

## Defy 121

### Chapter 121: My One and Only Alpha

For the first time, Violet experienced the most tense and suffocating ride back to the academy. Roman hadn't even bothered with his usual flirtatious remarks or playful conversation. Instead, he kept his eyes on the road, his face impassive.

But even with the lack of expression, Violet could tell he was greatly bothered with the way his hands gripped the steering wheel hard till the veins on his hands bulged. Even the music he turned on was nothing but noise as it did nothing to ease the tension in the car.

Violet sat stiffly in her seat, counting the seconds until the ride was over. Her body was wound tight like a coiled spring as every nerve was on edge, making her unable to relax.

Hence the moment Roman pulled into the parking lot and parked the car, Violet didn't even waste a single second. She flung the door open and got out with the speed of lightning.

"Thank you!" she said hastily, not because she was thankful, but out of fear and then vanished without waiting for a response.

If Roman had said anything, Violet didn't hear it because she didn't dare to look back. Although she felt the heat of his gaze burning into her back, the fear of meeting his wolf's eyes again was the beginning of wisdom; she moved on.

Violet slipped through the smaller side door, avoiding the busier main entrance of the school. Classes were already in session, and her schedule was free since she wasn't attending her elective class. She pulled out her phone and opened the Lunarix app, scrolling to find Mr. Richmond's office location when a voice interrupted her.

"Hello, Violet," someone said.

Startled, Violet looked up, expecting to see a familiar face. Instead, it was a student she didn't recognize, waving at her with a smile.

Violet's brows furrowed at once when she realized the girl was greeting her. For sure, the greeting was polite but it was unusual, considering her usual interactions with the other students were far from friendly.

Still confused by the gesture, Violet gave the girl what could barely qualify as a brief nod and brushed it off, continuing to follow the directions on her phone. But then it happened again.

"Hello, Violet."

"Hello, Violet."

Her steps slowed this time as she turned to see two other students walk past her, waving and smiling at her. A tight frown made its way across Violet's face. Since when did the students of Lunaris greet her like this?

Even with her high rank on the Lunaboard, it was obvious that the students looked down on her because of her status as the daughter of a prostitute. She was not up to the standards of the other elite students hence this sudden friendliness was highly suspicious.

"Violet!" A student shouted and rushed toward her, forcing her to stop abruptly. Violet stiffened, her instincts already bracing for an unpleasant interaction.

However, the girl didn't seem to notice Violet's unease, nor did she give off evil intentions.

"I have to admit, Violet, your kiss with Alaric was fucking mind-blowing!" she said in a rushed, chippy voice. Then, shielding her mouth with her hand, she whispered conspiratorially, "Even sexier than Elsie's kiss with Asher."

Violet blinked, caught completely off guard. But before she could form a response, the girl already whipped out her phone and threw an arm around Violet's shoulders as if they were old friends.

"Now, a picture to commemorate this meeting! Pinkies!" the girl chirped. The camera flashed before Violet had a chance to compose herself.

The girl inspected the photo with satisfaction. She had posed with a perfect wink, looking photogenic and confident, while Violet resembled a startled deer caught in headlights. The girl didn't seem to care, not as long as she looked perfect and Violet's face showed.

"That should do!" she announced. "See you around!" She air-kissed Violet's cheek and disappeared as quickly as she had appeared.

Violet stood on the spot, utterly bewildered by the entire encounter. And it was at that moment that everything began to make sense to her. The reason everyone was suddenly friendly towards her. It was not out of her own achievements or merits but because of her dating Alaric.

Well, good thing she didn't give a fuck about fame.

So Violet set her jaw and resumed walking, her usual resting bitch face firmly in place. While students continued to greet her as she passed, the dark aura she exuded was enough to deter most of them from approaching her as boldly as the girl from earlier did. Violet didn't need their fake friendliness, nor did she have the patience for it.

Violet finally tracked Mr. Richmond's office, standing right outside it. However, Just as she raised her hand to knock, her phone buzzed in her pocket.

Letting out a small sigh, she pulled it out, only for her face to freeze as her eyes scanned the message.

"You love being a bad girl, don't you?"

Her blood turned to ice.

Violet didn't need to guess who had sent it—she knew instinctively. But the realization became even more horrifying when her eyes drifted to the contact name: "My one and only Alpha."

What the hell?

Her hand shook as she held the phone. There was no way she had given Asher her number, let alone saved his contact under such a ridiculous, possessive title. She wasn't insane.

Then it hit her like a lightning bolt. That day... the day he had returned her phone. He must have added his number and the contact name while he had it. But how had he bypassed her password?

That fucking madman.

Anger surged through her veins, and Violet's fingers flew across the screen, typing furiously.

"Go fuck yourself, bastard!" She wrote in mere seconds, hitting send with a shaky breath.

How did Asher manage to rattle her emotions so quickly? It was infuriating. She couldn't let him have power over her like this. Taking a deep breath, she composed herself and reached for the door. But before her hand touched the handle, another buzz from her phone stopped her.

The right thing to do would've been to ignore it, to walk into the office and let the counselling session drown out Asher's toxic influence. But her curiosity got the better of her and against her better judgment, she opened the message.

"My hands in my pants already, thinking about you."

Violet's face reddened with both rage and mortification, her breath hitching at the sheer audacity of the text. Her grip on the phone tightened, her knuckles turning white. That was it. She was done playing this game with him.

Fueled by anger, Violet forgot her manners entirely. Instead of knocking, she shoved the door open with more force than necessary, ready to vent her frustration to Mr. Richmond if need be.

But the sight that greeted her stopped her in her tracks.

You've got to be kidding her.

## Chapter 122: Mental Demonstration

There are some things that should never happen in school, let alone be seen, and this was undoubtedly one of them. Yet, Lunar Academy always seemed to outdo itself in defying expectations.

Violet found herself rooted on the spot as she watched Mr Richmond—or at least the man she assumed was him—naked as the day he was born and fucking a student over his desk. Except it wasn't just any student, but Amanda Raynes, Griffin's ex-girlfriend.

What in the name of the moon was happening here?

Richmond was a giant of a man, his body packed with thick muscles that rippled with his movement. His large hands gripped Amanda's slim waist, nearly encircling it completely he could as well snap her in two if he chose to. And although he handled her as if she were a fragile doll, his movement was ferocious, the desk beneath him creaking loudly.

The office was filled with the obscene rhythmic slap of flesh against flesh and unlike Amanda who moaned, gasped and mewled in interval, not even a guttural grunt came from Richmond. As if he wasn't breaking a sweat at all.

Richmond and Amanda were entirely consumed by their actions that they were unaware of Violet's presence at the door. Logic told Violet to leave, to walk away and pretend she hadn't seen anything. But she was unable to. Her feet were rooted to the spot, her eyes locked on the sinful scene.

And then, her eyes met with Richmond and the breath rushed out from her lungs. There was something dark and deeply unsettling about his gaze. It was as if she was staring into an abyss, but this abyss had eyes and teeth. Chills broke out across Violet's skin and her senses prickled. Something was off about this man.

Richmond challengingly held her gaze without breaking his pace while fucking Amanda as if the act was second nature to him. If anything, he seemed to double down, his thrusts growing even more brutal. For a fleeting, unsettling moment, Violet was convinced that he was showcasing his fucking prowess to her, with Amanda as the unwitting demonstration.

Amanda cried out beneath him. Except it was no cry of pain. She relished it. Her cries grew louder, more desperate, filling the room like a chorus of sinful delight.

Then finally Richmond spoke, his voice a deep rumble, "If you're not joining us, better close that door."

That command seemed to snap Violet out of her trance. Her heart slammed against her ribs as she stumbled back, yanking the door shut with trembling hands. She leaned back against it, her face flushed and her heart pounding so fast she swore it wanted to leap out of her chest.

What did she just watch? Violet was unable to process the sheer audacity of it.

Mary had not been kidding, the teachers here really did have relationships with their students. But wasn't this against the rules? Shouldn't someone be punishing him for this?

Her musings were cut short by Amanda's escalating moans. "Ahhh! Yes, that spot! Faster! Oh God, you're going to kill me... punish me, sir!"

Violet jerked away from the door as though it had electrocuted her. Her ears burned, her mind reeling from the explicit sounds. Fanning herself with her hand, she tried to shake off the heat crawling up her neck. How had she missed this noise when she first arrived?

Right. Asher. That bastard had distracted her.

But no matter how far she moved from the door, it seemed as if Amanda's voice was everywhere, echoing in her mind like a never-ending chorus of debauchery. How were they not ashamed to do this in broad daylight? Also, was the sex that good that Amanda had to scream like a female macaque monkey during mating.

Violet shuddered. No, she was not going to think about that.

Just as Violet began to regain her composure, her phone buzzed again. Her heart skipped a beat as she saw the sender.

My one and only Alpha.

Swallowing hard, Violet opened the message.

"Did you like my little gift?"

Shivers ran down Violet's spine as she quickly spun around, scanning the hallway for any sign of Asher. Her eyes darted to every corner, searching for where he might be hiding and watching her. But there was nowhere to hide, just the long, empty hallway lined with closed office doors. The only sounds were her own breathing and the muffled, lewd noises spilling out of Richmond's office.

She typed furiously. "You set this up on purpose to draw me away from Alaric, didn't you?"

Violet hit send, her frustration growing.

Asher's reply came almost instantly, as though he'd been waiting for her message. "I'm not the one who skipped a mandatory counseling session."

Violet scoffed audibly, her lips curling into a sneer. Was he seriously expecting her to thank him for setting this up then? In his twisted dreams!

She began typing a scathing response, but another message from him interrupted her.

"How was it?"

Her frown deepened, her mind catching onto the insinuation in his words. Violet had a sinking suspicion of what he was referring to, but she brushed it aside and replied tersely, "How was what?"

His response was immediate. "The show you were just privy to."

Violet's face burned hot, the heat spreading from her cheeks to her ears. Her tongue felt heavy, the audacity of his comment leaving her momentarily speechless. But she quickly began typing a sharp retort.

Before she could finish, another message came in. She opened it without hesitation, her heart thudding in her chest.

"Ours would be better."

Her breath caught, her fingers hovering over her phone. What the....

Another notification buzzed, and with growing apprehension, she opened it.

"All you have to do is say yes, and I'll have my huge dick buried in your moist heat, my hands fondling your breasts while my fingers play with your clit. I'll fuck you so hard you'd scream louder than Amanda, and the whole school would know you're mine."

Violet's heart slammed against her ribcage. Her throat tightened as she abruptly looked away from her phone, guilt and disbelief swirling in her chest. This was not appropriate. This is wrong. Her mind screamed at her.

She had a boyfriend. Just reading this felt like a betrayal. It was mental cheating on Alaric, and she couldn't let herself fall into Asher's trap. Violet made her decision. Her thumb moving as she blocked his number and severed the line of communication.

She would love to see the bastard try again.

However, it was quite unfortunate that the damage had been done already. Asher's words lingered in her mind like a brand, and Violet couldn't stop the invasive thoughts that followed. She recalled Richmond and Amanda's scene in the office, except in this situation, it was her and Asher instead. She was now the one screaming and moaning as Asher took her over and over.



The sudden sound of a door opening snapped Violet out of her thoughts. Her head jerked up, and she realized Amanda had stepped out of the office, adjusting her clothes with a smug expression.

And then it hit Violet that she was now standing alone in the hallway with Amanda Raynes, Griffin's ex-girlfriend.

The same Amanda whose relationship she had unintentionally wrecked.

Fuck my life. Violet groaned internally.

### Chapter 123: His Nature

Amanda didn't notice Violet at first, her expression dazed, obviously still basking in the blissful aftermath of whatever had transpired in that office. Violet silently prayed it would stay that way, hoping to remain invisible until Amanda left.

But luck wasn't on her side. A girl her size was not exactly inconspicuous and Amanda's eyes landed on her, her gaze narrowing at once.

And here it comes. Violet braced herself internally, her mind preparing for the inevitable confrontation. Amanda crossed the space between them in just two strides.

As the distance closed, Violet was already prepared for a slap, or two. She deserved it, after all. She had kissed Amanda's boyfriend, and had it not been for Alaric's interference, it could've gone much further.

Instead, Amanda placed both hands firmly on her shoulders and Violet stood ramrod straight, every muscle in her body coiled, her heart pounding as she awaited the painful blow. But instead of striking her, Amanda did something completely unexpected. She pulled Violet into a hug.

What?

Violet froze, utterly flabbergasted. Her arms remained stiff at her sides, her brain short-circuiting as she tried to process what was happening.

Amanda pulled back slightly, only to plant a kiss on Violet's cheek. And that was enough to snap her out of her shock, and she stumbled back, flustered and utterly confused.

Amanda, however, seemed entirely unbothered. She burst into a fit of giggles, her laughter light and carefree, like someone high on drugs. Except in her case, it was sex hormones or was it?

"I said I was going to deal with you for embarrassing me," She began, her words spilling out between giggles. "But boy, was I wrong. So thank you instead for freeing me from that bondage." She pulled Violet into another hug, squeezing the life out of her lungs.

Violet stood there stiffly, letting Amanda do whatever she wanted, her mind reeling. None of this made sense.

Then Amanda leaned in, her lips close to Violet's ear as she whispered with delight, "You should go in. He's waiting for you. Piece of advice? Choose doggy style, he hits it differently."

Wait, what?

Violet jerked back immediately, her face scrunching in disgust and disbelief. By the moon, did Amanda actually think she was here to... No, thank you. That would happen over her dead body.

"I think you're mistaken," Violet began, panicking a little. "I'm only here for my—"

Amanda waved her off, cutting her short. "Don't forget to tell me all the details later! Good luck!" She fluffed her hair and sauntered off, her confidence radiating as she strutted down the hallway, still high on her victory lap.

Violet stared after Amanda's retreating figure with a look of confusion and horror. What in the name of the creator was happening in this school?

Perhaps due to Amanda's unsettling insinuation, Violet didn't dare to go in immediately. She gave it time for things to cool off. Moreover, she was not about to go in there and let her nose get assaulted by the scent of sex probably reeking in the air.

It wasn't until about ten minutes later that Violet decided enough time had passed. She glanced at her phone, realizing her session time was nearly up. She figured she'd apologize for walking in on... that and hope he'd reschedule the session for another week.

Taking a deep breath to steady her nerves, Violet cautiously pushed the door open and stepped inside. Her gaze immediately locked onto Mr. Richmond's, and her heart nearly leaped out of her chest. He was sitting at his desk, arms folded across his broad chest, staring at her as though he'd been expecting her.

Even now, there was something about the man that set her senses on edge. She could feel this darkness around him, his gaze unnerving. Thankfully, he was dressed this time, though the fabric of his shirt clung to his muscular frame so tightly that she half-worried it might tear if he so much as moved.

Richmond was the first to break the silence, his deep voice reverberating through the room. "Is this a new tactic, or what? Keeping me waiting?"

"Oh...sorry, " Violet's face fell, embarrassment flooding her as she realized she'd wasted part of their counseling session. Or so she thought.

"Take your clothes off then," he said abruptly.

"Eeh?" Violet's ears rang, her eyes widening in utter shock. Confusion and disbelief etched themselves across her features. What in the name of all hullabaloo is going on here?

Richmond, meanwhile, had already risen to his feet, unbuttoning his shirt as if that was normal. "I'm not in the mood for games, purple head. So don't waste my time either. Let's get this over with."

He finished unbuttoning his shirt, his hands moving to slide it off when Violet's voice burst out in panic. "I think you're mistaken here!"

Richmond paused mid-motion, one eyebrow arching as he studied her. "What are you talking about?"

Grasping the opportunity, Violet quickly explained, "I'm here for the counseling session I missed. Not... whatever this is." She gestured vaguely around the room.

The realization dawned on Richmond's face like a storm cloud clearing. His expression darkened momentarily before he muttered under his breath, "Those fucking delinquents..."

He finally pieced it all together, and Violet couldn't help but feel a wave of relief as the tension eased. Immediately, Richmond began buttoning up his shirt again, his face tinged with faint embarrassment.

"My apologies," he said gruffly. "I should have realized something was off, especially when you came in smelling like thunder boy."

Violet went red instantly, her hands subtly lowering to sniff herself, but she smelled nothing out of the ordinary. The comment was both bizarre and humiliating.

Trying to recover, she quickly asked, "I don't understand. You're a staff member here, a counselor. Yet you're... offering yourself to students like..." Her words trailed off as she realized how harsh they sounded.

"A whore, you mean to say?" Richmond finished for her with a curl of his lips. "But that's too feminine. I'd say... a fuck boy. Better, aye?"

Violet swallowed hard. "I don't—"

"Usually, I'd get mad at someone throwing shade at my nature," he interrupted smoothly, his tone almost sweet. "But you seem completely clueless, so I'll let it forgive you this time."

"Forgive me for what? I don't understand what's going on here," Violet said, now annoyed at the way he made it seem like she did something wrong. "Is there something I'm supposed to know?"

Richmond's expression shifted, a dangerous glint sparking in his eyes. "Yes, honey. There's something you're supposed to know. So watch carefully."

Violet tensed, every muscle in her body coiling as she braced herself for whatever he was about to show. And then it happened.

In the blink of an eye, Richmond's eyes turned pitch black, completely devoid of whites or pupils, like twin voids staring back at her.

Violet's breath caught in her throat, a startled yelp escaping her as she stumbled back, her back hitting the wall.

What the hell.

#### Chapter 124: Unleashed Nightmare

Violet's back was pressed firmly against the wall, her heart pounding so furiously as she stared into the abyss where Richmond's eyes had once been. Holy creator of the universe. What in the hell was going on in this school?

Suddenly, as abruptly as they'd changed, Richmond's eyes shifted back to normal. The tension in the room eased instantly as he threw his head back and burst into laughter. The rich, deep sound echoed off the walls, incongruously carefree.

"I don't think I'll ever get over scaring newbies like this," he said, wiping a nonexistent tear from his eye.

He stared at Violet who looked like every atom of blood had been drained from her life, saying, "You took it well, to be honest. Most first-timers usually run out of my office screaming."

"Although," he added with a cackle that reminded Violet of an old-school villain, "they have no choice but to come back for their counseling session."

"What are you?" Violet gasped, shaken.

Her mind was racing. While she knew of the supernatural creatures officially acknowledged by the world that existed, nothing about Richmond fit those descriptions. Why would the school even harbor whatever he was?

Plopping down on his seat, Richmond leaned forward with the confidence of one that knew he had her cornered. "Want to know?" Richmond asked smoothly with a hint of challenge.

He gestured to the chair in front of his desk. "Sit, then. We've got a counseling session."

Violet hesitated, her thoughts warring within her. Their counseling time was technically up, and she could always ask someone —preferably Lila—about him later. But deep down, she knew no one could give her a clearer answer than the man—or creature—in front of her. And if he had any bad intentions, surely he wouldn't have revealed himself like this.

Moreover, when did she become such a coward?

Straightening her spine, Violet forced herself to walk toward the chair and sit. She made a point of looking as composed as possible, her expression schooled into a neutral mask. The best way to throw off a predator was not to be scared of them — or pretend not to be scared of them.

Richmond, or whatever he called himself, studied her with an amused expression as she sat down. "Well," she began, her voice cool and formal, "Richmond—"

"Micah," he interrupted.

"What?"

"I'd prefer if you called me Micah," he said casually, though his eyes held a trace of annoyance. "Richmond is a surname I'd rather not be associated with."

Violet raised an eyebrow but shrugged. "If you say so." She locked eyes with him. "So, tell me, Micah. What are you?"

"Half werewolf, half incubus," Micah said, his tone calm, as if he'd just declared his favorite color.

"What?" Violet's jaw nearly hit the floor. "No way," she gasped.

"Surprising, right? I'm a legend." Micah grinned dramatically, spreading his arms as if basking in imaginary applause.

"No, it's impossible," Violet said, her voice rising slightly as disbelief overwhelmed her. She shook her head, trying to piece it together. "Sure, demons exist, but a werewolf and a demon... mating? That's unheard of."

"That is," Micah interjected with deliberate emphasis, "if they 'mated'."

Violet frowned, the hint in his voice and the firm look on his face making her stomach twist. Her blood chilled as the raw implications hit her like a brick wall.

"Fuck," she muttered under her breath, the curse escaping before she could stop it.

"It is indeed fucked up," Micah agreed, his tone almost indifferent despite the gravity of his words. He spoke as though he was recounting someone else's story, unaffected by the tragedy that shaped him.

He folded his hands on the desk. "My father, the Alpha King at the time—"

"Wait," Violet interrupted, her eyes growing wide. "Your father was the Alpha King?"

Micah nodded. "At the time. Now, his brother rules."

It dawned on Violet, the pieces clicking into place. "The current Alpha King is your uncle," she was completely dumbfounded.

Violet stared at Micah, still unable to believe it. She was sitting in front of royalty. Royalty who worked as a counselor in this... twisted school. And offered sex to students. That didn't sound right.

Micah continued, his voice steady but darkened by a deep bitterness. "After the war, it was clear the werewolves had suffered the greatest losses. My father became obsessed with creating absolute power. He wanted power that would make him invincible, you know, a ruler unmatched by anyone. And his 'brilliant' idea was to summon a demon."

He paused, his jaw tightening before he continued. "But he didn't consider that demons are cunning creatures who answer to no one. The demon he summoned didn't grant him power. Instead, it raped his mate, my mother, right in front of him. And when it was done, killed him."

Violet felt her stomach churn, horror curling through her chest. She didn't know what to say, but Micah wasn't finished.

"No one knew the full extent of what happened," he said coldly. "Not until my mother died giving birth to the monster that I am. It would've been the right thing to kill me, an abomination, but I was the Alpha King's only living heir. Out of respect, they spared my life, but I could never become Alpha King. Not as long as I lived. "

Micah continued with a voice that was lighter but no less bitter. "And so here I am, exiled to a school of horny teenagers who are more than willing to give me the fuel I need to survive. Sexual energy."

By the time he finished speaking, Violet's head was spinning, her brain struggling to process the enormity of what she'd just heard. The initial judgments she had towards Micah made her feel embarrassingly small-minded now. Not when the tragic truth of his existence was horrifying, and none of it was his fault.

If anyone was to blame, it was his father. The greedy, power-obsessed Alpha King who had unleashed a nightmare upon his own family.

## Chapter 125: Caged

"Don't feel pity for me," Micah suddenly said, his voice rousing Violet from her thoughts.



"W—what?" She stammered, caught off guard.

"You heard me," he replied evenly, his piercing gaze fixed on her.

Violet snorted, trying to appear casual. "Who said I feel pity for you? Everybody goes through shit."

But Micah's stare didn't waver. It was as though he could see straight through her words, unraveling her pretense effortlessly. His unblinking intensity made her fidget.

"Okay. Fine." Violet threw her hands up. "No pity. You could die right now, and I wouldn't care," she said, her face deadpan.

For a moment, there was silence. And then Micah burst into deep, genuine laughter that echoed through the room. His reaction was so unexpected that Violet found herself laughing too, her snark dissolving into genuine mirth.

However, the levity was short-lived.

They caught each other's gaze and the laughter subsided as if realizing their role as teacher and student — not that the line seem to mean anything at Lunar Academy. Nonetheless, both of them straightened in their seats at the same time, composing themselves.

Micah cleared his throat awkwardly, breaking the tension while Violet was the first to speak.

"So," She began, "how does this counseling thing even work? Are you actually a certified counselor?"

"No," Micah said bluntly.

Violet's brow arched. "Are you kidding me right now?"

"Why would I choose a career that involves listening to students whine about their girlfriends not being good at giving head? Or their boyfriends cheating on them with their backstabbing best friends? Or how their parents are going through a divorce case? Or a secret solution to an infection they don't want to get from the pharmacy because they're too scared someone will find out? Or how they wish they were you, the purple-haired witch who's apparently screwing all four of the cardinal alphas—"

"Alright, alright!" Violet interrupted, raising her hands to halt the tirade. "I don't think I need to hear more!" She was nearly traumatized by his ranting. That was way too much information.

Violet eyed him cautiously. "For someone who's supposed to be a counselor, it seems like you're the one who needs therapy. That was a serious off loading."

Micah mused over it. "Probably. But that's not in the budget."

Violet rubbed her temples, groaning softly. "Nobody in this school is normal at all."

She opened her eyes to find Micah watching her, his expression amused but guarded. Unable to help herself, she asked, "Is this how you perform your counseling sessions? By ranting to every student that comes around?"

"Not really," Micah replied with a shrug. "You're strangely the first to actually sit down and talk with me. The others who come here already know what I can do and they're just looking for a quick fix."

"Quick fix?" Violet repeated, her tone sharp with disbelief. "Oh, you mean the part where you sleep with students?" The bite in her voice was impossible to miss.

"Judge all you want, purplehead," Micah said, "But I'm a necessary evil. And for the record, I've never forced anyone. They offer themselves willingly, and it's not like I don't give them rest in return."

"Rest?" Violet echoed skeptically.

"It's what I do," he explained. "Basically, I work with emotions. When stressed-out students come to me, I take their burdens away. The more grateful ones, well, let's just say they're often more than eager to

offer me what I need in return." He smirked, adding, "I mean, if you ever had sex with me, you'd understand as well. One of my many talents is knowing exactly what my partner needs."

But Violet wasn't listening anymore. His words seemed distant, her body tensing as something clicked in her mind. Her voice dropped to a hiss. "Your ability is manipulating emotions?"

Micah's smirk faded instantly, replaced with a more serious expression. He noticed the sudden chill in her demeanor and quickly pieced together the reason for her reaction. She thought he manipulated her.

"Only when I make physical contact," he said in a measured tone, trying to reassure her. "You and I haven't touched. Not even once."

"That's why you're the counselor," Violet muttered, her voice cold as she pieced it together. "Your ability is perfect for this role. The ideal prison. Taming and soothing problematic and horny students."

"You're a real ray of sunshine, aren't you?" Micah quipped, his tone a mix of sarcasm and reluctant admiration.

"For how long have you been here?" she pressed.

Micah raised an eyebrow. "I didn't realize this was turning into an interrogation," he said with a hint of mirth.

"Answer me," Violet demanded, her tone unyielding.

"Since I graduated from this very school," Micah said simply.

The air left Violet's lungs in a rush. If he'd graduated from Lunaris, that meant he'd been just a teenager when all of this started. And who was to say he hadn't begun offering his "services" even then?

"Your uncle is an asshole," Violet said bluntly, her voice laced with disgust.

Micah chuckled, a smirk curling his lips. "I think I'm starting to like you more and more."

Violet rolled her eyes, recognizing his teasing tone but refusing to engage.

A beep from Micah's phone broke the moment. He glanced down at the screen and sighed. "As much as I'd love to savor your delightful company, my services are needed elsewhere."

Violet frowned at his words. "You could refuse, you know? Move away from here—"

"And go where?" Micah interrupted, his voice sharp but not unkind. "Tell me, Violet, where does an abominable hybrid like me belong? Werewolves and humans are barely coexisting as it is. What makes you think the world would extend that courtesy to me? And even if I wanted to leave, do you think the Alpha King would ever let me go? I'm a threat to his throne. This is my cage, and I've made my peace with it."

"It's been a pleasure meeting you, Violet Purple. I hope that feeling extends to our next meeting. Otherwise, there's no point in seeing each other again."

With that, Micah walked out, leaving Violet alone in his office. The door clicked shut, and the room fell into an oppressive silence.

Fuck. Violet groaned, running her hands down her face in frustration. This was precisely why she preferred minding her own business. No convoluted backstories, no life-altering revelations, and no emotionally exhausting encounters.

She took a deep breath, straightened her posture, and decided to leave. Whatever bizarre turn her day had taken, she was done with it.

But as Violet opened the door, she froze.

Because standing right there, leaning casually against the doorframe, was a certain Alpha. He was not wearing glasses which meant his slitted gray eyes gleamed with that familiar mix of mischief and control, his lips curving into a devilish smile that made her heart nearly jump out of her chest.

"Hello, my purple queen."

## Chapter 126: Someone Would Die

God no. Not him.

Just when Violet thought her day couldn't possibly get any worse, here he was, grinning at her like he owned not just the universe, but her as well. The sheer arrogance radiating from him was enough to make her stomach churn.

Unfortunately, after the emotionally draining encounter with Micah, Violet didn't have the energy to deal with Asher's antics. She immediately attempted to shut the door in his face, but Asher, ever quick, slid his hand in the way. His sheer strength overpowered her, and the door slipped from her grasp, hitting the wall.

Asher stepped inside as if he owned the place, closing the door behind him. Violet instinctively stepped back, her chest tightening as she realized she was trapped.

"Get out right now," she commanded him, even though her voice wavered slightly under the intensity of his unreadable gaze.

But Asher ignored her, intentionally moving slowly and closing the distance between them. Violet stepped back with every step he took forward until her back hit the edge of the desk. With panic, she tried to sidestep him, but Asher moved faster, his hand snaking around her waist and pushing her back against the desk.

"Not so fast, little purple queen," he teased her.

Violet struggled against him. She then tried to kick him in the same spot she had once before, aiming for his groin, but Asher was prepared this time. He brought his legs together just in time, blocking her.

"Haha, not again," he laughed smugly.

"What the fuck do you want?" Violet shoved him hard against the chest, having calmed down a little. But Asher didn't so much as budge, his stance as solid as stone.

"You, of course," He said simply, his words dripping with infuriating charm.

"No." Violet said firmly, her frustration boiling over. "You can't keep doing this to me! I'm not yours, Asher! And just in case you've forgotten, I'm currently in a relationship with Alaric. So this — whatever this is between us—it has to stop now!"

The room was thick with tension, Violet's chest heaving as she glared at Asher. His darkened eyes locked onto hers, narrowing dangerously.

Violet's heart pounded wildly, every instinct telling her she had just made a grave mistake. Yet, when she expected him to lash out or in the worse case, hit her, his smirk returned instead, except it was more dangerous than ever.

"Approved by who?" Asher asked, his voice a velvety murmur that sent a shiver down her spine.

"What?" Violet stammered.

"I didn't approve of your relationship with Alaric," he said, his tone light but laced with menace. "At least, not yet. You've moved my pieces too early in this game of chess, little purple." His hand lifted, brushing her face with an almost tender touch, his expression heartbreakingly soft.

Violet slapped his hand away with fury, her golden eyes liquid fire.

"How dare you?! Who are you to tell me who to date?" she roared, her voice trembling with anger.

Asher didn't flinch, his calm demeanor only fueling her rage. Violet took a breath, her voice cutting through the silence. "I like Alaric, and nothing you say or do will make me stop dating him. Don't push me too far, Asher Nightshade." She spat his name like venom.

But Asher studied her, unphased, his gaze trailing down her heaving chest as though savoring her anger. His lips curled into a knowing smile.

Violet noticed where his eyes lingered, and heat rushed to her cheeks, her anger now tangled with embarrassment. "Stop looking at me like that!" she hissed.

"Why?" Asher asked, his voice daring. "Does it bother you?"

"Don't!" Violet warned through gritted teeth, every nerve in her body screaming for her to leave. She was toeing a dangerous line. Except there was no way to go, trapped by the asshole.

Also, Asher wasn't the type to back off. He pressed closer, the heat of his body merging with hers until there wasn't an inch of space between them. Her breath caught as his heat overwhelmed her.

"You say you like Alaric," his voice was silky. "And yet you like me."

"I don't—!" Violet gasped, her words cutting off as Asher's fingers brushed across her chest, an intentional, featherlight touch that sent an electric jolt down her spine.

Asher tilted his head, his lips hovering near her ear. "You might lie to me, but your body doesn't."

Panic swelled in Violet's chest as her heartbeat roared in her ears. She was in trouble, and she knew it. She shoved against his chest, but Asher was already ahead of her, grabbing a fistful of her hair and tilting her head back. A pained gasp escaped her lips as his control tightened. It hurts.

He leaned in, his lips grazing her throat before moving to her ear, his voice a seductive whisper. "Good thing I love to share."

Her eyes widened in shock, her breath hitching, but before she could speak or fight back, Asher captured her lips in a searing kiss. His grip in her hair kept her firmly in place, and she fought against him, biting down on his lips hard enough to draw blood. The metallic taste of his blood mingled with her own fury, but instead of deterring him, it seemed to spur him instead.

Asher's kiss grew fiercer, deeper, as though he was determined to claim every part of her. Violet resisted, her hands pushing against his chest, but slowly, her resolve faltered. His lips were relentless, drawing her in, until the fire of her resistance melted into the storm of his dominance. Violet hated herself for giving in. And yet, she couldn't stop.

Violet moaned, the sound slipping past her lips before she could stop it. Asher swallowed the noise greedily, his hands tightening around her as though he couldn't get enough.

When he finally pulled back, his breath mixed with hers, and he said, "You reek of Alaric, but by the time I'm done, my scent will be all over you as well."

Violet's eyes widened, her mind spinning. Wait—if Asher's scent lingered on her, Alaric would know. He'd smell him, and there would be questions, anger, and most likely a fight to the death.

Her heart began to pound as panic mingled with the lingering heat of the kiss. She had to stop this before it went out of control. Alaric would kill him if he found out.

"Asher, we can't—" Violet began, but her protest died on her lips as Asher took her mouth again, silencing her words with another hot kiss.

## Chapter 127: Defy Me

Asher didn't stop kissing her, his grip on her waist tightening as though he was anchoring her to him. He pulled her closer, so close that every breath, every heartbeat of his was pressed against her.

There was no room for thought, only the fire that spread through her veins. Possessive and demanding, his tongue teased and tasted her, coaxing an unintentional growl from her throat. Their tongues tangled heatedly, an intoxicating battle of dominance and surrender. Violet melted into him, her mind completely overwhelmed.

When he pulled back, her lips tingled, and her chest heaved as she struggled to catch her breath. But Asher wasn't finished.

"Where did he touch you?" Asher asked, his breath ghosting over her swollen lips.



Violet's eyes widened, her cheeks flaming with heat. Everywhere. That was where he touched her. But she couldn't answer that. No, she wouldn't. No way in hell. But Asher saw through her embarrassment, a slow, wicked smirk curling his lips. His teeth glinted, his canines sharper, and longer than they should have been.

"Don't worry," He murmured, his voice like silk and steel, "I'll find it myself. Let it not be said you gave in to temptation and cheated on your precious Alaric. No, my little queen. I'll take the blame. I'll be the villain again, don't you think?"

Before she could protest, his mouth claimed hers once more, drowning out the faint whispers of reason struggling to surface. This kiss was darker, more erotic, a deliberate push on his part to break the last of her resolve. And true to his word, Asher sought her out.

Violet flinched when his hand slid beneath her skirt, her instincts making her try to stop him. But Asher deepened the kiss, his lips and tongue drawing her into a whirlwind of sensations until resistance was forgotten.

Unlike Alaric, who was careful and gentle, Asher was raw and unrestrained. His finger found her entrance, and then he thrust inside, claiming what had been untouched by anyone else. Violet moaned, breaking the kiss to stare at him in wide-eyed shock, her breath catching in her throat.

"I told you I'd find it," he said, his voice dripping with satisfaction.

But she knew that wasn't the spot he meant to find. No, Asher was claiming the other part that had been unsullied by Alaric, staking his territory with unapologetic pride. The proud glint in his eyes told her as much.

His eyes gleamed with possessiveness as he added, "Yes, my little queen, keep your eyes on me. Watch as I own you."

Her hand gripped the back of his neck tightly, her other tangling in his hair as a helpless moan escaped her lips.

"Oh God," she whimpered, her head tilting back as he thrust deeper and faster.

"Yes, my queen," Asher purred, his voice a dark caress against her ear. "Moan aloud. Do not stop on my account."

It was too much, the combination of his filthy words and the way he moved inside her. Violet buried her face against his neck, ashamed of the uninhibited sounds of pleasure spilling from her lips but unable to stop them.

Asher didn't let up either, that single digit moving inside of her with intention, pushing her closer and closer until she was teetering on the brink. God, he would be the death of her.

"You're close now," he growled, his breath hot against her skin. "Let go for me. Break for me, my little queen."

And then she did.

The pleasure hit her like the collision of a train, crashing over her in an unrelenting rush till every bone in her was broken. Violet cried out, her body tensing, her nails digging into Asher's shoulders so hard she was sure she'd leave marks.

Asher in question didn't stop, his fingers coaxing every last shudder from her, drawing out her climax until she was spiraling into a second release. She didn't know whether to beg for mercy or more.

"Asher, please," she choked out, begging.

And he did just as she asked.

Violet shattered in his arms for a second time, whimpering, crying as the storm within her finally subsided.

She slumped against him, her breath coming in shallow gasps as she clung to him, her legs barely able to hold her weight.

Asher withdrew his fingers slowly, watching her with predatory satisfaction as she leaned heavily against the table behind her, struggling to catch her breath. But he wasn't done yet. Violet's wide eyes locked onto him as he brought his glistening finger to his mouth, his gaze never leaving hers.

He sucked his finger clean, savoring every drop as if it were precious with his dark slitted eyes locked onto hers as he moaned low in his throat, a sound so sinful it sent another shiver down her spine.

"By the gods," he murmured, his voice thick with satisfaction. "You taste like heaven itself."

Asher's gaze roamed over her, devouring every detail of her disheveled state. Her hair fell in wild tangles around her flushed face, her lips swollen.

The sight of her, undone and trembling, sent a dark satisfaction surging through him. His expression was one of triumph, predatory and unrelenting, as if he had won a battle only he had been fighting.

"You're a virgin," Asher said suddenly, the words falling over the room like a bolt of lightning.

His eyes narrowed, dark and knowing. "I can smell your virgin blood."

She froze, the air whooshing out of her lungs at once. For a moment, Violet couldn't move, couldn't even think, her blood running so cold it felt as though her veins had frozen over. But then, like a fire igniting in her chest, anger roared to life. How dare he? How dare he reduce her to this? Her fury exploded, and she shoved at his chest with all the strength she could muster.

"You're a fucking bastard!" Violet snapped, her voice shaking with rage, but Asher barely moved under her assault.

Instead, his hands shot out, grabbing her wrists with an iron grip. He pulled her closer, his strength overpowering hers with an effortless ease. She struggled, twisting and thrashing in his hold, but it was no use. His grip tightened until she was forced to stop, her breaths coming in short, sharp gasps.

"Enough," Asher growled, his voice low and dangerous, a threat wrapped in velvet. "Listen carefully, little queen."

His face was inches from hers, his gaze piercing. There was an edge to him, something unyielding and possessive that made her blood boil with a mix of fury and trepidation.

"I don't care what you do with Alaric," he said, his tone deceptively calm, though the edge of danger beneath it was glaring as daylight. "Play your games, let him think he's won your heart. It makes no difference to me."

Violet opened her mouth to snap back, but Asher cut her off, his grip on her wrists tightening just enough to make her pause.

"But mark my words," he continued, his voice dropping to a menacing whisper that made her shiver. "Your first time? That's mine. I saw you first. You're mine."

Violet's heart pounded in her chest, fear and fury battling for dominance. She glared up at him, her lips parted to protest, but his next words stole the breath from her lungs.

"Defy me. Give yourself to him, and I will kill him myself." Asher's tone was cold, utterly devoid of mercy, as though he were stating an unchangeable fact. "I'll rip him apart, piece by piece, and I'll make sure you're there to see it. So go ahead, little queen. Test me."

## Chapter 128: Becoming A Villain

Violet shivered under the steady stream of the shower, her body trembling even with the warmth of the water cascading over her.

However, the chill wasn't from the temperature, but from her last encounter with Asher in the counselor's office. And no matter how hard Violet tried to shake it, the memory clung to her like a second skin.

She could still feel the twist in her stomach, the way her anger had burned bright for a fleeting moment before being snuffed out by a cold, dark fear.

Asher was deadly serious. She had known from the look in his eyes, the way his hands gripped her wrists as though he was holding himself back from doing something even more dangerous.

Asher had not been making an idle threat. He meant every word. And now, those words echoed in her mind like a haunting refrain.

Your first time is mine. You're mine. Defy me, and I'll kill him myself.

Violet closed her eyes tightly, leaning her forehead against the cool tiles of the shower wall.

She had slapped him hard across the face before storming out, her hand still stinging from the impact even an hour later. But her anger hadn't been enough to purge the gravity of his threat.

The first thing Violet had done was to run back to her dormitory in a haste to scrub away his scent and the lingering stain off her. And right now, with the shower beating down hard on her hair, Violet found herself questioning his threat once more.

Would Asher really go through with it? Would he actually kill not just an Alpha, but a cardinal alpha? Even when the implication was staggering?

Alaric wasn't just a werewolf; he was a candidate for the Alpha king position. To harm him would mean inciting war, chaos, not just with the Alpha but with his pack back home. Surely Asher wouldn't go that far. Especially not for something as trivial and barbaric as a claim on her virginity... right?

Unfortunately, Violet couldn't ignore that

Asher was unpredictable. He wasn't rational. He was a psycho, and Violet knew deep down that if he wanted to, he could end Alaric without a second thought.

He wouldn't even need to bloody his hands. All he had to do was compel anyone to do his bidding, or even will Alaric to take his own life.

Alaric would be dead, and no one would ever suspect the truth. And just like that, he would reduce competition to the throne, even if it means leaving chaos and destruction in its wake.

The realization hit Violet like a punch to the gut: she had no choice. She had to end things with Alaric. If she wanted him to stay alive.

The thought made her stomach churn with guilt and heartbreak. Even though their relationship barely lasted a day, she likes Alaric. His sincerity, his kindness, the way he made her feel seen and cherished was everything she ever wanted.

It was quite unfortunate their relationship would inevitably lead to a moment she couldn't avoid. Violet knew she couldn't put off sex with Alaric forever, not when a mere kiss makes her lose her senses.

Unless, of course, you gave yourself to Asher first, a sly voice whispered in the back of her mind.

Violet recoiled, the thought as revolting as it was horrifying. How could she even think of such a betrayal?

Alaric had been nothing but faithful to her, even when he was eligible—expected, even—to end up with someone like Elsie. How could she repay his loyalty by running to Asher, of all people?

As if you haven't already cheated on him, the voice hissed again.

Violet's face burned with shame as she remembered the way Asher had touched her, kissed her, reduced her to a trembling, breathless mess. And it frightened her the most that a small part of her had wanted it even if she hadn't asked for it.

"Ugh!" Violet groaned in frustration, her hands tangling in her wet hair. What the hell had she done? Or rather, what the hell was she becoming?

Hot tears pricked at the corners of her and spilled over before she could stop them.

Violet swiped at her cheeks furiously, trying to force herself to stay strong. She couldn't break down. Not here. Not now.

There was no way around it. She had to break up with Alaric even if the thought of it hurt like hell, her heart splintering at the mere idea of letting him go. Alaric was her first real boyfriend, the one who had made her believe in love, yet he would be gone, all because of one ruthless, possessive asshole.

It'll hurt. It'll hurt like hell. But she'd get through it. She had to.

Violet convinced herself, or rather, the pieces of her heart she knew would shatter the moment she said goodbye to Alaric.

Violet stepped into her room after her shower, and quickly grabbed her P.E. from her wardrobe and slipped it on. It wasn't the correct uniform, and Principal Jameson would undoubtedly dock points for her attire, but Violet couldn't bring herself to care.

There was no way she could risk Alaric catching even the faintest trace of Asher's scent on her. If he did, there would be no holding him back, and the fallout would be catastrophic.

Violet had to end things with Alaric, but it couldn't seem like it was about Asher. No, she would have to play the heartbreaker, the cold and detached girl who had gotten bored of the thrill of dating a cardinal alpha. It was the only way to protect him from the truth.

Alaric would hate her for it, despise her for toying with his emotions, but that was the point. If he hated her, he wouldn't pursue her. And if he didn't pursue her, he wouldn't discover what had happened with Asher. He wouldn't go after him either.

Asher had claimed he would be the villain in this story, but no, it would be her.

Chapter 129: Mission Impossible

"There you are!"

"Goddess have mercy!" Violet shrieked, her heart leaping into her throat when Lila barged into the room like a whirlwind.

Startled, Violet almost dropped the phone in her hand, swallowing nervously. Thanks to her guilty conscience, she felt like she had been caught doing something illicit, though in reality, she had been doing nothing but calming her nerves.

Lila, however, paid no attention to Violet's frightened state. She stomped into the room with her usual flair, her voice brimming with frustration.

"Where the hell have you been? Do you know I've been searching the entire school for you—" She halted mid-sentence, her nose twitching like a bloodhound picking up an unfamiliar scent.

Lila suddenly coughed, waving her hand in front of her face as if trying to clear the air. "What in the moon's name—did you spray perfume? What is this? It's choking me!"

"Yes, I did," Violet said with a forced sense of calm, even though her stiff posture said otherwise. Her voice was steady, but inside, she was fidgeting like a cornered rabbit.

Lila kept coughing, eyeing her suspiciously. "Did you fall into a cow dung or something? What's with this overwhelming perfume? And..." Her gaze drifted down to Violet's outfit, and her brow furrowed. "Why aren't you in uniform? What's with the P.E. gear?"

Violet's mind raced for an excuse, and before she could stop herself, she blurted out a smooth lie. "There must have been something wrong with the food in the dining hall. It messed up my stomach, and... I might have, um, sullied myself."

Lila's concern snapped into place instantly, her eyes widening. "Oh my goddess! Are you okay? Was it that bad?" She rushed to Violet's side, her tone frantic. "Please tell me no one saw! You're way too popular now. If this got out, you'd be a headline on the Oracle's post by tomorrow morning! You would no longer be the purple storm, but shit storm! Hickies! That would be a nightmare!"



Violet forced a smile, though guilt pricked at her heart. "Well, thankfully, I managed to escape before things got worse. Don't worry, Lila, I had it under control."

At that statement, Lila placed a hand over her chest in visible relief.

"Thank the heavens! That would've been a complete disaster."

"Yes, it would have," Violet agreed, though inwardly she added, If it had actually happened.

Guilt tugged at her for deceiving Lila, but what choice did she have? This was the only way to keep the truth buried.

But Lila's concern evaporated as quickly as it came, her face lighting up with excitement. She grabbed Violet's hand without warning, her energy infectious. "Quick! We've got to head to the field right now!"

"Field?" Violet repeated with confusion in her tone. "I thought we had the mixed martial art lesson in the training hall?"

It was precisely why she had chosen to wear her training gear. Although she couldn't really understand the difference

between combat skills and mixed martial arts. And the fact that both were taught by Commander Malakai didn't help matters. Honestly, it felt like this school was determined to push them to the brink.

Lila blinked at her, momentarily puzzled. "Oh, no drills today. Haven't you heard? Lycan Fangball training begins today!"

"Lycan Fangball?" Violet repeated, the name ringing a faint bell.

She didn't know much about the sports beyond the basics since her previous school was entirely human, but she had heard of it. It was the most popular sport among werewolves, and apparently, it held the same status at this school. One thing for sure was that the game was beloved for its ferocity and thrill.

"Yes!" Lila said, practically bouncing on her feet. "Everyone's out there. Even Commander Malakai couldn't resist the charm of the game. All the cardinal alphas are on the field, and your boyfriend is probably killing it right now! So let's go!"

"Wait—what?" Violet barely had time to process Lila's words before her friend grabbed her hand and yanked her toward the door with surprising force.

"Come on, Violet! Your boyfriend needs you cheering him on!" Lila exclaimed as she dragged her out of the room, not noticing the way Violet's expression changed.

Avoiding Alaric till the moment she broke up with him was exactly Violet's plan but now, she had no choice but to follow, her thoughts muddled with both dread and curiosity.

Lila hadn't been exaggerating about how much excitement Lycan Fangball stirred up. Nearly everyone was heading toward the field, and it wasn't even an official match, just a training session.

By the time Violet and Lila arrived, the bleachers were packed with chattering students, the energy in the air palpable. Violet scanned the crowd, her relief growing when she saw there wasn't a single spot left in the front rows.

Thank the gods. She'd stay at the back, where Alaric wouldn't be able to see her or reach her easily.

"I'm sorry, Lila," Violet said, feigning regret, "but if you hadn't come to get me, we might have gotten better seats."

"What are you talking about?" Lila gave her a strange look, then grinned mischievously. "You're an elite. The elites have their own special seating."

"What?" Violet froze, her heart sinking.

Lila pointed across the field to another set of bleachers. Unlike the standard white ones crowded with students, these were bright red, standing out boldly as if announcing their exclusivity. They were

positioned right next to the field entrance, an unmissable vantage point that practically placed the occupants in the spotlight.

Violet's stomach dropped. Sitting there would make her as inconspicuous as a turkey on Thanksgiving. Alaric would spot her instantly, and there'd be no way to avoid him.

"Come on!" Lila grabbed her hand, tugging her toward the elite bleachers. "This is where you belong. You'll have the best view of Alaric from there."

Violet resisted the urge to groan aloud, her inner turmoil mounting as she allowed Lila to drag her closer to what felt like a red-carpet walk straight into her nightmare.

#### Chapter 130: Rivals On A Narrow Road

Violet decided right then and there that she hated her newfound popularity. As she and Lila walked toward the elite bleachers, a chant suddenly erupted from somewhere in the crowd.

"Purple Storm!"

At first, it was just one enthusiastic student, but soon another joined in. Then another. And before Violet could even process what was happening, nearly half the students in the bleachers were chanting the moniker the Oracle had so kindly gifted her.

She fought the urge to groan. Violet had never been good with fame, and she certainly wasn't prepared for this level of attention. She kept her expression calm, walking forward as if the noise didn't bother her, but her insides were twisting in discomfort.

"Do something!" Lila nudged her arm intentionally, her wide eyes and barely contained grin making it clear she was enjoying the spectacle.

Violet shot her a sharp look. Do what? her expression seemed to say.

Lila simply shrugged with an unhelpful grin that said, Not my problem.

Left with no other option, Violet turned to face the crowd. Plastering on a smile, she raised her hand in a small wave and the reaction was instantaneous. Deafening cheers erupted with students yelling her name even louder. She was sure she even heard someone scream, "I love you, my Purple Storm!"

Violet's cheeks burned hot with embarrassment, and she quickened her pace, hoping to get to the bleachers and out of the spotlight as soon as possible. But Lila walked beside her with a smug, knowing smile, clearly amused by Violet's discomfort.

"I am definitely opening that Moontagram account for you," Lila said with a triumphant smirk.

Violet glanced at her, her lips twitching into a smile, not because she found Lila's words funny or because she was flattered by the cheering crowd. No, her smile came from the one thing that actually made her excited: the potential money she could milk out of these fools.

She could already see it in her mind, sponsorships, promotions, maybe even brand deals. She might not care for fame, but she did care about being rich.

And God, she couldn't wait to roll around in those cash.

But in the end, it turned out not everyone was into her. The shift in energy was immediate as a student suddenly stood and began chanting, "Elsie Lancaster!"

As expected, the chant gained momentum and soon enough, Elsie's fans roared her name until the cries of "Purple Storm" faded into silence, swallowed entirely by the sheer volume of support for Elsie.

Elsie Lancaster, ever the dramatic queen, rose gracefully from her seat at the front row, exuding arrogance and elegance in equal measure. With a smile that could rival royalty, she blew a kiss to her adoring crowd.

The students erupted into cheers, some even collapsing back into their seats, clutching their chests as though her kiss had physically pierced their hearts.

Theatrics, Violet thought with an eye roll.

It was just as Elsie relished her moment of glory that Violet approached the elite bleachers. Violet didn't spare Elsie a single glance, walking past her rival with an air of indifference that practically screamed, I don't care. Without hesitation, she chose a seat at the front row.

Natalie was seated in the middle, although one empty space separated her from Elsie. Violet deliberately sat beside Natalie, sensing that, while she couldn't fully trust her, Natalie was neutral enough to be tolerated, and perhaps even useful as an ally if needed in the future.

The move didn't go unnoticed. Violet could feel Elsie's icy glare, sharp enough to cut steel. Her narrowed eyes practically burned holes into Violet, but she didn't lash out directly. Instead, she turned her ire toward an easier target.

"What is that thing doing here?" Elsie's voice was cold, her manicured finger pointing toward Lila, who sat beside Violet.

Violet's blood boiled at the word 'thing', but before she could respond, Lila opened her mouth, only to be cut off by Elsie's condescending tone. "This is the elites' section. I don't recall you being one."

Violet's jaw clenched, her voice firm but filled with barely concealed venom. "She's with me. And I'm elite."

Elsie raised an eyebrow, her lips curling into a disdainful smirk. "Front row isn't for your servants. The back is more suited for her." She gestured lazily toward the general seating area, where Grace and a few others sat.

The word servant was the last straw for Violet. She began to stand, her fists clenched, ready to give Elsie a piece of her mind. But before she could, Natalie's hand shot out, gripping her thigh firmly. Violet froze, looking at Natalie, whose gaze said everything: This isn't the place or time. Think bigger.

Lila seemed to catch on as well. Before Violet could object further, Lila stood quickly, plastering a forced smile on her face. "It's fine, Violet," she said lightly. "I think I'll have a better view from the back anyway."

The words stung, especially because Violet could see through Lila's bravado. She was minimizing her own embarrassment, trying to avoid escalating the situation. Violet watched her friend walk away, her nails digging into her palms as she glared daggers at Elsie.

Elsie's smug smile widened, her satisfaction radiating like a victory flag. She leaned back in her seat with the air of someone who had just won a petty battle.

Petty games. Petty games. Violet thought, her teeth grinding in frustration. The bitch is acting like a spoiled child.

She forced herself to calm down, taking deep breaths to quell her rising anger. Patience. Petty games only meant petty victories. She wouldn't stoop to Elsie's level. Violet consoled herself with that knowledge.

And then, almost immediately, a cacophony of excitement rent the air as the players strode onto the field. Coach Harrington led the team, barking orders as his booming voice tried to cut through the cheers of the crowd.

Violet's eyes scanned the team instinctively, and it didn't take long for her to spot him. Alaric. His presence was impossible to miss, his unique tousled white hair gleaming under the sunlight.

And then as if he could sense her searching for him, he looked her way and smiled. Except that smile was like an arrow through the heart knowing what she had done — and the one she was yet to do.