

Chapter 30

Violet

Nate's smile faded, and I could almost kill myself. I had come here to ask him another question, and now I had made him uncomfortable. We had promised not to talk about it, and now I had gone and broken that promise. Why did I even bring it up?

He tapped the table with his finger, looking down.

My hand moved on its own as it went across the table to cover his. He looked up again, staring at me with those brown eyes. Usually they were confident, now they were insecure.

"I'm sorry—it's none of my business," I whispered, apologizing. "It's just that I really care about you, and I don't want you to overdose or die—"

What was I even saying?

I facepalmed, knowing how insensitive all of this must've sounded.

"No, not die—fuck!" I slammed my hand over my mouth.

Nate gave an amused chuckle, and I quickly pulled back my hand. "Thanks for the nice speech, but I'm doing fine."

Luckily, he could laugh about it—and I forced myself to laugh back to make it less awkward.

"So," I began, looking around. "Where is Kylan? Aren't the two of you married or something?"

Nate snorted. "If Kylan and I aren't together, you really don't want to imagine what or who he's doing."

His words were supposed to be funny, but my jaw instantly clenched. I knew exactly what he meant, and the thought of Kylan being with Chrystal, or half the school for that matter—bothered me.

What made it worse was knowing that I had almost become one of those girls.

He must've fooled them too.

Nate's words made me realize that I had no time to beat around the bush. Not any longer.

I had come here to ask him a question, and I was going to ask it.

Taking a deep breath, I focused back on Nate as I prepared for the moment I'd been dreading.

"I have something to ask you."

He frowned. "What is it?"

I tried gathering my thoughts, thinking about the right words to say—but there weren't any. Everything lead to that once sentence.

"First," I began, "you have to promise me you won't laugh or run away."

Nate gave me a confused look, followed by a chuckle. "Why?"

"Because what I'm going to ask you is... I don't know, you might laugh or run away."

His smile widened, already failing my first request. "People ask me the craziest things all the time. Shoot."

Shoot?

My palms were sweating, heart practically hammered in my chest—but I had to do this.

I had to ask.

"Even though I haven't been here for that long," I chose my words carefully, "you've been there for me since day one, and you're—of course, one of my good friends."

Nate nodded, his expression serious this time.

"And," my voice trembled slightly, "I trust you. Fully."

"I trust you too, Vivi," Nate chuckled, completely unaware of where this conversation was headed.

He trusted me...

My lips trembled as he shot me a questioning look. He was waiting for me to speak, but when I didn't say anything, he took a sip from his bottle.

"Do you trust me enough to not think I'm crazy if I would ask you to take my virginity?"

"What?" Nate spat his drink out, then began coughing. His eyes were wide as he nearly choked.

Well...that went well.

Nate wiped his mouth with the back of his hand.

"Is this a test?"

A test?

Maybe Kylan was right to call me a prude.

Only a prude would get asked if this was a test.

"No, it's not." I mumbled. "I'm serious."

Nate leaned back, studying me for a moment. "I have to admit," he smirked. "I wasn't expecting that. At all."

"What? Me being a virgin or..."

"N-No, you look like a virgin."

Ouch.

"I was talking about you asking me to..." he moved his lips, trying to find the words. "What?"

In that moment, I wished the ground would just swallow me up. Was he really going to make me repeat it?

"You're kind, Nate," I tried explaining myself. "You're considerate, you make me laugh, and I trust you—a lot. I know you'd take care of me, and I wouldn't have to worry about feeling awkward afterward."

He narrowed his eyes slightly. "So, you've really thought this through and decided I'm the right candidate?"

I moved my head just enough to say yes, feeling more and more ridiculous the longer this conversation went on.

Nate suddenly burst out laughing, unable to hold it back any longer. "I'm sorry," he stammered. "I know you told me not to laugh but..."

My heart sank from humiliation as I sat there, frozen. This was a mistake. Trinity was right—it was absolutely ridiculous to even think this could work.

"You know what?" I stood up quickly, pushing my chair back. "This was a bad idea. Forget I ever said anything."

As I was about to walk away, Nate reached for my arm across the table, and wrapped his hand around my wrist, gently pulling me back down into my chair again.

"No, no—sit," he said, trying to compose himself. Then he drew in a long breath. "Vivi, you're someone really precious to me, and I would do anything for you."

My throat felt dry. "But?"

"But...taking your virginity?" He shook his head with a soft chuckle. "That's not exactly something I can just agree to on the spot. It's a pretty big deal."

"Not to me, it's not." I defended. "I honestly don't care. I just want to get it over with."

Nate ran a hand through his hair, clearly taken aback by my response. "But it's your first time," he spoke. "Don't you at least want it to be special?"

"No," I shrugged. "Was yours?"

A chuckle escaped from his lips. "No."

"Then why should mine be?" I argued. "I just want it done with. No drama, no emotions, no strings—just..."

"Sex," he finished. Nate gave me a long look before sighing as if he was still processing everything. "You're talking about it like it's nothing."

"Because it really isn't," I argued. "All I'm asking is one favor, and afterward we'll pretend like it never happened."

"You make it sound so easy."

"Because it is," I spoke. "Like I said. No drama, no emotions, no strings, just..."

"Sex," he finished, chuckling. "You can't even say the word."

"I can say it!" I shot back. "Sex, sex, sex, sex—"

"Alright, you proved your point," Nate said, glancing around the cafeteria before giving me a teasing smile. "Cute."

I tensed at that word.

Cute?

I was tired of being called cute. I didn't want to be cute. It was time for me to be taken seriously, and not patted on the head like some puppy.

"Can I think about it?" Nate asked. At least it was better than nothing.

"Take your time."

The awkward silence that was about to settle between us was thankfully interrupted by the sound of the bell. Nate stood up first, but before he left, he locked his eyes with me—holding my gaze for a second longer than I expected.

I gulped, staring back into those brown eyes and that kind smile.

Who knew what he was thinking?

Was he just as thrown off by my request as Trinity was, or was he already coming up with a way to let me down gently?

Nate opened his mouth. "Then I'll give it a really good thought and get back to you—cool?"

"Sure."

What I didn't tell him, and what I couldn't tell him—was that part of my reason had to do with Kylan.

Everyone knew how loyal Nate was to him, and I wasn't sure how he'd react if he knew the full story.

Did that make me a bad person? Probably, but still not worse than Kylan.

"Do you mind keeping this between the two of us?" I asked, just in case. Despite the two being best friends, Kylan might not have told him about me being his mate—but who knew if they kept score on girls.

Nate's eyes softened. "Don't worry, it'll be our little secret," he spoke, flashing another grin and giving me a wink. "See you at training, beautiful."

I growled softly as he turned his back on me and walked away.

Trinity had said he'd sleep with anyone who threw themselves at him, but something deep down told me I might've been an exception, and I didn't know why.

Was I not attractive enough to him? Did he call me beautiful because he pitied me and actually thought I was ugly?

If he was planning on rejecting me, I would've rather he just did it now. This whole situation was nerve-racking.

I didn't want to wait, but unfortunately I didn't have much of a choice.

Now, there was nothing left but to see what would happen next.