

Chapter 459

Violet

Before we knew it, names started getting called out one by one. Each person stepped forward until everyone collected their fitted gear.

When I finally held my uniform in my hands, it felt heavier than expected. So much for being light. My boots were tucked under one arm, while a pair of gloves sat on top of the folded jumpsuit.

People started disappearing behind trees to change while I stood there with my hands full, staring at the fabric in my arms. I was really part of the Elite team now.

Mom's team...and as crazy as it sounded, I didn't care how I ended up here. I was just happy to be here, but I hated that I wasn't able to fully celebrate.

Because no matter how much I tried to forget about it, it still remained in the back of my mind. Lumia's words...

I looked up and found Kylan standing in front of me, his own gear tucked under his arm. He was watching me with that look again. The one that made me feel like he could see right through me, with or without the bond. Did he know something was wrong? Or was I just hoping he did...

Maybe I wanted him to ask. To push. Give me a reason to bring it up so I wouldn't have to start the conversation myself. So I wouldn't have to shift and do it Lumia's way.

But he didn't...

"We should probably change," he said.



I exhaled slowly. "Probably."

~

Lumia's words were still echoing in my head as I zipped up the front of my uniform. Something is wrong with our mate...

But as I looked at Kylan zipping up his, a slight smile plastered on his lips, I really couldn't see anything wrong with him. I truly hoped Lumia was mistaken.

I fumbled with the belt, my eyes fixed on Kylan as a fallen leaf brushed against his skin. When he noticed me struggling, he immediately took over. "I'll help you with it," he offered. Not even a second later, his fingers were around the belt.

He was standing so close, I could see everything. Feel everything. I could still feel so much warmth, and it just grew by the minute. His brows were slightly furrowed as he focused and adjusted the buckle so it sat right on my waist.

And yes, it was still Kylan.

My Kylan...

"I can't wait to test it out later," I muttered. "We're still going for that run, right?"

He responded with a low hum, still focused on the belt. See? He had been so chill about it lately, and if he truly had something to hide, he wouldn't have been like that. If he knew I would've been able to sense whatever Lumia thought I would've, he would've never agreed to it. Or to anything we had been doing for these past months.

Right?



I waited another second before releasing a breath. "I think it's good now."

"You think?"

He gave it one last tug, hard this time, and I stumbled forward with a small gasp. Before I could say anything, his warm lips were on mine. I couldn't help but smile into the kiss, and so did he.

When he broke it, I pushed him away and stepped back, giving him a slow turn. My arms were out, chin lifted.

"And?" I asked. "How does it suit me? Do I look like an Elite team member?"

Kylan's eyes slowly traveled over me. His lips curled into that gentle smile I loved. "You look..." He shook his head like he couldn't find the words. "Good."

"Good?" I laughed, raising a brow. "That's it? That's all I get?"

"You want more?"

"Obviously."

He stepped closer, his hands finding my waist. His eyes locked on mine, sharp and intense. "You look incredible," he said. "Beautiful, powerful, perfect...Like you could take down an entire army and still look...you're just incredible."

I opened my mouth to tell him not to overreact, but then he grabbed me and threw me over his shoulder. The same way he had carried me here.

A laugh escaped me, my hands gripping the back of his uniform as my legs dangled. "Kylan!"



He bounced me once, making me squeeze into him harder.

“What are you doing?”

“Just testing the gear,” he said.

“You really need to stop doing that!”

“I don't think I want to,” he said back. I rested my head against his shoulder and just let him carry me as he walked from behind the trees, his arm locking around my thighs.

As he led us back, the voices returned. “Lovebirds!” Rochwall called out. I twisted my neck, barely managing to see behind me.

Rochwall and Jorn stood together while Jane was helping out others with their gear.

“What does he want?”

“He wants us to come over,” Kylan muttered.

Kylan walked us toward them, and when we reached the two commanders, he finally set me back on my feet. Rochwall was smiling at us while Jorn had his usual cold frown on his face.

Well, he had already made it clear he was against the idea of mates being on the same team. Nothing new there.

Rochwall positioned himself in front of Kylan while Jorn stepped in front of me, and my stomach tightened almost immediately. Why did I get... him?

He reached into a small pouch and pulled out a pin. It was round with a purple star in the center.



"It's a year pin," Rochwall said. I looked to the side and saw him pulling out two pins for Kylan. One for his first year, one for his second, I assumed.

"Is this new?" Kylan asked. "You didn't do this last year."

I felt Jorn's fingers pressing the pin into place on my uniform and glanced at him for just a second.

"Principal Sterling proposed we highlight the Elite Team a bit more this year," Rochwall explained, carefully attaching Kylan's first pin. "Make them more official, more visible...the face of Starlight. He has even proposed a new captain badge, just for you."

"Face," he let out a cold chuckle, his jaw twitching slightly. Well, it was as clear as day that he didn't agree with it. But neither did I.

What face?

Jorn glared down while adjusting the pin, his expression sharp enough to cut glass. When I quickly looked away again, I caught Kylan's gaze, and he gave me a chuckle. I chattered my teeth, giving him a look that said exactly what I was thinking.

"Why would he do that?" I wondered.

Rochwall clicked his tongue. "I don't know for certain, but..." He paused, attaching the second pin. When he finished, he met my gaze. "I think it might have something to do with the future queen and king of Lyperia sharing a spot on this team. High expectations and all that."

'High expectations. I wonder if they would feel the same if they knew what runs through royal blood these days,' Lumia scoffed. 'Well...is it time for our run already?'



My throat bobbed at her choice of words, and my gaze snapped to Kylan.

Why was Lumia doing this?

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