward his sister. The look in his eyes shifted to something resembling embarrassment. "Chrystal," he gulped. "Is that true?"

"Yes," she rolled her eyes, shrugging like it was no big deal. "She stole what's mine, Nate—what else should I have done?"

Nate took a step closer to her, his face full of anger and confusion. "Where is she now?" he asked, suddenly trying to play the hero a little too late.

"She's fine," I said.

"Of course she is," Chrystal scrunched her face. "I knew that if you were truly her mate, you would find her and save her—and you did," she spoke. "Now I regret it because I should've ended her then and there when I had the chance."

I clenched my fists, feeling my nails digging into my palms. The beast inside me growled, demanding to be let out—but I held it back. Barely.

The urge to rip that smirk off her lips so she would never be able to use it again was overwhelming.

"I already contacted Daddy, and the king now knows that the Moon Goddess chose an unworthy mate for you," she said, nodding. "I'm sure he'll handle it. You can let go of that fraud, choose me as your mate, put everything behind us—and pretend like none of this never happened."

See? Too predictable.

This was nothing more than Chrystal being Chrystal.

"No," I shook my head, slowly walking toward her. "Things will never go back to the way they were, and you've brought that upon yourself."

Her smirk vanished from her face as her eyes dropped to my hand. "W-Why?" Her lips trembled. "Why aren't you wearing your ring?"

I heard Nate's footsteps as he made his way beside Chrystal. His gaze followed hers, landing from my hand to the finger where the ring used to be. Then his eyes met mine, staring at me like I had just made the biggest mistake.

"I knew you would do this," I said, my voice tense. Chrystal's jaw dropped, and for the first time, I saw real panic in her eyes.

"I knew you wouldn't be able to let it rest...so I accepted her as my mate."