

Chapter 474

Kylan

I walked beside Nate as we left for our final class of the day. Combat training.

The halls were busy as students rushed past us, desperate to get to their next class. It should've been a normal afternoon, but for some reason it didn't feel like it. I couldn't quite put my finger on it.

"Kaelis sent me this message last night." Nate pushed his phone in my face, and I turned the other way. It had to be at least the tenth time he'd brought her up today. "She said she's counting down the days, and I told her so are we."

"Are we?"

Nate looked at me as if I had just asked him the strangest question. "Yes!" he stated. He kept talking, and I forced myself to listen. Or tried to.

But my sister coming here wasn't something I was looking forward to. It didn't matter that we had made up or that things were much better between us. She was still Kaelis, and Kaelis was a problem. Chaotic.

So was Nate. They didn't mean to be, but they just were. That was the worst part.

Together? I didn't even want to imagine.

I hoped they would be good for each other. I really did. Nate deserved happiness, and so did my sister. But there was still this bit of doubt, this worry that their chaos would feed off each other instead of balance out and change their experience at Starlight. I knew she had saved his life,



but everything between them was moving too fast.

I also knew I wasn't one to talk.

Me, the guy who had just fought with his mate over a secret he kept for two months and told her he regretted marking.

I wasn't exactly a relationship expert either.

I was happy for the two of them, truly, but I would've rather had her at any other academy.

Somewhere far away so I wouldn't have to witness the disaster waiting.

Somewhere they could both thrive, and avoid what I had been going through.

Or maybe I was being selfish.

Maybe hearing him speak made me think of Violet. She would usually come find me between her classes or pop up out of nowhere with a bright smile to tell me about her day. Today she hadn't.

Despite us fixing as much as we could between us, I hadn't seen her yet.

Was she still upset?

Were we not as okay as I thought we were?

Was she waiting for me to come to her?

I was even starting to sound like her with all that overthinking. Today was probably a busy day for her. That's all.

My attention shifted as a group of girls leaning against the wall broke out

in laughter.

"And that hot professor was all over Trinity and Violet," one of them said. "He literally sat down in front of them and -"

I stopped in my tracks.

Violet?

I shook my head, confused. Was I hearing things correctly?

Turning on my heel, I immediately started walking toward them. Nate, who had finally stopped talking, noticed.

"Hey!" he called after me, following behind. Bothered, I raised my hand.

"Not now, Nate."

I stopped right in front of the girl who had said her name and looked her up and down. All of them looked up at me, startled as their giggles died instantly.

"Prince Kylan..." the girl breathed, her eyes wide.

"What did you just say?" I asked, my voice sharp. "About Violet and that professor?"

Fuck, I sounded like a loser.

'Stop humiliating yourself,' Valerius exhaled.

The girls didn't respond. They just stared at me like they were waiting for permission to speak.

I rolled my eyes and motioned with my hand impatiently. "Hello?"



Nate let out an uncomfortable laugh behind me. "Kylan?"

"No, wait," I hissed, looking at the three girls, waiting to see who would open their mouth first.

One of them sighed. "The new, ridiculously good-looking professor seemed to have taken a liking to them," she said carefully. "And Violet practically ran after him when class ended, and—"

The girl beside her elbowed her hard, cutting her off.

I already got the answer and didn't wait to hear the rest, so I stormed off without saying another word. Nate's footsteps caught up behind me.

"I'm sure it's nothing," he reassured. "She probably just ran after him because she had a question. You know how serious Violet gets about her herbs."

I shrugged. "I don't care."

Nate let out a short, loud laugh.

"We do care," Valerius cut in. "We care, and you need to put your jealousy aside. Think of Baelor!"

"I'm not jealous!" I growled. It was just a simple question. A curiosity.

I took a deep breath.

In and out.

Nate glanced at me, his eyes filled with amusement. "So you still get jealous," he remarked. "Good to know."

A trembly smile forced its way onto my lips.



"I'm not jealous. I'm proud of her," I said. "She is so invested in her classes that she ran after the professor just to ask him a question."

Nate gave me a firm slap on the back. "Sure. Is everything alright between the two of you?" he asked. "I didn't say anything yesterday because I didn't want to bother you, but—"

"Never been better."

Nate hummed, clearly not convinced. I thought about yesterday. We didn't come to an agreement, but we patched things up, and that was good for now. One day, she would hopefully understand why I was mostly right about all of this, and made the right decision.

"So when we get to combat training," Nate went on, "you're not going to murder the punching bag this time?"

"Correct."

~

It was safe to say I didn't end up murdering the punching bag, but I was starting to get irritated. It was hard to admit, but yes...maybe I was a bit jealous.

Luckily, I hadn't lost any control. With Valerius's help, I reminded myself to control my breathing and focus on the good things rather than the bad emotions. But underneath it all, my feelings were still there.

When training ended, I walked out of the room expecting to see her this time because she usually was. Waiting by the door with that soft smile before she would reach for my hand and blush.

But she wasn't.

Maybe it wasn't the professor that unsettled me.

Maybe it was me.

I had been missing her a lot, and going a few days without having her in my bed was absolute torture. Having that small thought in the back of my mind that perhaps things weren't as 'fixed' as I thought they were was torture.

Did I mess up again by telling her I was right and she was wrong? Had I been stupid enough not to notice that she was still upset?

As we crossed the courtyard, Nate glanced at me. "Are you going to her room?"

I really wanted to...

"No."

The word came out before I could stop it. I didn't want to seem desperate or show up at her dorm like some jealous fool who couldn't handle a few hours apart.

But as soon as we entered the dorm building, the sweet scent of Violet caught my nose. I inhaled deeply, and a smile spread across my face.

She was here.

"Alright, I'll see you later, Nate!" I said, barely glancing at him before rushing toward the stairs.

"Suddenly?" Nate called after me, confused.

I didn't look back and took the stairs, two at a time. Her scent grew

Commented [Ma1]:

Commented [Ma2R1]:

Commented [Ma3R1]:



stronger, and I couldn't resist.

When I reached my floor and turned the corner, I saw her standing there, pacing in front of my door with her arms folded across her chest.

I was just about to call out to her when a breath escaped her and she turned around. At that moment, all of my worries disappeared, and I could only see her. Violet.

Her blonde hair hung loose around her shoulders, her blue eyes were filled with worry, and she bit her lips nervously. But, as always, she was the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

"Kylan!" she breathed.

She let out a deep exhale, her shoulders dropping with relief. My smile widened as we started walking toward each other. Slowly at first, then faster.

It turned out I was stressing over nothing. We were just fine.

When she was close enough, I grabbed her arms and looked down at her. "I missed you today—"

"It's Jason," she smiled, cutting me off. "The visiting professor is Jason!"