

Chapter 31

Kylan

I released a groan, punching my fist against the punching bag—over and over. The bag swung back, even creaking on its chain—that's how frustrated I felt. The worst thing about it was that nothing and no one could take it away.

Not Chrystal, not any of the other girls—no one.

It had been exactly seven days since Puppy had fallen apart under my hands, trembling, moaning. I shouldn't have touched her. I shouldn't have done it—but I did.

I shouldn't have invited her to my room, and I should've stopped it before it could get that far—but seeing her between my legs, so peaceful, and vulnerable as she leaned her head against my chest, I couldn't stop myself.

Now, all I could think about was her.

Her silky, blonde hair which was usually up in a ponytail, those curious ocean blue eyes—her breathless gasps, her soft skin, the way she had moaned my name like I was all she could think about.

It wasn't the beast driving my actions—no, it was me and my own thoughts.

“Fuck!” I grunted, slamming a harder punch into the bag.

It wasn't supposed to be like this. She meant nothing to me. She couldn't mean anything to me. She was a werewolf, weak—a Bloodrose.

She was nothing more than a village girl, not on my level in any way.

Yet, she had found her way inside my head—and I couldn't stop thinking about her.

I wanted to touch her, hear her fall apart under my touch again and again.

I should've rejected her like I had planned on doing the first time, but every time I even thought about it, something stopped me.

While I could make excuses all day, such as saying it wasn't the right time or I enjoyed torturing her—deep down, I knew the truth.

We had already become more attached, I feared the heartbreak from the rejection would hurt worse than my desire—so I was stuck. I was forced to deal with her for the sake of my strength because she wasn't only my weakness.

I had never wanted something so badly while also feeling this intense hatred, buried deep within my bones.

“Damn, who hurt you?” Dylan's voice pulled me from my thoughts. I glanced at his direction, as he entered the training room, adjusting the straps around his hands.

More students began walking in. Today the Diplomacy, Strategy and Leadership students, had a joined session with Combat, Strategy and Leadership—which meant I had to put up with yet another Bloodrose.

Just what I needed.

My eyes scanned the room for Nate, but he was missing. Again.

It wasn't unusual for him to skip a class or two, but now I understood why. It had to be that Lunaris crap he was taking.

I clenched my jaw, watching Dylan head to the bag next to mine. He had no idea his sister was the problem. That she had gotten into my head, made me lose focus, made me feel something I never should have felt.

Dylan chuckled. “You look a bit dead in the eyes, man. Like a serial killer.”

“Do I?”

Dylan and I weren't the bestest of friends, but since that night in the woods—we didn't get on each other's nerves like before. We had a few things in common, and had found some kind of middle ground.

I was an asshole, credits to my dad—but so was he, also credits to his dad.

I threw another punch to the bag, but it was helpless. His sister was still my problem, just like she had been his.

A bitter laugh escaped from my lips.

“What?” Dylan asked.

I shook my head, chuckling. He had some nerve to call me a serial killer, to joke about me looking dead in the eyes—while he was the one who had held a knife to Puppy's neck.

Wait?

My fist tightened as it hit me, and the anger started pulsing through me. I gave him a cold stare, thinking about how he held a knife to Puppy's throat while she slept, defenseless and unaware.

I wasn't there to protect her.

Why did I even care?

Before I knew it, I was punching the bag again—harder, and faster this time. The chain moved from side to side—but it was strong enough to still hold for now.

Out of the corner of my eye, I caught Dylan shooting me confused glances now and then. I was so heated, he should've been grateful it was the bag I was hitting, and not him.

“Dylan!”

He quickly tore his gaze away from me as one of the guys called out to him, and without a word, finally walked off.

I growled, hitting the bag even harder this time. It swayed violently in the air, almost breaking loose—and if Commander Jorn hadn't walked in at that moment, it would've.

Shocked by my own strength, I took a step back, removing the straps from my hand.

I needed to control my feelings, but it was hard to when I didn't know anything else other than anger.

Ever since I was a kid, I had struggled to keep my emotions in check. It was the one emotion that felt natural to me, the one thing I knew how to express, even when I didn't want to.

But now, I was feeling things I didn't recognize—things I didn't want to deal with. And when that happened, my mind went straight back to what it knew best. The anger.

Taking a deep breath, I tossed the straps aside. I needed to calm down, to clear my mind.

“Alright, everyone!” Commander Jorn called out. “It's time to start, warm ups—let's go!”

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After a long day of classes, I had met up with Nate who had dragged me to the café on campus.

“Man, I need this.” Nate said, taking a bite from his food. “I swear, if I have to sit through one more lecture—I'm gonna stab someone.”

I hummed in response, thinking the complete opposite. This was the same café where I had last seen Puppy. Nate could've picked out any other place, but he just had to come here.

My blood boiled, just thinking about how she told me she would let my brothers fuck me before she'd ever let me touch her again. We both knew the impact I had on her, and we both knew that was a lie.

I glanced off to the side, staring at the table where she had been seated that day, my eyebrows knitting together. Her words had shocked me. I hadn't expected something so sharp to come from her sweet mouth—yet it did.

Just like it did that day in the restroom. She wasn't as innocent, and as submissive as I wanted her to be, and I hated it.

Yes, I hated that she had a voice and wouldn't let me win.

All she had to say was, ‘Yes, Kylan. I hear you, and I'll take my distance,’ but somehow the conversation escalated to her getting fucked by my brothers. The ultimate disrespect.

Nate interrupted my thoughts, pointing at my untouched plate. “Are you gonna eat that?”

I sighed, shoving it toward him. “Help yourself.”

He shrugged and immediately dug into the cheesecake. I couldn't help but chuckle a little. Nate was different today—hyper, energetic, all over the place. Normally, I wouldn't have paid attention, but now I did.

“Where were you today during combat?” I asked, curious.

Nate paused for a second, mid-bite. “Hmm?” he frowned.

“You weren't in training,” I repeated, getting a bit frustrated. He'd heard me the first time.

“Where were you?”