Defy The Alpha(s)

#Chapter 15: She Called And He Answered. - Read Defy The Alpha(s) Chapter 15: She Called And He Answered.

Chapter 15: She Called And He Answered.

There was nothing natural about this. Violet was certain Asher Nightshade was messing with her mind. But how? She hadn't looked directly into his eyes... or had she? Her mind swirled with too many questions, but she knew that finding answers had to start with getting back to reality.

She recalled a book she'd once read about dream manipulation, where the only way to break free was to put oneself in a life-threatening situation. The four-story drop outside should do.

Outside, the sky was still dark with the first hints of dawn barely touching the horizon. And from her viewpoint, the ground below looked like a yawning abyss.

For a fleeting moment, doubt crossed her mind. What if she jumped and it led to her death? Well, if that was the case, at least it would end this nightmare. Better that than another second with this psychopath.

And so, she jumped.

The descent felt endless, a chilling rush of air whipping past her. She closed her eyes, preparing herself for impact, but when she opened them, she was standing right back in Asher's room, unharmed.

Oh no. No, no, no. Frustration burned through her. What was going on here? Why was this happening to her? She hadn't even done anything to draw his attention.

Her gaze turned icy as she stared at Asher, hatred simmering through every vein. This was all because of him. Driven by sheer rage, she started toward him, fully intending to make him regret every second of this torment.

Yet, as she approached, Asher's expression remained lazily indifferent, like she was simply there for his amusement. She could see the mocking glint in his eye, as if he believed she was powerless against him.

Well, she'd prove him wrong. Others in the academy might worship him, might submit to his whims, but she'd sooner die than let him go unchallenged.

Violet didn't mind that she might look ridiculous to him, approaching him in nothing but pants and a bra. If only Violet knew that Asher thought otherwise, and right now, she looked like his very brand of wild temptation, fierce, untamed, and absolutely captivating.

Violet was not a violent person, but she was capable of violence, especially when it was provoked by assholes like him.

She borrowed Griffin's move from earlier, wrapping her hand around Asher's neck and snarling, "What in the mother-fucking world have you done to me?!"

Her breaths came hard, fueled by anger and frustration. Everything had happened so quickly, shattering everything she thought was real, leaving her mind frayed.

It didn't help that he grinned at her. He actually grinned at her?! A smug, infuriating smirk that made her blood boil. She tightened her grip, determined to make him feel that she wasn't bluffing and that she meant every bit of business.

That was when something strange happened. The scene flickered, like a hazy dream shifting focus, and when Violet blinked, she found herself in a new position.

She was straddling Asher on the bed.

The blood drained from her face as realization struck. This was Asher's world; he was the puppet master, pulling the strings, including hers.

Instinctively, Violet tried to move away, but he said, "Calm down."

Instantly, she felt the command wash over her, her body relaxing against her will. Oh no. Violet wanted to panic, to fight out of this position, but it was as though the fight had been siphoned out of her, and insidious, coaxing whispers in her mind suggested she let go, to trust him. Her body responded, moving in sync with the pull of his control.

Asher adjusted, sitting up with her in his arms as though they were lovers, and not two people who'd just been sparring for control. A deep flush crept up her cheeks as she realized she was positioned directly over his arousal. And oh, he was hard beneath her. Very hard. And huge — she tried not to take note of that.

Violet gulped, mentally railing against the situation. In her mind, she was disgusted by this manipulative psychopath, but her body betrayed her, drawn to his intense allure. She clung desperately to the scraps of control she still held.

It wasn't hard to guess Asher's intentions, not with that dark, consuming look in his eyes, like he intended to devour her whole, leaving not even her bones behind. And with the Academy's reputation for power plays, she expected him to force himself on her. At least that would give her a solid reason to despise him and fuel her thirst for revenge.

But instead of pushing her down, Asher cupped her cheeks. The unexpected gentleness of his touch stunned her, and she looked up in confusion. Was this some twisted attempt to romanticize the idea of taking her against her will?

Yet as she looked into those strange, haunting eyes, she saw something that made her uneasy—not in a terrifying way, but unsettlingly gentle.

Asher Nightshade was staring at her with an almost overwhelming tenderness, as though she were everything to him. Which didn't make any sense. They'd met only once today, and this was the longest they'd ever interacted and here he was, looking at her with a longing so raw it shook her.

Violet's emotions tangled, a storm of confusion raging inside her. She didn't know what to think, not with him looking at her like he'd been waiting for her. And his hand, slowly caressing her cheek, was breaking down her carefully built walls, corroding every barrier she'd put up around herself.

For a split second, she almost let herself fall for it. But then, she remembered she was dealing with a psychopath.

Ivy had told her Asher was a master manipulator, a "mind fucker." If he thought she'd just surrender to his delusions, he was sorely mistaken. She'd never let herself get tangled with a cardinal alpha, especially not him.

Just as she was about to throw some sass and shatter whatever spell he was trying to weave, Asher spoke, his voice soft with a strange endearment and reverence.

"You're finally here, my purple queen."

"What?" Violet croaked, taken aback.

Confusion washed over her as Asher spoke as if he had known her before this moment. But she was certain they had never met; a face like his was not easily forgotten. She would have remembered.

Asher's gaze drifted over her body, unabashedly taking her in. It should have disgusted her, but for the first time, the appreciation in his eyes sent heat spiraling to her core.

Damn it, Violet cursed. She couldn't let herself be caught up in whatever twisted game he was playing.

He reached out, tucking a stray lock of hair behind her ear and letting his hand linger, pure fascination shining in his eyes as he confessed, "For a while, I thought you weren't going to show up. I was considering how to come get you. You have no idea how much effort I've put into finding you, little purple."

Violet was stunned with the way he gave her nicknames she hadn't asked for, stirring something inside her. But it was the gnawing curiosity that overwhelmed her. His hand trailed down her back, and she fought against the shiver .

Asher was too touchy, and it infuriated her, especially knowing he was trying to lower her defenses. It was maddening how effortlessly he seemed to seduce her, as if he knew exactly every nerve to touch, every string to pull to get under her skin.

"Do I know you?" she finally asked, managing to find her voice.

"You called, and I answered."

"What?" His riddles left her more confused than ever.

This time, his eyes locked onto hers, dark and unwavering, as he quoted her words back to her, "Special skills: Sucking a dick. Giving a mean lap dance. Wait till you see me in bed."

Ice coursed through Violet's veins as the blood drained from her face. No, it can't be.

Even as he saw her startled reaction, Asher grinned like a wolf who had cornered its prey, ready to pounce. "We are in bed right now, my purple queen. So when does the fun begin?"

Chapter 16: Souvenir

For over a moment, Violet unleashed a string of curses that would've made any sailor proud. Nancy had once teased her about her foul mouth, warning it would land her in trouble one day.

But really, what did she expect, raising her in a place like the ghetto? However, the situation right now deserved every bit of curses she could heap on the fool who had expertly manipulated her fate.

Nothing stung more than the burn of regret. She should have known! The signs had been there, clear as day, but she'd ignored them, blinded by her hunger for a better life. No legitimate school would have taken her with that crass application she'd sent in. And yet, somehow, they did.

She should've seen the scholarship for what it was. A trap, plain and simple. And now, she has landed in the arms or crotch — considering their intimate position right now — of one of the psychopaths the school had to offer. The most dangerous, at the moment.

The first thought that came to her was to get off him, and she moved to do just that except Asher's power was still active and it hit her like a wall. She halted mid-motion, accidentally grinding against him in the process.

"Fuck!" he groaned, hands gripping her hips tightly, as if any further movement might push him over the edge.

His breath came ragged as he said, "I might be in your head right now, but this feels real enough to me. And it could be real for you too..." His tone softened to a darkly seductive whisper as he traced a finger down her back, watching with interest as her skin responded to his touch, every hair standing on edge. "...if you'll let me in." He held her gaze, his eyes full of a twisted, inviting allure.

But the cold, lethal glare Violet shot him in return made it clear that she would rather cut him down to size before she'd ever surrender to his sick games.

"Where am I?" Violet demanded.

"My room," he replied casually.

"I mean, where is my body right now?" she snarled, frustration biting at her tone. She'd figured out that this wasn't reality after she'd thrown herself out the window and landed back in his room without a scratch. This was all some kind of twisted mind game.

"Oh." A smirk crept onto Asher's lips. "To be precise, your body is in your room while your mind is here with me."

Violet's brow furrowed. "I didn't look you in the eyes. So how am I here? What did you do to me?"

Asher chuckled. "It's amusing, watching you think you know all there is to know about my ability. Besides, what kind of gentleman would I be if I gave away my secrets?" His tone dripped with amusement.

Violet's gaze narrowed, unimpressed. "More like a coward."

The smile froze on his face, the amusement vanishing, replaced by a darkness that made her heart skip a beat. For a split second, she feared she'd pushed him too far. But just as quickly, Asher's wolfish grin returned, as if that brief unsettling moment had never happened.

"Don't worry," Asher said with a note of confidence that made her stomach clench. "I'm sure you'll figure it out soon enough, Violet Purple."

The way he said her name, with a slow emphasis, reminded her all too clearly that he was the reason she'd been accepted into this school.

To think she'd actually believed Lunaris Academy saw something special in her, that her rough, blunt application had somehow captured their interest. Now that she understood the real reason, she was filled with disappointment.

"What do you want from me?" Violet asked, making no effort to get off him this time. She'd noticed he enjoyed it when she squirmed, so she wasn't about to give him that satisfaction.

Violet learned from the best. Nancy had used this tactic plenty of times, and though Violet couldn't deny that being this close to him sent heat coursing through her, she held firm. He'd started this game, and if he wanted to play, she'd see it through to the end.

"What do you think I want from you?" Asher echoed, toying with her.

Violet refused to let him know he'd rattled her, keeping her expression blank. "I don't know how long this game of ours will last, but just a quick reminder, I have classes today. I'd hate to doze off on my first day after this... little rendezvous." She made their encounter sound trivial.

Asher's mouth twitched, amused by her defiance. Finally, he cut to the point. "Be mine, my purple flower," he said proudly, as though offering her some great privilege. "Be my Queen. Rule with me. Rule with us."

Although she had expected something like this, the audacity still shook her. Violet's shock quickly faded, replaced by a sharp sneer. "That would only happen in your dreams, Asher Nightshade."

"Good thing this is my dream, then. So, you're mine now, Violet Purple."

"What?" Her face drained of color as his words sank in. Oh, hell no.

"That's not what I—" She started, but before she could finish or backtrack, Asher tightened his hold on her. The warmth of his hand felt like a brand on her skin, and her heart began to pound so loudly she swore he could hear it.

The air shifted as his hand drifted downward, fingers grazing her skin inch by inch, each touch more electrifying than the last.

Violet didn't realize she was holding her breath. Why, though? She had no idea if she was more terrified or entranced by the thrill of his hand moving so dangerously close to her center.

As his fingers brushed along her inner thigh, tension wound tighter within her, her heart skipping a beat. She couldn't fathom why she was entertaining this nonsense but allowed it to happen, maybe to test how far Asher would go. Besides, it was only a dream. What was there to fear?

But just as Violet thought he would reach her, he stopped abruptly. They locked eyes, the air between them crackling with electricity, neither willing to back down.

Then, Asher's mouth curved into a maddeningly slow smile. It was the smirk of someone fully in control.

"I think I'll save that for next time," he murmured, his hand lingering just long enough to leave her body humming with anticipation as he withdrew, clearly savoring the effect he'd had on her.

"There will be no next time, asshole, now let me go," she spat.

Asher raised a brow at her tone. "You do realize you're the only one who can speak to me like that and walk away unharmed?" he told her.

"If you want to kill me, just do it. I'm not begging."

"Now, sweet Violet," he purred, "why would I go to such lengths to bring you here only to kill you? Why would you even think that?"

"Then what's your end game?" she demanded, suspicion flaring in her gaze.

"What king in his right mind would kill his queen?" he said, leaning closer to breathe her in like a drug he was hooked on. "You're precious to me, my purple flower."

Yep. Major psychopath vibes. Time to get out of here.

Violet leaned back. "If you're done, send me back. Now." She needed to get back to reality; none of this made any sense.

"Of course, but first, I'll need a little souvenir of our time together."

Before she could even ask what he meant, Asher reached behind her head, and she heard a soft snip. She looked down to see a lock of her purple hair in his palm.

"You—!" Fury flooded Violet, and this time, it was enough to shatter his control over her.

How dare he cut her hair? She wanted to tear him apart, to rip him to pieces.

But before she could reach him, Asher laughed, "Goodbye, my queen."

And with that, she felt herself falling, as if he'd pushed her into a spiraling abyss.

Violet woke up with a sharp gasp, drenched in sweat. Early morning light seeped into the room, her roommates still sound asleep. She rushed to the bathroom, needing a moment to steady herself. Stopping in front of the mirror, she was relieved to find her clothes intact.

It had all been a dream. Although it bothered her how Asher could have known what she wore beneath. But her relief was short-lived as she noticed something off.

Her hand flew to her hair, finding a lock missing. She felt the uneven strands, confirming the impossible.

What the hell?

Violet stepped away from the mirror as if it had burned her. So it had not been a dream? No, no, this didn't make any sense.

He was messing with her head. That had to be it! This had to be his endgame, making her question between reality and illusion. He must derive twisted satisfaction from it else he wouldn't be putting this much effort. She had to get out of this school.

Chapter 17: Kill Her In Her Sleep

"Tell me you're excited about today!" Lila popped up out of nowhere, scaring the life out of Violet, who screamed and promptly dropped to the floor.

Poor Violet had been balancing on one foot, struggling to get her sock on when Lila startled her.

"The moon weeps, I'm so sorry," Lila squeaked, reaching out to help her up. But one sharp scowl from Violet made her freeze and tucked her hands behind her, swallowing nervously. Violet could be terrifying.

Seeing the fear on Lila's face, Violet let out a sigh and softened her expression. Lila reminded her annoyingly of a stray cat she'd once taken in.

The cat had been so scrawny it looked like it would drop dead any moment. Violet didn't have much herself, but she'd managed to feed it, even going without food sometimes so the poor thing could eat. Because of that, the cat had grown attached, and they'd ended up forming a bond.

Violet had named it "Stray," fitting for the little wanderer it was. Their bond had grown over time, and they met daily at their usual spot. But one day, Stray didn't show up. She remembered the sick feeling that had gnawed at her for days as she searched, fearing something terrible had happened to the little creature, maybe even because of her.

Regret weighed heavily on her. She should have taken Stray in when she had the chance, even if Nancy would've blown a fuse. Their trailer was cramped enough already, and adding an animal to the mix would have been pure chaos. Not to mention, Nancy hated animals. Not even the most adorable puppy could thaw her stone-cold heart.

Violet understood that life's hardships had drained any warmth out of Nancy. There wasn't room for love, not even for harmless little creatures.

Two weeks later, Violet learned the truth: Stray wasn't actually a stray. It turned out the cat had a family and had only wandered a bit too far from home.

That was the last time Violet could remember crying. She had fought so hard to keep Stray, but she couldn't win against the cat's original family.

The man of the house had even tried to pay her for "taking care" of their pet, a payment she refused but that Nancy had gladly pocketed. In Nancy's words, at least her foolishness had brought something useful.

She could still remember watching the man's daughter, smug and satisfied, as she stroked Stray just like she had done only weeks before. If looks could kill, Violet would have riddled the girl with holes then and there. Rage bubbled up inside Violet, and for a brief moment, she seriously considered murder. Thankfully, Nancy dragged her away before she did anything reckless.

What hurt most was that Stray didn't seem to mind at all. The cat had leaned into the girl's touch without the slightest protest, as if everything Violet had done, all their time together, had meant nothing.

Violet remembered crying herself to sleep for days, nearly making herself sick with grief. It wasn't until Nancy slapped her across the face and lectured her that she finally snapped out of it.

Her need for love and a real family had led her to bond so deeply with that cat. She'd thought it would be her and Stray against the world, but in the end, the cat taught her a harsh lesson that even family could walk away without a second thought — the same way her real family had abandoned her.

It may have sounded melodramatic, but for a ten-year-old starved of affection, it sure left a lasting mark. It had shaped her view of life and how she related to people. Yes, Violet had friends, but she kept them all at arm's length, close enough for good times but never close enough to hurt her if things went wrong.

That's why Violet wasn't about to let this seemingly friendly new roommate get too close. In a school like Lunaris, no doubt everyone was waiting for a moment of weakness to stab her in the back. And she was not giving anyone that chance.

With a sigh, she reined in her intensity and asked, "What do you want?" while pulling awkwardly at her tie.

As much as Violet wasn't used to the idea of a uniform, she had to admit the Lunaris uniform was regal and, on her, fit like a glove, hugging her curves. It was just the tie that irked her. She hated ties.

"I was hoping we could go to breakfast together," Lila replied brightly, watching Violet struggle with the tie. When she finally ripped it from her neck and moved to toss it aside, Lila's eyes went wide with shock.

"Oh no, you don't!" Lila scolded, scooping up the tie from where Violet had tossed it onto the bed.

"Principal Jameson would roast you alive if you showed up with an incomplete uniform. Not to mention, deduct your points."

Violet growled, "Those cardinal Alphas and those rich female brats don't seem to care about that."

"They don't because they have thousands of points at their disposal. You, on the other hand, just made it into the top twenty. If you want to stay there, or climb higher, you'll need every point you can get. It's paradise if you can reach the top ten. They're the elite of the elite and practically are untouchable."

"I don't care about their stupid ranking!" Violet snapped.

"Well, I do," Lila said shamelessly, deftly looping the tie around Violet's neck. "If you make it to the top, then I'll be your lackey, scraping up the crumbs that fall from your table."

"Lila, I already told you, I—" Violet's words cut off as Lila yanked the tie tighter, making her choke.

"Oops, sorry," Lila said with a silly smile, though the apology felt hollow. "You were saying?"

Violet dared not answer, not when Lila still had control over the tie and could choke her out for real if she said the wrong thing. Apparently, the cardinal Alphas weren't the only psychopaths this school harbored—not that she was naming names.

Once satisfied with her work, Lila brushed her hands over the perfectly knotted tie, and asked in a deceptively calm tone, "Tell me, Violet, do you want to study here in peace?"

The words were on the tip of Violet's tongue, but the shock from earlier left her silent. She only managed a stiff nod.

"Then you need this school's currency, power. With enough of it, you'll be left alone to do whatever you want."

Or maybe I'll just lie low at the bottom and be left alone, Violet thought dryly.

"Do you understand?" Lila's voice was sweet but with a subtle edge.

"Yes," Violet managed to squeak.

"Good!" Lila clapped her hands, her demeanor flipping back to cheerful so fast it nearly gave Violet whiplash.

"Come on, then," Lila looped her arm through Violet's. "Let's get breakfast!" And without waiting for a reply, she tugged Violet along.

Violet could only follow, heart pounding in her chest. It was clear now she'd have to keep an eye open every night if she wanted to survive in that room. One bad day, and someone might very well use a tie to finish her off in her sleep.