

Chapter 3

Violet

His face shifted from an angry gaze to a smirk, then back to furious as he stood in front of me, the Lycan Prince.

I felt as if I couldn't breathe, unsure if it was from the complete embarrassment of walking into the male restroom or from his intimidating presence as he hovered over me.

He was tall, with jet-black hair that framed his chiseled face perfectly. His eyes were almost as dark as his hair, beautiful and terrifying. My eyes wandered to his lips which were tightly pressed together, almost as if he were holding back a comment or perhaps a laugh.

"Lost, four-eyes?" he said, calling me by that same nickname he had called me before. His voice was low and deep.

I was still frozen, staring up at him as no words were able to leave my mouth. This was humiliating.

I stammered. "I-I think I made a mistake."

Kylan scoffed. "You think? Or you know? Because it seems pretty obvious to me."

That's it. I was not going to argue with this guy.

I rolled my eyes, trying to leave, but he blocked my path by slamming his hand to the wall behind me. I was trapped between his body, and he had no intention of letting me go. "This is clearly the men's room," he said, tilting his head. "Or did you just want an excuse to see me? Are you also one of my stalkers?"

Stalkers?

I knew my face was turning red. "No, of course not. I didn't realize—"

"Sure you didn't," he cut me off. "For what do you even need those glasses if they're not doing anything about that bad sight of yours?"

I clenched my fists, my embarrassment turning into frustration. The glasses were a sensitive topic to me, especially since I wasn't wearing them for my eyesight. Now he had pushed it.

"I said it was a mistake, now move!"

I tried to go past him for a second time, but he pushed me back, stopping me in the process as his jaw slightly twitched with anger.

"Four-eyes—"

"I have a name."

"Then what is it?" he demanded.

"Violet," I replied, loud and clear.

"Four-eyes," a smirk appeared as he refused to roll my name off his tongue. "I'm sure you know who I am, and where I come from no one raises their voice at me."

"Funny. Where I am from no one raises their voice at me either," I shot back.

Hearing those words from a Lycan Prince's mouth were supposed to scare me, and they did—but I wasn't going to let him win this time.

Back home, no one dared to disrespect me because of my Uncle, even though they thought I was a bit odd. I had given the prince a pass when he pushed me to the ground, but that was as far as I would go.

Kylan looked surprised and speechless as if he hadn't expected me to talk back.

"Now if you'll excuse me," I said, brushing past him and succeeding this time. Then I quickly left the restroom without so much as a glance back.

As I hurried through the halls, I could finally release a breath, processing what had just happened. The Lycan Prince...Kylan tried bullying me again, but I had stood my ground.

I had managed to do it this time, but I knew all too well that he wasn't one to play around with, so I would just let it be that time.

It would probably be better for everyone's sake to avoid him for real.

I rejoined the group, and Trinity noticed my flustered state.

"Are you okay?" she asked, concerned.

I nodded. "I'm fine. Anything happen while I was away?"

Trinity locked our arms together. "No. I was just talking about how we should get ready for the party."

I furrowed. "But the party is hours away?"

"Exactly, and we need to look perfect just in case we do find our mates," Trinity's eyes sparkled with excitement.

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Trinity wasn't joking. As soon as we got back to the dorm, she had pulled out a dress for me to wear.

I stood in front of the large mirror in her room as she held the dress in front of me. It was a short, strapless royal blue dress, stopping just beneath my thigh.

Imaging a scenario where I would suddenly have to bend over, I shook my head.

"No."

"No?" Trinity gasped. "You mean, yes!"

"No."

"Yes!"

"Trinity," I gave her a look, playfully singing her name.

"Violet," she sang back, making me laugh in response. I felt so comfortable around her, it was strange to imagine we had only met a few hours ago.

"You got nice boobs," Trinity noted with a wide smile. "Show them off...because I know I will."

It had only taken me ten minutes to find out there was no point in arguing with Trinity. She was the type of person to keep pushing until she would get her way.

"Alright, alright, I'll wear it," I said, finally giving in.

Trinity squealed before pulling me into a back hug, her head resting on my shoulder. She held the dress in front of my body. "And you'll look great in it."

Just at that moment, we heard the front door open. We shared a quick look, then walked to the front to see who it was.

It was the girl with the pink hair, Amy. I looked behind her, wondering if perhaps she had come with Chrystal, but she closed the door behind her.

"Hey guys," she mumbled, walking straight to her room.

Once again, Trinity and I exchanged a confused glance.

"Amy," Trinity called after her, "we were just getting ready for the party. Do you want to get ready with us in my room?"

"No," Amy walked out again, carrying a few dresses and shoes, along with what seemed to be a vanity case. "I'm just here to grab my stuff. I'm going with Chrystal and some of the sophomore girls—but you guys have fun!"

"Then I guess we'll see you at the pa—" Trinity words were cut off by the sound of our door, and Amy was gone.

"Okay," Trinity pulled a weird face, and we burst out laughing. "Now what the help was that."

"I don't know," I cackled. She slung her arm over my shoulder, leaning into me.

"Thank God you're my roommate," she said, grinning, probably referring to Amy's odd behavior. I wasn't one to judge people, but it would've been a lie to deny that Amy left a bad taste on my mouth from the moment I'd met her.

Another person to stay away from.

Trinity and I spent the next couple of hours doing our hair and makeup. When Trinity finished curling my hair, she turned her attention to my glasses.

"Okay, let's take these off," she said, reaching for them. "You can't wear those with those cute heels."

I quickly pulled back. "Oh no, not the glasses. You can't!"

Trinity looked at me, puzzled. "Why not? You've got beautiful eyes, Violet. You shouldn't be hiding them behind these."

I sighed, realizing I had to explain at least part of the reason otherwise she would never get off my back. After a while the "I can't wear contacts" excuse wasn't cutting it anymore. "They're special to me," I put on my saddest voice. "My mom gave them to me before she passed away. I promised her I would always wear them."

Trinity opened her mouth to speak, then released a small gasp. "I'm so sorry," she apologized. "I had no idea—"

"It's okay, don't worry about it," I chuckled, looking into the mirror.

It wasn't all a lie. The glasses were special to me and given to me by Mom. That part was true.

Many years ago, I used to have strange nightmares, sometimes even prophecies. I heard voices in my sleep, sensed people that weren't there—would wake up screaming. It wasn't unusual for healers to have some kind of abilities, but mine were too dark, too terrifying.

Only my parents, Uncle, and Dylan knew about it, and I had promised never to reveal it to anyone. Mom had always feared someone exploiting my powers for their own gain—and even when she had passed, I still honored her wishes.

I wasn't that big on shifting either, mainly because that was also something that had to be done without my glasses.

That's why I liked being a healer, and was proud of it. It was a way for me to avoid shifting, it kept me grounded—I got to keep my glasses on.

"You know what, the glasses aren't even that bad," Trinity looked at me through the mirror. She squinted her eyes as if she was trying to read my thoughts. I hated that. People staring at me, like they could see more than I wanted to share.

"I-I saw the Lycan Prince in the restroom," I said the first bit of nonsense that occurred to me. "I accidentally entered the boys room? Very stupid."

Trinity's eyes widened. "You saw Kylan? What is he li—"

"Rude!" I stated. "He called me a stalker, and four-eyes."

Trinity looked down, trying to hold back her laughter.

"Not funny, by the way!" I added. The nickname was stupid, corny, out-dated, and he could've done a lot better.

"You're right, nothing to laugh about," Trinity smiled, pursing her lips. "Although you should be flattered."

"Why?"

"I heard he ignores everyone on purpose because he doesn't think they're worth his time," she explained. "But he saw you, paid attention to you, so maybe..."

"No," I pulled a disgusted face. "I'd rather spit on the Moon Goddess then getting involved with him."

"Oh wow," Trinity blinked. "Spitting on the Moon Goddess is like spitting on your mother. Is it that serious?"

"It is that serious," I nodded. "He's a bully, a Lycan, a prince, I hate him and I also don't think Chrystal would appreciate me fighting for her ex-boyfriend's attention."

"Probably," Trinity hummed. "I heard they got a long past. Something about their Dads wanting them together to strengthen the royal bloodline, and Kylan breaking her heart before it could get too serious because he has attachment issues."

"He's got issues, alright!" I agreed, thinking about the cold, but annoyingly handsome Lycan Prince who had humiliated me. Twice.

"Anyway," Trinity chuckled, looking at her phone. "We should head to the party."

"We should."

"Catch!" Trinity tossed a pack of gum my way. I blinked, startled, and sniffed my own breath, suddenly self-conscious.

"Is there something wrong with my breath?"

"Of course not, silly," Trinity grinned. "You'll need it just in case you find your mate tonight."

I laughed, shaking my head. "Oh no, I'm not counting on any of that."

Just the thought of finding my mate all while trying to finish school sounded like a drag.

"Yeah, but you never know," she replied, winking.

"No, I know."

"No, you don't."

Our banter continued all the way down the hall until Trinity had to go to the restroom. With nothing better to do, I wandered through the empty halls. My eyes were instantly drawn to the portraits of the healing majors from over the years. As I looked at them, I thought of Mom. A well-respected Alumna.

Would her picture also be there?

Determined, I went on a mission to find her year.

I scanned the faces in each frame, and after a few minutes of searching—I finally found her year. My heart raced as I looked at every row, trying to spot her among the sea of faces.

A smile appeared on my lips as my eyes landed on Mom. There was something so familiar about the glow on her face. She had her arms wrapped around another's woman's waist.

The two looked close to the point they were even wearing matching clothes. I took a better look, but failed to recognize the girl standing next to her.

I glanced at the names below the photo and read my mom's name, Claire. The girl hugging her was called Adelaide.

Adelaide...

That was the same name Esther had called me. I leaned in closer, trying to get a better look at her face—but it was turned just enough that I couldn't make out her features.

If only...

"Done!"

Out of nowhere, Trinity appeared and slammed her arm over my shoulder. "What are we looking at?"

I shook my head, brushing it off. "Nothing special. Just old pictures."

We began walking. "Just imagine," Trinity beamed. "In four years, our pictures will be there!"

We left the building and made our way to the woods. After a while of walking, we could already hear the sound music and chatters.

"Everyone is here," Trinity said in awe as we approached. In the center of the woods, there was an open space where students were talking, laughing, dancing.

The trees were decorated with twinkling lights, the only source of light. Red cups were scattered on the grass, and the scent of a substance that definitely wasn't allowed, lingered in the air.

All of it made me feel uncomfortable. We had just arrived, but I already wanted to leave.

There were so many people...drunk people...it just wasn't not my scene.

Trinity nudged me playfully. "Remember, keep an open mind. You never know what might happen tonight."

I scoffed. "I wouldn't get your hopes up if I were you."