

The Alpha's Bride #Chapter 1031 Young Alpha Violet (5) - Read The Alpha's Bride Chapter 1031 Young Alpha Violet (5) Online -

Chapter 1031 Young Alpha Violet (5)

Violet was walking to the house where Cornelia and James were; her pace was much slower than she wanted it to be because three kids followed her. Molly, David, and Mia, aged 7, 5, and 4 years, respectively.

If Violet could shift, everything would be much faster, but the youngsters didn't have their first shift yet, so she was stuck to a snail's pace. The little ones would stop on every few steps to look at the butterfly, a bug, or a rock. Everything was interesting.

"Hurry up, or I will leave you behind," Violet grumbled.

The trio was excited to play with Cornelia and James' kids, so they hurried after Violet obediently. As they approached their destination, they heard noise from there...

"Wait! Wait!" Violet shouted after the youngsters, but it was in vain. The three kids heard squeals and giggles from their friends, and they dashed away.

Violet couldn't believe how quickly they ran. "Why did you drag your feet so far?"

Violet wanted to use her ability to bring them back and teach them a lesson, but the reality was that she didn't get the hang of her power, and she hated it.

"Figures," Violet grumbled. Her younger brothers were also mischievous. Jacob was almost bearable, but Logan, Zeke, and Gabriel gave her a headache.

"Violet!" Cornelia called when she noticed the newcomer. She was tending to the herbs in her garden, and six kids were running around on the playground a bit further away.

James made it with some help from Cornelia's magic. It had a twisting slide, monkey bars, swings, and a massive sand pit.

"Did you bring Molly, David, and Mia here?" Cornelia asked.

"Yes, Aunt Cora. I was on my way here, and Petra and Zack said it would be OK. Is it OK?"

"Of course," Cornelia assured Violet. "What brings you here?"

"I would like to talk to you."

"Sounds serious."

"It is. To me."

Cornelia left the pruning shears in the basket by her side and walked to meet Violet.

"Is Uncle James around?"

"He is inside on a video call with Alpha William. They are arguing for more than half an hour. The old guy is still refusing our terms on trade, but he wants the benefits. My James won't let that slide."

Violet wanted to ask, how can Cornelia call a guy in his fifties as old if she lived for more than three centuries? But Cornelia looked like a female in her early twenties, and by looks alone, she could be Alpha William's daughter.

Violet saw pictures from ten years ago, and then James looked like a boy next to Cornelia, yet now he matched her in maturity while Cornelia didn't change, not even a little bit. Actually, James looked like he was a few years older when compared to Cornelia.

The rumors are that James' biological father had an Alpha bloodline as a recessive gene, and when James and Cornelia mated, her magic activated that gene in James.

Violet was good at studies, and she would call that theory nonsense because no one EVER activated a recessive gene in a grown specimen. Still, the fact was that James was bigger, stronger, and faster than any regular werewolf, and his aging was slower than expected which meant that his wolf was special. Also, Violet could swear that she sensed a strange Alpha aura when Commander George sparred with James. Violet was familiar with George's aura, and that burst was not his. The only logical conclusion was that it belonged to James, who was equally matched with George, who didn't conceal he had an Alpha bloodline.

However, it was obvious that James was perfectly content to live as Gamma James in the two-story house with Cornelia and their three kids. If he acknowledged his Alpha heritage, he would end up with people following him, and he would have much more work, just like Commander George is stuck managing a town. If not for Erik and Owen helping out, Dawn and their two kids would barely see George between training, military duties, and managing the town where ex-members of the Frostcrest pack lived.

And just as James was living an unusually quiet life for a werewolf of his status, Cornelia was the same, but by witches' standards. Cornelia acted as Alpha Natalia's Gamma, and she worked closely with Amelia as a point of contact for all witches who now lived in this realm.

Over the years, Cornelia showed wisdom and skill that left many in awe, and people wondered who would win if Evanora and Cornelia clashed for real. Regretfully for the masses, Cornelia and Evanora were not interested in a showdown to determine their power levels.

Evanora was busy with Edgar and their grandkids. God knows they had their hands full with ten kids (five sets of twins) that Axel and Yasmin produced in the last thirteen years. It didn't look like Axel and Yasmin were ready to stop.

Yasmin said that during pregnancy, she could tap into a mystical realm and gain a better understanding of her powers. For her, getting pregnant was for research purposes, and Axel had no objections. If not for the breastfeeding period and sleepless nights with twin infants, Axel and Yasmin would have babies at least once per year! Miles and Daisy were now two years old, which meant that news of another Yasmin's pregnancy could come any day.

Violet loved her cousins, but other than Valeria and Edgar, others were a noisy bunch that was good only for making a ruckus.

More than once, Violet heard Damon teasing Axel, "Are you creating a pack of your own by making so many pups?" Axel would counter that with a shrug and, "It's not my fault you can make only one pup at a time." Damon would blow a fuse, and Talia would interfere because she feared Damon's obsession with impregnating her would spark again.

That whole group was made of Alphas and powerful creatures that carried the bloodline of Gods, and the fact that Cornelia was among them as an equal, spoke about her power more than any other test in existence.

"How about we sit?" Cornelia asked Violet while gesturing toward big stones arranged in a circle. That area was made by James, for him and Cornelia to snuggle after they put their kids to sleep. Cornelia would use magic to warm up the stones, and they would sometimes light up the fire in the middle. Cornelia had many good memories of that place. Many carnal memories. Ah, only if those stones could talk.

Violet was ready for this. She sat where Cornelia offered and immediately went to the topic that brought her here.

"You are interested in the ceremony," Cornelia concluded.

"Yes. I want to sense my mate."

"That's not a good idea, Vi."

"Why? Does it have negative effects? I'm sure you can make it safe. You are the best witch in this realm."

Cornelia smiled. "I will take the compliment, but this is not about my skill."

Violet frowned. "Then? Are you also going to tell me that it's best to wait? Five years, Aunt Cora. Five. Long. Years."

"That will pass in a flash if you focus on what you have instead of on what you are missing."

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Chapter 1032 Young Alpha Violet (6)

Violet's frown deepened. "Why are you not willing to help me, Aunt Cora?"

"Because if I do, you will find out why they call your father Black Demon."

Violet heard about that. She thought it was a play on her father's name, Damon Blake - Black Demon, and she assumed it was because people said he was the most powerful Alpha of their generation. But maybe there was more to it. It didn't matter. Her father was brooding and overbearing, but he would never harm her. "Why won't you help me? I need to understand."

Cora pursed her lips while thinking about how to answer this. She decided to go straight to the point. Violet was stubborn and reckless like her parents, and only a shock factor would help this.

"Do you know what mates do, Vi?"

Violet nodded eagerly. "They cherish each other and put each other first, and..." Her voice trailed when she saw Cornelia shaking her head. "What?"

"When mates recognize each other, they rip each other's clothes and have sex. Lots of it."

Violet's eyes widened. "You are kidding."

"Why would I joke about that? When I met Jay, I knew he was my mate, but he didn't. I don't remember if it was a few days or a few years, but it felt like an eternity until he confirmed the bond. After we accelerated maturing of his wolf, he carried me over his shoulder to the bedroom, and we didn't come out of it for days. Do you know what we did? Sex. Unless we were sleeping or eating, we had sex. All the time. It was dirty and sweaty with the sound of flesh slapping against flesh. Are you ready for that, Vi?"

Violet's icy-blue eyes were wide to the point of hurting. Did Cornelia need to be so graphic?

Was Violet ready for sex? She knew all body parts and watched educational videos (and some not-so-educational ones sneakily). She was curious, but she was only thirteen years old, and the thought of doing those obscene things was scary and repulsing.

Part of Violet hoped that Ethan was her mate. She loved spending time with him. He was handsome and funny, and she loved when they had sleepovers and would snuggle while sharing a blanket and watching movies late, but sex? Just thinking about it made her super-anxious.

"I'm not interested in..." She couldn't say it. "...that thing. I just want to know who my mate is."

"The ceremony won't make you feel the bond, Vi. It will accelerate maturing of your wolf. You can't turn off parts of your wolf. Once she feels the bond, she will know who her other half is, and she will feel an insatiable need to combine two halves into one, in every way possible. Sex included. And if I have anything to do with the ceremony that will allow you to mature before your time, Alpha Damon will come for my head. There will be no safe space for me across all realms."

"He wouldn't harm you."

Cornelia stifled a laugh. "Your father is a man some admire and many fear. There is a reason for that. I don't know if you are aware of how protective Damon is of your family. Talia, you, and your four brothers, if anyone dares to mess with you, Damon will not stop until they experience the lowest levels of hell."

That was something Violet could believe. A group of warriors snickered when Violet struggled with the flying kick, and Damon sent them to a month-long survival training in the mountains. And any kid that dared to say anything bad to her would end up absent from school for a while, and after that, they would avoid her. Violet had a feeling it was her father's doing, but she didn't have any proof.

"Aunt Cora," Violet called and inched closer to ask in a whisper, "That sex urge... how long does it last?"

"Why?"

"Maybe you could make me feel the bond, and then I will hide somewhere until it passes. Tie me up if needed."

Cornelia's eyes widened. "Years, Vi. It takes years."

"Years? Are you saying that for years people are just... going at it?" Her thirteen-year-old mind had difficulty processing this information.

Cornelia looked dreamily in the direction of the house. "Thirteen years, Vi, and we are still going strong. OK. After a few years, we learned to control our urges and to act properly in public, but attraction didn't dwindle, and I hope this feeling never diminishes." She turned to Violet. "That's what mates are. Inseparable. Insatiable. Once you meet, you can't go back."

Violet's expression fell. "You are telling me that I shouldn't rush this."

"I'm telling you to cherish this time when you are learning about yourself as an individual. Find out what makes Violet Blake unique. Only like that, you will appreciate your other half when you find him. If you want to find him sooner, work on yourself. The Moon Goddess is watching. When she determines you are ready, she will arrange it, so you cross paths and feel the pull."

Violet's brows came together in serious contemplation of Cornelia's words, and Cornelia turned to check on the kids.

The noise was still there, but Cornelia needed to ensure no one was missing.

One, two... five, six. They were all there, moving. Alive. That was enough.

Cornelia's oldest son, Andrew, was Violet's age, but he preferred to stay with little ones who wouldn't look at him weirdly.

Andrew was a thirteen-year-old boy who faced an identity crisis.

He didn't have a wolf, and his sensitivity to energies was high enough to put him among high-ranking witches.

That didn't sound bad to an outsider, but for Andrew, it was horrible.

Without a wolf, Andrew was not a werewolf, and he was not a witch because he was male. Witches were females. He was the odd one. The only one.

As a teen, the only thing he wanted was to blend in and be part of a group, but no matter where he went, he was sticking out as a sore thumb. Violet tried including him, but he said he didn't want her pity, so she backed away, even though she knew exactly how he felt. Violet was also unique, but Andrew said that her uniqueness didn't make her a weirdo and that she couldn't possibly understand what he was going through.

Cornelia hoped that Andrew would snap out of it soon and learn to love himself because his parents and siblings loved him dearly, and he had many friends who accepted him. The only thing Andrew needed was to accept himself.

"You are leaving?" Cornelia asked when Violet stood up.

"Yes. I have guests. It would be rude to neglect them. Thank you, Aunt Cora."

"You are welcome, Vi."

Cornelia waited for Violet to disappear, and then she reached into the pocket of her vest.

"Did you hear that?" Violet spoke into the phone.

"Every word," Talia responded. "Thank you, Cora."

"You are welcome."

Cornelia ended the call and turned to see James approaching her.

He was tall and handsome, and his smile always did something funny to his stomach. But the most impactful was how he looked at her like he was hungry and only she could satiate him.

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Chapter 1033 Gamma James' family

"Are you done with your meeting?" Cornelia asked James when he reached her.

"Mhm..." He hummed and sat on the rock next to her.

She loved how his arm wrapped around her to pull her on him. He was warm and solid and oozed safety and comfort.

"Did it go well?" Cornelia asked.

"Are you doubting your man?"

"Never."

Cornelia giggled when James reached under her legs and lifted her like she weighed nothing. She always loved how strong he was.

He put her to sit on his lap, and she wiggled to make herself comfortable before putting her head on his shoulder.

Cornelia closed her eyes and smiled while remembering how it all started. She came to this realm out of curiosity to see what was behind the portal, and then she picked up a weak pull and followed it to investigate. She ended up stalking James and three other youngsters for most of the night, and the four of them had so much fun that they didn't notice her. That night, Cornelia was glad James didn't react to any of the girls who shamelessly approached him.

James didn't feel the bond at first, but he was interested and didn't allow Cornelia to leave.

No matter how much he sensed their bond, James was always considerate, to the point of cutting himself after the ceremony so that the pain diminished his lust that swelled with the mate bond he could sense then.

Everyone knew that Gamma James was strong, intelligent, and shouldn't be provoked, but they didn't know how his caring and passionate side. That was only for Cornelia to see.

Every time they made love, James put her needs first, and Cornelia was confident that she would fall in love with him even without their mate bond. He was a true gentleman, even when he was ravishing her. Cornelia was never with any other man, but she was confident that James was gifted down there and that he was a skilled lover. He could make her come with his cock, fingers, lips, and tongue, and just thinking about his muscular form and heated gaze would make her knees go weak.

James cradled Cornelia in his arms, savoring the peace and belonging that came with her proximity.

Thanks to Cornelia, James managed to get out of years of abuse in the Redmayne family. Damon offered James a way out, but James was unsure if he would actually take it if not for Cornelia.

Besides the family of five that James and Cornelia created, James had his mother and biological father.

Over the years, they had met several times, but mainly for Andrew, Zoe, and Jeremy.

Layla and Chester showed interest in getting closer to James, but it didn't happen. Even while living in the packhouse of the Red Moon pack, James was never close to his mother. As for his biological father, Chester (aka the sperm donor, how James called him sometimes), he was not in James' life when he needed him the most. Did James need him now? Not really.

It's not that James held grudges. He was simply not interested.

James never clarified if Chester was aware that he had children who were growing up in an abusive packhouse, and James didn't want to know. It was easier to believe that Chester was ignorant. But where would that put Layla? James remembered his mother's indifference when Alpha Edward would "teach" James how a proper Alpha should act. Layla told James that if she interfered, it wouldn't help James, but it would only enrage Edward, and it's not that James didn't believe that, but he thought that over the years, she could have come up with something, anything, to make his life easier, yet she chose silence.

James grew up studying, training, and enduring harsh punishments for the slightest mistake or when he didn't meet Alpha Edward's expectations while his mother was planning outings and parties and spending her days in a spa with her girlfriends. Somehow, he couldn't evaluate their sufferings as equal.

Rumors about James having an Alpha aura reached Layla, and she called him to say how he should be grateful to his father for it. James didn't see it that way, and he vowed never to use his aura again. He survived and made a good life without it, and he didn't want to feel like he owed anything to Layla or Chester.

On the other hand, James thought that it was ironic. He grew up fearing for his life because he didn't have an Alpha bloodline, and now that it activated, he didn't want it.

The only other blood-related person James acknowledged was Marcy. He would leave flowers on her grave on the anniversary of her death and her birthday. James would stand there for hours without saying a word. He never knew what to say to Marcy, but the fact that they grew up in similar hell created a bond he couldn't ignore. Marcy and James were abused by the same people, albeit in different ways.

Every time James thought about his childhood, a wave of negativity would come over him, and the only thing that calmed his raging emotions was Cornelia, his chocolate-colored Goddess that smelled of wild berries.

Cornelia never rejected him. She was always by his side, encouraging, accepting, and welcoming, and for James, that was everything.

His nostrils flared when he picked up the scent of her arousal.

"What are you thinking about?" He asked.

Cornelia's eyes snapped open. She had no intention of admitting that she was thinking about the night in the Silver Flame Coven, just after the ceremony, when they made love the first time, and he put his mark on her neck. That was almost thirteen years ago, yet it felt like yesterday. Everything about James was fresh and exciting, and he made her giddy like a teenager in love. "Nothing."

He didn't buy it. "Reeeeeaaaally?"

"I was just wondering if I should prepare a snack for the kids or let them enjoy a bit longer."

"A snack." James chuckled. He could snack on Cornelia, anytime. And it would be enjoyable, as always. He tightened his hold on her. "Did you have a good talk with Vi?"

"You saw her? Why didn't you come to say hi?"

"And interrupt your girly chatter? It's not often you get to educate someone on sex. It would be awkward if I joined you."

Cornelia couldn't believe this. "You heard us?"

"What was that about controlling urges after a few years?"

"I don't remember saying anything like that."

"Let me remind you," James said, and he squeezed her ass. "You said that after a few years, you learned to control your urges in public."

"Jay," Cornelia called, her voice coming a bit breathy. "Kids are right there."

"I don't see any kids, Cora. I see only my Goddess, and I fear I can't control my urges to claim my mate."

Even without sensing James' rising sexual energy, Cornelia felt his erection poking her behind, and she knew that her handsome devil wouldn't stop until he got his fill of her. She nervously glanced over James' shoulder and started counting kids. One, two, three...

"Ahh..." A lustful sound escaped her lips when James licked his mark on her neck.

"Did you say something?" He asked, his deep voice increased her arousal.

She wanted to respond, but he was back to his mark, licking, kissing, and sucking. His every move sent electric charges straight to her core.

His hand ventured under her skirt, and he extended his claw just enough to rip her panties like they were nothing.

"Jay..." Cornelia called as he got down on his knees with her in his arms, and then he put her down on the grass. "The kids are right there."

"So?"

"They will hear us."

"Then... you should keep the noise down, my dear."

Cornelia knew that this was not the time or place. At least they should go inside the house!

But James was on top of her, with his pants pulled down, and she could feel his hard cock pressing on her, and she ended up spreading her legs wider to welcome him.

Damn the kids and everything.

Cornelia waved her index finger, and all noises around them stopped.

James looked at her and smiled in approval. "Does this mean kids won't hear us?"

"Just a bit of magic for privacy. We can't hear them, and they can't hear us. If they look this way, they will see us sitting on the rock."

A deep growl bubbled in Jame's chest, and then he felt the resistance that was charged with the sparks of their bond as her wet heat enveloped his cock.

"Fuck, Cora," James cursed under his breath as he got sheathed fully inside her. She was tight and hot, just like the first time. "You are mine."

"Yours."

She threw her head back and rocked her body at the pace he set, knowing that he would make it good for both of them, as always.

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Chapter 1034 Young Alpha Violet (7)

Violet returned to the packhouse sneakily. She knew which way to take to avoid curious eyes. Violet was confident that her parents could pick up her presence, but her parents mostly respected her need for privacy. She wanted to avoid kids who would follow her everywhere (her brothers included).

Even without her enhanced hearing, Violet could hear giggles and screams from far away.

Aunt Dawn told her about the time when the packhouse was quiet and empty, but that was not how Violet remembered. From her earliest memories, there were always a

bunch of babies crying and then kids causing a ruckus, and Violet loved going deep into the forest and just sitting in silence.

Aunt Zina said that for many years, other than Alpha Damon, only a handful of grownups had access to the packhouse.

Violet was familiar with all names from the stories except for two, Stephanie and Lisa.

The chatty duo of aunts told Violet that Stephanie betrayed the pack and was banished. The last thing they heard was that she was living in the snowy wilderness of Canada and that her wolf was feral. That was more than eight years ago, and they suspected she was dead. As for Lisa, she was mated with an Omega from a small pack somewhere South, and she never attempted to contact them.

Violet was curious about the details, but all that was sealed in confidential files she will get access to when she turns sixteen years old.

Violet reached the third floor without anyone calling her out and she exhaled in relief when she closed the door behind her.

Today was not about the guests and the noise. This was about Ethan and facing him after that fiasco in the forest. Did she embarrass herself? Probably.

Violet pushed herself off the door and went to her closet. There was no time for idling because she needed to pick something to wear. They had guests today staying for dinner (nothing unusual), so it shouldn't be too casual, but not too fancy either. She didn't want to overthink it, but they had guests from the outside which meant she should carry herself as the future Alpha.

No matter how powerful Violet was, grownups treated her like she was a child. She wouldn't mind so much if other young Alphas were not treated differently, and that stung. Was it because she was a female, or because she was on the skinny side? Violet wondered, how did her mom manage to make everyone respect her? Alpha Natalia was half the size when compared to other Alphas, yet they all bowed to her. Her mom was awesome.

Violet picked a dark blue floral dress with straps. It was one of her favorites. She liked the light fabric, and the way the two-layered skirt swayed as she moved.

She noticed that the skirt ended at half of her thighs, it was longer than when she wore it last time. Did she grow again? Will she be tall like her father?

Violet put a black leather belt around her waist and tightened it. Like this, it looked like she had a waist. But the waist was not a problem. The issue was that her hips didn't show, and she had no boobs! All girls her age had at least something in the chest area. What was the point of being the future Alpha with godly powers when she couldn't

control those powers, and if she tucked in her hair, she was no different than a teenage boy?

Violet stood in front of a full-length mirror and stared at herself. Her perfectly straight raven-black hair reached half of her back, and her slightly tanned skin emphasized her icy-blue eyes. The striking features she got from her father were softened by the small perky nose and curved eyebrows from her mother.

Her parents said that she got the best of them, but Violet couldn't see it. And she was growing! At this rate, she will be an odd flat-chested giant!

Commotion from the bedroom got Violet's attention. Were her brothers invading her privacy?

Three figures appeared at the door and Violet cocked an eyebrow at her three friends. Scarlet, Robin, and Page. Identical triplets, daughters of Beta Caden and Beta Maya.

They were the same age, but Violet had much more responsibilities and she envied the carefree air that the triplets carried with them.

The three girls had the same chestnut-colored hair, the same curious brown eyes, matching smiles... well, they were identical. They even wore the same clothes. Violet knew that Scarlet, Robin, and Page were jokesters who enjoyed it when people mixed them up. Sometimes, the triplets would take turns in doing chores, and Violet was confident that Page did math exams for all three of them, Scarlet did painting, and Robin music. When one of them did mischief, they would point fingers at each other, and no one could determine which one was the real culprit.

To Violet's dismay, all three girls in front of her had B-cup assets.

"I should have known it was you. Why are you here?" Violet asked.

"The guests are asking for you, and your mom said you are here, and we should check on you," Scarlet responded.

"Should we help you get ready?" Page asked.

"I am ready," Violet said.

"No make-up? You should put at least some lip gloss." Robin puckered her lips. "Boys like that. They will use it as an excuse to ask about the taste."

Page snickered. "When that happens, don't reach for your lip gloss because he wants a kiss."

Violet rolled her eyes. "I'm not interested in boys."

"Mhm," Scarlet hummed teasingly. "I guess you won't mind if we take Ethan..." She stopped talking when Violet's aura pressed on her. "OK... OK..." Scarlet spoke with difficulty. "I was kidding..." She took a deep breath when she realized she could breathe again.

"I'm sorry," Violet said in a small voice. "I didn't mean to."

"It's OK. We know you can't control it well," Page said.

Scarlet was patting her chest dramatically. "I've made my point. You can pretend you don't care about Ethan, but we all see what's going on."

"What's the point of you seeing things when Ethan doesn't?"

"Boys are dense," Robin said. "You should tell everyone today that you are claiming Ethan and..."

"NOT happening!" Violet squeaked.

"Why not?" Scarlet asked. "As the top-ranking Alpha of our generation, you have the right to claim what's yours."

"I don't know if he is mine."

"Pfft!" Page burst into giggles. "You are funny. Your rank gives you the right to claim things and people. If you want him as yours, he will be yours. And I bet he will like it."

Violet knew that, but Ethan wouldn't like it if they were not mates, and she wouldn't like it either. Besides, Cornelia's talk about mating and sex was making Violet uneasy. She wanted someone who will hold her and support her and treat her right. Lots of cuddles, handholding, and kisses, and... that should be enough. Right?

"I won't be claiming anyone unless that someone is my mate," Violet said. "If I can't sense him, it means I haven't met him or I'm not ready. I don't need lip-gloss. I'm fine."

"Fine, fine," Scarlet said. "Whatever you say."

Page eyed Violet's chest. "Do you want a bra with paddings? Or maybe put some tissues in it? It would help..." She ducked when a shoe flew at her. "Hey! I was just trying to be helpful!"

"No guy likes violent girls," Page said. "If you want Ethan to notice you, you should be fragile and gentle and bat your eyelids like this..."

Violet grimaced. Page was ridiculous. She knew that triplets were jokesters, but sometimes their jokes went too far. "If I hear people talking about me and Ethan, lip gloss, or that bra padding nonsense, I will arrange so you have extra duties."

"What if someone talks about those and it's not related to us?" Robin asked.

"Well, I guess that gives you a task for today. If someone is spreading rumors that will damage the reputation of your future Alpha, you need to stop it."

The triplets exchanged gazes. They were not happy about this task, but Violet pulled her rank as the future Alpha, and refusing would be disrespectful.

Violet walked out of the closet with, "Are you coming, or will you continue admiring my wardrobe?"

The Novel will be updated first on this website. Come back and continue reading tomorrow, everyone!