

## Defy 131

### Chapter 131: Are You The Oracle?

Violet's throat tightened as she watched Alaric break away from his team, approaching her in strides. His pure, unguarded smile, so full of trust and excitement, made her stomach twist painfully.

Shame clawed at her, threatening to overwhelm her entirely. He didn't know—he couldn't possibly know. Her chest felt heavy with guilt, and for a brief moment, Violet thought she was going to be sick.

"Hey," Alaric greeted her, his voice warm and boyish, carrying the kind of unfiltered joy that only made her feel worse. His smile was the kind of thing people fought wars to protect, and she was about to shatter it.

"Hey," Violet replied, her voice shaky as she fought to calm herself. She tucked her trembling hand behind her back, hoping he wouldn't notice.

Alaric stepped closer, cupping her face with a tenderness that nearly broke her heart.

"Where have you been? I've been looking for you everywhere. I was almost tempted to have Richmond arrested if you didn't show up after this."

It was clearly a joke, one meant to make her laugh, but Violet could barely muster a smile. She forced her lips into a weak curve, but it didn't reach her eyes. Her stomach churned as Alaric chuckled at his own humor, his eyes crinkling in the corners.

"I, um... I had an emergency," she lied smoothly, fidgeting under his gaze. "But it's fine now. I'm fine."

Alaric studied her for a moment, his nose twitching. "You smell like you were tossed into a tank of perfume but if you say you're fine," he replied, leaning in to kiss her.

Violet hesitated, every fiber of her being screaming at her to pull away. But she didn't. Instead, she allowed his lips to meet hers, their kiss gentle and familiar. She hated how right it felt, hated how much she was betraying him with every second she let it continue.

When Alaric pulled back, his smile widened, radiating the same unguarded joy that had first drawn her to him. But Violet's heart twisted painfully, her own smile fake. She felt like a betrayer, a liar, and the weight of it was almost too much to bear.

He deserves better, Violet thought bitterly. He deserves someone who won't hurt him like this. Someone who will love him without this guilt hanging over them.

But now wasn't the time to break his heart. This wasn't the moment to tell him the truth, not when he needed to focus on his games, even if it was just training. And she couldn't possibly do it here, in public, where everyone could see. Alaric didn't deserve that level of humiliation, not from her. Neither was she that cruel.

"That was just a kiss to temporarily satiate my hunger," Alaric said with a husky voice as he leaned close to her ear. "We'll spend more time together at the party later, my little minx."

His words were loaded, but Violet had no choice but to play along. She forced a playful smirk onto her face, hiding the anxiety inside of her. "I can't wait, thunderboy."

The nickname made Alaric's grin widen, and for a moment, she swore she saw a flicker of lightning in his eyes. The air around them suddenly felt charged, static dancing along her skin.

"Alaric Storm!" Coach Harrington's voice bellowed across the field, snapping them out of the moment. "I'll shove a thunderbolt up your ass if you don't bring that said ass back to this field right now!"

Alaric burst into laughter, and despite the guilt gnawing at her, Violet couldn't help but laugh too. It was impossible not to, even as her heart ached. Before she could blink, Alaric stole another kiss, this one brief yet deep, leaving her breathless.

"See you later, minx," he called over his shoulder as he jogged back to the field, his laughter echoing behind him.

The crowd, clearly entertained by their interaction, cheered and whistled, feeding off the playful energy of the moment. Violet felt her cheeks flush, but her focus was on Alaric as he ran back to his team. She

caught herself watching the way his ass moved. Really good ass... nope, not going there, she scolded herself.

Violet didn't even know she was still smiling until her eyes connected with Asher's across the bustling field and the emotion immediately died off as if the very life had been drained out of it.

His expression was completely unreadable, but the intensity of his stormy gaze was unmistakable. It pierced through her like a blade, cutting through the brief joy she'd felt. Violet's scowl deepened, but Asher didn't flinch. He simply held her gaze for a moment longer before looking away, turning his attention to the coach.

Violet let out a shaky breath and turned away, only to find Natalie watching her with a scrutinizing gaze that nearly made her jump. The girl's stare was unnervingly sharp, as though she could see straight through Violet's carefully constructed facade.

She ignored her and sat down. They both stayed in silence for a moment before Natalie broke it.

"You and Alaric are well-suited for each other," she said, her tone casual yet pointed. "Your chemistry is explosive."

"Thank you," Violet replied stiffly, her gaze fixed on the field.

"But there seems to be trouble in paradise, doesn't there?"

Violet's head snapped toward Natalie, her eyes narrowing in suspicion. "You seem awfully interested in me," she said, her voice edged with wariness.

"Only because you're interesting," Natalie said with a shrug, her tone light. "Not many people hold my attention like this."

"Hold your attention?" Violet mused over those words, her brows raised as she studied the girl's expression carefully. "The way you speak, I almost think you're the Oracle. The gossipmonger also seems quite interested in me."

Natalie's eyes gleamed with amusement at the accusation, her lips curving into a sly smile. "The question is... am I?"

Both ladies locked eyes, the tension between them intense. Neither of them spoke, but the challenge and suspicion hung in the air.

### Chapter 132: Strip Show?

It wasn't long before Violet began to understand why the school was so captivated by what was essentially a training session. As soon as the coach wrapped up his directives, the real fun began.

One by one, the players started to strip.

"Holy creator of the world!" Violet whispered, her eyes wide as saucers.

She got how casual werewolves were about nudity, but it was still... a lot. Violet couldn't even close her mouth as her gaze flicked over the players shedding their shirts and pants like it was the most natural thing in the world.

"During official games, they change in the locker room and come out fully geared," Natalie said from beside her, smirking at Violet's obvious shock. "But for training? They're giving the school a show. Think of it as a strip tease." She winked, clearly enjoying Violet's flustered state.

Violet opened her mouth to respond but was cut off as Alaric, as if suddenly remembering he had a girlfriend, turned to face her. With one fluid motion, he pulled off his shirt, revealing his perfectly chiseled chest. The students around them erupted into cheers and wolf whistles, but Alaric's gaze never left Violet's. This strip show was exclusively for her.

Violet's face grew hot, her heart pounding as Alaric's hands went to the waistband of his pants. He tugged them down just slightly, enough to reveal the band of his underwear, and the hard lines of his lower abdomen.

The crowd went wild, screaming and laughing, but Violet's world narrowed to the man before her. Her pulse quickened as her gaze locked onto his. Alaric's smirk grew wider as he took in her reaction, clearly pleased with himself.

Unbeknownst to Alaric, who was entirely consumed with teasing Violet, a mischievous blur of green hair crept up behind him.

Roman.

The other Alpha moved quietly while grinning like the devil himself. Alaric sensed him a second too late, turning his head just as Roman made his move.

In one swift, audacious and gleeful motion, Roman grabbed both the waistband of Alaric's pants and his underwear and yanked them down in a single, fluid motion. He bared him completely.

For a moment, time seemed to freeze. Alaric stood there, stark naked under the sunlight, his expression caught somewhere between shock and disbelief. The field went dead silent as everyone processed what had just happened.

Then chaos erupted.

The students howled with laughter, many doubling over or clutching their stomachs. Violet slapped her hands over her mouth, her eyes watering as she tried to suppress her own laughter. But it was no use, her shoulders shook as giggles bubbled out of her uncontrollably.

Alaric, his face flushed red with both anger and embarrassment, stepped out of the clothes bunched around his ankles. His eyes locked onto Roman, who was grinning ear to ear.

"You bastard," Alaric growled, his voice low and deadly.

Before anyone could blink, Alaric lunged. Completely naked, he chased Roman across the field, their laughter and shouts renting the air. Roman, also naked, darted away with impressive speed, but Alaric

was faster. The crowd roared, cheering and whistling as the two Alphas sprinted across the field like overgrown children.

Just as Alaric closed the gap between them, Roman shifted in the blink of an eye. His body contorted and shrank, fur sprouting as he transformed into a small, green, nimble rat.

The crowd gasped in astonishment, but Alaric wasn't deterred. He snarled and shifted mid-run, his body elongating and muscles rippling as he transformed into a massive snow-white werewolf.

Violet gasped this time, her heart skipping a beat. Even though she'd seen Alaric shift before, it was still a breathtaking sight. His wolf form was powerful and majestic, his white fur gleaming under the sun.

Roman, now a green rat, scurried and darted across the field, zigzagging and dodging with impressive agility. But Alaric was determined to catch him. His larger form closed the distance with ease, his movements fluid and calculated. In one swift motion, Alaric caught the rat in his teeth, lifting it triumphantly into the air.

The crowd's laughter turned into shocked gasps. Violet's heart raced as she watched, her hands clutching her seat.

Fuck. He was really not going to eat him right? Violet thought with panic.

The Alphas always were into rough play but Alaric and Roman had always had a tense rivalry, and Roman's stunt had clearly pushed him too far.

"Alaric Storm!" Coach Harrington's voice boomed across the field, commanding everyone's attention. "Put my player down right now!"

Alaric, still in his wolf form, growled defiantly, his teeth tightening slightly around Roman's smaller form. His massive head turned toward the coach, his eyes blazing with stubbornness.

Before the tension could escalate further, Griffin shifted. His larger, red wolf form loomed over Alaric, his deep, guttural roar echoing across the field. The two wolves locked eyes, their growls reverberating in a challenge for dominance.

Finally, with a reluctant snarl, Alaric spat Roman out. The small rat scurried away before shifting back into his human form. Roman stood there, dripping with wolf spit, but his grin never wavered. If anything, it grew wider.

"Really, Alaric? I didn't know you were into me like that?" Roman clearly mocked him. He even had the audacity to give Alaric a middle finger, earning another round of laughter from the crowd.

Alaric's growl deepened, and he took a step forward, but Roman quickly retreated, laughing hysterically as he moved away.

"Roman Draven! Alaric Storm!" Coach Harrington's voice rang out again, this time rougher. "I don't care if this is the first training of the season. Any more funny business, and you're benched, even if you're my star players!"

Both Alphas grumbled under their breath, but the tension eased as they reluctantly obeyed.

"Damn, that was intense," Violet found herself saying to Natalie, carried away by the excitement in the air. Natalie concurred with a nod of her head.

Although the game hadn't even begun, Violet was beginning to enjoy the show. Or so she thought, until a low growl caught her attention and she found herself staring at a black werewolf.

### Chapter 133: Threatened At The Game

Fur as black as midnight rippled across the massive form of the wolf, each shift of muscle beneath the sleek coat radiating power.

Fangs sharp as blades glinted beneath curled lips, their gleaming white a stark contrast to the darkness of his fur.

Yet, for all his terrifying intensity, Asher's wolf was stunningly magnificent, a creature that ought to be revered and feared

Even in that form, his eyes were still the same slitted gray, hauntingly and intimidating, pinning her in place with their unrelenting intensity.

Violet hadn't even realized she was clutching her seat so tightly until her knuckles turned white, her heart pounding in her chest as if trying to escape.

Asher let loose a thunderous roar. One that reverberated across the field, silencing everything and everyone, the entire world pausing to witness him.

Violet stayed completely still, unsure if she was even breathing as another growl escaped Asher's snarling maw. This one was harsher, his lips peeling back to reveal gleaming, deadly teeth. The sound was directed squarely at her, and the students around that vicinity let out a startled gasp, shrinking back in their seats.

But even as the ferocity of his display sent chills down her spine, Violet's eyes caught something incongruous, his tufted tail swishing from side to side. The motion was not aggressive, almost playful, and a subtle contradiction to the terrifying image he was trying to project.

To her, it almost felt as though Asher was showing off, demanding her attention. As if he was saying: Look at me, my purple queen. Look at how majestic and powerful your king is.

And she did look.

Violet couldn't tear her eyes away. There was something mesmerizing about him, something uniquely beautiful in the way man and beast merged flawlessly into one.

Violet's chest ached with a curiosity she had never known before. What must it feel like to be part of both worlds? To experience such power and grace all in one form?

Neither could she understand the connection she had with Asher. In that moment, it was as if an invisible thread pulled her toward him, an inexplicable urge rising inside of her. She wanted to go to him, to run her hands through his dark fur, to feel its texture against her fingers. Worse still, she wanted to breathe him in, to lose herself in his scent.

Asher must have felt it too because his unblinking gaze locked onto hers, and without breaking eye contact, he began to move toward her. His massive paws glided across the ground with a liquid grace that shouldn't have been possible for a creature of his size.

At that moment, it was as though the world around them had ceased to exist, leaving only the two of them in this unspoken pull toward one another.

He had barely crossed five paces when another growl shattered the moment, this one powerful and edged with warning. The sound came from behind him, and Asher halted, his massive head turning to face the challenger.

A majestic white wolf stood tall, lightning sparking faintly along its sleek fur.

Alaric.

His blue eyes gleamed with a challenge that needed no words. Yet the black wolf wasn't scared. Violet couldn't read wolf body language, but she swore Asher's practically oozed smugness. What are you going to do about it? his posture seemed to say.

The static in the air grew thick, and for a moment, it felt as though even the wind had stilled. Violet wasn't the only one holding her breath this time, the entire audience seemed frozen, their eyes fixed on the two alphas. Alaric's growl deepened, his stance lowering slightly as though he was readying for a fight.

"Alright!" Coach Harrington's voice broke through, filled with exasperation. The man had obviously reached his limit as he ripped his cap off and hurled it to the ground. "One more confrontation, and I'm canceling today's training! And all cardinal alphas will be benched!"

The announcement from the coach was met with a chorus of boos from the crowd, the students' dissatisfaction echoing through the stands. Some began chanting mocking words, with others giving the man an exaggerated thumbs-down gestures.

They had come here for this game and would not return empty-handed. But even with the deafening noise, the two wolves remained locked in their standoff.

"Captain!" Coach Harrington barked, turning his focus to Griffin, who stood nearby in his crimson-red wolf form.

Griffin ambled over, his tongue lolling lazily and his tail swishing as though he found the chaos fun. "Get your boys in order!" the coach commanded.

Griffin didn't hesitate. He strode over to the two opposing alphas. Then, with a mighty roar that dwarfed even Asher's and Alaric's combined, he demanded their submission. The sheer force of it silenced the crowd once more, a look of awe on the faces of the students.

Whatever message Griffin sent with that roar, it worked. The black and white wolves broke their standoff, turning away from each other and trotting back onto the field.

The tension dissolved instantly, and was replaced by the roar of cheers and applause from the audience. They were excited knowing the training would continue as planned now everything has been resolved.

Violet slumped back into her seat, exhaling audibly. She hadn't realized she had been holding her breath for a while now. As relief washed over her, she caught Natalie staring at her with an expression that was almost pitiful.

"What?!" Violet snapped, her nerves still raw.

Natalie shook her head slowly, her tone dry. "I honestly fear for your life."

Violet opened her mouth to respond but found herself at a loss for words.

Then she caught another pair of eyes burning into her. So she turned, her gaze locking onto Elsie Lyka. The girl's glare was filled with such unbridled hatred that Violet felt a chill run down her spine.

Natalie was right. She wasn't sure how, but her life truly felt like it was hanging by a thread.

Chapter 134: Who Wants To Play Ball?

"What is that, and what are they doing?" Violet asked, her gaze fixed on a group of students who were carefully sliding claw-like frames with retractable prongs over the upper and lower jaws of the wolves.

Natalie followed her gaze and replied casually, "That's a mouth gripper."

"Mouth gripper? Is that really what it's called?" Violet repeated, her brows furrowing at the odd name.

Natalie pointed at one of the wolves being fitted. "Yes. It's a tool that allows the players to securely hold and manipulate the ball in their jaws during the game. Pretty essential for Lycan Fangball."

Violet's face twisted in concern. "That looks like it's going to hurt."

Natalie gave a knowing smile, clearly amused by Violet's reaction. "They're werewolves, Violet. Pain is kind of their thing. Besides, the core frame is coated with a smooth layer to prevent injuries, and the parts that come into contact with their teeth and gums are lined with softly treated wolfhide leather for extra comfort and grip. The gripper is durable too, built to withstand the pressure of a game."

Violet gave her a skeptical look. "Comfort, huh? What about when they get tackled or slammed into the ground?"

Natalie said breezily. "Well, you don't have to wear one, so no need to worry. Trust me, Your darling Alaric will be just fine."

That comment earned Natalie a sharp look from Violet, but the girl kept her expression straight and innocent.

Ignoring her, Violet focused on the staff member fitting Alaric's mouth gripper. The device was remarkable—adjustable to fit various jaw sizes and seemingly intuitive as it molded itself perfectly to the shape of his mouth. She couldn't help but be impressed by how advanced it was.

"You really don't know much about this sport, do you?" Natalie asked, breaking her thoughts.

"Not really," Violet admitted honestly. "I've heard of it, but my school was all human. And our district doesn't get much werewolf visitation either. We're the forgotten part of the new world that's been left to stew in poverty."

Although a flicker of sympathy crossed Natalie's face, her response still carried an edge of unintentional arrogance. "That's... unfortunate. I guess I'm lucky to have been born into the right part of society."

Violet bit her tongue, unsure how to respond to that. It wasn't Natalie's fault she came from wealth, but hearing her speak so casually about it left a bitter taste.

Violet forced a tight smile and muttered, "It's fine."

Except an awkward silence followed, heavy and uncomfortable.

Natalie, seemingly unable to bear the tension, sighed dramatically. "Alright, fine. I'll fill you in on everything you need to know about the sport. Consider it a crash course."

Violet raised her brows in silent curiosity but didn't decline the offer. Natalie leaned in, her tone animated as she began her explanation.

"Lycan Fangball is an adrenaline-packed, high-stakes sport played exclusively by werewolves in their wolf forms. Humans obviously can't play, they can't shift, and they'd never survive the intensity. Think of it as football, but way more brutal and exciting."

Violet nodded slowly, her curiosity growing as Natalie continued.

"The goal is simple: players compete to secure the ball, called the Lunar Orb, and deposit it into the opponent's pit while defending their own. The field—" Natalie gestured to the setup, "—is divided into two halves by a neutral zone. Each half has a pit at the far end, which serves as the scoring zone. Teams have to cross a boundary called the scoreline before attempting a goal."

She paused for effect, then added, "The Lunar Orb is launched from a central pit at the start of the match and after each score. All players start equidistant from it, creating an insane scramble to grab it first."

"Wow," Violet breathed, her imagination running wild as she tried to picture it. "That sounds chaotic."

"It is," Natalie said proudly. "Each team has eight players. Your boyfriend over there—" she motioned toward Alaric, "—is a runner. Runners are the fastest and most agile players, responsible for carrying the Lunar Orb and creating scoring opportunities."

Violet's gaze naturally drifted to Alaric in his wolf form on the field. Pride swelled in her chest, though she tried not to show it.

"Griffin Hale," Natalie continued, "is a defender. His job is to protect the runner. Makes sense, right? Big, burly guy like him? Perfect for the role."

"Of course," Violet muttered. "Griffin was born for that."

"And then you have blockers, like Asher," Natalie said, her tone casual but pointed. "Their job is to stop the opposing team from scoring. They're the brute force."

"Cool," Violet said, trying to sound indifferent, though her stomach twisted at the mention of Asher.

"Roman Draven," Natalie went on, "plays as a chaser. Chasers retrieve the Lunar Orb or knock it loose from the opponent. Sometimes he runs as a backup runner, but Alaric's speed usually makes him the first choice."

Violet nodded, her understanding deepening. Natalie clapped her hands together, her explanation reaching its finale.

"So, in summary, each team has one runner, two defenders, three blockers, and two chasers. The rules are simple: if a player has the Lunar Orb, they can't drop it on their half unless they're tackled. Dropping it without a tackle gives the opponent a point."

"To score," she continued, "the runner must carry the Orb into the opposing pit without dropping it. That's worth three points. If the team completes three consecutive passes without dropping the Orb, they earn an additional point."

Natalie's voice dropped slightly. "Here's where it gets brutal. Tackling is allowed, charging, coordinated attacks, the works. No clawing or mauling, though. A successful tackle knocks the Orb loose, and anyone can grab it."

She leaned back, clearly enjoying Violet's awe. "The game lasts two fifteen-minute halves. If there's a tie, there's a sudden-death Sprint round where one runner from each team competes one-on-one."

"That's... intense," Violet said, her voice filled with awe.

Natalie smirked. "Welcome to Lycan Fangball. If you think this explanation was exciting, just wait until you see the game in action."

### Chapter 135: Game Of Chaos

"It's time," Natalie said with such charged tone that Violet perked up from her seat, her chest tightening with excitement and nervousness. There was no denying the thrill that coursed through her veins, the anticipation almost too much to bear.

While this was just a scrimmage, and not an official match, it hardly felt like it. The stakes were equally high, the atmosphere high and the energy from the surrounding bleachers glaringly obvious.

Students cheered and howled across the field, shaking the air. Violet had never experienced anything like it. Her toes curled in her shoes as the excitement ran through her veins and settled deep in her chest.

Divided into two teams from amongst themselves, the players looked every bit as fierce and competitive as they would in a championship.

Alaric and Griffin were on the same team, a formidable duo with Alaric maintaining his role as the runner. His snow-white form was full of confidence as he lowered himself into a prepared stance, while Griffin loomed close by as his stalwart defender.

On the opposing side, Roman had taken up the same runner role and crouched in anticipation. Asher stood close by, his piercing eyes fixed intently on Alaric.

Violet couldn't tear her gaze from Asher, her stomach turning. The tension between him and Alaric was so thick it was almost visible, a battle waging between them even before the game began.

It filled her with such unease because even a blind man could see that Asher had something to prove, and Violet couldn't shake the feeling that Alaric was his target.

"And here we go," Natalie murmured, her gaze locked on the central pit. Her tone was ominous, as if she knew this game would be a battlefield.

The sharp whistle blew, splitting the air like a knife. Violet barely had time to process the sound before the players moved as one, their fur bristling, muscles coiling. The pit hissed loudly, steam shooting out as the Lunar Orb burst into the air like a firework, its glowing surface spinning wildly.

And then all hell broke loose.

Both teams launched themselves toward the Orb with ferocious snarls, colliding mid-field in a flurry of fur and muscles. It was chaos incarnate.

Violet's breath caught as Alaric broke through the pack, his speed blinding as he leapt high above the rest. His mouth Gripper snapped securely onto the Orb with a satisfying click.

"Yes! Go, Alaric!" Violet shouted, jumping to her feet without realizing it.

But her voice was drowned out by the thunderous roar of the crowd as Alaric hit the ground running, pivoting sharply to avoid an incoming tackle. His movements were impossibly fast as he sprinted toward the opposing team's side.

"Violet!" someone called, pulling her attention away for a moment.

She turned to see Lila approaching, her hands full of fan gear that was almost absurd. Two small flags, one blue with Alaric's wolf emblem, and the other red with Griffin's, fluttered in one hand. Around her neck was a scarf customized in Alaric's blue, and in her other hand were pompoms sparkling with the same color. This had to be a nightmare.

Violet's jaw dropped. "What... Lila, where did you even get those?"

Lila shoved the pompoms into her hands with no ceremony. "Come on, you rigid peacock. Your boyfriend is on the field making moves, and you're standing here like a statue. Cheer for him!"

Violet hesitated, the pompoms feeling strange and awkward in her hands. "I—I don't..."

Her words faltered as she saw Lila's glaring face. Violet swallowed. God, that girl was scary sometimes.

However, when Violet looked around, she saw she was not alone. The crowd was in a frenzy with students waving banners, flags, and scarves. Some had painted their faces, while others waved LED lights and wore customized jerseys. They blew whistles and air horns, their excitement spilling into every corner of the stadium.

Even the normally aloof elite students were caught up in the spirit, yelling themselves hoarse. Violet swallowed hard. There was no room for shyness here.

She began to shake the pompoms hesitantly, her movements stiff and awkward. Lila rolled her eyes but grinned, her own cheers deafening. However, it didn't take long for Violet to catch the feverish energy around her, and soon she was shaking the pompoms with genuine enthusiasm.

On the field, Alaric moved like a storm, weaving effortlessly through defenders. The crowd erupted as his team executed three flawless passes, earning them a point. Violet didn't even realize she had grabbed Lila until the two of them were jumping up and down, screaming in excitement.

"Now he just has to score!" Violet shouted, her heart hammering against her ribs as the Orb was passed back to Alaric.

Her voice trembled with both anxiety and exhilaration. "Come on, thunderboy. Show us what you're made of."

But just as Alaric crossed the scoreline, disaster struck. Asher came out of nowhere, a black blur slamming into Alaric's side with bone-rattling force. Violet gasped as Alaric was sent sprawling, the Lunar orb slipping from his gripper and rolling loose across the ground.

The crowd groaned in unison, boos erupting from Alaric's supporters. Asher, however, was unbothered. He snarled at the crowd, a defiant sound that might as well have been a taunt hurled at them. He then scooped up the Orb and passed it to Roman.

Roman caught the Orb mid-stride and bolted toward Alaric's pit, his team rallying behind him in perfect formation. The green wolf might not be as fast as Alaric, but he was equally a force to be reckoned with as he dodged Alaric's defenders

Alaric recovered quickly, letting out a deep, guttural snarl as he locked eyes with Asher. It was clear that Asher had targeted him intentionally, but this was a game after all.

The both wolves exchanged a silent challenge before breaking into a sprint with Asher going to support Roman, and Alaric intent on intercepting him.

Natalie turned to the now crestfallen Violet, her smirk showing no sympathy. "And that, my dear, is Fangball."

Chapter 136: Hope You Loose

Fangball was definitely not for the faint-hearted. It was the second half, and while Alaric's team had been shining brilliantly at first, their dominance had begun to wane.

Six to four.

Asher's team held a two-point lead over their opponents, and the clock was ticking mercilessly. Five minutes had already slipped away in the second half, leaving just ten minutes for Alaric's team to mount a comeback. Except time was not on their side.

"Ugh!"

Violet winced, shutting her eyes as Asher slammed into Alaric again with a force that seemed more personal than strategic.

This wasn't just competition; it was a grudge match, and everyone in the crowd could see it. Asher's gray eyes blazed with raw anger every time he targeted Alaric, and it was clear to Violet that he wasn't just playing to win, but to hurt and humiliate him.

That damn bastard!

Violet's hands clenched tightly, filled with frustration. Then she sighed with resignation knowing this was all her fault. Asher was punishing Alaric for daring to lay a claim on her publicly.

Alaric probably knew that as well which was why he took hit after hit, but that didn't make Violet feel any better. Not when she planned on breaking up with him afterwards.

Violet glared at Asher with anger. Just wait until this game is over, you bastard. You'll get what's coming to you.

Thankfully, Alaric stood his ground, although he was slower now, weariness beginning to creep in from the relentless battering.

Realizing the need to change tactics, he passed the lunar orb to Finn, one of his chasers and his trusted beta. Finn darted off immediately, the glowing orb secure in his gripper, while Alaric sprinted behind him to cover his back.

Griffin, who was supposed to defend him, was locked in a brutal battle, bracing himself against three wolves that tackled him from all sides knowing he was a major obstacle. But he growled, the sound rumbling like thunder as he tried to shake them off, buying Finn the space he needed to advance.

Despite Alaric's team's discipline and strategy, Asher's side was fearless and reckless. Their own recklessness bordered on dangerous. They left their pit completely unguarded, focusing all their energy on stopping their opponents from scoring. It was a high-risk strategy, but it was working.

At this point, Alaric's fans were on edge as they cheered and encouraged Finn out of desperation. Violet couldn't help but join them, anxious as well.

Finn sprinted toward the goal line, unattacked. The path was clear, completely empty. The crowd erupted in cheers, anticipation surging like a wave as he closed the distance. But just as he reached the line, a sharp beeping sound came from the Lunar Orb.

Oh fuck.

His eyes widened, understanding why Asher's people had not given chase. He didn't have a choice but to drop the Orb just seconds before it detonated in a small burst of fragments.

The crowd groaned in collective disappointment, their raves replaced by frustrated sighs. Violet sank back into her seat, her heart sinking as well just as the referee's whistle signaled a reset.

The Lunar Orb was designed to explode after three minutes of no score, forcing both teams to start again from the neutral zone.

"There's no more time," Lila announced anxiously, her gaze shifting to the countdown clock.

Six minutes remained to close the gap and take the win. Except the seconds were slipping away faster than she could count.

Natalie crossed her arms, studying the field. "They have to pull something big now, or it's over," she said matter-of-factly.

"But it's not impossible. If they could score enough passes, they could beat Asher's team. But Asher would not stay still and do nothing. Such a routine is predictable and easy to break. Not to mention, scoring points based on successful passes is time consuming. Time might run out on them even if they executed it."

Violet didn't respond, her attention fixed on Alaric sprinting back to the neutral zone, to prepare for the reset. His white fur was matted with sweat and dirt, his chest rising and falling heavily.

Although Alaric and Griffin looked pretty determined, the same couldn't be said for his team. They were losing morale and Violet couldn't blame them.

Even as an audience, the repeated setbacks, the relentless pressure, and Asher's unending assaults frustrated her beyond words. It was quite unfortunate that the spark that had carried them through the first half was fading. But Violet could not let that happen.

Violet whipped her head toward Lila, determination in her eyes. "Where can I get one of Alaric Storm's jerseys?" she asked, urgently.

Lila's face lit up at once, a mischievous grin spreading across her lips as though she already knew what Violet was planning.

Lila didn't even waste a moment as she dashed toward another section of the bleachers. Violet watched as she approached a girl proudly wearing Alaric's jersey, his name boldly displayed across the front.

Lila leaned in and spoke into her ears, so she could be heard over the noise of the crowd. "Sorry, but the Purple Storm might have a need for this."

The girl froze, her eyes widening. "Violet?" she asked, glancing past Lila as though trying to confirm the identity of the person asking.

With a quick shrug, she pulled off the jersey and handed it over, looking almost giddy to be part of the moment.

"Thank you." Lila appreciated her and returned back.

"Thank you so much, Lila. What would I do without you?" Violet said quickly and took it.

As the players crouched in anticipation of the Lunar Orb's launch, Violet grabbed the jersey, threw it over her head, and jumped down from the bleachers. The crowd murmured in confusion, their attention now divided between the field and the bold girl standing on the sidelines.

Taking a deep breath, Violet cupped her hands around her mouth and yelled at the top of her lungs. "Alaric!"

Everyone d turned toward her.

Not just the humans, but the wolves froze, their glowing eyes snapping to the figure standing on the edge of the field. Alaric himself whipped his head toward her, his ears perking up as he locked onto her.

Then Violet did something no one expected.

With all eyes on her, Violet launched into an impromptu cheerleader-style dance. She started with a dramatic hair flip, letting her hair swing wildly before she bent her knees and began shaking her hips in exaggerated circles.

Her arms went up, mimicking a cheerleader's pom-pom wave, while her feet shuffled clumsily in what might have been an attempt at a sidestep.

Lila, ever the loyal partner in chaos, leapt down beside her, joining in as a backup dancer. Unfortunately, their moves were completely out of sync since there was no practice. While Violet was shaking her waist to the left, Lila was thrusting to the right. When Violet did a dramatic spin, Lila tried —and failed — to mimic it, nearly falling on her ass.

It was chaotic. It was ridiculous. And exactly what everyone needed.

The crowd burst into laughter. Even the wolves on the field seemed stunned, some of them cocking their heads in confusion while others let out soft, rumbling growls that sounded like chuckles. The tension that had gripped the game moments ago was suddenly replaced with lighthearted amusement.

But Violet didn't care that she was making a fool of herself. She owned Alaric that at least. Hence she stayed committed. She bent low, rolled her hips as she swung her arms over her head, and ended the routine with a dramatic leap into a split that had the crowd gasping.

For a moment, the entire field was silent. Then Violet sprang up, threw her arms in the air, and yelled, "Go thunderboy!"

This embarrassment would stay with her for eternity. But whatever.

"Yeah, go thunderteam!" Lila added, pumping her fists in the air, slightly out of breath.

Then the crowd roared to life, a wave of applause and cheers sweeping through the bleachers. The energy was back, brighter and louder than before, the sound deafening.

Violet turned toward Alaric, smiling. His glowing blue eyes were fixed on her, and she couldn't see his mouth fully due to the mouth gripper, but the corner lifted in what she could only describe as a wolfish grin.

Yes, she didn't know what wolves looked like when they smiled, but she was certain that was one. It had the same energy as when he was hungry, yet there was something warm behind it that made her heart skip a beat.

But not all the wolves were amused. A certain black-furred wolf stood rigid, his slitted gray eyes burning with barely restrained fury. His ears flattened slightly, his tail flicking with irritation as his muscles tensed. It seemed no matter what he did, his purple queen was intent on defying him.

But Violet didn't flinch from his stare. If anything, she lifted her chin defiantly. Whatever Asher thought, she didn't care. This moment was for her thunderboy. And she hoped as hell he lost this match.

#### Chapter 137: One More

The sudden pressure in the air was so intense that it felt like a noose was tied around everyone's neck and was being pulled to a choking point. Not just the students, but the wolves were breathing with anticipation. They were as still as a statue, their eyes blazing and their lips curled into snarls.

Violet had never seen such raw hostility. It wasn't just a game anymore; it was a war. Alaric's team knew this was their last chance to turn the tide. Thanks to Violet's performance, she had lifted their morale, hence there was no room for failure. Alaric in particular took it upon himself not to allow her efforts be in vain.

On the other hand, Asher's team were just as determined to crush them till they wept, and there was no hiding the aggression that showed in their taut muscle and glares.

The whistle blew right at that moment, slicing freely through the suspense like a hot knife through butter, while the Lunar Orb shot into the sky like a comet.

All the wolves moved, launching themselves into motion with a ferocity that took Violet's breath away. It was simply an instant and brutal collision.

Bodies slammed into bodies with force, their aggressive growls and snarls renting through the air. The sight was chaotic yet glorious as furs moved as one violent entity.

Violet's heart stopped as one wolf took a hit so hard that she saw its teeth fly out. The scene was cinematic, and she had watched it unfold as in slow motion, the memory forever seared in her mind. Although the wolf staggered back, he quickly recovered, knowing there was no pause for mercy in this game.

When the tangle finally broke apart, it turned out to everyone's shock that it was Griffin who emerged with the Orb. His large wolf barreled forward like a charging bull, the ball secured in his gripper. Seeing that alone, Asher's defenders wasted no time closing in with their menacing snarls. But Griffin was not deterred.

With a growl that seemed to shake the very field, he plowed into the two defenders, one after the other, side by side, sending them flying. The impact was so ferocious that Violet and half the crowd gasped audibly, stunned by the sheer force of it.

"Oof!" Lila exclaimed beside her, clapping her hands in excitement. "And that's why you don't mess with the big boy!"

Violet turned to Natalie, wide-eyed. "I thought you said alphas weren't allowed to use their powers on the field?"

Natalie replied to her. "That wasn't his alpha strength, that's just Griffin being Griffin. The thrill of Fangball is the brutality." She gestured back toward the field. "And look—he's already crossed into the opponent's half."

Violet snapped her attention back to the game just in time to see Griffin make a flawless pass to a teammate. It was kind of impressive and a smile unconsciously graced her lips.

The ball moved across the field, the wolf carrying it weaving around his opponent with speed as they quickly gained on him. He quickly passed to Finn, who caught it cleanly and bolted forward. But the opponent had caught up to him.

Two chasers converged on Finn, their aggressive snarls cutting through the air. One rammed into him, and Violet winced as the impact sent Finn stumbling. But just as it seemed like he might lose control of the Orb, one of his team's chasers tackled one of the opponents to the ground, giving Finn a fleeting moment of reprieve.

But it still wasn't enough as the other was relentless on snatching the ball. Cornered, Finn had no choice but to make a blind, desperate throw just as the second chaser slammed into him.

The Orb arced high into the air, spinning wildly and from the corner of her eye, Violet saw Roman dart into position, ready to intercept the ball. Fuck that motherfucker. Violet's heart sank as she realized the ball would be going to him.

Only for her thunderboy to appear out of nowhere.

In a stunning display of speed, Alaric cut across the field like lightning, leaping into the air just seconds before Roman could reach the Orb. The crowd erupted into loud scream as Alaric snatched the ball cleanly.

"Yes!" Violet screamed like never before, even though her voice was barely audible over the screams of the other students. Finally! She pumped her fists in the air.

She watched with pride as Alaric landed gracefully and sprinted toward the scoreline with determination. The defenders scrambled to stop him, their claws tearing at the ground as they gave chase. He was so close, just a few strides away, but a well-timed tackle brought him down before he could make the final push.

The crowd groaned, but then came the whistle, a point had been scored. The third pass had been completed before the tackle, securing one point for Alaric's team.

Right before her eyes, the scoreboard was updated: Six to five.

Violet leapt to her feet, grabbing Natalie in a moment of pure exhilaration. "He did it!" she screamed with excitement.

Natalie looked just as shocked as she did, though she quickly calmed herself. Realizing what she had done, Violet pulled away, her cheeks burning red. But she couldn't help it.

Her eyes darted to the scoreboard again. Six to five. All they needed was one more point for a draw and two more for a win.

Except it was four minutes left.

There was no time for passes, what they needed was a three points score.

The reality was not lost on Asher's team either as they rushed off with the ball but Griffin the dread, knocked into the wolf as if he were mere air. They took control of the ball once more.

"Come on, come on, come on!" Violet clapped her hands, urging them from her position.

It was now or never. They had to score.

But most of all she couldn't wait to see the smugness slapped off Asher's miserable face when they win.

### Chapter 138: Not A Congratulation

Griffin was on fire this time around. He tore through the opposing team who had the ball, smashed into wolves and sent them tumbling as though they were nothing more than leaves in a gale.

By himself, he created a path through the field, tossing opponents aside like snow being plowed to clear a road.

Unfortunately, time was running out for them. There was just one minute left and not even his raw strength could save them, not without them scoring.

Violet clung to the edge of her seat as the second ticked louder in her mind. Not just her, but the rest of Alaric's supporters were restless now, their anxiety reaching a fever pitch.

The heat of the match was now firmly on Griffin, the red wolf standing out as the battering ram of his team. Unfortunately for Asher's team who focused on him, they forgot about a certain star player.

Griffin gritted his teeth as he fended off two defenders, his claws digging deep into the earth. With a heave, he launched the lunar Orb across the field. The crowd followed its arc with a gasp watching as it landed in another wolf's gripper.

Not just any wolf but a white one. Alaric Storm.

Shouts of anticipation and excitement rent through the air while Violet shot to her feet, hope appearing on her face.

"Go, go, thunderboy!" she screamed at the top of her lungs, her voice hoarse.

"Go, go, thunderboy!" Lila copied her as usual, except in her case, she chanted it.

And within moments, nearly half the stadium was chanting in unison, their cries lifting Alaric's morale like a second wind.

Alaric's ears perked at the sound, and his strength was renewed. But as usual the black wolf was not happy.

Asher's gray eyes narrowed when he heard the chant, easily picking out Violet's voice from among the others and fury crossed his expression. His chest heaved with anger, his gaze snapping to Alaric who now had the ball.

She never cheered for him. Not once. All her chants, all her attention, were always for Alaric. What could she possibly see in that peanut-sized dick wolf? The thought boiled his blood.

Fueled by rage, Asher made a beeline for Alaric with a frightening razor-sharp focus. His muscles coiled as he prepared to strike, his intentions clear. He was going to stop Alaric at all costs.

But Griffin and the others had anticipated this move. They moved like clockwork, forming a protective shield around Alaric as he moved from their own half. Griffin took the brunt of Asher's charge, his wolf slamming into the black wolf with ferocity.

But an angry wolf was a dangerous beast. Asher snarled, undeterred. His claws dug into the earth as he tried to force his way through. But Griffin held firm, his growls rumbling like distant thunder. The blockers and chasers swarmed around them, a whirlwind of bodies as Roman joined Asher, trying to break the formation.

Alaric didn't stop running. With his team shielding him, he sprinted down the field, the pit growing closer with each stride. The crowd's cheers turned into a deafening roar, their energy pushing him forward. He was almost there.

But Asher wasn't one to be caged. He finally managed to break free from Griffin's hold, his paws digging into the ground with such force it sent dirt flying behind him.

It was scary how anger and thirst could push one to their limit. Asher's speed was terrifying, a dark blur streaking across the field as he closed the gap between him and Alaric with a record time that the second best Runner Roman couldn't boast of.

Violet's heart pounded painfully as she watched the chase, her breath hitching in her throat. She wasn't sure what terrified her more, Asher's proximity to Alaric or the clock ticking down so quickly that every second felt like a lifetime.

Alaric in question could feel Asher's breath hot on his heels. His muscles screamed in protest, but he pushed himself harder, knowing that this was the moment that would decide everything.

He saw someone coming and with one last surge of strength, Alaric leapt into the air, his body soaring over the defender who had thought to lunge at him from the side.

The audience gasped as if holding their collective breath just as Asher roared behind him, his claws swiping inches from Alaric's hind legs.

But it was too late.

Alaric twisted mid-air, his body graceful as he released the lunar Orb with perfect target. The glowing ball hurtled through the air and landed squarely in the pit, just as the referee's whistle blew. The match was over.

The stadium burst into deafening cheers, one that was so loud that it seemed to shake the very earth. Violet jumped up and down, screaming at the top of her lungs as the scoreboard updated.

Six to eight.

Alaric's team had won.

Before Alaric could turn, his teammates were already on him, tackling him to the ground in a pile of fur and wagging tails. They celebrated their victory in their wolf form, nipping and biting at him playfully.

In the bleachers, Violet turned to Lila, grabbing her by the shoulders as they jumped and screamed in triumph, their voices lost in the chaos of celebration.

"They did it! They actually did it!" Violet yelled, her face bright with exhilaration.

But as she turned back to the field, her joy froze in her chest because standing on the far side of the arena was a black wolf, its piercing eyes locked onto her.

The intensity of Asher's gaze sent a chill down her spine, his slitted pupils threatening. The worst was that it wasn't even anger at losing the match. No, this was far more personal.

Congratulations, you won this round of the game, those unsmiling gray eyes seemed to say.

However, nothing about Asher's congratulations was ever good.

Violet's throat went dry, her elation quickly replaced with fear. She swallowed hard, her heart hammering in her chest as their stare off continued.

Before she could react, Lila, unaware of what was going on, pulled her back into the celebration, her laughter momentarily drowning out her unease. So when Violet glanced back again, Asher was gone, his dark fur nowhere to be seen.

And though he was gone, Violet didn't feel any safe at all.

## Chapter 139: Not Like Nancy

The field was alive with energy as the students celebrated the win but Alaric was not interested in it. The moment his teammates let him up from the pile, he transformed into his human form with ease, standing gloriously naked in the middle of the field

Thankfully, the special staff approached him with clothes, and while most players accepted both shirts and pants, Alaric grabbed only the pants, urgently wanting to see his little minx. Pulling on the pants haphazardly, he didn't even bother fastening them properly before sprinting toward her.

Violet, meanwhile, was still celebrating with others. Although all Elsie had done was glare at her and left, some of the elite students surrounded her, showering her with compliments about her impromptu cheerleading performance.

One named Mira and part of the cheerleading squad advised her to come for tryouts.

"Tryouts are next week. You've got raw energy, and the crowd loves you. You'd make a great addition to the squad." The girl said to her.

Except there was a little problem.

Amanda Raynes, Griffin's ex-girlfriend, was the leader of the cheerleaders. She would probably not take kindly to her stepping into her domain. But then, Violet had never been one to be taunted by a "little" problem.

However, aside from Amanda making things difficult for her, the idea of joining the cheerleading team felt... strange. Violet had never liked it, often associating them with superficiality.

After all, why would a bunch of women wear clothes that left little to the imagination only to cheer for a bunch of horny men who no doubt saw them as nothing but sex symbols.

However, after dancing for Alaric today, Violet realized perhaps she had been too quick to judge. Her dance had been inspiring enough to rally a losing team to victory. Such power was not something to be taken for granted.

It wasn't just cheerleading. Violet began to realize how much her upbringing with Nancy had shaped her warped views on attention and relationships with the opposite sex.

Her mother ruined love for her, making it seem all dirty and nothing but a transaction.

Although the students here pretty much wanted to get into each other's pants, her one day relationship with Alaric taught her that love was a beautiful thing — with the right person though.

"I'll think about it," Violet said politely.

And regarding Amanda, she'd know how to cross that river when the time reached.

It seemed the response was good enough for Mira who said "See you around then."

and sauntered off, only for another to take her place.

Fame was really exhausting.

Violet was talking with the current elite student when Lila tapped her shoulder, "Violet, look!"

She turned just in time to see Alaric sprinting toward her with a speed that stole her breath away.

The gods have mercy.

Her heart skipped as he leapt over the bleacher's demarcation with fluid grace, his tousled white hair catching the afternoon sun. His glowing blue eyes locked onto hers, and she swore the world slowed down.

She smiled. "Alaric, you did —"

Before Violet could finish her sentence, Alaric closed the distance between them, his hands cradling her face as he captured her lips in a searing kiss. The rest of her words dissolved into a soft moan, her body instinctively leaning into him as his tongue teased and tangled with hers.

Violet felt her senses swim, a headrush overtaking her as she clung to him for balance. Her hands reached for his waist for purchase but found something else instead—his firm, muscular backside. Before Violet could stop herself, her fingers squeezed his ass, drawing a deep groan from Alaric that reverberated through her, and lit a fire straight to her core.

Fuck her life.

Alaric pressed her closer, his bare chest flush against hers, his lips relentless as they devoured her.

Violet squeezed tighter and Alaric pressed her body flush against him till her breast was flushed against him, their body outlined together. The kiss was intoxicating, bordering on erotic, and Violet couldn't bring herself to care about the stares or the phones recording the moment.

For over five minutes, they kissed relentlessly like two twin souls who finally found each other and didn't want to let go. It wasn't until the cheering around them became deafening plus the inevitable need for the air, that they finally broke apart.

Violet's chest heaved as she struggled to catch her breath and Alaric looked no better; his lips were swollen, glistening, and curved into a satisfied smirk. The crowd as usual erupted in deafening cheers, they had given them quite a show after all.

Leaning in, his voice dropped to a husky whisper, "I wish so badly I could fuck you right now."

Violet froze, his words sending a rush of heat through her. But the damage had been done and now, her mind painted an image of Alaric bending her over the table in his workshop and plowing into her with that passion he had displayed on the field.

And her traitorous body betrayed her, Violet felt a wetness in between her legs. Thank the gods she wasn't in a space alone with Alaric, because Violet knew without a doubt she would have given in. The

both of them were currently running on the adrenaline of the match and would have done something reckless.

As if his first confession wasn't enough, Alaric leaned in again, his lips brushing against her ear as he said, "I think I'm falling in love with you, Violet Purple."

Oh no.

Violet's world tilted. Those words—so simple yet so devastating—hit her like a punch to the gut. He couldn't fall in love with her, not not when she intended to break up with him tonight.

Gods, this can't be happening. Her worst nightmare has happened! She was truly going to break his heart.

Her throat tightened, her chest constricting as she forced a smile, trying to mask the anxiety brewing inside her. Alaric kissed her again, and though she responded, her mind was elsewhere, drowning in guilt.

As Alaric pulled away, his teammates calling him back to the field, Violet stood frozen, her heart aching.

She really didn't want to break up with him. Violet was tempted to bury that encounter with Asher and take the secret to the grave. But knowing Asher, if she didn't make the move, he'd make the move for her in a way she wouldn't like.

Neither could she imagine the look on Alaric's face when he finds out what she did with Asher. He would look at her like a slut and probably never forgive her. That was why she had to let him go first.

She can't be like Nancy.

#### Chapter 140: Taking Responsibility

Violet sat alone in the library, her table stacked with books, though none of them held her attention. Her gaze was fixed on her phone screen, her cheeks flushed as she stared at an "interesting" photo of Alaric.

It was a candid shot taken during the aftermath of the game, showing him buck naked, his body completely exposed. The image had gone viral, and Violet had stumbled upon it by sheer chance.

It unfortunately came with the territory. Shifting into their werewolf forms shredded clothing as easily as paper, leaving them as bare as the day they were born. It wasn't something Violet could change or even object to. Even though it bothered her that others were ogling what she considered hers, Violet had no choice but to accept that this was Alaric's world.

But even with that understanding, her lingered on the image longer than she should have. Violet's eyes tracked the pale glow of his skin, the ripple of lean muscle along his torso, and the hard lines of his abdomen, training lower until —

"Someone's thirsty."

Violet yelped, her phone slipping from her fingers as she stumbled backward and fell from her seat. Her heart thundered in her chest as she looked up to see Roman standing there, his green hair damp and messy, his grin stretching wide with mirth.

"What the fuck is wrong with you?!" Violet snapped, scrambling to her feet and shoving him hard in the chest. He didn't even budge, which only infuriated her more.

Roman chuckled, "I should be the one asking why you're so worked up. I'm not the one caught drooling over her boyfriend's—"

"Shut up!" Violet cut him off, shoving him again, though the act only seemed to amuse him.

Roman caught her hands with ease, holding them firmly in his grasp. "Careful, honey. You don't want the librarian throwing you out for making a scene."

Violet hissed through gritted teeth, glaring at him with annoyance. She had come here to run away from the overwhelming attention her newfound fame brought, as well as escaping Alaric. Not even Lila knew where she was, knowing she'd run her mouth if Alaric asked about her.

Once Alaric was done showering in the locker room, he would come find her. Now, Roman had found her first, and she wasn't sure which was worse: facing Alaric or dealing with this infuriating green-haired Alpha.

"Let me go now," she demanded.

"As the lady wishes." Roman released her hands instantly, raising his palms in mock surrender.

Violet huffed and turned back to her seat, intent on ignoring him. But Roman wasn't done. Like an infuriating mosquito that refused to go until it was swatted away — or killed — Roman leaned in close from the side, his voice low and suggestive. "You could stare at mine, you know. It's bigger."

Her head snapped toward him, her glare sharp enough to cut steel. Violet opened her mouth to rebuke him, but the words died on her lips when she realized just how close they were. Their faces were inches apart, and her anger vanished, replaced by something else entirely.

Roman's eyes were sparkling emeralds with specks of gold around it. Her gaze then drifted over the splash of freckles scattered across his nose, the slight dip in his cheeks where dimples would form when he smiled. His lips—full, soft, and maddeningly inviting—were enough to make her swallow nervously.

She didn't even realize she was gaping at him until a single droplet of water from his damp hair fell onto her cheek. The cold sensation snapped her back to reality.

Violet jerked away from him, turning back to the table with a speed that nearly toppled her chair, again. Her cheeks burned with mortification, horror and frustration that made her stomach knot.

But even as she turned, Roman's scent followed her. It was a heady blend of ripe pineapple and rich whipped cream, exotic and indulgent. But beneath the sweetness

was an underlying edge of dark patchouli that teased her senses with both allure and warning.

Violet frowned. Since when did she begin to scent people like a hound? But most of all, why did Roman of all people smell so good? It was disturbing.

Roman laughed behind her, his voice warm and teasing as he picked up the books she had selected and read the titles aloud. "Full Mythology of the Old World, ABC Werewolf, All You Need to Know About Werewolves. Doing some light reading, are we?"

Violet snatched the books from him with a scathing glare. "What do you want? I don't recall inviting you to bother me."

If this asshole thought he could walk in here and play games with her, then he was in for a loss. She didn't need his company.

"I'm bored," Roman said simply, dropping into the seat across from her with a dramatic sigh.

"Oh. So you've finally run out of pu\*sies to fuck?" Violet said with disdain, making it obvious how much she loathed him.

Roman smirked, clearly unfazed. "Not quite, but a man shall not live by juices alone."

Violet's cheeks turned red at the sexual innuendo, embarrassment and anger warring within her. "You're disgusting, you know? And if you think you can seduce me, you're wasting your time."

"Who said anything about seduction?" Roman's voice turned sly, his eyes gleaming with mischief. "You're the one who seduced me first."

Violet blinked, utterly confused. "What are you talking about?"

Roman reached across the table, his fingers lightly brushing against hers before curling around her hand. Violet tried to pull away, but his grip was firm and he wouldn't let go. So when Violet stopped struggling, his thumb began to trace lazy circles over her palm.

"Have you forgotten, lady purple? That little sin we committed in the classroom the other day?"

Violet's stomach dropped as the memory came rushing back.

Fuck.

Roman's smile widened as he saw recognition flash in her eyes. "We never got to talk about it. But here I am, finally. Waiting for you to take responsibility."

Violet stared at him, speechless. You have got to be kidding her