

Chapter 89

Kylan

“Chrystal—” Nate tried again, and I lost count of how many times he had said her name. I held up a hand to stop him.

“That’s all I have to say,” I replied, coldly.

A sad chuckle escaped from her lips. “Wow,” her eyes lifted slightly. “Do you hate me that much? That you would choose a werewolf over me?”

Hate?

“No,” I said, staring her down. “The word hate isn’t strong enough. I despise you beyond words—always have.”

Her face fell at those last words, and so did Nate’s, his gaze dropping to the floor.

The truth was, I didn’t always hate her. We had some good times, once. But she needed to hear it, needed to understand that there was no going back, no room for her in my life—not now, not ever.

Seeing her break, just like she had broken Puppy satisfied me. I wanted her to feel it, the weight of the consequences of hurting the one I cared about.

Still satisfied, I left her dorm. As soon as I opened the door, a few girls in the hallway scrambled away, trying to make it seem like they hadn’t been eavesdropping.

I knew how quickly rumors spread in this place. Now that everything was out in the open, it wouldn’t take long before the whole school knew that I had found my mate—and exactly who it was.

Let them talk. If anything, it would save me the trouble of having to explain myself later.

As I walked further, a few more girls passing by glanced at my hand, their gazes stuck to the spot where the ring used to be.

I heard the sound of familiar footsteps behind me, and didn’t need to turn around to know who it was.

It was Nate.

And, of course, he would open his mouth in three, two, one—

“Using the law, and threatening to execute our family after all we’ve done for the kingdom?” Nate barked. “Don’t you think you are being a bit too much, Kylan?”

What had they done besides doing what was expected of them—serving the royal family?

“I would never execute your family, Nate. They were just words to get her off my back,” I rolled my eyes, feeling disappointed he didn’t know me better than that. “She left Violet to die, and you know it’s wrong—yet you’re still defending her.”

“I’m not—”

“I mean, I get it. Blood is thicker than water, especially for the one who doesn’t know whether he wants to be my beta or his sister’s babysitter. Priorities—priorities.”

After those words left my mouth, the footsteps behind me stopped. I didn’t care if he followed or not—because besides stopping Chrystal with whatever she thought she was doing, I had one other priority, and that was Puppy.

What would she be doing now?

What if I had made a mistake leaving her by herself, and she was destroying my room with those glowing eyes?

With those thoughts in mind, I made my way back to my room as quickly as possible—but when I opened the door, all those worries faded away.

Puppy stood near the window, holding Jumper in her hands. She giggled, rubbing her nose against its tiny face.

Her hair was loose, still a bit damp from her shower, and even though Trinity brought her a bag with clothes, it was somehow one of my hoodies clinging to her body.

For a moment, I just watched, a smile tugging at my lips. If there was anyone who had the right to feel like crap, it was her.

Yesterday, she had almost died, temporarily lost her sight, and found out that her life was a lie, and that she was half witch—all in a span of hours.

Now that same girl was lost in her own world, carefree.

I stepped inside, letting the door click shut behind me. Puppy immediately turned around, her expression changing to a worried glance as her eyes shifted to her bag in my hands.

“Is she...?” she started.

“Breathing?” I finished, chuckling. “Yes, don’t worry.”

I tossed the bag to Puppy, and she caught it. Then she opened it in a hurry and fished out her phone before holding it to her chest.

“What did you tell her?” she asked, cautiously.

“It doesn’t matter,” I shrugged. “All you need to know is that she’ll leave you alone from now on.”

She tilted her head, studying my face. “I feel better than I’ve ever felt,” she said with a small smile. “And I really don’t feel like being locked in here all day.”

She was right. She did look better than ever, and that’s what worried me. Sure, she was a healer. It was in her veins, meaning she naturally healed quickly—but looking this good after a near-death experience was unheard of.

“Your eyes,” I reminded her, leaning against the door. A smirk reached my lips. “Other than stealing my hoodie, we still don’t know what you’re capable of, Puppy.”

Her face turned red as she huffed dramatically, blowing out her cheeks. My heart raced for a moment.

With glasses, without glasses—she looked beautiful. I didn’t even know it was possible, but she looked more beautiful than she ever had.

“No ponytail anymore?” I teased lightly.

“I just didn’t feel like it,” she brushed her hair behind her ear. “Why? Do you hate it?”

I chuckled softly, shaking my head. She always did this—looking for validation she didn’t need.

“So basically,” she said, sitting down on the bed, and I knew she was about to change the subject. “If I understand correctly, you plan to keep me locked inside your room for the whole day?”

I pressed my lips together, then nodded. “Basically, yes.”

She shot me a playful glare. “But I’ve been thinking about it, and you can’t just keep me here like some prisoner.”

I made my way over to the bed and sat beside her. She bit her lip, growing a mischievous smile. “Or do you have other plans?”

Fuck.

What was she doing to me?

I gently grabbed her chin between my fingers, knowing exactly what she was implying. She was playing the same game she had played in the car, dropping hints in the hopes I would act on it.

Only I couldn’t.

Not now...

Puppy’s eyes flickered up to mine, then to my lips. I leaned in closer, almost losing myself, but then I stopped and pulled back, creating some distance between us.

Confused, Puppy fluttered open her eyes, which had already closed. She lifted her brows, looking slightly embarrassed.

She really had no idea what she was doing to me.

I smirked, watching her. “I’m going to sit here all day and look into those beautiful blue eyes, and make sure they stay that way,” I said. “That’s my plan for now.”