

Defy 311

Chapter 311: Accidents Do Happen

Bang! Bang!

The loud banging rattled the door just as Violet was coming down from her sixth heaven. No, truth be told, the knocking had been going on for a while now, but none of them had noticed, too lost in the throes of passion.

Hence, it came as a complete shock when the door was flung open so hard it nearly came off its hinges.

All heads snapped up, only to find Griffin standing there, his chest heaving with anger. And right behind him came Asher, his eyes falling on Violet who looked flushed, wrecked, and utterly undone by their love.

His nostrils flared as his gaze swept away from her body, sharply scanning the bed for any trace of blood. His muscles tensed until, after a few agonizing seconds, he subtly relaxed. It wasn't what he thought. Thankfully, the boys weren't that stupid. So, no one was getting killed today.

Alaric was the first to recover from the shock of the moment.

"Are you fucking kidding me!" he shouted, jumping off the bed with a sudden ominous feeling. He rushed out of the room, only to return moments later, his eyes wild with disbelief, his glare zeroed in on Griffin, the only one capable of such a brute-force entrance.

"You destroyed my lab door!"

But Griffin merely lifted a daring brow and said, "You weren't opening, so I decided to let myself in." He glanced at Asher and corrected himself, "Ourselves in."

Alaric growled at him. Griffin growled right back, both of them locked in an intense standoff like two wolves ready to snap.

However, their attention snapped away when Violet, completely unbothered, walked up to Asher, and without shame, kissed him passionately on the lips.

"Good morning," she smiled at him sweetly when they broke apart.

"Morning, love," he murmured back with such affection that everyone else in the room froze, then slowly turned to exchange wide-eyed looks.

They had always known Asher Nightshade was obsessed with Violet Purple but such tenderness? That was new and unheard of.

Satisfied with his response, Violet moved on to Griffin, wrapping her arms around him and standing on her tiptoes to kiss him just the way she wanted. She parted his lips, her tongue slipping in to taste him with greedy delight.

Griffin groaned low in his throat, wrapping a strong arm around her waist and pulling her flush against his hard frame until her head swam and they almost forgot they weren't the only ones in the room.

A disgruntled sound rumbled from Griffin when he finally had to pull away. He turned to Asher and said bluntly, "When are you going to claim her? I don't think I can wait much longer."

"Soon," was Asher's answer.

"That soon couldn't come fast enough," Alaric chimed in, clearly just as eager for his turn with his Vixen.

Violet shifted to Asher, her hands trailing down his chest with slow, intentional seduction as she purred, "That soon can be now."

After her fight with Lila yesterday, and all the doubts Lila had thrown her way about her harem working, the thought of all her men wanting her at the same time thrilled her. Violet would make this work. Lila would see it.

Maybe to prove her wrong—or maybe because her desire was burning hotter than ever—Violet's hand slid lower down Asher's body, reaching for the erection she was sure would be there.

But Asher caught her hand mid-air, his fingers locking around hers with his beautiful slitted eyes locking with hers.

"My father will arrive soon," he announced.

At the mention of his father, every ounce of desire inside Violet vanished at once. Her gaze hardened, her body stiffening at the thought of that monster. How she wished she could make him suffer for what he did to Asher.

The others obviously had the same reaction, straightening up at once.

"I know we'll all be busy today, but I still want all of your eyes on Violet," Asher said, his voice leaving no room for argument. "I've already commanded my people. They'll make sure my father can't even get within five feet of her."

"I'll have my trusted pack members do the same," Roman declared immediately.

"Me too," Griffin and Alaric echoed at the same time.

Violet was warmed by their concern, but she still said to Asher, "I'm not afraid of your father."

"Yes, and you don't have to be," Asher said, "because I'll protect you."

Violet face-palmed internally. "I don't need your protection. Your father certainly cannot lay a hand on me on school grounds. Trust me, he'd regret it if he does."

"My brave queen..." Asher murmured, looking impossibly proud of her, only for his expression to darken a second later.

"You might not understand the politics being played here, or the gravity of what you've gotten yourself into by getting involved with us. So let me break it down for you."

His gaze sharpened, and his tone turned cold and serious.

"After yesterday's incident, the two-faced Caroline will probably run straight to my father, the cold-blooded Alpha she trusts not to let feelings get in the way of business. She'll paint you vividly, exaggerate your influence over me so much that Henry will see you as a threat to my future."

Asher leaned in slightly, voice grim.

"Of course, Henry cannot lay a hand on you directly while you're on school grounds. But accidents?" A humorless smile tugged at the corner of his lips. "Accidents happen all the time."

He listed them coldly.

"You could slip and break your neck. You could be found hanging from a rafter and they'd call it suicide. Or maybe you wander too close to the forest and suffer a wild animal attack. After all, the Rogue shack is close to the woods."

Violet felt her stomach twist, but Asher wasn't done.

"Everyone would be shocked, of course. There would be whispers. Suspicions. But that's all it would ever be. You're not a werewolf. You're not an elite. You don't come from a powerful family. You're just the daughter of a whore who would be mourned for a day and forgotten by the next."

His eyes burned into hers as he said.

"So no, Violet Purple, I'm not taking any chances with you."

Chapter 312: Uncovered Secret

The hallways of Lunaris are absolutely glowing, and the students are lighting up at the sight of their daddies, mummies, brothers, sisters, uncles, aunties — you name it. If they could claim 'em as family, they were tackling them like touchdown runs at the entrance. Heartwarming? Yes. Tearjerking? Slightly. Did I sob into my herbal tea this morning? Maybe.

And let's not forget how Yennefer strutted our fancy academy around, parading our top-tier facilities like a proud peacock. I mean, if humble bragging was an Olympic sport, we'd have taken gold, silver, and bronze simultaneously. Thankfully, both the parents and Yennefer survived the tour.

Power Players Alert: The Cardinal Alphas' Parents Enter Stage

Of course, what's Parents' Week without our royals? Griffin Hale and Alaric Storm's parents made their grand appearance, and whew, the air shifted, baby.

Let's talk about Irene Hale for a second because good heavens above and the full moon below, that woman continues to leave me speechless. She enters a room and every man's balls shrivel and every woman either wants to BE her or BOW to her.

Imagine power. Then imagine it in that tall frame, and a stare that could gut a man at twenty paces. Irene doesn't demand respect, she rings it out of the air. No wonder she's got two husbands just to keep up with her. One man alone simply could not survive.

And while Mama Hale looked like a walking power move, poor Elsie seemed to be...how do I put this gently... floundering in the art of impressing her potential mother-in-law.

No kidding, hon. You don't just charm Irene Hale with hair flips and fake smiles. Irene could eat girls like Elsie for breakfast and still have room for a full English meal. So yes, not a good look, Elsie darling. Not a good look at all.

The Luncheon That Broke Moonfeed (And My Heart)

Before I spill that tea piping hot, let's just talk about the "volunteer" uniforms Elsie foisted on her loyal helpers.

Pastel nightmares.

Tragedy in fabric form.

I almost wept for salvation when I saw them. Was this punishment? Or was this just a really bad fashion sense?

Because while our dear Ice Queen Elsie was out there shining like a diamond-dipped goddess, her "help" looked like they crawled out of a 1950s dystopian ad for household servitude.

Was it intentional?

Oh, sweet summer children, who am I to say a word when the ice queen hasn't spoken.

Except four rogues said: 'Nah.'

That's right, my sweets, Violet Purple and her roommates said NOPE and stepped out looking like power incarnate.

Let me paint you a picture:

PINK.

SASS.

UTTER SLAYAGE.

Violet, Ivy, Lila, and Daisy, they looked like an elite rogue Barbie army ready to take over the academy. You could practically hear the angels sing.

Ahem. Has Momma Hale Switched Allegiances?

Now, here's the hot tea, my darlings and it's scalding.

It's starting to look an awful lot like Irene Hale has switched camps from Team Ice Queen to Team Rogue Pack.

Yes, you read that right.

Because while Irene might be power incarnate, she's also no fool. She could smell the arrogance, entitlement, and frankly unbecoming behavior oozing off Elsie during the Luncheon.

And yes Caroline.

If there was a prize for the most tone-deaf, cringeworthy act yesterday, it goes to Caroline Lancaster.

Dragging Violet Purple's name through the dirt publicly, calling her the "daughter of a whore"? At a Parents' Luncheon?

Tsk. Tsk. Caroline, sweetheart. This isn't Real Housewives of Lunaris. It was tacky, tasteless, and horrifyingly amateur.

In those days, family background was looked into properly before considering marriage. I'd suggest to whom it may concern that they do the same now before graduation.

No wonder Irene dipped out early. It was safe to say it: Elsie's Luncheon was a royal disaster.

New Ships and Old Wounds

But hold onto your hats, because if Griffin Hale's dreamy smiles and lingering glances were anything to go by, it seems our boy might not just be off the market — he might be auctioning his heart exclusively to Violet Purple.

And if Irene's early blessings are real and not just wishful thinking, then we are looking at full-scale social revolution, babies.

Imagine it: A Rogue and an Alpha Heir defying every rule and breaking every norm to be together at Lunaris Academy? That is quite huge.

If Violet and Griffin survive till graduation, then we're going to witness a loud political upheaval outside these foundation's very walls.

And if the Rogue Queen is smart? She might just snatch another Alpha or two along the way. Wink wink. The Oracle sees all, but a girl's gotta save some secrets for later.

Elsie's Not Out Yet

Now, don't go writing Elsie's obituary yet. She still has a few cards up her manicured sleeves. Remember, she's related to Alpha Caspian, and has connections with Alpha Leon, and Alpha Henry. Influence that runs deep. Perhaps she can turn things around. Maybe.

Final Thought:

The queens are clashing.

The crowns are wobbling.

The parents are judging.

And I'm here for EVERY SECOND OF IT.

So stay tuned, my lovelies. As always, I'll be watching (and sipping tea) to bring you the juiciest updates. Until next time, keep your claws sharp and your secrets sharper.

The Oracle

6:32 Am

"Oh fuck, yeah," Elsie Lancaster moaned, her head lolling back, eyes squeezed shut in pleasure as Grace worked her over like a woman possessed.

After yesterday's humiliating accident, her mother's vicious scolding, and today's brutal takedown by the Oracle, it was safe to say Elsie had snapped. She needed to blow off steam, and what better way than letting Grace drive her all the way to the ninth heaven?

"God, you're so good at this. Go faster!" she cried out, her moans echoing shamelessly through the room.

Fisting a hand in Grace's hair, Elsie yanked her closer, demanding more, and Grace, ever the eager servant, welcomed both the pain and the praise like a woman starved.

They were tangled together, lost in the rawness of it, Elsie already teetering at the edge of release, when a sharp voice sliced through the air:

"What the hell is going on here?"

Both girls froze.

Elsie's eyes snapped open, her heart slamming against her ribs as she looked up only to find herself staring into the furious face of her mother, Caroline Lancaster.

God. No.

Elsie and Grace broke apart at once, scrambling away from each other like two guilty children caught doing something bad. Wide-eyed and breathless, they both looked toward Caroline who stood frozen, unmoving, her face blank with pure, disbelieving horror.

Had anyone told Caroline in her wildest imagination that her daughter would one day be caught rolling around with another girl, she would have laughed it off as madness.

Had it been sex with a guy? She could have stomached and controlled the narrative. Damage control was practically second nature to her — there were always ways to fake virginity if she put in the effort.

Her daughter Elsie was the sweet, untouchable queen of the academy after all. The Boys could be reasoned with. Threatened if necessary. Above all, their loyalty would be secured once Elsie wins them over to her side.

But this? This was a scandal she couldn't smother. This was a brand she couldn't wipe clean once exposed.

Her daughter caught getting off with a girl? No, Caroline couldn't take it. She couldn't even move at first, rooted to the floor as fury and disbelief warred inside of her.

Elsie, seeing the look on her mother's face, hurriedly wrapped a blanket around herself and stumbled toward her.

"Mother, I can explain!" Elsie blurted out desperately. But she barely made it halfway.

Smack!

The slap came out of nowhere, sharp and vicious, jerking Elsie's head to the side.

She stood frozen, one hand flying to her stinging cheek, her heart hammering in her chest.

Her mother had scolded her many times but she had never hit her before.

Not until now.

"Are you fucking crazy?!" Caroline's voice was pure venom, shaking with rage. "Where has your mind gone to?! Anyone could have come in— anyone!"

She waved her hand wildly at the open door as if the thought alone could summon the entire academy to witness their shame.

"And honestly—" Caroline scoffed bitterly, the sound dripping disgust, "You and this human scum?" she referred to Grace.

Elsie's didn't step back. The sting on her face was nothing compared to the boiling anger growing inside of her. She lifted her chin, and met her mother's furious gaze with a defiance that had been simmering for years.

"Since I'm restricted from fucking around like all the normal kids out there, I found myself a safer choice—!"

Smack!

Another slap landed, harder than the first.

This time, Elsie's whole body swayed, but she didn't fall. She stood there, cheek burning, heart pounding. Her pride and pain were tangled up inside of her until she wasn't sure which would kill her first.

Chapter 313: The Untamed One

Violet had no idea what to expect when she got back to the shack. She paused at the entrance, bracing herself and mentally rehearsing the many ways she'd respond to that stubborn-headed Fae guardian once she stepped inside.

She wasn't going to give in this time. No. She was done accepting crumbs.

If Lila wanted their relationship back the way it was, then she needed to come clean and tell the whole truth. Otherwise, they'd keep on pretending. They would coexist as friends. Sure. Maybe. But not as close, not like before.

Lila could still do her whole protective guardian thing, but Violet wouldn't be spilling her secrets to her anymore. Not until she earned that trust again.

Then again, with how tight-knit their group was, it was practically impossible for Ivy and Daisy to know something without it reaching Lila eventually. Violet groaned out loud. Ugh. Fine. She'd just go in, keep her cool, and go with the flow. Whatever happens, happens.

She reached for the doorknob only for the door to swing open on its own. And there she was.

Lila stood right there.

And just like that, all the perfectly planned speeches Violet had crafted in her head crumbled into dust. The two of them just stared at each other, frozen.

Violet's mouth opened, but no words came out.

"Come inside." That was all Lila said before she turned and calmly walked back toward the living room, almost like she'd only opened the door because she sensed Violet standing outside.

The simplicity of it made Violet bristle. After all the speeches she'd prepared, she had expected a dramatic retort. But now it felt childish to insist on having the last word. With a sigh, she stepped inside.

As soon as she entered the living room, Ivy and Daisy rushed toward her and pulled her into a tight, lung-crushing hug.

"Thank God you're safe! Where have you been?" Ivy asked, even though the answer was pretty obvious. There weren't many places Violet could be, well, unless you counted the variety of cardinal alphas she was entangled with.

"I was with my men," Violet said proudly, her eyes shifting to Lila to gauge her reaction. Ivy and Daisy did the same, their glances drifting toward Lila with cautious curiosity. But Lila's face remained unreadable. Still, there was none of the coldness from yesterday. That was an improvement she guessed.

Daisy was the first to break the moment. "Sit down. We have a lot to talk about," she added firmly. "And resolve."

They all settled down with Violet and Lila sitting across from each other like two generals at a ceasefire. The tension in the air was thick enough to taste such that Ivy and Daisy exchanged an uneasy glance.

"Alright!" Ivy finally snapped, done with the awkward silence. She turned to Lila first. "You kept us up all night pacing and muttering to yourself about the princess. So talk."

Then she turned to Violet. "And you, what kind of Alpha abandons her pack after an argument? Especially with everything going on? Is this how you plan to lead us in the future?"

Violet gulped, guilty as charged.

"I'm sorry about yesterday," Lila said suddenly, catching everyone off guard. "I may have been too harsh while carrying out my duty, and for that, I apologize."

Violet blinked at her, brow raised in surprise. That wasn't the kind of apology she was expecting, but it would do.

"Apology accepted," Violet said. "But that doesn't change the fact that I still want the truth."

Daisy and Ivy shifted nervously, bracing for another argument. But to their surprise, Lila replied calmly.

"I can't tell you everything, even if I want to. Just like the oath the other girls took earlier, I'm bound by my promise to the queen not to reveal certain truths until the time is right. But I can tell you this much about your background." She paused, meeting Violet's eyes. "You, Violet, are a wild Fae."

"Wild Fae?" Violet croaked.

"What's a wild Fae?" Ivy asked immediately.

"I thought all Fae belonged to a court," Daisy added, frowning.

"Not all," Lila explained. "Some Fae live outside the structured hierarchy of the Seasonal Courts. They exist beyond it and are called wild Fae. Others call us unbound Fae. Or, more poetically, the free Fae."

She went on to say, "Many Fae have their legends and so do we. And according to ours, in the beginning, there were five primordial Fae, the first of their kind. Siblings not born of blood, but of pure magic. They were gods, shaping the world with their power when it was still young. Each carried within them the raw essence of creation: fire, wind, bloom, frost, and chaos. They had a little of everything.

"For a long time, they lived in harmony, creating the high Fae in their image. But one day, the four decided it was time to bring order to their world. They wanted to divide the year and create courts—Spring, Summer, Autumn, and Winter. Their children would follow those seasons and inherit just one kind of magic.

"Four of the five agreed. They relinquished portions of their boundless power to create the Seasonal Courts. Order was born. But the fifth, their sister, the Untamed One, refused.

"'I was not made to be confined,' The Fifth had declared. 'To bind our children to one cycle, one season, is to cage them. Magic must flow free, as wild as the stars. I will not clip my wings for your system.'

"They tried to reason with her all to no avail. And then they warred with her.

"Betrayed by the only kin she'd ever known, the Untamed One poured the last of her power into one final act, creating a magical barrier that split her world from theirs. The other four could not follow. And so, she disappeared, taking her children and their wild magic with her.

"That's how the Wild Fae were born.

"The wild Fae are closest to the gods now since we wield a blend of all the elements and none. And though the barrier has since fractured, our kind remains distant, and rarely communicate with the other Fae courts. "

Chapter 314: The Hybrid

"So..." Violet finally spoke after a long stretch of silence. "You're saying I'm powerful? More powerful than the other Fae courts?"

"Yes," Lila replied. "That's why we stay away from their territories. If they ever sensed a threat from us, the four major courts would unite and strike. Even now, with the barrier down, tensions are rising."

"Wow," Violet breathed, staring down at her hands like she expected sparks or magic to shoot from her fingertips. Then she frowned. "So why can't I use magic?"

"Your magic was bound by the queen right after you were born," Lila said, her voice darkening. "She sensed what your father intended to do with you. I know you have every reason to doubt me, Violet, but trust me when I say the queen only acted to protect you. Your father is the real villain in this story. He deceived your mother and tricked her into falling in love with him. And your mother..." Lila sighed, "She was a hopeless romantic, and the idea of falling in love with a werewolf—"

"Whoa, whoa, whoa, hold up!" Daisy cut her off, her eyes wide in disbelief. "Did I just hear you say werewolf?"

"That was a slip," Lila admitted, wincing. "I was going to get there eventually. I had a whole build-up planned before revealing that you're a hybrid."

"A hybrid?!" Ivy nearly shouted. "You mean half Fae, half werewolf?"

"Oh gods," Violet whispered, her stomach twisting. Thank the stars she was sitting, otherwise if she'd been standing, her legs would've buckled.

So she was a hybrid? A freaking hybrid?!

Violet blinked once. Then twice. Then slowly, she dragged her hands down her face like the weight of reality had just sucker-punched her in the gut.

"So I'm going to turn into a werewolf?" she asked out loud, voice flat with disbelief. "I'm going to become some kind of wolf like Asher? Like Griffin?" Her eyes widened like she could already feel fur sprouting from her skin. "Gosh, doesn't that hurt?!"

She looked around at the others, eyes darting from face to face, desperate for someone to tell her no. That it was all some magical prank. But the silence that followed was louder than any answer.

"No one's going to say anything?" she asked, eyebrows shooting up. "Wait a minute, aren't I past the age of shifting? Don't wolves usually shift, like, way earlier? But then, what if I do shift and I don't turn into a wolf? What if I turn into something weird? Like... a bat? Or a hedgehog?!"

She gasped. "Oh gods, what if I turn into a monster?"

Daisy leaned toward Ivy with a deadpan whisper. "I think she's losing it."

"I'll get her some water," Ivy said, already rising from her seat like this wasn't their first supernatural meltdown.

"Nice idea," Daisy nodded, folding her arms as she watched Violet spiral like a drama queen possessed. "Maybe spike it with some calming tea. Or that knock-out herbs Lila grew."

"Preferably both," Ivy muttered under her breath.

"Don't you dare put any herb in my tea!" Violet snapped, glaring at her like she might lunge across the room any second.

"Alright, your highness." Ivy taunted back, voice dripping with sass as she disappeared into the kitchen with a dramatic toss of her hair.

With Ivy gone, Violet sat there, trying to hold her soul inside her body. She groaned into her hands. "I just wanted to flirt with hot guys, not grow claws and howl at the moon!"

Daisy raised a brow. "I thought you loved wolves. You're dating all four of them."

"I love seeing them be one, not being one!" Violet practically screeched.

"Alright, princess, calm your tits," Daisy said, entirely too amused with her breakdown.

Violet growled—literally growled—at her, the sound escaping before she could stop it.

Daisy burst into laughter. "Watch those teeth, V. You might be growing razor-sharp ones already."

Violet huffed, flopping back like her soul had exited through her eyeballs. "This is not funny."

But it was, atleast to Daisy.

Right then, Ivy returned with a steaming cup of tea. She handed it to Violet with a straight face.

Violet narrowed her eyes suspiciously. "You sure it's not drugged?"

"It's not drugged," Ivy replied dryly, clearly done with her dramatics.

Violet sniffed it like a food tester, then, after a long sigh, drank it in one go. She exhaled like someone who had just accepted her fate.

"Alright," she said, setting the cup down with a quiet thunk. "Give it to me. Who's my father?"

All eyes turned to Lila. The Fae guardian

opened her mouth to speak but nothing came out. She tried again and again. Her lips were moving, her throat worked, but no sound escaped. It was simply hust air and frustration.

It wasn't like Lila was hesitating, if anything, it was like something was physically holding her back.

"Fuck," Ivy muttered, eyes wide. "She's not joking. She really can't say it."

Everyone was stunned because for the first time, they could see how strong Fae magic was. Not that Alaric's cursed day wasn't evidence enough.

Violet asked her. "You really can't tell me?"

Lila shook her head, the look in her eyes torn between guilt and helplessness.

Well, damn. The mystery just got a whole lot more real.

"There must be some loophole. So don't worry, we'd get the truth one way or the other." Daisy said, convinced. "But until we figure that out, I have good news. Caroline found out her daughter is gay. Kept a few more eyes on our Queen Bee and turns out, she wasn't satisfied with the other night. Except this time, her mother caught her in the act."

Violet blinked in surprise. "Let me guess, Caroline did nothing?"

"As expected," Ivy chimed in. "No mother in her right mind would expose her daughter. Especially not when she stands to lose so much."

"Good," Violet said, a wicked delight curling in her voice. "When we expose the truth, Caroline won't be able to wiggle her way out of it. Not when the truth's staring everyone in the face. This time, Elsie's done for real. No mummy to save her. Not when they're both going down together."

Chapter 315: Henry Wants Violet Punished

It had barely been a few minutes since Alpha Henry arrived at Lunaris Academy, and Asher was already at the end of his rope.

"Why are students running around like wild animals? This is an academy, not a playground," Alpha Henry muttered as he strode beside his son.

"Because it's Parents' Week, and they're happy to spend time with their families," Asher replied flatly.

"And? Can't they do it with some order?" Henry scoffed. "This school's gone downhill since our day. Maybe I should write to the Alpha King and suggest replacing that human principal. It's about time someone from our own ranks took charge. Someone who actually understands how to lead."

Goddess help me, Asher groaned inwardly. The man hadn't even been here a full minute, and he was already plotting how to drain the joy out of the students. If not, take over the whole academy.

Asher was still mulling over how to survive the rest of the day with his father when Principal Jameson appeared, smiling brightly as she approached.

"Alpha Henry," she greeted with the kind of warmth meant to charm, clearly ready to extend a handshake.

But Henry didn't so much as glance at her. He walked right past without a bit of acknowledgement.

It was no secret that Principal Jameson's power only stretched as far as the walls of her little school. Everyone knew she bent over backward to please the visiting parents, desperate to curry favor

wherever she could. So, even with the blatant snub, she pasted on a tight smile and hurried after him like a determined sycophant.

"Alpha Henry, I must say, it's a pleasure to have you with us today," she tried again, voice bright with forced cheer.

All she got was a disinterested, "Hmm," as Henry kept striding forward like it was the wind speaking behind him.

Undeterred, Principal Jameson kept pace, intent on getting his attention. "If you don't mind, Alpha Henry, perhaps we could continue this conversation in my office?" she offered hopefully.

But Henry shot her down without so much as a pause: "Apologies, but I have plans with my son."

And oh, did he have plans. Asher already knew exactly what was coming. His father intended to meet with the West House members, under the charming pretense of "addressing" them. But Asher wasn't fooled. This was all about sizing him up, testing his leadership, and judging whether he was still worthy of one day taking over the West Pack.

He never changed after all.

For a man who claimed he had no time for the principal, Alpha Henry sure knew how to pause when the right audience appeared.

Alpha Henry's long strides came to an halt when he caught sight of Elsie approaching. Flanked by her mother, Caroline, and her perfectly coordinated elite squad, Elsie moved like royalty on a parade. Their matching outfits turned heads as they glided down the hall, looking every bit like they were preparing to welcome a king.

At once, a rare smile tugged at Alpha Henry's lips. Of course, he loved attention and the little display suited his ego just fine.

But just before Elsie could reach him, a voice rang out:

"Incoming! Look out!"

For a man who rarely expected anything to touch him — much less strike him — because really, who would dare?

Henry barely twitched. He turned lazily, only to catch a water balloon square in the face.

Pop!

Sticky liquid splattered across his face and dripped down his expensive, tailor-made shirt.

The gasp that rolled through the hallway was almost musical. Elsie stopped so hard her heels nearly skidded. Caroline's mouth hung wide open, and the elite girls gawked like dolls knocked off balance. Even Asher stood like a statue, wide-eyed and unmoving as though his brain short-circuited.

The emotions that flashed across Henry's face that period was nearly comical. At first, his expression was just blank, right before crumbling into a mix of disbelief and pure, seething rage. He had never been this embarrassed.

His jaw tightened, and his hands clenched into fists, but before he could so much as snarl, a flash of purple hair zipped toward him.

"Oh my gosh! Alpha Henry, I'm so, so sorry!" Violet practically sang, eyes wide with dramatic horror.

Without waiting for permission, she frantically dabbed at his drenched shirt with her handkerchief, which only smeared the sticky mess around and made it ten times worse.

A low, guttural growl rumbled from Henry's throat, his fury snapping loose as he reached toward her with a dangerous glint in his eyes.

But before he could grab her, someone else stopped him. And it was no one other than his son Asher.

The hallway stilled at once.

To be honest, Asher didn't even remember moving. All he knew was that his father was about to hurt Violet and his body moved before he could reason it.

Henry turned, his gaze dropping to the hand clamped around his arm as if he couldn't quite believe Asher had just stopped him. His eyes dragged up to meet Asher's, and Asher in question swallowed hard, realizing exactly what he'd done. His heart thudded in his ears, but the resolve in his chest didn't waver. Even if it were the devil, he would fight him to the death just to protect her.

"People are watching," Asher murmured with a low but firm voice.

Henry's nostrils flared and then his sharp eyes swept across the hallway, and yes, students, parents, teachers, were all staring at him. Some were wide-eyed, but there was no mistaking the judgemental looks they were giving him. Was he seriously about to hit the poor girl?

Alpha Henry hesitated at once.

Seizing the moment, Principal Jameson hurried forward, her voice as smooth as butter.

"Alpha Henry, why don't you come with me? Let's get you cleaned up," she offered sweetly, as though this was all some charming accident.

This time around, Henry didn't ignore her. But as he brushed past Asher, his lips dipped close to his son's ear, and let out a venomous whisper.

"Take care of her."

The gravity of his words and the glare he shot Violet on the way out left no room for misinterpretation.

Alpha Henry wanted Violet Punished.

Chapter 316: His Punishment - 1

The moment Alpha Henry's footsteps faded down the hall, that was when Elsie snapped out of her daze.

"You little bitch! You did that on purpose, didn't you?!" she shrieked, lunging at Violet with all the grace of a feral cat.

But she didn't get far because Asher was in front of Violet in a blink. "Touch her," he snarled, his voice cutting through the hallway, "and I'll rip your face off."

The Alpha power in his voice hit Elsie so hard that she froze mid-step, causing her eyes to widen and her breath hitched. Even Caroline staggered in place, her lips parting in stunned disbelief.

"Asher?" Caroline breathed out, as if trying to process what she was seeing, as if the boy standing before her wasn't the same graceful heir she once praised.

But Asher didn't even spare her a glance. His slitted gray eyes, sharp as glass, flicked to her with the cold disdain of a predator sizing up an insect.

Then, without a word, he grabbed Violet's hand, fingers tight but sure, and stormed away leaving the stunned crowd.

Violet knew Asher was furious. She could see it in the tight line of his jaw, the sharp pull of his shoulders, the way his fingers curled around hers just a little too tightly as he dragged her along. She didn't protest. Yes, not a word. Instead, Violet followed him quietly, and obediently.

The students they passed knew better and didn't dare whisper, nor risk a second glance, not when Asher's aura was crackling like a brewing tempest.

The halls gradually emptied as they walked, until finally, when there was no one in sight, Asher yanked her into an empty classroom.

The door slammed shut behind them.

In the next breath, Violet was pinned roughly against the wall with Asher's face so close she could feel the heat of his anger.

"What the actual fuck is wrong with you?!" he snapped, his voice rough, and his nostrils flaring.

"I wanted you away from my father, and you go and throw yourself at him like some kind of sacrifice?! Are you out of your damn mind?!"

But before he could go on, Violet twisted quickly, spinning him so his back hit the wall with a thud. She pressed in close with her hips pinning his, her voice low and heated.

"First of all," she murmured, eyes flashing, "don't yell at me."

Asher growled, his hands shooting up as if to shove her away, but she pushed back with her hips, just a little too hard, grinding into him unintentionally.

He let out a guttural groan, half anger, half frustration.

That was not what Violet planned, but it worked in her favour anyway.

"Secondly," she said, her voice a velvet threat, "I said, don't yell at me."

Asher opened his mouth to bite back, to unleash everything knotted up in his chest, but Violet's finger came up, gently pressing against his lips.

"For the third time," she whispered, voice like a dangerous purr, "still don't yell at me."

For a long beat, Asher just stared at her, his chest rising and falling, tension coiled so tightly it might snap.

Then, with a muttered curse, Asher leaned his head back against the wall and let out a long breath, his shoulders sagging in surrender.

Violet was going to ruin him. And the worst part? He didn't even care.

When Asher finally spoke, his voice was calm. "What were you thinking?"

Violet moved with lazy confidence, looping her arms around his neck, her lips curving in a faint smirk. "What do you think?" she asked him. "I was punishing him for you. Not that my little prank even scratches the surface of what he's put you through."

Asher stiffened, his breath catching. "You did that... for me?" he asked, his voice rough with disbelief.

"Of course," Violet said lightly, brushing a quick, teasing kiss against his mouth. "Why else would I waste my time on the likes of him?"

For a second, Asher just stood there, as if the air had been knocked clean out of him. "No one's ever done that for me," he murmured, the raw edge in his voice making Violet pause halfway to stealing another kiss.

She blinked, then grinned up at him, her fingers tugging gently at his hair. "Well, you better start getting used to it," she whispered, "because this is only the beginning."

And that was it. Asher snapped.

With a low, hungry sound, he pulled her to him and crashed his mouth onto hers, kissing her hard, like he'd been waiting his whole life just for this.

Violet melted into him, kissing him back with just as much fire. When Asher finally pulled away, it was clear it took every ounce of his control to do so. His breath came hard, and his eyes still locked on her like she was the only thing keeping him standing.

"I appreciate you standing up for me," Asher murmured, his thumb brushing her jaw, "but don't do that again. Even a small prank like that, and Henry's already looking to make me punish you. Only the gods know what he'd do next if you keep pushing him."

But Violet just smirked, eyes gleaming with defiance. "I'm not scared," she shot back. "Besides, that was the point. If anything happens to me after this, all eyes go straight to Henry and it won't just be whispers. He's a solid suspect."

Then her grin turned wicked, her voice dropping to a playful purr. "And did I hear 'punishment' in there? Exactly how were you planning to handle that, Alpha?"

Asher let out a rough laugh, shaking his head. "Don't even go there. You're not ready for what I have in mind."

Violet arched a brow, her smirk sharpening into a challenge. "Says who? Try me," she dared softly, her eyes blazing. "I can handle you."

Asher's eyes darkened in an instant, his voice dropping to a commanding edge. "Get on your knees."

Violet's eyes widened, surprise flickering across her face as the meaning sank in.

Honestly, Asher hadn't even expected her to take him seriously. He hadn't even put much faith in her following through. But to his shock, without a word, Violet sank gracefully to her knees before him.

Chapter 317: His Punishment - 2

Violet was about to cross a line she never imagined she would, at least, not here at Lunaris Academy. She wasn't scared, just nervous. This was her first time, after all, and she could only hope Asher would enjoy it.

Her only saving grace? She'd seen Nancy service her customers this way before, sometimes by accident, sometimes on purpose. Yes, she was still a teenager, and sometimes... well, curiosity really did kill the cat.

Asher grasped her chin, tilting it up until her eyes locked on his. He asked her. "You know what you're about to do, right."

Violet was about to reply when an idea hit her. She answered instead. "Yes, daddy."

Asher's eyes widened in surprise and just like that, Violet felt a sense of triumph. It wasn't every day you got to catch the puppet master off guard. Oh yes, she was already enjoying this.

For a beat, Asher just stared at her, and then his expression shifted, dark delight glinting in his eyes. "Seems like someone's about to make good on her promise to me."

"Promise?" Violet blinked, confused. "What promise?" She searched her memory but came up blank.

Asher chuckled, amused. "Let me jog that pretty little memory of yours. The 'special skills' you wrote on your application to Lunaris Academy."

Violet's face turned crimson and she stuttered. "I-I only wrote those things out of anger! I didn't even want to come to this matchmaking academy! I was trying to fail on purpose!"

"Well, lucky me," Asher said unapologetically, "I was the one who approved your application. And look where it led us." His voice warmed with a dark satisfaction, as if this was all part of some grand plan he'd been savoring.

Violet glared at him. "Those words were not meant for you, Asher. And has anyone ever told you you're insane?"

"Every day," Asher answered smoothly, no shame whatsoever. Then his gaze pinned her, saying with conviction. "And yes, those promises were written just for me. Maybe it sounds crazy, but I think fate

planted those words right in your mouth and led you straight to this moment." His lips curved into a dangerous smile. "So, baby girl, show me what you've got."

This wasn't just about desire anymore. This was a challenge and Violet Purple had never been one to back down from one.

"As you wish, daddy," Violet purred, savoring the reaction that crossed his face. It looked like someone had a daddy kink and she was more than ready to play with it.

Without hesitation, she leaned in, pressing her face lightly against his now painfully hard length, the fabric of his pants doing little to hide just how much he wanted her. It strained tight, as if on the verge of tearing.

With her teeth, Violet traced along him, biting and teasing through the fabric. The groan that rumbled from Asher was a tortured one, and it thrilled her because this was only the beginning.

She reached for his belt, unfastened it, and tossed it aside before pushing his pants down, freeing his hard, engorged member. Violet swallowed at the sight. Asher was long, smooth, and undeniably beautiful.

When she glanced up, she found Asher watching her with a raised brow. 'Like what you see?' he teased.

Violet swallowed again, her mind spinning. Asher was going to spear her with that length. Nonetheless, Violet was not deterred. She caught sight of beads of pre-cum that were cascading out of his wet cock and licked her lips in anticipation. That looked like it was going to be fun.

Then Violet wrapped her hand around him and swirled her tongue around the head. Asher hissed, his hips bucking forward, pushing deeper into her mouth. But Violet kept him in check, this wasn't the time yet. She needed to explore him first.

Asher was hot in her grasp. Very hot, though not enough to scald. He tasted salty, yet faintly sweet, and as she repeated the motion, Asher's eyes fluttered shut, lost in the sensation.

For the first time in her life, Violet was truly grateful for Nancy's 'education.' She closed her fingers around the base and applied just the right amount of pressure, knowing how sensitive that spot was.

"Fuck," Asher groaned, the sound rough and strangled. His voice came out tight as he muttered, "This is torture, my queen." At this point, even he wasn't sure who was really being punished because it sure felt like him.

Violet smiled in quiet triumph. The rush of having him at her mercy filled her with a delicious sense of power. Even though she was the one giving pleasure, his desire was driving her just as wild.

So Violet took his head fully into her mouth, sucking him like a lollipop. The gesture was erotic, dirty, and intense as she made suckling sounds with her mouth. At the same time, Violet pumped him up and down with her hand, slowly increasing the pressure and rhythm as she went.

Asher's moan rumbled through the classroom, deep and raw — so loud that anyone walking past the door would have no doubt about what was happening inside. But he didn't care. Nothing else existed in that moment. Just him and his queen.

Asher began moving with her, his hips bucking slightly in time with her rhythm. His head tilted back, eyes closed, lost in the wave of pleasure crashing over him. But when he looked down, it was to see Violet gazing up at him, a teasing smile in her eyes, and her mouth full of his dick as if it were the most natural thing in the world. And that was all it took to push Asher over the edge.

With a deep growl, he came, spilling into her mouth. But to his shock, not a drop escaped. Violet swallowed every bit, licking her lips with a wicked little smile, as if she'd just enjoyed the most satisfying treat.

"You were saying?" Violet purred, a clear dig at his earlier teasing that she couldn't handle him.

At once, Asher's eyes darkened, a fierce, predatory gleam lighting them. He was done holding back

Before Violet could get another word out, Asher grabbed a fistful of her hair, tilting her head back. "Time for your punishment, baby girl. Don't gag," he murmured darkly.

Before Violet could even brace herself, Asher thrust into her mouth, filling her completely. There was no pause, nor a moment to adjust, Asher made her take him deep, right down her throat. Instinctively, Violet wanted to gag, but she clenched her will, remembering his warning. Instead, she held on, her eyes watering from the initial shock, determination blazing behind the haze of tears.

Violet nearly choked on his dick as Asher thrust deep again, but then, she held on. This was a challenge, and she wasn't about to back down. Asher began to move rougher, his grip tight in her hair, guiding her pace without restraint. She took it willingly, a determined glint in her eyes, playing her part like a good girl.

The sensation of being used for his pleasure thrilled her, sending a rush through her body. Violet moaned softly around him, the vibrations making him groan as she welcomed him deeper each time, savoring every push.

"Fuck! You're mine." Asher growled, thrusting into her mouth faster and harder.

Violet moaned softly in acknowledgment, her mouth still full of him.

The grip of Asher's hand in her hair tightened, a sure sign that he was close to the edge.

Deciding to push him over, Violet reached up and gently played with his balls. And that was it. Asher's back went rigid, veins standing out in his neck. With a deep, animalistic growl, he came hard, filling her mouth with his release, his grip in her hair tightening just enough to sting.

Violet swallowed smoothly, licking him clean as he slowly pulled away, breathless and wasted.

Chapter 318: The Draven Family

"Tell me about your adventures so far," Alpha Leon asked his son Roman as they walked.

And, as was common with nearly every cardinal alpha today, Roman was already at his wits' end with his father. His mother had practically abandoned them the moment they arrived, no doubt off somewhere flirting with boys young enough to be his age aka his classmates. Roman made a mental note to send a message to his beta, Abel, to keep an eye on his mother while he wrangled his father.

Nearly all the cardinal alphas came from dysfunctional families, and Roman was no exception, his challenge being managing parents in an open marriage. Sure, they wore the mask of a perfect couple in public, but everyone knew Leon and Alexa kept lovers on the side.

The apple didn't fall far from the tree, and honestly, it was no wonder Roman had inherited his infamous playboy reputation. It was the only example he'd known growing up and the values that had been handed down to him, whether he wanted them or not.

Unfortunately, you don't get to choose your parents.

So, Roman kept walking, clearly intent on ignoring his father's question. Roman's only goal now was to track down Alpha Henry and hand Leon over to him. The man always straightened up around Henry, no surprise considering Asher's father was all business.

Honestly, it was still a mystery how those two got along. Almost as much of a mystery as his own friendship with Asher, given they were polar opposites. Asher was dark, brooding, and bitter, and he was light, charm, and mischief. Perfect combination for Violet to choose from whenever she wanted. Chocolate and vanilla. Tasty.

"Have you fucked Elsie yet?"

The question hit so fast Roman nearly tripped over his own feet. He spun around, glaring at his father, who showed not even an ounce of shame at tossing out something that could easily set off a war between the four packs. Maybe once, the idea of Elsie would've stirred something in Roman, but now just hearing her name made his blood boil.

Not that his father had any clue his heart, or whatever was left of it, now leaned toward a certain purple storm. Unfortunately, Roman wasn't about to risk Violet's safety by dragging her into conversation with a man who didn't give a damn.

"No," he answered flatly.

"Understandable," Alpha Leon said with a smirk. "You wouldn't want to upset the order. But if I were in your shoes, son, I'd have made Elsie my bitch and the other boys wouldn't even know it." He chuckled like it was some accomplishment to brag about.

Roman laughed along, but it was hollow, the kind of laugh that didn't touch his eyes. Inwardly, his thoughts were, 'What great loyalty towards your pal. Yeah, you and Elsie would make the perfect toxic match.'

It was almost funny. How long had he ignored it? How long had he pretended his family wasn't a mess of rot under all that glossy charm? Maybe he had always known. Maybe he had just been too good at numbing it until now. Violet simply brought all those emotions to life.

Leon kept pressing, a sly grin tugging at the corner of his mouth. "So, if you're not fucking Elsie, who are you fucking?" He wiggled his brows, his voice lowering with a suggestive tone. "Or them?"

Roman let out a long sigh. Typical. His father wasn't the type to mind if his son mixed things up, not when Leon himself had a laundry list of flings outside his marriage.

"No one," Roman said shortly, hoping that would end it as he strode ahead.

But then, Leon suddenly stopped in his tracks, causing Roman to halt and glance back. "Why? What's wrong?" Roman asked, frowning slightly.

Leon's eyes swept over him from head to toe, then settled pointedly at his lower half. With a furrow of concern, he asked, "Did something happen down there? Is it a viral infection? Is it so bad you can't even get it up?"

Roman stared at him, utterly speechless, his brain briefly short-circuiting at the absurd question.

With a dry laugh and a shake of his head, Roman finally managed to say, "There's nothing of that nature, father. Let's just say my brother-in-law down there is taking a little break from all the action."

There was no way he was about to explain to Leon that he'd gone celibate for Violet. Some things, after all, were better left unsaid.

"Wait, what?..." Leon blinked, staring after Roman as his son briskly walked off. But of course, the chief of man-whoring himself, Leon, wasn't about to believe his own son — the one he'd so proudly molded in his image — had given up chasing girls. No way.

With a mischievous grin, Leon hurried after Roman, eager to pry into what had gone "right", because clearly, in Leon's mind, no man just gave up the game. Something must have happened.

But then, a familiar scent hit Roman like a slap and he froze on the spot. Leon nearly crashed into him, confused at first, until his ears gave a little flick as he caught something too.

"Oh-ho-ho," Leon murmured, the grin stretching wider across his face, eyes glinting with wicked delight. "Seems some things don't change after all."

Roman barely had time to react before Leon was already tracing the sound toward one of the nearby classrooms and soft moans, breathless and raw, was seeping through the door.

"This is going to be fun," Leon chuckled, rubbing his hands together in pure glee, his whole face lighting up at the thought of catching whoever was having a little midday romp.

But before he could get one foot closer, Roman's eyes snapped wide. Oh hell no.

He lunged, practically tackling his father from behind and hauling him back with every ounce of strength.

"Hey! what the hell are you doing?! There's someone fucking in the classroom!" Leon protested, flailing as Roman dragged him away like a sack of potatoes.

Roman gritted his teeth, not even bothering to explain, just dragging the man faster. Asher owed him big time for this one.

Chapter 319: Indomitable Lunaris Academy

The most exciting part of today's Parents Week wasn't the much-anticipated showdown between the cardinal alphas and their parents. No, it was the academy's first official home game. Lunaris Academy would be facing off against Moonlight Academy, a smaller school known for specializing in werewolf students.

Unlike Moonlight, Lunaris was an elite institution celebrated for its groundbreaking integration of humans and werewolves. They were the reigning top dog, with a record of winning the Fangball tournament year after year. Still, that reputation hadn't deterred Moonlight, nor other smaller academics whose players clung to the dream of toppling Lunaris one day.

As expected for a home game, Lunaris Academy students packed the stands, with only a handful of Moonlight Academy students scattered among them. Of course, the elite students occupied their exclusive bleachers, but for once, the attention wasn't on them, but on the parents, precisely, the parents of the cardinal alphas.

"And here she comes," Henry muttered under his breath, his gaze narrowing the moment he spotted Alpha Irene and her husband Arion making their way toward the exclusive bleachers. As expected, the cardinal parents had been given the finest and lavishly decorated seats, befitting for their regal status.

Principal Jameson, already seated among them, practically lit up as Irene approached. Rising smoothly, she beamed, "Welcome, Alpha Irene."

"Thank you," Irene replied with a graceful nod.

"Please, have a seat," Jameson gestured, though it was painfully obvious the only available seat was the one right beside Henry.

Alpha Caspian, who logically should have taken that spot, had predictably drifted toward Leon, clearly eager to continue whatever lively conversation they'd left unfinished from before.

A hint of amusement touched Irene's face as she noted the arrangement, but without hesitation, she strolled over and slid into the seat next to Henry.

"Hello," she greeted him.

"Hello," Henry rumbled back, his tone more grumbling than greeting.

For a man whose emotions were typically locked behind an unreadable mask, Henry's barely veiled irritation was almost entertaining, especially when it came to Irene, who seemed to have a special talent for needling him without trying.

While Leon and Caspian launched into an animated conversation — with Caspian doing most of the talking and Leon looking like he needed rescuing — a heavy silence settled between Irene and Henry. Henry kept his eyes fixed on the Moonlight Academy players down on the field, watching as the staff secured their mouth grippers in place.

Then, with a tilt of her head and the faintest edge of mischief in her voice, Irene broke the quiet.

"How's your eye?" she asked. "I heard you had an unfortunate incident this morning." Though her tone was perfectly polite, the glint in her eyes betrayed the teasing sarcasm beneath.

Henry turned to glare at her. It was obvious he had a retort on his tongue, but he held it back. That woman was not going to make him lose his cool.

Irene, catching the restraint in his eyes, smirked with quiet satisfaction. Their stay together was going to be a fun one.

Just then, a loud commotion rippled through the stadium and the reason was because the Lunaris Academy players had arrived.

Unlike their usual practice sessions, where the alphas would tease the crowd by shifting on the field, today they had already changed in the locker rooms. Now they emerged onto the field in their full wolf form as the stands erupted in wild cheers.

Normally, when facing smaller academies, not all the cardinal alphas even bothered to play. It was an arrogant flex, a way of flaunting their dominance without needing their full lineup. But today was

different. With their parents watching from the exclusive bleachers, they were all here, ready to give a show worthy of their name.

At the center was Alaric Storm, the snow-white wolf and beside him loomed Griffin Hale, the towering red wolf with his thunderous presence. Roman Draven, sleek and green, crouched low in anticipation, while Asher Nightshade, midnight-black, prowled the defensive line like a shadow ready to strike.

Across from them stood the wolves of Moonlight Academy, who were leaner than the cardinal alphas, but no less determined. The tension crackled like an electric storm between the two teams.

It was not long when the whistle split the air, and the Lunar Orb shot upward from the pit, glowing like a second moon.

Chaos erupted.

Alaric lunged as usual, a streak of white slicing through the scrambling bodies. His mouth gripper locked onto the Orb with a snap, and with a powerful push of his hind legs, he tore down the field.

Violet who had been sitting quietly with her rogue team leapt to her feet, a whistle between her lips, blasting sharp, gleeful notes as she shouted, "Go, thunderboy!"

Griffin barreled forward behind Alaric, a living battering ram, slamming into two Moonlight defenders who dared challenge their advance. The sound of the collision was a brutal crack that reverberated through the stands, drawing startled gasps from the crowd.

In the elite section, Alpha Henry leaned forward, a rare flicker of satisfaction softening his usually hard features as Asher swept in, intercepting a Moonlight chaser who thought he could slip past the line. With a snarl, Asher sent the poor wolf sprawling across the dirt. Even Henry, known for his cold composure, gave a faint smirk. Good work.

Meanwhile, Alpha Irene's eyes glittered with approval as Griffin plowed through another Moonlight wolf, his defensive strength undeniable.

Roman's father, Leon, clapped a hand against his knee with a bark of laughter, his chest swelling with pride as his son danced through a tight cluster of opponents, sowing chaos in his wake.

"Atta boy, Roman!" Leon roared, his voice carrying over the crowd.

The pace was relentless. The ball moved between teammates fluidly, with Moonlight's defense struggling to keep pace.

Violet in question kept up a steady chorus of encouragement, her whistles cutting through the noise.

She called out each alpha by name,

"Roman, YES!"

"Asher, rip 'em apart!"

"Griffin, tank mode, let's go!"

"Alaric, keep up that god level speed!"

And when Alaric scored, which he did again and again, Violet's voice lifted above all the others: "GO THUNDERBOY!"

Moonlight was no pushover, though. They adapted, tightening their defense. One fierce tackle sent Alaric skidding, his flank scraping along the dirt, the Orb flying loose.

But before Moonlight could capitalize, Asher was there, slamming into the offender with a feral snarl, his eyes glinting with something between fury and thrill. Violet saw Alpha Henry nod slightly, as if satisfied Asher had proven a point.

Griffin recovered the Orb, using brute strength to shake off two harassing wolves before lobbing it across the field toward Roman. The green wolf sprinted with elegant ferocity, the crowd rising to its feet as he zigzagged past desperate defenders. Alaric fell into step beside him, their movements a breathtaking harmony of speed and force.

Roman faked a pass. The Moonlight defense overcommitted. And with a sudden shift, Roman whipped the Orb to Alaric, who caught it mid-leap, his white body arching through the air like a streak of lightning. He crossed the pit line clean, slamming the Orb home just as the whistle blew for three points.

The stadium exploded.

Violet's cheers were nearly drowned by the stampede of applause. Lila, beside her, flung an arm around Violet, both of them jumping and shouting as if they'd scored the point themselves.

Moonlight scrambled to regain footing, their desperation bleeding into aggression. One of their blockers lunged at Griffin with reckless force, but the red wolf barely flinched. Instead, he met the charge head-on, the thud of the impact echoing across the stadium as he sent the attacker sprawling. Alpha Irene's sharp smile deepened. Caspian, leaning in beside Leon, gave a low whistle of appreciation.

Still, Moonlight Academy were tough. By second half, they clawed back one point, then another, their tenacity igniting murmurs of worry in the crowd. With five minutes left, the score sat at seven to five. Lunaris were leading, but they were not untouchable.

The next possession was brutal.

The Orb shot up; Alaric and a Moonlight runner collided mid-air, snarling and twisting as they fought for control. Violet's heart pounded as she watched Alaric's jaws clamp shut around the Orb just a split second before he crashed to the ground. Roman and Griffin closed ranks immediately, shielding him as Asher snarled at the Moonlight wolves trying to break through.

But Moonlight wouldn't yield. Two wolves latched onto Griffin, another crashed into Roman, and a fourth came barreling straight at Alaric.

With a desperate twist, Alaric shoved the Orb into Roman's gripper just before the impact hit. Roman, shaken but fierce, bolted down the sideline. Violet's voice cracked from screaming as she willed him forward. Griffin surged free of his attackers, hammering a path through the defense, and Asher sent the last defender tumbling with a bone-jarring tackle.

Roman slammed the Orb into the pit.

Nine to five.

The whistle blew, the game was over.

The student's roar rolled like thunder over the field. Alaric was instantly swarmed by his teammates, their wolfish celebration chaotic and joyful as they knocked him off his feet, nipping playfully at his ears and shoulders.

In the stands, all of their alpha parent's rose, their expressions proud. Even Henry's mouth twitched at the corners as Asher tossed his head back, howling in triumph.

Violet, breathless and hoarse, sank onto the bench, her heart still thundering.

"Hell yeah," she whispered under her breath, feeling the fierce rush of victory burn in her chest.

Lunaris had won. As usual.

Chapter 320: Griffin's Turn

It was by sheer luck that Griffin managed to escape the students. Asher, Roman, and Alaric weren't so fortunate considering the last he saw them, they were being hoisted into the air by the pack, swallowed by the crowd drunk on victory. It was actually hilarious, considering he was the biggest of them all and should have been the easiest target, but it seemed luck had decided to cut him a break today.

Covered in dirt and desperate for a shower, he skipped the locker room. There were probably wolves lurking there, waiting to pounce on him all over again. Instead, he made his way back to the house,

guessing no one would be there to bother him. And he was right. Everyone was still out, either celebrating or spending time with family.

Griffin walked confidently into his room, already tugging at his dirty pants. He had bent slightly, hands on the waistband, about to strip off his boxers when he caught a shift in the air. He barely had time to turn before a blur of movement slammed into him, tackling him to the ground. His body tensed on instinct, ready to fight, only to freeze as a familiar scent hit him.

And then, soft lips pressed against his, and Griffin melted into the moment without a second thought. Just as Alaric called, this girlfriend of theirs was a little minx. How had she snuck into his room?

But Griffin didn't get a chance to think about that, a low, unexpected moan slipping from him the moment Violet's tongue slid past his lips, gliding over him with slow, sensual intent. His hands, once clenched in fists against the floor, relaxed and found her waist, his fingers pressing in just slightly as if to anchor himself against the sudden, explosive heat between them.

Violet's mouth moved against his with a hunger that stole his breath, her tongue dancing and twining with his, coaxing him deeper into the kiss. It was both a claiming and playful kiss and Griffin responded instinctively, parting his lips wider, meeting her tongue with his own.

Their mouths moved together in a rhythm that was both frantic and languid, their tongues sliding and tangling, tasting and exploring with a raw intensity that made his head spin.

A soft groan rumbled from Griffin's chest, vibrating between their pressed bodies, and Violet shivered at the sound, her hand tracing his exposed body. Her fingers found and tangled in the strands of his hair, pulling just enough to draw another guttural sound from him, and his heart pounded like a war drum in his chest.

Their kiss deepened, mouths slanting again and again as if they were trying to drink each other in. Teeth scraped lightly, their lips bruised with need, breaths mingling hot between them as the world outside the room ceased to exist. Violet and Griffin knew nothing at that moment, except the electric pull between their bodies.

When Violet finally pulled back, just an inch, her breath fanned across his lips, and Griffin's hooded eyes fluttered open. A slow, crooked grin touched his mouth even as he chased after her with another short, greedy kiss, his voice rough when he murmured against her skin, "You're dangerous, you know that?"

Violet grinned so wide her cheeks ached. "Am I now?" she teased, deliberately grinding against the unmistakable bulge in his boxers.

Griffin let out a deep groan, his hand shooting out to grip her waist, steadyng her before he lost control and took her right there on the spot.

"Easy now, my queen. Your servant is about a second away from losing it."

"What if I want you to?" Violet purred, attempting to rock against him again, but Griffin firmly held her still.

"We have an agreement," he reminded her with a pointed look.

Ah yes, their ridiculous agreement with Asher. Maybe they should've put a time limit on that deal. If Asher didn't claim his chance soon, someone else deserved their turn, because Violet was reaching her limit.

What no one knew was that ever since she'd agreed to give this tangled harem mess a try, her libido had been in overdrive. There was barely anything she could do these days without thoughts of her men creeping into her mind.

She thought of each of them like four dangerously tempting, perfectly plated meals laid before her, and she was starving for a taste of each. If Violet were a vampire, their blood would be calling to her, and goddess help her, she wanted to drain them dry.

With a strangled groan, Violet pulled herself off Griffin. Well, that was a total buzzkill. But this wasn't about her, she had come to congratulate him. And congratulations he would definitely get.

Griffin was already on his feet, fumbling to adjust his boxers when she murmured, "Don't bother with that, we're just getting started, big boy."

Griffin's eyes widened in surprise. What on earth had gotten into Violet? Not that she'd ever been shy, but this was new. Violet was eagerly initiating intimacy between them, something she'd always been cautious about before. But now it was as if she'd let down the walls around her heart, and for that, Griffin silently swore he'd make sure she never regretted her choice.

"What do you have in mind?" he asked with a slow grin.

"Well..." Violet stepped closer, intentionally swaying her hips until their bodies brushed together. Her fingers slid up to run through his long hair, and Griffin's eyes instinctively fluttered closed at the contact.

"You need someone to wash your hair?" she whispered.

Griffin's eyes snapped open at once, and Violet quickly added, "If you want me to?"

She knew exactly what she was offering. Sure, washing hair was just washing hair, except this was the East pack's custom, a private ritual that belonged to a mate, a wife. She was asking for something intimate, maybe even too much, and Violet braced herself for him to say no.

But to her astonishment, Griffin murmured, "Do it."