

Chapter 9

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Violet

"What do you want?" his voice was full of irritation.

I found myself struggling to maintain my focus. It was hard to do so when with his bare chest and the hard lines of his abs right in front of me, on display.

"I-I need to talk to you," I said, forcing myself to stand my ground. Deep down, I was freaking out. This guy had humiliated me a few times too many. Who said he wasn't going to do it again?

Kylan stepped back, crossing his arms over his chest. He led me past, then kicked the door close with his legs.

Don't look at his abs, don't look at his abs.

"About?"

"About..."

I gave myself a tour of his room, anything to distract me from this mess. The room was dark, with red accents. Against the wall was a king sized bed. If I didn't know any better, I would've said he was a vampire.

"I don't have all night, four-eyes," Kylan clicked his tongue, impatiently.

My lips trembled as I tried to focus on his face—but it was too difficult. I hated myself for the thought, but all I wanted was to trace every inch of his biceps with my finger.

No, that wasn't me talking. It was Lumia.

"I can't focus, Kylan!" I snapped, immediately regretting it. I couldn't believe I had just said that out loud.

A cocky smile flickered on Kylan's lips.

"You can't focus?" he tilted his head, stepping closer. With my breath held back, I walked backwards until he had cornered me against the wall. Just like that night in the woods.

"I-I don't know if you've heard, but I have a trial on the Elite Team," I turned my head so I wouldn't have to look into his eyes.

Kylan chuckled. "So?"

"So?" I repeated. "So we need to do that thing we've both been avoiding and leave each other alone."

Kylan's eyes found mine, forcing me to look at him. His gaze which had been playful, had now darkened. "You think that's possible, four-eyes?" he spat. "You think we can just pretend this doesn't exist?"

"Yes!" I shot back, my voice trembling. He was playing games with me. He was the one who had told me he didn't want me in the first place. "We don't want this. Neither of us do. So let's end it."

"End it?" Kylan furrowed a brow. "You think you can just walk in here, say a few words, and make this all disappear?"

I swallowed hard, wondering when he would stop his game. "We have to. I can't keep doing this with you."

"We haven't done anything yet?" 1

My cheeks flushed. "You know what I mean."

Kylan sighed, studying my face for a moment. I looked at him with sharp eyes, refusing to back down. "Alright," he nodded. "Then go ahead. End it for me."

I felt a sharp pain in my heart, but I had no idea why. This was what I wanted.

"Fine," I snarled in his face. "I, Violet Hastings of the Bloodrose Pack, reject you, Prince Kylan, heir to the Lupyrian throne as my mate."

I closed my eyes, waiting for Kylan's words as I anticipated that awful feeling people always described when the bond got released. Five seconds passed, then six...it was silent.

When I opened my eyes, Kylan's jaw twitched before a dark chuckle escaped his lips. "I..." he began. "Prince Kylan, do not accept your rejection."

My heart dropped, his words left me in disbelief. "What?" I breathed, taking my final step against the wall. "You can't—"

"I can and I did," Kylan's eyes pierced through mine, his voice cold and cruel. "I won't get rejected by a puppy, no, four-eyes. You are mine to torment, to control."

I shook my head, breathing loudly.

No, no, no.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. We hated each other, he was supposed to accept my rejection so we could move on.

"You can't force me into this," I spoke. "You don't even want me!"

"You're right, I don't. But you don't get to decide how this ends," his gaze hardened. He leaned in closer, so close he was only inches away from my lips. All I could think about was closing the distance between us. My heart pounded, and just for a second, I thought about giving in.

But then reality hit me.

No, not again.

I tried to brush past him, but before I could—Kylan pushed me back, grabbing my chin. His grip was firm, but not painful.

"I didn't say we were finished," Kylan tilted his head, then his lips crashed against mine.

My first instinct was to push him away, but I couldn't. My body responded, and before I knew it, I deepened the kiss.

I pressed my hands to his chest, still warm from his shower. I hated how much my body craved him, how he made me feel.

"No," I whispered against him, then roughly pushed him away. Kylan's lips curled into a smug smirk, satisfied by the kiss. He loved control, loved knowing he could get under my skin. It was clear he thought he had me right where he wanted me.

"I suppose I'll see you in two days, four-eyes," he looked me up and down, not losing his smirk. "Now leave my room, and don't show up here again."

Startled and shaken, I did what I was told and fled from his room. I hadn't come to his room so he could boss me around, and certainly not to kiss him—but I had failed miserably.

My head was all over the place, and I had to accept the awful truth that Kylan wasn't going to accept me nor let me go.

Not now.

Not ever.

By the time I reached the dorm, tears rolled down my cheeks. They weren't sad tears, but angry tears.

I couldn't believe I let myself get used by him, made myself look weak.

I paced back and forth in my room, rethinking those horrific words which had left his mouth.

'I, Prince Kylan, do not accept your rejection.'

The rejection I thought would free me had done the opposite. It had chained me to him even more, and now I knew he wouldn't let me go until he had completely shattered me.

He had said it himself.

He would torment me.

"Everything okay?"

Through my blurred vision, I looked at the figure standing at my door. Trinity.

I was so busy processing my feelings, that I hadn't even noticed her. Even though I knew it wouldn't matter anymore, I plastered a small smile on my lips.

"No, don't do that," Trinity frowned, closing my door after letting herself in. "Where were you, what happened?"

"N-Nothing," I shook my head, feeling a salty tear escape into my mouth. There was a lump in my throat I couldn't swallow, and my words were stuck, unable to escape my lips.

Trinity walked over, placing her warm hand on my arm. Her look was apologetic. "You can talk to me," she said. "About anything."

I hesitated, looking into her deep brown eyes. She didn't know about Kylan or the bond or any of it—but I did need to vent.

If not, it would only be a matter of seconds before I would start punching holes into the walls.

She wrapped her arm around my waist, guiding me to the bed as we sat down.

"I—" my voice cracked, not knowing where to start. "It's Kylan."

"Kylan?" She lifted her brow. "You mean, 'the' Kylan, Lycan Prince Kylan?"

I nodded, my hands trembling. "He's...he's my mate."

For a moment, Trinity just stared at me. I had expected her to get angry with me for not telling her the truth, and rightfully so. She had opened up to me about finding her mate, so why couldn't I do the same?

"Wait..." Trinity's jaw dropped. "Are you serious?"

"Yes?" It came out more like a question. Surprisingly enough, she did not appear to be upset. "He hates me, doesn't want me, but he won't

let me reject him either."

Trinity blinked her eyes, still trying to take in the information. Then she grinned. "Violet!" she gushed, "if he didn't want you, he would've rejected you on the spot."

"Do you really think so?"

"Yes!"

I stared at her, confused. "It's not like that. He said he's going to torment me—" 1

"Then let him torment you!" Trinity cut in. "There are so many girls who would kill to be in your position."

"And I would kill to be out of it."

Trinity rolled her eyes. "I'm not worried. Give it a few weeks. The mate bond is too powerful for him to just ignore. Whether he likes it or not, you two belong together."

Wouldn't that be easy?

A mate who would accept me, just like that?

Unfortunately I had to disagree with Trinity.

Kylan wasn't just anyone, and something told me this bond wouldn't magically fix things.

I couldn't forget the look in his eyes when he said he was going to torment me, and something told me he wasn't kidding.