

Chapter 62

Violet

Nervously, I bit my lips as Esther stared at me with narrowed eyes. I felt my pulse quicken. Even though I was technically on time, I knew she wasn't stupid. Getting caught out past curfew was no small thing, and an automatic strike—a permanent one.

Doing this while being part of the team that was supposedly the pride of the school was not done, and leaving the male dorm was just simply humiliating. Barely anyone got caught, but of course—it had to be me.

Although I tried to keep my face neutral, guilt was written all over it.

"Seeing as curfew has barely ended, I'm just going to assume that you're not coming back from a walk," Esther said, her gaze sharp and intense.

Slowly, her eyes traveled to my neck, and I immediately hid it with my hand. I hadn't looked in a mirror yet, but after everything Kylan and I had done last night, I had a great feeling of what it would look like.

Esther's sharp eyes softened as she let out a small, disappointed sigh. "I can give you a strike," she spoke, "or I can look past this because you're one of my best students, and you can think about your mistake—and we can pretend none of this ever happened."

For some reason there was a disappointment that went beyond just breaking curfew, and I was unsure why. She was even willing to give me a pass, and part of me wished she could've been this generous when I had asked her information about Mom or Adelaide.

"I-I," I stuttered, taking a deep breath. "I'll think about my mistake—"

"Good," Esther didn't even let me finish, her tone strict again. "You should go, then."

She glanced at me one last time before stepping aside, giving me permission to continue. I didn't wait a second, hurrying along.

Despite my frustrations about her, she was the one who had given me the opportunity to join the Elite team, she called me a good student, trusted me—so breaking that trust hit hard.

It was so worth it though.

And for Kylan, I would gladly do it again.

Arriving back in my dorm, I quickly grabbed my things and headed to the shower. Luckily, the halls were still quiet, and no one else seemed to be awake yet.

As soon as I jumped under the shower and the hot water hit me, my aching legs began to relax. I closed my eyes, instantly feeling ten times more cleaner than before.

Then my mind went back to Kylan as flashbacks appeared. He had been so gentle, yet so rough and passionate at the same time.

A smile reached my lips as the water slipped between my legs, the same spot where Kylan's soft lips had been. Everything about last night had been amazing, but then, just when I thought nothing could ruin it—he had gone out of his way to ask whether we still hated each other.

Even though he had agreed to being friends, the question still brought me back to square one, unsure of where we stood.

After I finished my shower, I got dressed and returned to my room. Trinity wasn't back yet, and at this point, she practically lived at Dylan's. All there was left to do was send her a quick text to meet up later, knowing we had the same lunch period.

I was unsure whether to tell her about Kylan or not, and part of it had to do with me being desperate, and crazy enough to push through with Nate just days ago. I was a dysfunctional mess, but there was no need for anyone to know that...for now.

Getting ready for class, I brushed my blonde locks over my shoulder. I blinked my blue eyes through my glasses, trying to see if something had changed—but it didn't.

I was still Violet, and there was no way one could see that I had just lost my virginity to the most popular guy at the academy last night.

Well, almost...

My cheeks turned red as I noticed faint red marks near my neck. I touched the spot, and the memories returned—of the way he had gently kissed me there, how close he had come to marking me as his.

I would never forget the feeling of his fangs grazing my neck. Smiling, I rubbed the spot lightly. Call me crazy, but I just wanted the day to fly by so I could see him again.

I just wanted him to look at me with those daring brown eyes, and that cocky smirk of his—thinking about whether he would call me Puppy or Violet. Each time it was something different.

Was this love, maybe?

I chuckled to myself, surprised I had even asked myself that question.

There was a clear difference between caring, crushing, loving, and even being in love. I was still uncertain which one of those applied to me.

Just to be safe, and avoid any attention—I threw a short scarf around my neck. With the other girls still sleeping, I slipped out of the dorm and headed to my first class early—anything not to see them, especially Chrystal.

She had told me to stay away from Kylan, and after last night I was at the point where I did not give a fuck. Maybe I understood her unhealthy obsession after all.

All I could think about was him.

Even during my first two classes, Healing Theory and Herbology, I could barely focus.

Those were two of my strongest classes, but every time I tried to listen to the lecture, my mind wandered back to last night, and how deep Kylan had been buried inside me.

Whenever I wasn't daydreaming about last night, I found myself looking forward to Elite training, where I would see him again.

I was quite shocked when the time I had wasted flew by faster than usual, and it was time for lunch. In the cafeteria, I spotted Trinity right away.

She sat at a table with some girls surrounding her. As soon as she laid her eyes on me, she waved for me to come over. The girls she'd been chatting with finished their conversation and left, smiling at me as they walked by.

"Hey, girl!" Trinity greeted, patting the table. She flashed me a wide grin, and I gave one in return.

"Nice turtleneck," I teased, reaching over the table to tug at the collar of her sweater. The weather was decent today, definitely no sweater weather, so it wasn't hard to imagine what her neck must've looked like. Considering the fact that Dylan marked her, possibly worse than mine.

Trinity laughed, looking a little too proud. "Well, I would've told you," she said, rolling her eyes, "but it involves your brother—"

"Then please spare me the details," I scrunched my nose.

Trinity laughed even harder, shrugging her shoulders.

"Are you not going to eat?" she asked.

"No, I'm full."

The truth was, I was too excited to eat. My stomach was already fluttering with the thought of seeing Kylan again, and eating would only make it worse. Trinity pierced her eyes through mine as if she was trying to figure something out.

"What?" I asked, trying to act casual.

She chuckled. "What's up with the scarf?" she asked.

I blinked, pretending to be clueless. "What scarf?"

She tilted her head. "The scarf."

"Where?" I said, hoping I could somehow dodge the question. It was my fault, though. I was the one stupid enough to bring up her turtleneck.

"There! That big ass scarf around your neck, Violet," she scoffed, laughing. "I want to believe you were a good girl during the full moon and stayed in your bed," she said, "but for some reason, I don't believe it."

My lips trembled as they fought to keep the truth from her, but I couldn't do it any longer. A lot of people had judged me about the Nate thing lately without knowing the full story, but if anyone wouldn't judge me—it had to be my best friend.

That's why I decided to tell her.

I leaned in closer. "I lost my virginity to Kylan," I said, whispering, my lips curving into a smile as I waited for her reaction.

Surprisingly, Trinity's face fell, her expression turning from excitement to something closer to dismay, maybe even disgust.

"What?" she stammered.

I frowned, confused. "I thought you were Team Kylan?"

She looked away, releasing a soft huff. "I—I was," she said slowly. "But that was until you told me you lost your virginity to him last night... while some of the girls just told me Chrystal left his room this very morning."

An empty feeling settled in my chest as her words sank in. I knew what Kylan and I had was casual, but he could've at least waited twenty-four hours before bringing someone else into his room.

Even though there was a small bit of hope, after last night, I hadn't expected anything serious. However, this felt like a slap in the face—a reminder that, to him, it probably meant nothing.