

Defy The Alpha(s)

Chapter 27: Lightning Eyes

Professor Radcliff deducted a hundred points from Violet for her "blatant disrespect" of werewolves. However, Violet wasn't even slightly fazed. She checked her ranking, and the point deduction had barely made a dent.

But then, that was when it clicked on her head. She might have been played by the principal. Jameson had supposedly deducted five hundred points from Griffin for assaulting her, but with what she had just experienced, Violet realized that Griffin probably hadn't even felt the loss. Not when he had so much points to spare.

Principal Jameson must have done it just to pacify her, like a parent pretending to punish a spoiled child. What the fuck! That woman had fooled her so well, and the realization sent rage bubbling up inside her.

Violet clenched her fists, her nails biting into her palms. She so wanted to confront that woman right now. But Violet couldn't focus on that now. She had bigger problems. She had just made an enemy out of the werewolves.

With no idea if she had any sort of immunity from their retaliation, Violet decided she wasn't going to take any chances. So, as soon as the bell signaled the end of class, she bolted out of the room. She didn't stop for anything or anyone, determined to put as much distance between herself and any potential trouble as possible.

"Hey, wait up!" someone called, and Violet looked back to see Dion running toward her.

"Hey," Dion panted as he caught up to her.

"Hey," Violet replied, just as Lila appeared beside her as well. God, the girl wouldn't give her any breathing space.

Dion turned to Violet, "I wanted to thank you for what you did back there, you know, sticking up for me. Although you might want to tone down the mockery a little bit, wolves take any insult to their heritage very personally."

"Whoa, hold on a minute," Violet shot back. "I didn't do that for you. Your situation might have prompted my response, sure, but that racist prick had it coming. And besides..." She added with thick sarcasm, "The wolves have no problem throwing shade our way, but when we return the favor, suddenly they're all aggressive."

"I'm just saying, don't go riling up the wrong people or making them think you're racist towards wolves. In short, be careful around here." Dion advised.

"Don't worry," Lila chirped in, draping her arm around Violet's shoulders as if they were besties. "I'll keep a good eye on her and make sure she doesn't fall into danger." She was taking her self-appointed guardian role quite seriously.

"Good." Dion smiled at them warmly.

"And you know what, come join us for lunch," Lila offered without missing a beat.

"Lila!" Violet said, her tone laced with warning.

"What?! We're just making friends."

"There's no 'we' here. This is all your handwork," Violet snapped. "And if I remember correctly, you told me the top twenty don't mingle with those beneath them."

"Yes, they don't mingle with them, but they can invite them," Lila said, unfazed.

"What the...?" Violet trailed off, bewildered. "What's even the difference?!" She threw her hands up in exasperation. What the hell was wrong with these people?!

Lila boldly continued, "The difference is they can't dine with you, but you can give them a taste of what it's like to dine with the elites. A taste that many hunger for. A taste that—"

"A taste that tastes like ashes," Violet interrupted. "I'm done with you guys here. It was nice meeting you, Dion, but I'm off to my next class." She spun on her heel and walked away, grateful that Lila didn't have the same class. Otherwise, she'd lose her mind.

"Meet you during physical training!" Lila shouted after her, but Violet did not give her any response.

Violet's naïveté led her to believe that the wolves had somehow let her words slide, but reality proved otherwise. As she made her way through the hallways in search of her next class, every werewolf she passed greeted her with low snarls and hisses of disapproval.

Their eyes were full of menace, and it hit Violet that the news must have somehow spread. The whole thing felt like walking through a field of landmines, the glares and growls, reminding her these were predators and making the hairs on her body stand on edge.

But even with all the threat, none of them took it further. There was no physical confrontation, no open challenge. Almost as if there was an invisible line they wouldn't

cross. Violet preferred to think that she had immunity and not because a certain Alpha was protecting her.

Those thoughts propelled her feet into action, and Violet finally located and entered the advanced biology classroom. The unfamiliar room was alive with energy, buzzing with chatter as students mingled with friends. Only a handful seemed to notice her arrival and paid her not much attention. How good that felt to not be stared at like an alien.

Students here clearly took their studies seriously; the seats were filling up so fast. Violet's attention immediately landed on an empty one near a window and she hurried over to take it before someone else could claim that coveted spot with a view.

If only she knew, no one ever took that spot.

Violet wasn't alone. A student was already seated beside her, his head face down on the desk, his seat positioned directly by the window.

He must be a werewolf. Violet noticed the subtle way his ears twitched the moment she sat down, and then he lifted his head. Violet forgot how to breathe.

It was him.

The Cardinal Alpha of the North.

Alaric.

The same Alpha she had encountered in the infirmary when she had gone to get treated, the one with the lightning powers.

Violet couldn't look away, caught in the snare of his electric blue eyes. She could have sworn she saw a maelstrom of lightning dancing within his irises—wild, powerful, and untamed. Even the air seemed to vibrate with electrified tension around them.

She had never felt such an intense attraction to anyone before, and perhaps that was why it stung when Alaric suddenly narrowed his eyes and broke their gaze.

Without a word, he turned away, facing the window, and resumed his sleep. Violet tried not to let the icy distance between them affect her, but she couldn't deny the hollow feeling it left inside of her.

Chapter 28: Wolf In Sheep Clothing

"Blood clotting, or coagulation, is the process where blood changes from a liquid to a gel, forming a clot to help stop bleeding. The process is also known as Hemostasis, and the steps include: Vascular Spasm, Platelet Plug Formation, and the Coagulation

Cascade..." The teacher droned on, oblivious to the fact that one student's mind was worlds away.

Violet had always loved science, even found it fascinating. If there was one thing she was going to enjoy about Lunaris, it was their advanced courses and well-equipped laboratories. Currently, they were studying the comparative blood coagulation in human and werewolf physiology.

Yet, Violet had stopped taking notes on her Avax phone a while ago. And it was all because of the werewolf seated beside her.

Alaric Storm was still sleeping, and while it shouldn't have concerned her, it still did. Not just because he was missing out on the lecture, but because his sheer handsomeness was distracting.

Violet couldn't recall how many times she had been jotting down notes, only to turn and find herself staring at his face, her heart inexplicably picking up speed. Just like that, whatever the teacher was saying would slip right out of her mind.

Eventually, Violet gave up, deciding she'd study more when she returned to her dorm. Her attention now gravitated towards Alaric, and she found herself watching him sleep, which was pretty creepy on her part.

The teacher hadn't paid Alaric Storm any attention, even when she'd noticed him, and Violet wondered if it was because he was a Cardinal Alpha or simply because she was used to seeing him sleeping in her classes. Or maybe it was both.

Why was Alaric sleeping in class, though? Did he just not care because he was the king of the school and could do whatever he wanted, or did he have a late night? Now that she looked closely, she swore she could see dark circles around his eyes. Was he not sleeping well?

In her quest to satisfy her curiosity, Violet didn't realize how close she had gotten to him. She peered at him with deep fascination, like a child who had gotten a new toy and couldn't wait to see how it worked.

They said Alaric was the quietest of all the Cardinal Alphas, and Violet could tell. There was just this innocence and tranquility about him that seemed to extend to her and soothe her nerves as well—if that even made sense.

A breeze from the window made a lock of his curly hair suddenly fall over his face, and Violet's eyes zeroed in on it, her hand already twitching to move it. She must really have a fetish for hair.

Well, fuck it!

Violet reached out to tuck the hair away, but before her hand could brush across his forehead, a hand shot out with lightning speed and grabbed hers, a small gasp escaping her lips.

Alaric was awake, and he was staring at her with a bewildered expression as if she had lost her mind or something.

It was at that moment that Violet realized his hand holding hers was gloved, and as she watched him with a startled expression, she saw what looked like a vein of lightning pass through his head. Wait a minute, could it be...

At the same time, his eyes burned with cold anger. "I'll suggest you keep your hands to yourself from now on."

Violet's face flushed with embarrassment, and she quickly muttered a "sorry" before looking ahead. For the rest of the lesson, whatever the teacher said didn't register in her head. Her mind was far away, and all she could do was blame herself for being stupid.

It became apparent that Alaric Storm must have issues with his powers. That must be why he liked seclusion—so he wouldn't hurt people—and yet she had eagerly tried to touch him. Yes, Violet had always known she had self-destructive tendencies, and it was becoming apparent.

But even then, Violet couldn't help but feel sorry for him. These powers weren't supposed to be a curse. Had their moon goddess considered that before giving it to him?

Violet's attention was snagged when the teacher mentioned something about pairing with one's seat partner to conduct an experiment synthesizing a comparison between human and werewolf coagulation times using carefully mixed plasma samples.

Great, she was on her own, then.

Soon enough, the samples were passed around, with pairs working on their experiments already, while Violet was all by herself with Alaric having turned the other way to continue his sleep. *Someone sure loved his sleep.

The key difference between werewolf and human coagulation was that werewolf blood tended to coagulate more rapidly, a trait evolved to handle high-energy activity and potential injuries in both their human and transformed states.

Ferrusene, the key ingredient in the experiment, was a rare mineral compound used in controlled settings to trigger and compare coagulation rates across species. When werewolf blood is exposed to it, it will clot nearly twice as fast as human blood due to this evolved coagulation mechanism.

Violet had to follow the procedure slowly from her textbook since she hadn't been paying attention in class. She reached for the ferrusene vial and worked independently since her partner was fast asleep. She wondered how the teacher would grade this classwork considering her partner had not contributed anything to it.

Halfway through, just as Violet was about to add the ferrusene, Alaric grabbed her hand, startling her. Before she could say a word, Alaric had already grabbed the vial, tipped it until some poured away, and then added it to the sample.

"Why did you do—" Violet started, but the scathing look he gave her was enough to make her shut up and focus on the experiment.

They remained in silence for several minutes as they glanced at the coagulation indicator, the clotting reaction having reached its required result.

It was at that moment that the biology teacher, who had been observing the whole experiment, arrived at their desk. She glanced over their work with a proud look on her face.

"Great work as usual, Alaric Storm," she praised.

Wait, what? Violet couldn't believe what she was hearing. Did this guy just take all the credit when she had done the entire job? Sure, he had added the correct amount of ferrusene—which she couldn't deny, considering her own measurement was wrong, and judging by the failed experiments around them, he had saved her—but still. This had been all her.

The teacher went on to say, "Precise measurements are critical as werewolf blood's sensitivity to excess ferrusene can disrupt the coagulation cascade, slowing the process rather than speeding it up. Good work, Alaric. You seem to have been conscious of that rule and must have guided your lab partner throughout the whole process, didn't you, Alaric?"

Alaric looked at her, and for the first time, Violet wondered what had possessed her to ever think this one was innocent. He was a wolf in sheep's clothing!

He said with a false smile, "Of course, I did. Violet must feel so grateful right now."

Violet was far too furious at that moment to even dwell on the fact that he knew her name.

"Good. Good. Good." The teacher clapped her hands, more than delighted to hear that. "It's so relieving to know that you have a desk mate you can tolerate. I'm sure both of you would make great lab partners."

At that statement, Alaric turned to her, scrutinizing her with an indescribable look as he drawled, "Well, color me excited."

Chapter 29: Not Gay

As soon as the teacher acknowledged Alaric's hard work, he abruptly stood up, collected his belongings, and headed out. He didn't so much as glance back or even explain his behavior – or better yet, offer an apology to her. Violet could only watch him leave with her teeth gritted, unable to follow him and draw attention to herself.

The class ended minutes later, but when Violet stepped out, Alaric Storm was nowhere to be seen. So much for thinking he was different from the others. She should have trusted the saying: Birds of a feather flock together.

Asher was a psychopath. Roman was an asshole, Griffin had violent tendencies, and the cute and innocent Alaric Storm was nothing but a good pretender.

And the fact she had been attracted to all four of them on different levels on her first day at Lunaris – and perhaps still was – worried Violet greatly. Not just one but four of them? Seriously. Although she knew better than to make any move on any of them.

All four of them were worshiped, and girls probably threw themselves at them whenever they appeared. Violet was not going to be just another girl on their body count. Whatever this strange feeling was, she would work on it and get rid of it.

Perhaps it was because she hadn't had sex yet? Call her old-fashioned, but she had been holding onto her virginity to give it to someone special. A fact her bullies from her old school had learned about and teased her continuously.

Not that she had let the words get to her. It was her body, and she decided what to do with it. Not a few bullies who had slept their way through the entire school.

However, at this point, Violet wondered if it was a wise decision to hold onto it, especially with her sex drive seemingly going into overdrive – she believed that was the cause. Being around so many hot werewolves must have contributed to it, having not been used to them in her old school.

Perhaps she would find a nice, good-looking werewolf and give herself to him so that she could get over this crazy fascination with the four bastards.

If only Violet knew, she would need a lot of luck with that with a certain Alpha's eyes on her.

Violet made her way through the crowd of students toward the female locker room, considering it was almost time for physical training.

As expected, the female locker room was nothing short of luxurious, as though it belonged in an exclusive health club rather than a school.

'Space,' a usual characteristic of Lunaris Academy's rooms, was in abundance, while rows of glossy wooden lockers lined the walls, each bearing a nameplate that indicated the student it belonged to.

The floor was made of polished tiles, and a soft lavender permeated the air, keeping the room fresh. A long row of full-length mirrors bordered one side of the room, and on the opposite side were private shower cubicles separated by frosted glass, thankfully. Violet knew all too well the bullying and taunting that could happen in communal showers.

Violet walked into the locker room, which was a hubbub of activity. Girls were chatting near the mirrors, adjusting their ponytails and braids, and applying their makeup. Why did they even need makeup for a fitness session?

By some stroke of luck, as if to answer her question, she heard one of the girls say, "I can't lose even one percent of my steez at all. I'm going to look perfect even while sweating." The girl giggled while talking to her friend, who looked at her with a fake smile.

Tsk. Tsk. Violet shook her head, her attention snagged by the other girls who sat on the benches in the middle of the room, putting on their training gear.

A girl with blonde hair had her back turned to her and spoke to the girls seated on the bench, only for Violet to freeze when she recognized that voice. It was Lila. Oh, shit.

Violet turned away at once, rushing over to locate her locker while some of the students who saw her sudden brisk walk wondered what was up with her.

She found her locker—number 109—and quickly spun the combination lock. The door clicked open, revealing her training gear neatly folded inside. Violet intended to grab the uniform, go into one of the cubicles, and change, with the hope that Lila would have left by then.

But the instant Violet turned around, "Hello, Violet," a certain blonde was right in front of her.

"Jesus Christ!" Violet screamed, clutching her heart, which nearly leaped out of her chest at the sudden encounter.

"Why are you suddenly jumpy?" Lila asked her innocently. She went on to say, "Usually, people who behave that way have done something wrong or have something to hide."

"Perhaps next time you don't sneak up on someone like that!" Violet snapped at her.

Lila went silent immediately, her expression crestfallen.

The gods help her.

Feeling guilty for what she had done, Violet apologized, "Sorry for yelling at you."

"Forgiven!" Lila chirped instantly, her eyes twinkling with adoration for Violet.

Violet frowned. The more she studied Lila, the more suspicious she became that something was not quite right with Lila. She almost behaved like a child. Was she mentally unstable?

Now that her chance of changing in the cubicle was ruined, Violet had no choice but to undress there. It was all females, after all, and she was by no means shy of her body.

The training uniform was a sleek black top, made from breathable fabric, with green accents running along the sides in a distinctive, zebra-like pattern, creating an athletic yet stylish look.

The academy crest was proudly embroidered on the left side of the chest, paired with matching black leggings featuring a similar green highlight at the calves, ensuring a cohesive look. The whole ensemble was completed with sturdy athletic shoes.

Violet set her bag down on the bench closest to her and began to strip until she was down to her underwear. She was reaching for her training top when she caught sight of Lila staring at her body with a stunned expression, precisely her chest.

If it wasn't for the fact that Lila had been drooling at the Cardinal Alphas' photos, Violet would have been sure her friend was gay. Unless, of course, she swung both ways.

A chill washed over Violet, and she quickly tugged the top down, then with swift speed slipped into her pants as well.

"You have such a nice body. I'm envious," Lila pouted, looking down at her own smaller chest.

"Everyone's special just the way they are," Violet responded, glad to know that Lila had only been admiring her body and not the other way round.

Sure, she respected everyone's sexual orientation, but Violet was straight through and through, and she wouldn't have such an awkward relationship with the only one who claimed to be her friend.

Violet was tall, taller than most girls, with a lean build. She was slim but not lanky, her muscles visible in the subtle definition of her toned arms and legs, evidence of her fit

lifestyle. Her body might not be the ideal of femininity for everyone, as many girls preferred a softer look over her athletic build, but Violet didn't care.

Despite that, nature had still been kind in its own way. Violet had curves, full B-cup breasts, and a well-rounded bottom that had always drawn attention, especially the wrong kind.

Back at Nancy's trailer, it had made her a target for the predatory glances of Nancy's customers. Fortunately for Violet, she was not afraid of using a knife to pass her message, and those who thought they could take advantage learned their lesson, never to cross the line again.

Now done, Violet stuffed her school clothes into the locker and closed it with a soft clang. She looked at Lila, who excitedly looped her arm around hers as usual. Violet let her be, taking a deep breath instead.

It was time to face whatever Lunaris had in store for her today.

Chapter 30: Dreaded Games

They were almost out to the track field for today's training when someone said aloud, drawing their attention. "I bet trainings going to be brutal. I can't wait to see the humans failing woefully like the weak creatures they are."

Violet's head snapped towards the asshole who had spoken, and even without Lila, her human encyclopedia of information, judging from his words, she could already tell he was a werewolf.

Only those arrogant werewolves would find joy in human misery. Maybe she really was prejudiced afterall, because Violet still didn't believe in the concept of humans and werewolves peacefully coexisting in a school. It was a disaster waiting to explode in their faces.

The werewolf must have sensed her glare because he turned, and his gaze locked with her own. He looked momentarily taken aback, but then his eyes narrowed, and he growled, "What are you staring at, prey?"

Violet raised an eyebrow. Oh, so that's how it was going to be? Unfortunately for her, she had a sharp tongue that often led her into trouble instead of getting her out of it.

She licked her lips, preparing herself to relish this coming mess. Lila seemed to notice her intent because her eyes widened, and she shook her head, trying to warn her not to. But it was too late.

Violet shot back, "Oh, I'm sorry, are you just dying for my attention, dog?"

And she did it.

Lila's breath hitched in her throat immediately. Not just her, but nearly everyone around the vicinity. Oh no, she didn't.

But Violet did.

Everyone within earshot froze, as if Violet had just committed some kind of heinous crime. Seconds later, murmurs started up, and Violet caught bits and pieces like, "She's dead meat," and, "Clayton's going to tear her apart."

Despite those ominous whispers around her, Violet had no idea what gave her the confidence to stand her ground. She refused to cower in the face of danger, or, in this case, bullies. Kind of?

"What did you just call me?" The werewolf, whom she now knew as Clayton, asked in a gravelly tone, his nose flaring as his beast began to surface, provoked by her words.

"You mean the same way you called me prey? Or don't you know how to take your own joke, dog?" she sassed back.

"Violet!" Lila cried, desperately trying to pull her away, but Violet wouldn't budge. She was bigger than Lila, and the smaller girl couldn't move her an inch.

Violet saw the moment his eyes flickered amber, his wolf coming to the forefront.

While she might be brash and quick-tempered, Violet wasn't entirely stupid. She began to mentally calculate how many strides she'd need to make to reach the outside where help would definitely come. She was sure of it.

"I'll teach you a lesson today," the threat came out as a growl, a blend of man and wolf as he charged towards her.

Violet had already braced herself to run when, suddenly, someone stepped in. A strong hand grabbed the werewolf's arm, and in front of everyone's shocked eyes, started to pull. The sound was gruesome to the ears — a wet, cracking noise of bones shattering filling the hall.

"Oh God...!" someone gasped from behind her, the horrified exclamation followed by the sound of vomiting. Thankfully the someone was not Lila, else she would have been splashed by the vomit.

Violet was frozen in place, her eyes wide in shock as she watched Asher Nightshade take over. He had not come here like some fairy-tale prince to save the day. No, this was no knight in shining armor, he was a dark knight, coming to her rescue with an aura of pure menace.

"Hello Clayton, did I just hear you call my purple flower your prey? Hasn't anyone told you that I'm, and only I, hunt her alone?" Asher drawled, his voice imbued with possessiveness as he continued crushing the werewolf's arm as if it were a plastic toy.

At times like this, Violet would have rolled her eyes at those misleading words and refuted him, but she was too horrified at the scene to say a word. For now, she could only stand there, dumbfounded at Asher's brutal display of dominance.

"I'm so sorry, Alpha," Clayton moaned, his earlier bravado now replaced by desperation to escape the torment.

Asher remained unmoved, his voice cold as he asked, "Really, are you?" He twisted the arm further.

"Fuck, I am... I seriously am! Daddy..." Clayton cried out like a child as Asher applied even more pressure to his arm.

"Tsk, ts, naughty Clayton. Now, what do you do when you're sorry?" Asher teased, his gaze shifting towards Violet.

Clayton followed Asher's line of sight and seemed to get the message. Instantly, he bowed his head, albeit stiffly, and stammered, "I'm so sorry, Miss Purple."

"What are you sorry for, dog?" Asher taunted, chuckling as if thoroughly enjoying the act.

That psycho.

"For trying to hurt you. It will never happen again!" Clayton apologized, his tone now filled with sincerity, realizing Asher wasn't in the mood for more nonsense.

"There you go," Asher finally let go, and Clayton released a huge breath, like a drowning man coming up for air. Though the move seemed simple, Asher had not only broken bones but dislocated his shoulder, and it had been nothing short of hell for Clayton.

"Now move along, doggy. Go find the healer and have her deal with that nasty injury." Asher dismissed him, waving him off like a pet, and Clayton walked away with his head hung low in shame, the crowd parting to let him leave.

With Clayton gone, Asher's attention turned squarely on Violet, and as he moved towards her, the look on his face told her he intended to devour her whole.

Oh no.

Standing up to Clayton hadn't scared Violet in the slightest, but the dark, unsettling smile on Asher's face sent fear racing through her veins.

Nope. Not doing this.

Violet spun on her heels to run, but Asher moved just as quickly, grabbing her around the waist as if he had anticipated her every move.

"Put me down, you bastard!" she yelled, struggling as Asher effortlessly tossed her over his shoulder, her weight seemingly nothing to him.

"That is how you thank your savior, my purple flower," He laughed, continuing to walk and undeterred by her constant hits to his back.

When it became too much, all he did was spank her on the butt, and just like that, Violet went deadly still.

This had to be a fucking nightmare!