

My Marked Alpha Chapter 61 – 70

61 Everyone Wants To Know

Werewolves were naturally aggressive and hot-blooded creatures, so clashes over power, dominance, and pride were frequent. Challenges to the Alpha's authority, even within a tightly controlled pack, were not uncommon. These contests of will, particularly among those coveting leadership, were as expected as they were brutal.

Unlike Griffin, Roman, and Alaric, who maintained friendships or close relationships with in their packs, Asher treated his members merely as soldiers—subordinates who followed orders while he provided the necessary resources for their survival and prosperity.

He believed in his father's admonition that friends were often the first to betray you. Thus, he ruled them without seeking personal bonds, keeping them firmly in their place under his command.

In that charged moment, Asher's Alpha presence filled the space, his authority emanating like an unstoppable force. The tension between him and his beta, Jeremiah, was palpable, their standoff teetering on the edge of violence.

The rest of the werewolves exchanged uneasy glances, clearly uncomfortable with the unfolding drama. They knew such confrontations rarely ended without injury, and it seemed inevitable that Jeremiah would be the one to suffer.

Asher stood tensely, every muscle coiled and ready as he addressed his challenger. "Do you really want to do this now, Jeremiah? Do you truly think you can take me on?" His voice dripped with a taunting confidence, an unspoken reminder of his unbeatable prowess.

Jeremiah's defiance flickered in his blue eyes but quickly extinguished under Asher's oppressive certainty. Knowing the futility of rebellion, he dropped his gaze, submitting with a bowed head.

"Thought as **much**," Asher remarked smugly.

He approached Jeremiah deliberately, each step measured and imposing, until he stood directly before him. Gripping Jeremiah's chin, Asher forced their eyes to meet, his golden gaze burning into Jeremiah's now-subdued blue.

"When I give an order, you follow it," Asher spoke with chilling control. "Next **time** you think of challenging me, be ready to see it through to the end. I don't tolerate cowards. His words were a mockingly gentle caress, belied by the steely undertone,

Jeremiah clenched his jaw, his initial resolve dissolving under the weight of Asher's stare. "The defiance drained from him, replaced by acquiescence. "It will never happen again, Alpha," he murmured submissively.

"Good. For your sake, Asher replied emotionlessly, his warning clear and ominous. "You may leave now."

As Jeremiah and the other werewolves hastily retreated, a collective sigh of relief swept through the group. The encounter had been so fraught with tension that many had feared for Jeremiah's life. Convinced he would not survive a **direct** confrontation with Asher.

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After his pack members had dispersed, Asher lingered outside, his posture rigid against the evening air. Minutes ticked by in silence until he broke it with a calculated coolness. "Aren't you tired of hiding, Roman?"

From the shadowed corner of the West House, Roman emerged, a sheepish expression etched on his face as he stepped into the open.

As Roman approached, he challenged Asher's leadership style. "You do know that's not the way you rule your **pack** members, o

Asher faced him with a hardened expression, a clear indication that he knew where this conversation was headed. They had traversed this ground before, and it invariably spiraled into an argument.

Typically, Asher would avoid such confrontations, but fresh from his altercation with his beta, he was primed to redirect his aggression. Roman, unlike the beta, presented a formidable challenge, promising a confrontation that could prove cathartic.

"What do you want me to do? Kiss your bum and thank them after a challenge like that?" Asher retorted with a sneer.

"That challenge only happened because you lord over them, not rule over them" Roman countered calmly.

"I'm their Alpha. I protect and lead them. The least they can do is follow my orders: Asher snapped, his voice tinged with irritation.

“Perhaps try leading them with kindness, and they might not be so defiant with your orders, Roman suggested, his tone steady yet insistent

“Sorry, but I’m not you, Asher replied coldly. “My wolves are the best, the strongest, most disciplined because there’s no room for vulnerability. They have a reliable Alpha who isn’t blinded by emotions.”

“Being vulnerable is not a weakness, Alpha,” Roman said, pausing hesitantly before adding. “You’re not your father, Asher”

The mention of his father sparked a flash of anger in Asher’s eyes. His **voice** dropped to a dangerous tone as he confronted Roman directly. “Is that what you came here to do, Roman? Because if that’s the case, then you’re beginning to piss me off”

Roman understood the unspoken threat; these would escalate soon if he provoked him further. “Fine then,” Roman straightened up. “What are your plans with Violet” He **asked** seriously. “Why is everyone asking me that?” Asher chuckled, brushing off the question as though it were. part of a running joke among the m.

However, Roman’s expression remained unamused, his gaze intense as he locked eyes with Asher, signaling the gravity of his concerns.

“I know what you’re doing, and it’s not going to work. You’re only going to put that girl in

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Challenging the **Alpha** King is a death sentence, Asher.

His expression softened and he said, “For all we know, there’s a higher chance Elsie would not choose you. Her family has not chosen to show their displeasure for you. So perhaps, you don’t have to go this far.

Unfortunately, those words were lost on the Alpha of the west. Asher’s laughter faded as he leaned in closer, his expression turning sly, his voice a whisper of insidious charm.

“You might never know what might work until you try” he teased, a dark edge to his words. “Neither would you know what you like until you have a taste of it.

Roman was taken aback, knowing he wasn’t just speaking figuratively, but literally this time and it was all about Violet. His features registered shock and disapproval. The implications of Asher’s words was heavy. Not to mention, he got reminded once more of Asher’s unpredictable nature and his willingness to manipulate others to achieve his ends.

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“Spread your legs for me, little purple.”

Violet's eyes *popped open* at those words. What the... Where *the hell* was *she*? What was *going*

on?

But Violet didn't have the time to get those questions answered as a certain *Alpha* was already kneeling in front of *her*.

“Y—you....”

Asher Nightshade gave her an *impish grin* right before he *grabbed* one of her legs and began *trailing deep, lingering* kisses along it

Violet's *nipples* beaded at once *while* a molten ache *pooled* between her *thighs* and, to her horror, she was naked. *The gods help her*, what in the universe of madness was going *on here*.

“Asher, wait... Ahh!” Violet cried out as *he* bit her, and her cheeks blazed with both humiliation and desire as *pain-filled* pleasure coursed through her.

Asher took *his* time, *kissing* her thighs with intentional slowness and concentration as *if it* were a work of art that needed to *be* revered. Worshipped. *Neither did it help* Violet's situation knowing that in that position, he could see her center clearly.

“Asher please...” Violet *couldn't* get her bearings, not *when everything* was *spiraling* all of a sudden. *She* wanted him to stop. *At* the same time, she didn't want him to.

As if he could understand her confusion, Asher gave her a *knowing look* right before he *grabbed* her *thigh* and *hooked* it over his *shoulder*.

Violet's *breath* hitched in her throat *knowing* where *this was heading*. Asher, in question, *grabbed her bottom* to *bring her closer* while spreading her further apart, *wanting her to be utterly* exposed. There was no hiding from *him*.

“Asher...” Violet breathed his name once more, unsure. However, *the Alpha* had already made up his mind, *and* his mouth was already on her *clit*.

“Oh God...” Violet *jerked*, a cry of *pleasure releasing* from her *lips* as *the action* seemed to electrify

her.

Asher's tongue *flicked* her *clit*, *back and forth*, teasing her before actually *taking it into his* mouth and sucking *deeply*.

Ripples of pleasure spread through her body such that she arched her back. Violet's eyes fluttered closed as she lost herself to the feeling.

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Violet was writhing beneath him, unable to stay still as this completely exhilarating feeling tore through her. Neither did Asher stop; instead, her instinctive response spurred him on as he devoured her clit mercilessly.

"Someone seems to be having fun."

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Violet's eyes popped open at once, and she turned to the side, a gasp leaving her lips as her eyes connected with mesmerizing green eyes.

Roman Draven.

Violet was completely dumbfounded. How...? Where did...? When *did* he...? There were so many questions *bombarding* her head.

"What are you..." But she couldn't finish as Asher switched up to another rhythm so *suddenly* she cried out. "Please..." her hands clutching at the *pillow* as if to anchor *herself* to reality.

"You're such a naughty little *purple* head, aren't you?" Roman *chuckled*, the rich sound *traveling* straight to her core. The *gods* help her, *she* was *losing* her mind.

Nothing seemed to *make* sense anymore, but *she didn't* care. Not when *her brain had been* overwhelmed with pleasure she couldn't even think or breathe.

Roman *lifted his head* to say to Asher, who was *still* between her legs *assaulting her clit*, "*It seems our girl needs more mouth on her.*"

"Our girl?" Violet was stunned. Since when did she become their girl?

Asher's response was an appreciative hum between *her legs* that *reverberated through* her and *elicited* more wetness *from* her core. God, *this* was embarrassing. Violet wanted to hide away but

couldn't

Before Violet **could** figure out *his* intention, Roman *had already* trailed a slow, *sensual* kiss across her neck. *She whimpered*, this was becoming too much.

"Don't worry," he whispered in the hollow of her ear. "We are going to take care of you." He took her ear into his mouth, nipping, teasing her till her face was his favorite shade of red.

Violet's head spun from all the dizzying sensations but that only proved to be just the appetizer because the next seconds Roman's mouth had taken hold of her nipple. And it was at that moment she finally understood what he meant by those words earlier...

"Roman!" Violet screamed his name, her hips bucking off the bed.

But Asher slapped her ass the next second and Violet couldn't tell if he was furious she had called another man's name while he attended or the ceaseless undulating of her hips on the bed.

Nonetheless, Roman didn't relent, his tongue laving over her

sucking, licking, and pleasuring her with his mouth. Thee while Asher kept going.

was too much, and Violet

thought she was going to die, her body winding tighter and tighter. Not that this was a bad way to

die.

Violet rode against his face, grabbing handfuls of Asher's hair and crying out in pleasure. She could feel it. She was reaching precariously over the edge.

"Asher... Oh the gods Asher... Fuck Roman," she writhed, gasping, arching her back against the mattress as both men devoured her in their equal rights until her legs were shaking.

The moment Asher inserted a finger inside of her, Violet knew that she was a goner. Her muscles

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went taut and clamped down around his finger and Violet flew apart, coming so hard that spots danced across her vision.

Roman leaned over and kissed her, *swallowing* each of her *moans*, kissing *her* so *thoroughly* it felt like *she* might drown in him. At the same time. Asher continued *thrusting* his finger in and out of *her*, *prolonging* her climax until she came over *and over*.

“Violet....” Someone was calling her name, drawing her away from this wonderful feeling.

“Violet, wake up!” The voice grew louder, more insistent, and her eyes snapped open..

Violet looked around disoriented, scanning the room. Her three roommates were staring at her, each wearing a different expression. Daisy awkwardly scratched the back of her head, Ivy struggled to keep a straight face, and Lila’s face was as red as an overcooked shrimp.

And it was at that moment that it dawned on her.

She had been dreaming the entire time, and, mortifyingly, her roommates had been privy to her

moans and screams. It

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MOON FEED EXCLUSIVE: PURPLE FEVER TAKES OVER LUNARIS

Written *by*: The Oracle

Hello again, my dazzling denizens of Lunaris Academy! It’s your one—and—*only Oracle* back with another *delicious* serving of *Lunaris* gossip—steaming hot, just the way you *like it*. *If you thought* the Violet whirlwind *had* calmed down, think again. *Buckle* up, my *darlings*, because this term just got a whole lot spicier.

Staking Claims or Starting Games?

It’s no secret that our enigmatic west Alpha, Asher Nightshade has been *prowling* unusually close to our resident purple-haired wildcard. *It* seems he has been leveling up his game *with the* number of prospects available to *the purple* head because in a *shocking* twist *during* yesterday’s lawn escape, Asher wasn’t just watching Violet, there was a “hands-on” interaction. Yes, you read that right. He let himself be tackled *by Violet* in *full* view of everyone, no *less*.

Witnesses say the brooding *Alpha* then *playfully* wrestled Violet on the ground, *his* sharp grin more friendly than *feral*.

Is this Asher's way *of* claiming what's his? Or is this just another chapter in *his* infamous game "Toy with the Girl and Leave Her Wanting"? With Asher, *it's* always hard to *tell*, but one thing *is* clear: he's not letting her out of *his* sight.

Alaric: The Unrequited Lightning Prince

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But wait, before we crown Asher as Violet's inevitable match, let's not forget Violet's *other* alpha distraction: Alaric Storm, the North *Alpha* with a brain *as sharp as his lightning strikes*. *It's* time we addressed the sparks (pun intended) between her and Alaric Storm.

Unfortunately, darlings, it seems her crush might be doomed to remain unrequited. Alaric *has* been known to bury his emotions beneath a glacial exterior, and *his* disdainful glances suggest he's not ready to thaw for any one, human or otherwise. *Still*, the chemistry *is* there, and *if* Violet manages to melt the Lightning Prince's frosty heart, well, Asher would *be* left alone. But don't worry, we'll be here for it.

Roman Draven: Possessive or Petty?

Now, *let's* address the green-coated

-or should we say wolf-

in the room. Just when we thought Roman was immune to Violet's purple fever, he dropped a bombshell. Or rather, *he* dropped his... territorial mark? Yes, lovelies, Roman Draven *left* the entire academy *in* stunned silence (and gales *of* laughter) when he marked Violet in the most literal *and humiliating* way possible.

Was this a power move to declare Violet as his terr" 17 OF Rist Roman being his usual

unpredictable self, reveling in chaos? After all, the Wild Prince *isn't* exactly known for his loyalty ask any of the hearts he's broken. But could Violet be the one to finally tame him? Or is she just another casualty in his lone line of conquests? One thing's for sure: Roman doesn't make moves

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lightly, so whatever *his* intentions, we're intrigued.

The Rankings Shake-Up: Violet Holds Her Spot

Of course, no gossip would *be* complete without *checking* in on our reigning queen bee, Elsie Lyka Lancaster. With *Violet's* *meteoric* rise to *fifth* place on the Moonboard, Elsie's throne feels a *little* less secure. While some argue that Violet hasn't earned her *spot*, o

ne *thing's undeniable*, she's given us more drama, intrigue, and entertainment than we've seen in a *long* time. From record-breaking feats to shaking up the Alpha dynamic, Violet is proving *she's not* just a passing breeze but a full-on hurricane. "

Queen Bee *Elsie* Lancaster might want to keep her crown *polished and her claws sharp*. With Violet's meteoric rise and growing *fanbase*, *Elsie's* iron grip on the *academy's social* ladder is *looking* a little *less* stable. Could this *be* the start of a new era? Or will Elsie put the purple whirlwind in her place? *Only time will tell*.

The Most Interesting Term Yet?

With *Asher's* brooding intensity, *Alaric's icy indifference*, *Roman's* wild unpredictability, and Violet's relentless drive, *this* term is *shaping up to* be one *for* the history books. Love her or hate her, you can't *deny that* Violet has *brought fresh* energy to Lunaris. *Will* she continue to *climb the* ranks, *or will the* weight of the drama *drag* her down? One *thing's* for sure: *the Violet fever is real*, and we're *all* catching it.

So stay tuned, my lovelies. The Oracle *is* always *watching*, always *sipping* tea, and always ready to bring you *the* juiciest updates. *Until next* time, keep *your* claws sharp and *your* secrets sharper.

Yours ever nosy,

The Oracle.

Violet groaned, leaning her head against her closed locker. Although she had an inkling the Oracle might write about this but seeing it on her screen right now was another matter altogether.

What did she do to the Oracle? Why does she or was it a he have it out for her? Violet hated this and didn't want to be the object of scrutiny.

Violet was lost in thought when someone said from behind, "Hi violet."

She was about to turn when she recognized the voice and froze. Oh no, not happening!

At once, Violet stiffly walked ahead, pretending not to have heard what or rather whom was behind her.

However, the girl, ever the persistent pest, quickly ran ahead of Violet and blocked her path with arms outstretched.

She said with determination, "You do know you can't avoid this conversation."

And that was exactly what Violet wanted to avoid. So yep, not happening. She has suffered enough humiliation already

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Since Lila blocked her way, Violet quickly turned the other way, but the petite blonde was light on her feet and she overtook Violet, blocking her way again. Except this time, Lila pushed her against one of the lockers, a small gasp leaving her lips as Lila grabbed her. She was left utterly dumbfounded.

“You are not leaving here until we discuss the issue of you moaning in your sleep,” Lila stated fiercely.

“Violet has been moaning **in** her sleep?” echoed a voice from a girl next to the locker they were

near.

Oh no. 1

Unfortunately, the girl’s voice was loud which meant everyone in the hallway heard what she had said and those heads turned towards her.

Fuck her fate.

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Violet briskly walked ahead, ignoring the calls from behind. “Violet! Please wait up!” Lila pleaded, but Violet, too furious to care, strode on.

The girl had done enough damage. By now, the whole school must have heard about her moaning in her sleep, and God knows how they would twist the story—all thanks to the chatterbox who couldn’t keep her mouth shut.

“Violet please!” Lila pleaded desperately and this time Violet couldn’t ignore it anymore.

She turned reluctantly and barked, “What, Lila?! What do you want this time? Haven’t you done enough already, or are there more of my secrets you want to expose to the whole school?!”

Lila recoiled, her expression like that of a guilty cat caught in the act. “I’m sorry, Violet.”

“Well, ‘sorry’ doesn’t change or repair what has been done, Violet retorted.

“But it would make you feel good, wouldn’t it?” Lila replied, leaving Violet dumbfounded.

Words failed Violet, and she exhaled sharply. “You know what? Just leave me alone. I mean it.

Violet turned on her heels to leave for her class, but the sound of footsteps told her Lila was still following.

It grated on her nerves, and she whirled around, snapping, “What is it?! Haven’t I told you to leave me alone, or don’t you understand how to respect people’s feelings?”

Lila gulped. “I have the same class as you.”

“Oh. Realization dawned on Violet, and she suddenly felt foolish, her cheeks warming with embarrassment. Without another word, she turned and continued walking.

Although Violet was angry at Lila, it was more about transferring her aggression; unfortunately, Lila was on the receiving end of it given Violet’s already miserable day.

Violet could not forget the horrified looks on the faces of her roommates. She had been moaning in her dream. A huge fat thanks to Asher. Her roommates knew that as well because she had called out his name, or rather names.

Violet could not forget the unexpected Alpha who had made **a** guest appearance. Seeing Roman in her sex dream was all the convincing needed that she was losing her mind. Of all the Alphas,

that was the least **one** she **was** interested in.

Violet had no choice but to apologize. Unlike Ivy who looked smug and might taunt her with that experience for the rest of her life, Daisy, the smart one, said, “I honestly hope whatever twisted game you’re playing with Ashers that you don’t get us involved in it.”

Violet had been close to promising that nothing of that nature would happen only to recall yesterday’s incident where Asher had compelled them to sleep, plus the **part** he threatened to make Lila jump out the window from the second floor.

At once the words had mottled stuck in her throat **like a** thick lump. It had not doomed on Violet

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other than that moment how she was putting her teammates in danger by associating with the mad man Asher. How she was making them collateral damage.

Swallowing hard, Violet lied. “Don’t worry, nothing like that will happen.”

But Violet knew Asher well enough to realize that last night was just the beginning. And it seems it has begun already.

Violet felt inexplicably aroused.

Initially, she attributed it to the remnants of her steamy dream and thus, stayed in the showers for hours and missed breakfast – hoping the cold water would quell the sensations. It had seemed effective at first, but the feeling had returned with a vengeance.

Violet could not exactly explain it but she was hot and bothered in places she couldn’t be. Like there was an itch beneath her skin that she wanted to claw at so badly.

Worst of all, the throbbing between her legs pulsed incessantly. If it wasn’t for the fact she hadn’t eaten anything, Violet would have thought someone drugged her or something.

Violet eagerly walked toward the Calculus & Applied Mathematics class for one reason: Asher was there. She had found out on her moonfeed. Apparently, even with his psychopathic tendencies, the Alpha was still popular, and some girls had been arguing about sitting close to

him.

She would go in there, **drag** him out of class, and force the bastard to undo whatever he had done to **her**. Violet clenched her fists, determined.

Lila

had not said anything since then, quietly following her. Violet knew Lila wouldn’t stay angry at her forever, but for now, she’d be stern and let her learn her lesson.

It wasn’t long before Violet reached the class and walked in. She stood at the entrance, scanning for signs of Asher—only he wasn’t there.

Her brows furrowed instantly. Where **was** the bastard? Perhaps he was running late. But Alaric wasn’t. Violet spotted the **usually** aloof Alpha sitting by the window, staring outside, immersed in whatever had caught his attention.

The next moment, he turned, sensing her gaze. Their eyes met **and** held. The icy sharpness in his stare remained, but **unlike** before, it didn’t linger. Instead, his expression flickered with something akin to familiarity, taking her aback.

“Please take a seat, everybody,” the Calculus teacher announced, stepping into the room, and Violet realized she had been standing there longer than intended.

She wasn’t foolish enough to sit beside Alaric again, knowing she’d end up on the Oracle’s gossip page. However, to her shock, when she tried to take a seat, a student slipped into it at the last moment and said, “Sorry, that’s mine.”

Without hesitation, Violet moved to the next available seat, but another student occupied it just **as** she reached for it. “Sorry, that’s mine, too,” they **said** with a pointed look.

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were confirmed when she spotted yet another empty seat, only for a girl to take it just as Violet approached, flashing her an unapologetic smile. “Sorry, that’s mine, too.”

Snickers rippled through the classroom, and it finally hit Violet that this was a setup. If her hunch was right, the culprit was none other than the cute but devious prince, Alaric.

With no other choice, Violet strode to the only seat left—the one beside him. She sat down without a word, her resolve steely.

“Hello, Violet.”

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“Hello, Violet.” (

Violet’s head snapped toward the source, her brows raised in stunned disbelief. Was Alaric Storm, the infamous, aloof lightning prince, talking to her? For a moment she sat still, as if

unable to believe it.

Then, in an exaggerated move, Violet turned her head to the left, then the right, pretending to check if he was addressing someone else. Her movements intentional, the sarcasm practically dripping from her expression.

Alaric, unimpressed by her theatrics, leaned slightly forward and said dryly, “You do know you’re the only one named Violet in this class, right?”

Violet’s lips curled into a taunting smile, her golden eyes sparkling with mischief. “Oh, look. The icy prince is finally talking to me. Should I be honored?”

Alaric sighed, clearly regretting his decision to engage. "You're really being dramatic right now."

But Violet wasn't about to let it go. If anything, his exasperation showed she was spurred on.

Her voice dripped with faux sweetness. "And hey, he's all nice today, unlike yesterday when he took credit for all the work I did. How charming."

Alaric's jaw tightened, his patience visibly thinning. "Alright, enough!" he snapped, reaching out instinctively and grabbing her hand.

The room seemed to still for a second as he realized what he'd done. Alaric let go abruptly but he calmed almost immediately when his gloved hand came into view. The black leather remained firmly in place, meaning he was protected. Or rather, she. 2

Violet noticed the move, her sharp gaze catching the way his gloved hand twitched slightly before he let it rest on his lap. She said nothing, but the glint in her eye spoke volumes. It seems the icy prince was afraid of his own touch. Perhaps, he couldn't control it after all.

Satisfied with her silent observation, Violet turned back to the board, pretending to focus on the teacher who had just begun writing the day's topic with her electronic pen.

But Alaric wasn't done. His voice softened, almost as if he were trying to disarm her. "I know we started off on the wrong foot, but I want to make things right."

Violet blinked in surprise, thrown off by his sudden change in demeanor. Before she could respond, he stretched out his hand, the black leather glove stark against the color of his pale

skin.

"My name is Alaric Storm, he said formally, **his** blue eyes locked onto hers. "And you are?"

The sincerity in his voice caught her off guard, and for a moment, she wondered what game he was playing.

The *lightning* prince doesn't make small talk, let alone with humans, she thought warily.

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Her instincts screamed trap. But Violet had learned long ago to play the game when necessary. After all, the best way to deal with an enemy was to keep them close.

"Violet Purple," she said smoothly, reaching out to shake his hand. The moment their hands met, however, a faint crackle of electricity sparked between them.

She gasped softly, pulling her hand back as if burned. Alaric, too, seemed startled, his gaze darting down to his gloves. His brows furrowed in deep scrutiny at once, as if questioning whether the gloves failed him.

Violet rubbed her hand against her leg, masking her unease with a smirk. "Well, Alaric Storm, that was... shocking," she quipped, turning back to the board.

Alaric didn't reply, his attention still fixed on his gloved hand. Whatever had just happened, it left him as unsettled as it had her.

"Today, we will dive into the concept of limits and their application in understanding derivatives," the teacher, Mrs. Anita had begun her lessons already, underlining the word "Limits" on the board with her electronic pen.

She then displayed a curve on the board. It was a smooth, parabolic graph with two labeled points, A **and** B, connected by a secant line.

"This," she said, tapping the graph, "represents the position of an object over time. Imagine that point A represents **a** specific moment, and point B represents another moment close to it. The slope of this secant line gives us the average rate of change between the two points. Does everyone follow?"

Violet was not perfect at Calculus but she was not bad either, hence she needed to concentrate on the lessons. However, it was at that moment that Alaric Storm decided he needed to start a

conversation with her.

"I heard that you moaned Asher's name in your sleep today."

Violet stiffened at once. Of all the questions he could have asked, he had to bring that one up. But of course, that was the reason he decided to talk to her. Alaric Storm was fishing for information. It seems even after that dreadful encounter with him and Griffin, he still doesn't believe **her**.

Violet turned with a saccharine smile, "Why? Are you jealous I didn't moan your name instead?" She added, "Don't worry, I might say yours one day if you would be a good boy and stop bothering me."

He shook his head. "You are shameless."

"Yep, that's me." Violet owned it proudly. He already had an opinion of her, arguing with him was

useless.

"I just want to know if that's true? Have you been dreaming about him? What's truly the nature of your relationship with you? Was it just an ordinary dream or did he compel you to dream or a product of your own imagination?" He peppered her with questions.

"Alright dude, back off. "Violet was annoyed as hell when he had leaned into her personal space.

Not to mention the lessons were on going. This was really not the time nor place for it. Who knew how many of her gossiping classmates were eavesdropping on their conversation right.

now.

"Miss Violet." The teacher called her name suddenly, and her head snapped up.

"Y-yes?" she stammered, her cheeks burning as the entire class turned to look at her.

"Since you know so much that you are talking while I'm talking, why don't you tell us the derivative of $f(x)=3x^3+2x^2-x+5$ at $x=2$?"

Oh great.

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If there was anything these alphas were **good** at, it was putting her into trouble and now, it finally happened. Violet glared at Alaric with such intensity one would have assumed she was the one with the lightening power instead.

The both of them had obviously been talking but the teacher had intentionally picked her out. because, after all, who would want to punish the cardinal alphas! Violet was pissed off.

"I asked you a question, Violet Purple" Mrs. Anita repeated, this time wrapping her arms across her chest with a stern expression.

Violet blinked, her mind scrambling to process the question. She had barely been paying attention to the lecture, let alone any equations.

"I-uh-" she began, panic bubbling in her chest. It was made worse when she discovered all eyes were fixed on her.

Fuck her life. They were looking at her to fail so they could laugh at her.

While Violet was still thinking of what to do, from beside her, a deep, calm voice whispered, "Use the power rule. The derivative is $f(x) = 9x^2 + 4x - 1$. Substitute $x = 2$, and you get **33**."

Her heart skipped as she realized Alaric had leaned in, his breath brushing her ear as he delivered the answer with maddening ease.

She turned to look at him, a small gasp leaving her mouth when she found out they were so close her lips had nearly brushed against his. "Nearly" being the word.

And yet, her heart skipped a beat while heat rushed over her body, only to concentrate between her legs. Violet gulped. This was getting really bad.

Violet looked away at that moment only to realize Mrs. Anita had her eyes on them, which as well, meant that she knew Alaric fed her the answer.

So she waited, waiting for the woman to call out Alaric for the cheating, but none of that happened, if anything, she looked at her expectantly to answer her question. Violet frowned. Were these people fucking with her right now?

"Don't say I didn't help," Alaric whispered proudly, like a peacock flaunting its feathers.

2

Violet's hands clenched into fists beneath her desk when the teacher said nothing.

She hated this power play, the arrogance.

Violet now knew the answer, but if she used it, Alaric would never let her hear the end of it. The guy was arrogant enough as it was.

"I'm still waiting for that answer, Miss. Violet Purple." Anita said, inclining her head to the side. Gritting her teeth, she turned to face her and said, loud and clear, "I don't know."

11:3

BB West And North House

A stunned silence fell over the room. Mrs. Anita's brows furrowed in disbelief. "You don't know? But I just saw—"

She stopped herself abruptly, catching her mistake. Supporting such behavior was wrong, and they both knew it.

Violet's lips curved into a smirk. She had the teacher exactly where she wanted her.

Mrs. Anita's eyes narrowed, catching the smirk, her expression hardening. "Minus twenty points. for West House," she snapped.

The class buzzed with murmurs. Like individual rankings, the houses competed fiercely against one another. While individuals could earn personal points, house points were collective and significantly harder to come by. Yet, West House often dominated, thanks to Asher's clever tactics and strict discipline over his pack members.

However, Asher wasn't the only brilliant alpha. Alaric, with his sharp intellect ensured North House was always a formidable rival. The competition between the two houses was relentless as one day, West House claimed the top spot; the next, North House had overtaken them. This fierce rivalry bred mutual dislike between the two houses, each determined to outshine the other.

Now, Violet had cost West House points. Disapproving whispers and hisses came from her housemates almost immediately. Feeling the pressure of their irritation, Violet turned and glared at Alaric, who had effectively painted a target on her back.

When the teacher turned to continue the lesson, Alaric said to her with a low tone laced with incredulity. "I gave you the answer.

Without turning to face him, Violet hissed, "I don't need your help. I can handle my own problems."

Alaric sat back, his usually composed expression slipping into something more uncertain. He watched her for a long moment as if trying to figure out her.

"You're too head strong for your own good. While it's an admirable trait, it would lead you in trouble at Lunaris Academy, Violet Purple. Alaric told her. O

"Allow me to worry about that, then." Violet said, and focused her attention on the board, the conversation firmly closed.

Violet tried to focus on the lesson, but the teacher's droning voice only irritated her further. After that earlier confrontation, a sudden dislike for the woman bloomed within her, and concentrating became impossible.

She yawned loudly, earning a few glances, but she didn't care. Thanks to fucking Asher, she'd had barely three hours of sleep, and now the exhaustion was catching up with her.

If *only I could sleep*, she thought longingly, her eyes glazing over as the teacher scribbled on the board. But no, here she was, trapped in this boring class, the minutes dragging

like hours. And just like that, one moment, Violet **was** awake, and the next, she was out cold.

A clean, sweet, soothing and electrifying scent wafted into her nose, pulling her deeper into the

11:37

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haze of semi-consciousness. She moaned softly, instinctively leaning closer to the source, craving more of the intoxicating fragrance. It felt like energy, like life itself. She was pressed against something firm yet soft, the warmth and comfort of it making her never want to move again.

“Are you going to sleep forever?” a baritone voice murmured into her ear, breaking through the fog of her dreams.

Weirdly enough, it sounded familiar.

Violet’s eyes fluttered open. The first thing her blurry vision registered was pale skin, then as her gaze cleared, the icy, intense stare of Alaric Storm. His raised brow and faint smirk made her heart sink.

Oh well....

67 Not Like Griffin

Violet jolted upright, pushing herself away from him so abruptly it **was as if** she’d been burned. Her mind **scrambled** to make sense of what had happened. The last thing she remembered was fighting to stay awake during the lesson and.... Oh.

Looking around, Violet realized to her chagrin that classes were long over **and** she had been sleeping all this while. The gods knew how many classes she has missed since then.

She glanced at Alaric, **who** was watching her with an expression that seemed to expect gratitude.

“That’s not happening, dude, Violet said flatly. Then her eyes dropped to his jacket, where a small stain gleamed faintly. Her stomach flipped in mortification. “Uh... sorry for the drool. Just the drool.” She emphasized.

Alaric remained silent, his piercing gaze locked on hers as though trying to decipher the inner workings of her mind. His silence unnerved her, and she felt the heat rising in her cheeks.

Annoyed and embarrassed, Violet stood abruptly, intent on leaving the awkward situation behind. But before she could take a step, Alaric's hand shot out, gripping her arm firmly, and guided her back into her seat.

"What's the meaning of this?" Violet snapped, glaring at him.

"We have unfinished business," Alaric said with a calm but unyielding voice. "I believe you were about to tell me about a certain dream?"

Violet frowned, shaking her head. "Not **at** all. There's nothing to tell."

"Fine," Alaric said, leaning back slightly. His tone turned sharper, edged with challenge. "We'll do it the hard way then. But you'll find out that unlike Griffin, who you can emotionally manipulate

your tears, that sort of trick doesn't work on me."

with

Violet's jaw dropped. He knew. Her heart raced, her cheeks burning with fresh humiliation as she recalled the incident with Griffin. While her tears might have started as a ploy with Griffin, they'd turned genuine by the end. Not that the lightning prince would ever understand that.

Her breath caught as Alaric began to pull off his gloves. When his bare hands were finally exposed, sparks of lightning crackled between his fingertips, dancing like threads of raw energy. The air around them seemed to charge, growing heavy with tension. Violet's throat tightened as she watched him manipulate the electric currents effortlessly, the tendrils of light weaving and snapping like a living thing under his control.

Violet stared, her breath shallow, both mesmerized and alarmed. "What the hell are you doing?" she demanded, her voice trembling slightly despite her attempt to sound strong.

Unafraid. Alaric drew out a tendril of electricity, pulling it from his palm as though it were a living, breathing thing. The thread of lightning twisted and coiled like a serpent, humming faintly with raw energy. Its pale blue glow cast eerie shadows across his sharp features, making him appear

07 Not Like Grittin

dangerous.

Violet's breath hitched, and she flinched slightly when the tendril came close, the static in the air raising the fine hairs on her arms. Her golden eyes darted from the lightning to Alaric's face, only to find his gaze slightly glazed over, his attention seemingly focused on the dancing current

in his hand.

"Do you know what electricity does to the human body, Violet Purple?" he asked, his voice deliberately low, each word dropping like a heavy stone. The slow, dangerous tone made her stomach churn.

Violet gulped, unable to speak, as he continued, his focus still on the lightning.

"It travels through the body at speeds you can't even comprehend," he said, his tone soft but laced with menace. "The nerves? They're the first to go—fried instantly. Pain receptors? Overwhelmed before you can even scream.

The lightning wisp flicked closer, crackling ominously in the charged air between them. Violet recoiled slightly, her back pressing against the chair.

"And the heart," Alaric continued, his tone

shock. It seizes up. Stops. A human has....clinical, "Isn't designed to handle that kind of

Maybe a minute. But a werewolf?" He

shrugged lightly, as though discussing the weather. "We have a better chance of surviving. Why? Our bodies heal. Yours doesn't.

Violet's chest tightened. She thought hard, trying to determine if Alaric was truly capable of carrying out such a threat or if this was just another one of his twisted games the alp has were good at playing.

But then, his expression gave nothing away, his pale blue eyes cold and detached, as though he were merely recounting facts.

As if to make good on his threat, the thread of lightning hovered closer, its glow reflected in her wide, fearful eyes. Alaric's gaze shifted to her then, the ice in his eyes thawing just slightly as he focused fully on her. "Now," he said, his voice a smooth, quiet command. "Tell me about the dream. Everything."

Her hands clenched into fists at her sides, and for a brief moment, Violet considered telling him to go fuck himself. Why was he so interested in the dream? But the soft hum of the electricity, the sharp sting of its heat in the air, and the cold intensity in Alaric's gaze told her otherwise.

She gulped and blurted out, "Fine! I'll tell you!"

Alaric seemed satisfied by the answer, retracting the lightning into his hand, where it vanished. with a quiet snap. He leaned back in his **chair**, folding his arms across his chest, his expression

smug.

"Good choice, Violet," he said, his voice still carrying that warning edge. "Now, start talking"

Violet fixed Alaric with such a hard stare that it seemed she was trying to bore a hole straight through his head. Fine, if he wanted to invade her private dream, she'd tell him everything.

67 Not Like Griffin

Drawing a deep breath, she began, "It's true. I did dream about Asher. He-"

"Wait." Alaric cut her off sharply. "What led to the dream? Was it one of his mind manipulations, or did you conjure him up on your own?"

"I don't know." Violet hesitated, "I can't exactly tell, especially after he..." She stopped abruptly, realizing she'd already revealed too much.

Alaric's sharp gaze didn't miss a thing. His tone turned firmer, pressing her, "After he did what, Violet?"

Her heart began to race, the memory flashing vividly in her mind as a heat rose unbidden within her. Swallowing hard, Violet admitted, "He caught me trying to escape the academy... and then he punished me."

Alaric leaned forward slightly, his voice dropping lower, a mix of curiosity and something almost sympathetic. "And how exactly did he punish you?"

Violet's breath hitched, her palms clammy as she fought to suppress the heat heightened.

Her voice wavered as she confessed, "He... he spanked me... until I... desired him."

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"He kissed me... touched me and I liked it..." Violet continued, her voice low and raspy, and the words hanging between them like a heavy secret,

Alaric was clearly caught off **guard** by her forbidden confession. His throat worked as he swallowed, the movement of his Adam's apple showing just how much her words had affected him. As if suddenly aware that he had wandered into

dangerous territory.

And while Alaric fought to maintain his cool, impassive exterior, Violet knew it had gotten under his skin. She could see it in the slight tension around his jaw, in the way **his** shoulders stiffened almost imperceptibly.

The satisfaction of rattling him was a small victory, one she wasn't going to waste. She wanted to see how far she could push him.

Her eyes traced the line of his throat, lingering on the sharp curve of his Adam's apple. A stray wild thought crossed her mind—how it would feel to brush her lips over it, to nip gently with the edges of her teeth and see how he'd react. Would he stiffen like now, or would he tilt his head back, letting her have her way?

What the hell?, she snapped herself out of it. Violet pushed the dangerous notion to the back of her mind, her face heating slightly. She was spiraling out of control, and needed to rein it in fast.

Still, as she looked back at Alaric, she couldn't deny that part of her enjoyed watching him squirm. After all, he **had** asked for details, hadn't he?

And she wasn't even done with him yet.

Violet had no idea what possessed her to say it, but she purred with a wicked smirk, "Gods above, Asher was fucking good with his fingers—a

"That's enough!" Alaric snapped.

For all his icy demeanor, his cheeks were now unmistakably tinged with red. The stark contrast between his flushed face and his cold, stormy eyes made the moment almost comical.

"I told you to skip the steamy details," he growled, visibly annoyed, "and tell me if anything significant happened. Did Asher do anything else to you? Did he compel you to dream about

him?"

Violet tilted her head, that infuriating smirk still plastered across her face. "That's the problem, Lightning Prince. You can't separate one from the other. Everything that happened between us was steamy... even the important parts you're so desperate to know."

Alaric scowled, his frustration palpable. "Don't play games with me, Violet."

"I'm not playing games," she replied smoothly, her voice dripping with faux innocence. "It's the truth. So what's it going to be? Do you want to hear it all, or should I keep the sweet, juicy, sexy details to myself? She rasped out the last words, deliberately biting down on her lip in a way that made her look far too tempting.

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Violet didn't know why she was behaving this way. Perhaps it was the urge to rattle him, to see the usually composed Alaric Storm falter.

And falter he did.

Alaric's cheeks flared an even deeper crimson, though the dangerous light in his blue eyes remained as keen as ever. He looked adorably flustered, and Violet had to admit, watching the cold prince lose his composure kind of turned her on.

Oh hell. Maybe Nancy lied about her parentage and the truth was that she – Violet – was indeed her daughter. Because right now, she certainly felt like she was born from sin. A daughter of a whore.

Alaric let out a warning growl that reverberated through the air like a threat and sent heat pooling low in her belly. But Violet's face was such a picture of composure one wouldn't even think in their wildest dream she was having a crisis. A sexual one, to be precise.

"If I find out you're fucking with me, Alaric said darkly, a ball of lightning resting in the palm of his hand. "I'll fuck you up in such a way you'd regret the day you came into this academy"

Violet's eyes flitted to the dangerous, beautiful display of power before meeting his gaze once more. "I don't like being fucked with," she quipped, "but I might prefer the fucking part."

Damn. Was she flirting with Alaric? It definitely sounded like it. Neither did Violet disclose the fact she had to slowly clench her thighs together to suppress the need that passed through her.

Alaric's nose crunched slightly in distaste, as though her insinuation was the most offensive thing in the world. Yet his cheeks burned brighter, betraying the conflict he clearly wanted to hide.

Violet bit back a victorious smile. Hard to get, was he? Not that she actually cared about the "fucking" part. Kind of?

She was just having a little fun ruffling his perfectly arranged feathers.

Then, without missing a beat, she dropped the bombshell. "Asher dry-humped me until I came. Or almost came, to be precise. He had me right at the edge... and then he compelled me" Her voice hardened into bitterness. "He said I would crave him. Hunger for him. Only him. The bastard called it a gift.

Her words hung in the air like a blade. Alaric's face went deadly serious now, the teasing gone. Violet, meanwhile, felt the heat still buzzing beneath her skin, that constant throbbing hunger like a curse that wouldn't leave her alone since this morning.

Silence swallowed the classroom whole, the gravity of the situation pressing down on them like a heavy shroud. For what felt like forever, no one spoke, until Alaric broke the stillness, his voice low and filled with an unspoken dread.

"It's happening all over again."

"What's happening all over again?" Violet asked, her curiosity piqued. Something told her it was important information. One she might need. If not now, but in the long run.

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Alaric's expression faltered. It was as if he realized too late that he had said something he shouldn't have, something forbidden.

His eyes darkened as he tried to backtrack. "It's nothing," he said dismissively.

Then, with a cold edge to his voice, he added, "But congratulations to you for making yourself Asher's willing slave. He's already so deeply ingrained in your head, I doubt any decision you make right now is truly your own."

The words struck like a slap, and anger exploded inside Violet, burning through her veins.

She turned on him, her golden eyes blazing with fury. "You think I wanted this?" she spat, her voice trembling with emotion. "Do you think I'm so sick in the head that I wanted some psychopath with manipulative powers to notice me?"

For a brief second, guilt flashed across Alaric's face. His mouth opened as if to apologize or explain, but Violet wasn't done. Her voice rose, raw **and** cutting.

"You know what? Fuck you! I'm done with you! I actually thought you were different. I thought you were the nicest one out of the bunch. But you—all of you—Cardinal Alphas are just the same. You're all cut from the same rotten mold!"

The words lingered in the air, vibrating with unrelenting rage. Violet shot to her feet abruptly, grabbing her bag and turning to leave.

"Violet, wait-!" Alaric called, lunging forward instinctively.

His hand caught her wrist, and the moment his skin made contact with hers, Alaric froze. His eyes widened in horror.

He wasn't wearing his gloves. He just touched her with his bare hands.

"No..." The word escaped his lips, raw with regret, but it was already too late.

Violet gasped, her breath catching as a jolt of energy surged through her body.

It was searing yet oddly exhilarating, the electricity pouring through her veins like a rushing river, awakening every nerve ending and heating her from the inside out.

For a moment, the world stopped. Time unraveled into something endless and surreal, where seconds stretched on forever. Violet could feel Alaric's lightning filling her, the sensation so intense it was almost tangible. It tasted sharp on her tongue, like ozone after a storm. The electricity danced across her skin, alive and wild, humming with raw energy.

Static crackled in the air around her, lifting the strands of her hair as if she'd been touched by a *living* s

storm. The white glow of the lightning reflected faintly off her face, illuminating her wide eyes as a shiver shot down her spine.

She felt alive, as if something within her had been charged, like her soul had been lit on fire **and** was burning brighter than ever.

Violet waited for the pain Alaric had described earlier, for the agony where her nerves would fry and her heart would stop. But it didn't come. @

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Instead, she felt alive.

Across from her, Alaric looked stunned. His chest rose and fell as he stared at her, his pale face even paler than before. He looked as though he couldn't believe what had just happened.

Violet was rooted in place, her gaze locking with his as the lightning faded and the static energy began to settle. She should have been afraid—terrified—but instead, all she could think was: What the hell just happened?

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For over a minute, Violet and Alaric stood in stunned silence, staring at each other, their jaw agape, none of them able to comprehend what just happened.

“H—
how....?” Alaric could not understand it. Although he could not calculate the amount of electricity he had injected into Violet unknowing, either way, she shouldn’t be standing on her feet either. But here she was, up on her feet as if nothing had happened at all.

It was impossible. Could it be that she was immune to his ability? No... that was impossible. It couldn’t be. She was human. Even werewolves could not take on his ability, not to mention, a human. No, perhaps, his ability malfunctioned or something. She was merely a human.

“Are you okay?” He wanted to reach for her, only to recall his first mistake, he wore his gloves at once. He would be damned if he repeated it again.

Violet checked her body. “I think so....ugh” She suddenly groaned as a rush of carnal heat that burned like the surface of the sun rushed between her legs. It was so intense that she had to bite down on her lips so tightly to prevent a moan from escaping. What was going on?

“Violet...?” Alaric asked unsure, a frown now on his face. He had noticed the sudden change in her demeanor and wondered if it was the result of his action. If by chance, he had fried her brain, he would never forgive himself for it.

Violet did not even recognize Alaric calling her name, more absorbed in finding out what was wrong with her. She was suddenly hot. Too hot. Every part of her body felt so flushed and feverish that she wanted to take off her clothes.

Take off her clothes and do what? Perhaps, dip in a pool or something to cool down, Lunarix had a pool after all. They’d just have to make do with her little offense of her walking to the pool in her underwear because she couldn’t stand it anymore.

The clothes felt like extra baggage and it irritated her. She wanted it off. Only then would she be free from whatever this was

And so Violet began to do quick work of it. She pulled her jacket off and tossed it to the ground. It wasn't until she was reaching for the buttons on her shirt that Alaric rushed over to the side **and** grabbed her hand.

"What do you think you're doing?" He asked angrily, thinking she was up to her usual trick again. of trying to seduce him.

"It's too hot.... I need to get out of this.

"Hot?"

But Violet already pulled free of his grip and reached for her buttons again, freeing three buttons and Alaric was given a glimpse of her creamy breast clad in a red bra and heat rushed not **just** to his face but to **a** certain part of his body.

By the gods, the girl was temptation wrapped in a pretty package. Alaric knew he had to stop

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this madness before it escalated.

"That's enough! You should stop this now!" He grabbed her hand to stop her from undressing herself in front of him. Has she lost her mind?

"Let me go!" Violet shouted, "It's too hot! Please let me go! I need to go for a swim!

"Swim?" Alaric was left more confused than ever. Could it be that she was not faking this and it was not a ploy to get a rise out of her.

"You can't go for a swim. Classes are going on right now for Christ sake, Violet." He told her,

concern in his tone.

Alaric decided to let go of his hostility towards the girl and took a good look at her. He let go of her hands and grabbed her face and scrutinized her.

Something was wrong here. Alaric could tell with the sweats that had beaded on her forehead. and her cheeks were flushed, nearly feverish. And then, her pupils were dilated as fuck. Not to mention, it felt most uncomfortable when he caught the scent of her arousal. Alaric's frown was prominent now. What the hell was going on here?

Unknown to Alaric, the moment he placed a hand on Violet's face, it felt like a healing balm. His hands were cooling to her fevered skin and she wanted more of it. Him. There was no need for a pool, he was all she wanted.

Alaric noticed Violet's stare and looked down only to gulp nervously. She was staring at him like a meal he intended to devour.

"Why are you staring at me like that?" He asked nervously. It was strange for an alpha because he was beginning to feel like a prey now with her predatory look.

But Violet did not reply, her attention focused on the way his lips moved while he spoke. She wondered if his lips were as soft as they looked...

And she did check it.

Alaric froze like a statue the instant Violet's mouth landed hard on his. His hands were still

hanging awkwardly as the girl grabbed his hair, pushing her tongue into his mouth with a groan of utter satisfaction. He should push her away. She was a natural seductress who had had her eyes on him since the first day they met, yet Alaric found his eyes closing as he gave into the mind-blowing kiss.

If lightning had a taste, Violet was certain she'd found it. Sharp, acrid, yet intoxicatingly sweet. Alaric was raw power incarnate, and with every second their mouths remained connected, a storm brewed inside her. Sparks danced across her skin, lighting up every nerve ending until her body felt as if it were glowing.

A jolt of static electricity spread between her thighs, and Violet let out a soft whimper as the heat pooled low in her belly. She clenched her legs tightly, but it was futile. The wetness gathered, leaving her wondering if her panties had all but disintegrated.

70 Vixen

— Alaric

Alaric Storm knew trouble when he saw it, and right now, he was neck-deep in it. The kind of trouble that felt dangerously sweet, the kind that tasted like sin and smelled of temptation. For the first time, he could perhaps understand why Asher was so fixated on this girl. Violet Palmer was a forbidden fruit, one that he should never have touched. And yet, here he was, entangled, hooked, and unable to let go.

She kissed him like she owned him, her lips relentless and hungry, claiming his mouth with a ferocity that left him stunned. Her kisses were aggressive, her teeth grazing his b

ottom lip until she drew blood. Violet moaned low in her throat as if the metallic taste of his blood was the most decadent thing she'd ever savored.

Alaric groaned, trying to keep up with her pace, though his mind was spinning. Everything was

He'd happening too fast, too sudden. This wasn't how he envisioned their encounter to go come to investigate Asher's obsession with her, not to fall victim to the same magnetic pull. If

had Violet was collecting hearts, he had no desire to become one of her trophies. Elsie's games been enough for a lifetime—he didn't need a second round. T

And yet, no matter how much his rational side screamed at him to pull away, he couldn't . He didn't want her to stop. There was something different about this. Unlike the other women who sought him out for the thrill of kissing the lightning prince, Violet made him feel like he didn't need to hide. He didn't need his gloves, didn't need to hold back his power. In her presence, he could let go, lose control.

When Vic

Violet finally broke the kiss, Alaric thought it was over. Relief and regret tangled in his chest. But then, she pushed against his chest with surprising strength, and he stumbled back into the chair behind him. His breath hitched as she climbed onto his lap, straddling him without

hesitation.

Alaric forgot how to breathe. The pressure of her sitting directly on his arousal sent a surge of heat rushing through him, and his hands instinctively gripped the armrests to keep himself grounded.

"Violet..." he groaned, her **name** slipping from his lips like a prayer, a plea, and a warning all at

once.

But Violet captured his lips in another fiery kiss. She was like a vixen, wild and untamed, and she kissed with an intensity that made his head spin.

Even without his lightning, Violet managed to ignite a great fire within him, setting his very soul ablaze. Control? It was a distant memory now, obliterated by the forceful, incredibly sexy kiss

that consumed him.

When her tongue slipped into his mouth and stroked against his, Alaric couldn't stop himself. He sucked on it, earning a soft whimper from her that sent a jolt of heat straight to his aching

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70 Vixon

He was already so hard it hurt, and Violet seemed completely attuned to his need. She began to move against him, her hips grinding in a way that had him groaning so loudly he was sure anyone outside could hear. But did he care? Not one bit. He'd bitten the forbidden fruit, and now he craved nothing but more.

Alaric's arms wrapped around her waist, his large hands gripping her firmly as he encouraged her movements. He facilitated her speed, guiding her as she rode him with increasing fervor. The decadent sound of their bodies moving together filled the room, a symphony of desire as they chased the fiery heat that burned between them. Their tongues continued their heated tango, their breaths mingling as they moved faster and faster, lost in the inferno that consumed them.

The tension coiled tightly within Alaric, his muscles locking up as he teetered dangerously close to the edge. He grabbed Violet by the hair, pulling her into an even deeper kiss, desperate and furious with need. She rode him harder, faster, her movements relentless as he felt himself surrender to the overwhelming pleasure.

With a loud groan, Alaric came, his release spilling inside his pants as he leaned back heavily against the chair. His chest heaved as he tried to catch his breath, his mind hazy and his body trembling from the intensity of it all.

"Fuck," he muttered, his voice low and raspy. That had been incredible. Violet had completely unraveled him, leaving him wondering what the hell had just happened—and why he already wanted more.

Violet had come to, her chest heaving as she gazed at Alaric. The euphoric, dazed look on her face was enough to send a fresh jolt of heat through him, making his already spent body yearn for more. Alaric groaned inwardly, his mind grappling with the fact that he needed to clean up and find a way out of the classroom without anyone noticing the wet patch on his pants. His reputation as the stoic lightning prince was hanging by a thread.

He barely had time to think before Violet, with a newfound boldness, began unbuttoning his shirt. Alarm flashed across his face as he grabbed her wrist to stop her.

"What are you doing?" he asked, his voice rough with a mixture of confusion and arousal,

"I want you," Violet purred, her fingers tugging insistently at his jacket, her need palpable in the sultry tone of her voice.

Alaric froze, his mind racing. He wanted her too—god, did he want her—but this was spiraling out of control. This wasn't the place, and certainly not the time. They were in a classroom, for heaven's sake, where anyone could walk in at any moment.

"I'm sorry, but that's not happening," Alaric said firmly, his hand gripping hers to stop her from undressing him further. His voice carried a warning edge, though he was trying desperately to keep his composure.

"But I need you now!" Violet whined, her voice heavy with desperation. She slapped his hand away, and before he could react, she tore his shirt open with a sudden, forceful yank. Buttons

70 Vixen

flew across the room, scattering like tiny shards of chaos, and Alaric's chest was exposed to her hungry gaze.

Warning bells went off in Alaric's head, loud and blaring.

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