

Defy 341

Chapter 341: Time Was Running Out

Unlike the others, Roman Draven had no patience for games. He went straight for the prize. Violet gasped as he buried his face between her thighs, his tongue sliding along her slick, aching core like he owned it.

"Oh gods," Violet moaned, her head falling back, her body arching helplessly against the restraints as Roman feasted on her like a starving wolf. He was loud about it too, making those sinful, wet noises that echoed off the walls, lapping and sucking, flicking her clit until she thought she might combust.

It was too much. He was too much. Violet wanted to push him away, to claw at him, to tell him to slow the hell down, but the binds left her at his mercy.

And Roman Draven had no mercy.

His tongue moved like a weapon, driving her to the edge faster than she could handle, her body shaking, writhing, soaked in desperate, throbbing need. She cursed him. She thanked him. She wanted to kill him and kiss him all at once.

And just as she was about to fall over that glorious edge, Roman pulled back.

Violet screamed every curse she knew, her body trembling from denial, her voice ragged. "You savage, criminal, cheating bastard!" she cried, glaring murderously at him. "This is a crime against passion!"

Roman only grinned wickedly while Asher appeared again with that annoying smirk of his. "You know the rules, Violet," he whispered, his voice a dangerous purr. "You want to come? Promise me you will never be reckless like that again."

Violet's eyes burned with frustration, but the ache between her legs burned hotter. So she swallowed her pride. "Fine. I won't ever be reckless again. Just let me finish. Please."

Alaric chuckled darkly from the side. "You heard her, Roman. Give our girl what she deserves."

Roman did not waste a breath. His mouth was back on her, and this time, there was no teasing. No mercy. Only pure, delicious devastation.

"Oh dear lord," Violet trembled when Roman thrust two fingers deep inside her. While his tongue skillfully devoured her, his fingers moved with ruthless precision, fucking the breath right out of her lungs.

Her head fell back with her mouth open, a desperate moan tearing from her throat as Roman pushed her higher and higher, his strokes relentless, his mouth sinful as hell. Violet was losing her mind. That sly, wicked fox was working her body like it was his favorite toy.

She was so far gone in the sensation, so drunk on pleasure, that she did not even realize the binds had been undone until her thighs clamped tightly around his head, her fingers tangling in his hair, grinding him deeper between her legs.

"Fuck... yes... just like that... gods, I think I'm going to die," Violet cried out, the words tumbling from her lips in ragged, breathless moans.

The way Roman's tongue curled, the way his fingers stroked that maddening sweet spot inside her, it shattered whatever control she had left. Her blood roared in her ears, her vision darkened, and her orgasm crashed over her like a violent wave, wrecking her completely.

But Roman did not stop. He would not stop, even as her orgasm wrecked through her. He kept licking, sucking greedily on her folds, her soft moans and cries were music to his ears. His fingers thrust into her hard and fast, dark satisfaction curling in his chest at the wet, obscene sounds of her body giving in to him.

"Roman, please... oh yes... just like that... fuck... yes... ahh, gods," Violet babbled, her voice thick and broken, her body trembling under his relentless assault.

She barely had time to catch her breath before the second wave hit her like a truck. Violet gasped, her back arching off the bed, one hand buried in her hair as the euphoric rush tore through her again, leaving her trembling and breathless.

Roman still did not stop. Even as she squirted, soaking his hands and face, he kept feasting on her like a man starved, lapping up every drop, determined not to waste a single taste. When he finally lifted his head, his face was slick with her juices and his sinful, cocky smile.

"Our girl looks utterly satisfied," Roman announced smugly, his voice thick with pride.

Violet groaned, cheeks flushed, breath still ragged. She could barely lift her head before Roman crept over her, pressing his mouth to hers. She tasted herself on his lips as their tongues tangled, hot and filthy. He cupped her breasts, knowing the right pressure to squeeze, and pulling more helpless moans from her throat.

"Alright, that's enough, Roman. It's late and Violet needs to rest. It's been a long day." Asher's voice cut through the haze like a cold blade.

But Roman was obviously not done with her. His lips stayed on Violet's, hungry and demanding, his tongue sweeping deep, stealing her breath away. His hips rolled against her, grinding into her core, the friction unbearable in the best way. Violet gasped into his mouth, her hands tangled in his hair, as if they both forgot they were not alone in the room.

"That's enough, Roman!" Asher commanded again.

This time, Roman growled at him, the sound rumbling from deep in his chest like a predator warning off a rival. His eyes snapped open, glowing a fierce emerald green, his pupils slitted and wild. His lips curled back in a silent snarl.

Asher instinctively took a step back. Even he could feel it now. Roman was slipping, he was more beast than man.

Violet, still breathless, reached up and cupped Roman's face with a shaky but gentle hands.

"Shh," she whispered to him softly, "It's alright, Roman, I'm here."

At her words, Roman calmed. His body trembled against hers as though torn between violence and need. Then, slowly, he lowered his face into the crook of her neck, breathing her in deeply, the tension in his muscles easing at last.

And just like that, in the blink of an eye, the man was gone, replaced by a green cat that was Roman's favorite form. He curled possessively beside Violet, his purrs vibrating against her skin, his tail flicking lazily but still watchful.

Across the room, Asher's gaze connected with Alaric's and no words were needed as both men understood what that moment meant.

Roman was losing his patience.

If Asher did not claim Violet soon, he would.

Chapter 342: Malrek

"Ugh," Henry stirred in pain, trying to rise.

"You should not be up, Alpha," the nurse hurried over to help him sit since he was insistent.

Alpha Henry was made to sit against the bed frame, but the pain that ricocheted through his body was so massive he groaned, "Why am I in so much pain?"

"You had multiple fractures, Alpha Henry. To be precise, five broken ribs, and it's a miracle none of them pierced any organs. You also nearly suffered cardiac arrest, a concussion, and bruises all over your body," the nurse summarized his condition.

Henry groaned in both anger and pain as he looked down at his bandaged chest. There was no mirror, but from the throbbing in his eyes and jaw, he bet he looked horrible.

He choked out, trying to adjust his position, "T-there is a healer, the one from the school. Why isn't she here to take away this pain?"

"You mean Healer Adele?"

"Do I look like I fucking need her name?!" Henry snarled.

"Apologies, Alpha Henry, but Healer Adele spent all of her energy healing your son Asher. She has none to spare for you."

"What?" Henry was left in shock, and when he recovered seconds later, he snarled, "So you prioritized my son over me, a ruling Alpha?"

"Well..." The nurse didn't know how to say it. "Adele said her duty is to the king's heir and not..." She left the words hanging, knowing how they sounded, especially with that terrifying look on his face.

Henry stared blankly at the nurse before he burst into a mirthless laugh. When it gurgled to a halt, the silence that followed was unsettling, his hands balling into fists, his expression

His wolf Malrek roared in his head, demanding retribution for this humiliation. And that it would get, but not yet. They were in no state to fight. If Asher thought he would get away with this public disgrace, he was in for a loss. And that whore of his too. By the time he was done with them all, perhaps he'd let her stick her mouth on his dick before wringing the life out of her.

Malrek seemed satisfied by that answer and settled. Henry looked around the pristine private ward and asked, "Is this the school's hospital? Is Patrick around?" He was curious to see Elijah's pet doctor, the one that had been tasked with rebuilding the wolf population with the help of science.

But the nurse shook her head and said, "Apologies, Alpha Henry, but this is just one of the hospitals in Aster City. The other Alphas made a decision. You have been banned from Lunaris Academy and its environs indefinitely."

"What?!" Henry shouted, only to fall into a hacking cough. He coughed so hard he spat out blood, and when the nurse saw that, her eyes widened.

"Alpha Henry!" The nurse ran to his side, trying to help him, but with his wolf strength, Henry grabbed her by the neck and yanked her to the bed, his grip tightening as he began to strangle her.

"Alpha!" the nurse gasped, clawing at his hand around her throat to no avail.

"How dare they?! Who gave them the right?!" Henry snarled, his rage surging, eyes glowing as his wolf surfaced. He needed to hurt someone, to feel in control again, and the nurse was the unfortunate one to bear the brunt of his anger. He relished the fear in her eyes, the power of it washing over him like a drug, soothing the fire in his soul.

But his ears perked at the sound of approaching footsteps. The moment shattered when someone said, "Really, Henry? Is this how low you've decided to stoop?"

Henry shoved the nurse aside and snarled at his unexpected visitor. "Irene."

The disgust in his voice made his hatred for her obvious.

But Irene smiled widely, unbothered by his hostility. She looked at the nurse gasping for air on the floor and the bruises blooming around her neck. "First, Lunar Academy. Now the hospital," she chuckled. "You really want to be banned from Aster City too."

Henry bared his teeth at her. "Get lost."

"Aww, is that how you greet your visitor? I even brought fruits," Irene taunted, lifting the fruit basket she had indeed come with, placing it on the table.

But the nurse did not wait for more drama. She got the hell out of there. There was no way she would return to treat that psychopath.

As soon as the nurse left, Irene said to Henry, "Good luck finding another nurse. Your stay here will be a pleasant one. Not that you'll be staying long. Your Beta has been contacted. He'll be here tomorrow morning to take you back."

Henry couldn't let Irene see him like this, weak and vulnerable. So even though he was in agonizing pain, he forced himself to his feet, walking toward her with a steady gait, hiding the limp that threatened to show.

Soon, they were face to face, his snarl curling his lips. "You had no right to ban me from Lunaris. I will not accept that."

"You should accept it. It's the kindest punishment you'll get compared to what you deserve for hurting Asher."

"What punishment? It was a match!"

"You broke the rules, Henry."

"He's my fucking son. I have the right to discipline him."

"Of course, he's your son, but he's also Elijah's heir. And that was not discipline, you son of the devil!" Irene snarled and stabbed him in the stomach with her claws.

Henry gasped, his gaze dropping to the blood that darkened the bandages wrapped around him.

He groaned in both pain and dark delight. "I didn't know you were into me like this, Alpha Irene," he mocked.

Irene rolled her eyes. "Think whatever you want, you twisted motherfucker. But..." She twisted her claws deeper, finally drawing a cry of pain from Henry. "Don't lay a hand on those kids. Violet especially. I know how your mind works, and if any harm comes to her, you'll have the East pack's wrath to answer for. And trust me, that will mean civil war."

She retracted her claws, and Henry groaned as blood poured from the wound.

"That's all I came to say," she said, wiping her bloodied hand with a handkerchief. "Do have a pleasant stay." She tossed the handkerchief onto the floor and turned to leave.

Henry watched her go, her hips swaying with that infuriating confidence, taunting him. He growled. That fucking bitch. One day, he would teach her her place.

His gaze drifted to the handkerchief on the floor. Despite the pain ripping through his body, he bent and picked it up.

He had no idea why, but Henry brought it to his nose and inhaled her scent.

And heavens above... He groaned as blood rushed straight to his groin.

Fuck his life.

And in the darkness of his head, Malrek stirred, his eyes set on Irene.

"Look at you. Crawling after a woman's scent like a pup. But we will have her, Henry. You know we will. She is just a woman. And like all women, she will bow. They always do."

And Henry couldn't wait for Irene to bow.

He brought the handkerchief to his nose this time and sniffed deeply as if it were a drug and he couldn't get enough.

Chapter 343: Where Was Violet?

Violet! Violet! Violet! Darling, do you ever take a breather from shocking us? Apparently not.

But fret not, my precious scandal-hunters, I know the tea kettle is overflowing, but don't worry. As always, we'll sip this delicious chaos one tantalizing morsel at a time.

Lunaris above! We rise! We rule! We never back down!

And yes, let's give it up to our Lunaris Academy wolves for showing Moonlight pup how it's done. The cardinal alphas were nothing short of spectacular on the field, leaving us breathless and their parents positively glowing with pride.

And speaking of pride, Violet Purple, your excitement was chef's kiss. With that kind of energy, is it any wonder Lunaris clinched the match? Though darling, who exactly were you cheering for? Griffin? Or... more? Don't worry, we've got a few guesses.

After the Lunar Orb match, the party didn't stop. Oh no, it was time for the ultimate showdown: cardinal alphas vs. their parents. And, sweet stars, they did not disappoint.

First up, Griffin Hale vs. the unstoppable Alpha Irene Hale.

Ladies and gents, did you see Irene in that jumpsuit? Whew! That woman walked in looking like the goddess of war herself. And Griffin? Let's just say if there was syrup involved, certain fantasies might have become very public. That match was intense, sweaty, and hotter than a full moon rave. Hats off to Alpha Irene for reminding us all that what a man can do, a fierce woman can do twice as good, while looking flawless.

Roman Draven vs. the ever-charming Papa Leon Draven.

That match was pure gold. Light-hearted, energetic, and enough to send shivers down even the coldest spines. And let's just say Papa Leon still has it, and he knows it. Watch your back, Roman, or your old man might just steal your fangirls.

Alaric Storm VS Caspian Storm

Alaric, you dark horse, you. When I said nerds were secretly spicy, this is exactly what I meant. The lightning prince gave us a performance worthy of the big screen. The way he twirled those sticks? Someone pass me my pearls because I almost choked. Alpha Caspian Storm, you and your son officially changed the narrative—nerds are the new alphas. We stan.

Asher Nightshade vs. Henry Nightshade.

What was supposed to be a friendly match turned into a nightmare. Alpha Henry must've thought he was in a death duel, not a school event. Seriously, who tries to kill their own son in front of a live audience? If I were Asher, I'd be double-checking those DNA tests because, honey, that man fought like he wanted you six feet under.

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Enter Violet Purple.

Violet, do you have an extra life somewhere? Or do you just not know fear? This human girl stood up to Alpha Henry and walked away without a scratch. Iconic. Legend. My new role model. And can we talk about the dream team moment? Griffin, Roman, and Alaric—you beautiful beasts—you deserve all the kisses. That teamwork? Perfection. And yes, I have proof Violet would die for her "love interests." Exhibit A: the entire arena.

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Updates from the aftermath?

Prayers (and a few candles) for Asher Nightshade as he recovers from the family trauma. As for Alpha Henry? Well, he's been permanently banned from Lunaris Academy. About time, if you ask me. Parents were traumatized enough for one night.

Oh, and where's Elsie Lancaster?

Ever since Asher made his feelings for Violet public, our icy queen has been missing in action. Rumor has it, she's been sobbing into designer pillows. And honestly? She might want to stay there because Violet has officially claimed the spotlight, and possibly the cardinal alphas.

And now for the ultimate tea...

Did you know Violet's mother is mated to a member of the West pack? Oh yes, you heard that right. Does this mean our Violet might be making a triumphant return to the West House? That's a major power move if she plans to snag all four cardinal alphas. Violet, darling, your luck is supernatural.

So, so far, my lovelies, we have a lot of conspiracies and we hope by the end of today's gala, Lunar's Queenbee would be known for sure.

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Yes 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.

6:35 Am.

Roman Draven woke up with the laziest, most satisfied grin stretching across his face. Last night had been purely divine, heavenly and out of this damn world. Violet Purple had been a goddess in his arms, and he could still feel her soft, warm body tangled up with his.

Ah, life was good.

Without bothering to open his eyes, Roman let his hand trail down, his fingers itching to explore that delicious curve of her waist again. His smirk deepened as his hand slid lower except something was off. Instead of supple softness, his palm met hard, rigid muscle.

Huh? When did Violet gain such thick rock hard muscles?

Roman was confused, his brain struggling to process the sudden changes to Violet's body. No, no, he was probably still half-asleep and clearly, his senses were playing tricks on him.

Determined to prove himself wrong, he lazily ran his hand higher but it was still rigid. What the actual—

Roman's eyes snapped open at once and his soul almost exited his body right then and there because two icy, soul-snatching, death-glare eyes stared down at him.

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It was Asher Nightshade.

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He had been romancing his best friend.

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"You done?" Asher's face was pure stone, his voice flat and unamused.

Shit.

But then, where was Violet?

Roman shot up like a rocket, every trace of sleep evaporating from his bones. The last thing he remembered was falling asleep with Violet tucked in his arms.

But then, Violet Purple was no where to be seen. And so was Griffin.

Chapter 344: When All Goes Rogue

"Thank you for seeing me out, but I really don't see the need. I'm going to be fine," Violet told Griffin, who had insisted on being her escort that morning.

She had been in bed, blissfully relishing the warmth of her boyfriends when the message came into her phone.

[Daisy: Come to the shack ASAP.]

And just like that, Violet was forced to leave the fine sandwich of bodies she'd been stuck between.

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Roman had unconsciously shifted back to his human form during the night, Asher had sprawled on her other side, while Alaric occupied the foot of her bed like a loyal hound. Everyone was still dead asleep except Griffin, who had taken up guard duty on the couch.

The moment her phone beeped, Griffin was already up, alert as always. And now here they were.

"The message didn't seem fine," he answered gruffly, his gaze cautiously scanning their surroundings as if expecting someone to pop out of the forest and attack her.

Violet gave him a teasing smile. "Or maybe you just wanted an excuse to spend more time with me." She leaned in and stole a quick kiss from his lips.

Now that everything was out in the open, Violet didn't care if anyone saw. They could all go to hell. She was the Rogue Queen, and she'd do whatever the hell she wanted.

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Griffin's rare smile broke across his face and Violet couldn't help grinning like an idiot, swinging their hands together like they were kids. It was so nice.

But that feeling shattered the moment they neared the shack only to find a crowd of students gathered there.

"What the fuck?" Violet breathed, her heart racing.

Her first instinct was that something bad had happened, and that they were about to drop devastating news on her. But then she spotted Daisy, Ivy, and Lila talking animatedly with some students and exhaled in relief.

Until one of the students turned, pointed, and shouted, "There she is!"

Before Violet could process what was happening, about fifteen students rushed toward her like a stampede.

Startled, Violet froze at the spot but she didn't have to worry for long. Griffin moved without thinking, stepping in front of her like a living barricade. At once, the students skidded to a halt, intimidated into stillness by his towering presence.

However, one of the girls, unfazed by the tension, waved her hand excitedly.

"Violet! You are so cool! I want to be like you!"

"Huh?" Violet blinked, completely dumbfounded. Had she heard right?

But that wasn't the end of it. Another student chimed in eagerly, "We saw the video of your match yesterday and it was amazing! That's why I want to join the Rogue House."

"What?!" Violet shouted, louder this time, but no one seemed to care.

"Yes, Rogue Queen! We want to be part of your pack!" another declared, eyes shining.

Fuck her life. Violet cursed under her breath as the crowd gathered even tighter around her, all chanting in unison now.

"Yes! We want to be part of the Rogue Pack! I plead rogue!"

"Oh God..." Violet swallowed hard as she turned to catch Griffin's expression.

To be honest, Violet had never had a clear plan about expanding or increasing the Rogue House after they dumped her there. Her intentions had only ever been to defy the alphas while enjoying the best of education Lunar is offered.

It had all been about staking her claim. She had been satisfied with her close-knit group of friends, never once entertaining the idea of starting a movement.

Perhaps, in the past, her old self might have been excited about this development — back then, when she wasn't tangled in the complexities of the cardinal alphas and didn't fully understand what this kind of situation meant for them now.

Since Violet technically held no authority and the Alphas were rulers-in-training, this sudden increase of the Rogue pack would surely put their position under scrutiny, especially from their parents, the school board, and even the packs.

Think of someone with a crazy father like Henry. If Alpha Henry caught wind of this? It would not end well for Asher. Yes, Henry might have been banned from Lunar is, but Violet knew him well enough to know he'd find a way to remind his son of his place — and that place definitely did not involve letting a girl disrupt the structure of things here at Lunar is.

Griffin was shocked. That much was obvious. But in the next breath, his expression hardened like steel.

"I'm sorry, but that's not going to happen," Violet said firmly.

And just like that, the energy died off in an instant.

But one of the students stubbornly raised her hand. "Why exactly? We could have renounced our houses right in front of the cardinal alphas, but instead, we came to you directly. Why are you rejecting us?"

"Exactly! Why?!" another bellowed, rallying the rest.

"Is it because of Alpha Griffin standing in front of you? We're not afraid of him!" someone else shouted boldly.

God. This was fast becoming a nightmare.

"Tell us!" The students began to howl in frustration, their voices rising like a mob.

Violet swallowed again, panic building inside her like a balloon about to pop. She hadn't been prepared for this. No, this was the last thing she expected to face today.

Then, an idea, albeit a desperate one, hit her.

"There's no space!" she blurted. "The shack can't possibly contain all of you! Or do you want to live outside in the woods?" she asked, exasperated.

But her relief was short-lived when one of them grinned and said, "We can camp openly! Or claim the field?"

"Yes, it would be camping!" another supported, clearly thrilled. "Until we build our own Rogue House!"

The answer might have sounded clever, but Violet saw the disaster coming.

It would provoke the alphas without being a direct rebellion, stir chaos and frustration, and make the classism in Lunar Academy glaringly obvious. And that was never Violet's goal. She wanted to change Lunar, not destroy it — though she knew some changes came with fire and blood.

"I'd rather sleep in the cold than spend a second among those snobbish elites anyway!" another student shouted.

And just like that, a ruckus exploded.

Everyone shouted their own opinions, the chaos swallowing her whole.

But then, Griffin roared, "That's enough!"

Chapter 345: A Crown Too Heavy

When Griffin roared, everyone listened.

Because honestly, who in their right mind would challenge that hulk of a man?

So far, Griffin had managed to keep his beast in check, but no one in that crowd doubted the nightmare it would be if he let it out. Even now, standing there, he towered over every single one of them. And with the way he glowered at the students, they backed off fast, their bravado shriveling like wet paper.

When the silence stretched on for more than a minute, Griffin finally spoke, his voice tight with restraint. "This is the last day of Parents Week, and I will not let any of you ruin that. Do you hear me? If anyone has a complaint after that, you can bring it up properly. Am I understood?"

Only a few mumbled their response.

That was until Griffin roared again, "Am I fucking understood?!"

"Yes, Alpha Griffin!" They chorused at once.

"Good." Griffin's voice was nothing close to kind. "Now get the hell out of here."

Without waiting for another word, the students began to disperse, some faster than the others, stumbling over their own feet in their eagerness to escape.

So much for not being afraid of him.

To make sure his point was clear, Griffin added darkly, "And if I see any of you wandering near this shack without permission from the original occupants, me and you are going to have a problem. And trust me..." His eyes flared yellow, his wolf creeping to the surface, his voice a growl that sent shivers through the air. "You don't want a problem with me."

The few stubborn ones who had been glaring and dragging their feet to make a statement suddenly doubled their pace. It wasn't long before the area was cleared, leaving them in thick, suffocating silence.

Violet let out a breath of relief. That was close and too much.

But then she caught Griffin's expression. The hard frown on his face made her gulp.

"I didn't plan this, I swear it," Violet confessed quickly, hands up in surrender.

But Griffin looked at her grimly and said, "This isn't something one plans, Violet. It doesn't happen overnight. It builds, festers, until boom, here we are and right now, an uprising is brewing under our noses."

"And now you think it's Violet's fault?" Lila cut in sharply, her tone hot with frustration. "Or have you forgotten it was your own precious Roman who tricked her into going rogue in the first place?"

Griffin didn't deny it. "Yes, that's what happens when Roman plans instead of Asher. It always end up in disaster." He rubbed his temple. "Roman might have tricked her, but Violet has always fought against the system. And like it or not, this rebellion was bound to happen. You can't light a fire and expect it to stay a candle."

"Or maybe the system was so flawed it needed to burn," Daisy shot back firmly.

Ivy added, her voice equally rising in volume, "And let's not sugarcoat it, Griffin. You're more worried about how this threatens your control over the school than about the actual consequences."

The tension was suffocating now, and Violet couldn't take it anymore.

"Enough!" she roared.

The air snapped still, as if the whole world held its breath.

Breathing hard, Violet turned to Griffin. "You're right. I'm responsible for this, but only partly. With the classism you guys introduced, this academy was always heading for a faction split. I just happen to be the poor girl stuck in the middle of it. If it wasn't me, someone else would've risen."

Then she turned to her girls, her tone softer but no less firm. "We have to tell him. No, all of them. The truth."

She hadn't said the cardinal alphas by name, but her friends caught on fast and their protests were loud.

"You can't do this, Violet!"

"No, you can't!"

"You fucking can't!"

"What can't she fucking tell me?!" Griffin barked, stepping forward, his patience snapping as he demanded answers.

But Lila ignored him, saying sternly, "This was our chance to change the system, and now, just because you're fucking them, you're backing down?"

That was it. Violet lost her patience.

She had been enduring Lila, telling herself this was all coming from concern. But she was done. Done with her belittling her choices. Done with the insinuation that she was the kind of girl who would abandon her dreams for a boy—or in this case, four of them. Lila should have known better.

"Violet?" Daisy called carefully when she saw the change in her demeanor.

"You should calm down, Violet!" Ivy rushed out, a concerned look flashing across her face.

But Violet ignored them both, striding straight for Lila, who stood her ground, her eyes fierce and unyielding.

When she stood in front of her, Violet told her coldly, "Now listen up, Lila. I've been taking your shit for long enough, and I'm done. So hear me, and hear me well."

Violet didn't stop. "This isn't a debate anymore. We are going to tell the cardinal alphas what we have planned tonight. Not because I'm fucking them—which, by the way, I haven't yet, but plan to remedy soon, thank you very much. It's because this movement has grown beyond us. And after what just happened, it's clear as daylight that a rebellion is stirring among the students, and if we don't act now, Lunar Academy might as well burn in the chaos to come. Like it or not, we need the cardinal alphas' help."

Violet swallowed, her earlier rage softening as she spoke, her voice filled with sincerity now.

"I get why you don't trust them. I didn't, either. And yes, most of my reckless decisions back then were because I saw them as nothing more than entitled assholes. But I've come to know them. Like really know them. And they're just like us. Just kids handed a crown too heavy to bear. So please, just like me, give them a chance to prove themselves."

She pleaded quietly, locking eyes with Lila.

Chapter 346: Crumbling Hierarchy

Asher, Alaric, and Roman finally arrived at their humble shack, and it was safe to say that their presence made the whole place look a whole lot smaller than she remembered. The temperature in the room had risen, and the air felt thick with tension.

While the cardinal alphas occupied one side of the living room, her roommates stood on the other. Although Lila had finally agreed to listen, the way she glared made it painfully obvious this wasn't going to be easy.

Violet just couldn't understand. Lila had liked them at first, well, some of them. She had never really liked Asher or Roman. What went wrong? Unfortunately, now wasn't the time to dwell on Lila's issues.

"So what's going on, love?" Roman started in his usual jovial tone, trying to dispel the tension. "Big man here sounded really serious on the phone. Did something happen? Did the both of you finally...?" He didn't finish the words, but the insinuation was clear with the way he wiggled his brows.

The tension eased a little, considering everyone gaped at Roman in disbelief until Griffin glowered at him.

"Get your mind out of the gutter and focus on the problem you created," Griffin said darkly.

Roman frowned. "What do you mean by that?"

Violet spoke up. "A group of students, mostly humans, arrived at the shack this morning demanding to be part of the Rogue Pack."

At that, Alaric, who had been leaning against the wall, straightened up at once. Even Roman looked genuinely surprised. If there was anyone whose expression didn't change, it was Asher. Violet wondered if anything ever surprised him.

Asher had taken off his bandages before arriving, a good sign he was healed. Right now, he was the only one comfortably seated, and even after such a concerning announcement, he didn't look fazed.

"What do you mean, demanding to be part of the Rogue Pack? When did rogues become a pack? And how the hell is that my fault?" Roman demanded.

"Catch up, pretty boy. You made Violet rogue, hence this situation. And no, we don't need your validation to become a pack," Lila taunted him. Then muttered under her breath, "Anyway, I shouldn't be surprised. All you know how to do is fuck. What was I expecting anyway?"

Unfortunately, these were werewolves with sharp hearing, and Roman heard Lila clearly. "What did you just say?" he hissed, his expression deadly.

Lila looked at him challengingly. "What do you think I said?"

"How dare you!" Roman was already walking over to her. Lila, in turn, flexed her shoulders, clearly anticipating the fight.

"No, Roman, don't!" Violet got in his way at once. "I didn't call you here to fight!"

"Leave him, Violet. Let's fight it out. If he dies, that's one less contender for the throne," Lila said proudly.

"Shut it, Lila!" Daisy and Ivy snapped at once. Was she asking for death or what?

So while Violet was trying to calm Roman, Daisy and Ivy were talking to Lila.

"Are you people done?" Asher asked casually. He didn't raise his voice or roar like Griffin would've. He simply asked, and the question reverberated through the room with weight.

With everyone's attention now on him, Asher stood and began walking toward Lila. Before he could get close, Violet got in his way. "Asher?" she warned. No matter what, she wouldn't let him hurt her friends.

But Asher simply smiled, patted her on the head, and said, "Don't worry. I'm not in the mood to kill anyone today."

Violet relaxed. Her Asher was growing up. She was so proud.

But she shouldn't have rejoiced too soon, because he added, "I'll just compel them to kill themselves instead. I won't have a hand in it. Literally."

Violet face-palmed mentally. You can bring a man out of the streets, but you can't take the streets out of him.

Asher continued. "So should we have one civilized conversation, or should I put my skills to use?" The threat was clear, and directed precisely at Lila.

"Let's talk," Lila muttered grumpily.

"Good," Asher said, returning to his seat. Then with his legs crossed, he told Violet, "So speak up, love. What's the cause for the alarm?"

Violet licked her lips, heart pounding as she prepared to tell the truth. She glanced back at her roommates, silently asking for support

Ivy shrugged. "They're here already. Just let the cat out of the bag."

"What cat are you letting out of the bag exactly?" Roman asked.

Violet squeezed her eyes shut. Then with a deep breath, she spilled it. "We planned to expose you guys tonight at the gala."

All four cardinal alphas looked at each other in confusion.

"By exposing," Alaric said, "what do you mean exactly?"

"By exposing, I mean reveal to the world your excessive power plays. You all sit on your high seats like kings, forgetting you're still students. Asher decides who enters the Academy and who leaves. You have a ranking system where the elite get everything from the best rooms, to the best foods and classes while the bottom feeders end up scrambling for the crumbs you allow them. No one can rein you in and that's not just unfair. It's wrong. So yes, that's what we intended to reveal to the world today."

For a moment, no one said a word.

Then Roman said, "Fuck. She really wants to end us."

"No," Violet shook her head when she saw the betrayed look on his face.

Alaric was the one to speak this time, sternly. "This is a wolf academy, Violet. We follow structure. That hierarchy keeps things in order. Keeps the students in line."

"Except this is not just a wolf academy!" Daisy argued. "There are humans here too! Lunaris Academy claims to be a place where humans and wolves can coexist, but they don't actually create space for the humans. That's why your so-called order is already cracking. Students are beginning to get restless."

Griffin's eyes narrowed, a flicker of hurt crossing his face. "And you thought exposing us to the public would fix that?"

Chapter 347: The Plan Tonight

Before any of them could answer, Roman followed with his own question. "Lunaris Academy is not just a school, Violet Purple! It is a political ground. Did you think about the effect it would have long-term? Did you even think about its effect outside these walls?"

"No. I didn't think," Violet admitted, the guilt creeping into her features now. "At first, I was acting out of wounded pride after what you all did to me. But with time, it evolved into anger toward the oppressive, elitist system being justified here. Through this opportunity, I wanted to become the voice of many voiceless students, especially the humans here. I thought if I exposed you guys to the world and let you face scrutiny, you'd be held accountable and finally be humbled. Maybe Principal Jameson would stop sitting on the fence and actually step up!"

"But then..." Violet swallowed. "After today's incident, it was as if the future just flashed in my face and I realized if I go down this path, I might just destroy things instead of making them better. Was my desire to expose the Cardinal Alphas morally sound? Yes. Was it strategically reckless? Yes. I might have underestimated the political weight of my actions and the emotional cost of betraying those I now care about."

Her voice softened at the end, looking at each of the alphas, who looked heavy in thought with tight expressions.

So she pressed on, saying, "I'm telling you this not because I want to hurt you. Not because I don't care. I do care, more than it looks. And I don't want you to think that I intentionally agreed to the relationship for this purpose. That it was a trick to make you all drop your guard. I honestly like you guys. I don't want this to be something that comes between us. That is why I'm telling you now. To make you understand. To seek your help. Please." Violet's confession echoed in the silence that followed.

The Cardinal Alphas exchanged looks between themselves, their faces unreadable. For once, they weren't sure what to do or how to process the mess of emotions their supposed girlfriend had thrown at them. To think Violet had been planning this whole thing and they hadn't known a thing. This just showed how dangerous Violet was, whether they wanted to admit it or not.

Finally, Asher spoke for the first time. "Is there anything else bound to happen tonight, or is this all?"

"Yes, that is all—oh." Violet suddenly recalled there was more.

Roman growled. "What now, Violet? What evil trap do you have set up for us that you're not talking about?"

"It's not about you, dumbass. It's about Elsie Lancaster." Lila retorted.

"Huh? Elsie?" Alaric perked up at once.

Daisy pushed her glasses up the bridge of her nose, saying, "Since you guys desire to be with Violet, and you share a mutual hatred for Elsie, this is one piece of information I believe you would want to know."

The Cardinal Alphas looked intrigued.

Griffin asked, "What is it? Tell us."

Ivy smiled conspiratorially as she took the tablet phone from Daisy, saying, "I believe it would be better if you watched it." Then she added, "Although, you might have to brace yourself, Asher."

Alaric, Roman, and Griffin looked at Asher with curiosity, wondering what that was about. But Asher simply shrugged, right before he received the tablet from Ivy, and the others gathered around him to see what it was about.

At first, the boys thought when they saw Elsie treat Grace like that, that she would likely hit and abuse the girl. Although physical abuse would ruin Elsie's reputation, it still didn't match the anticipation they had been holding. Hence, when Grace came out from that room wearing Asher's face, he nearly dropped the tablet from the shock.

"What the fuck...!" All of them cursed at the same time.

If the scene hadn't been such a serious one, Violet would have burst into laughter from their reactions. It was hilarious. But she just couldn't help watching the shocking expressions on their faces.

"Dear God, I think I'm going to be sick," Alaric gagged by the time the video came to an end.

Roman patted Asher on the shoulder, saying, "Bro, I don't think I'll look at you the same way ever again."

"So sorry, Asher." Griffin felt sympathy for him.

Asher was simply traumatized. No, he felt violated. How could she use his identity like that? That was the filthiest thing he had ever watched.

Alaric suddenly said, "Do you know what this means?"

"What?" Roman asked.

"If this goes live, we'd be free from Elsie's clutches forever. There's no way my parents would agree after this..." Alaric couldn't finish his words, still creeped out by what he had watched.

"Even if Elsie fucks a dog in front of my father," Asher muttered darkly, "Henry would still insist I choose her. He cares about the power, not the girl."

Then Asher stood to his feet, saying, "However, you're right. Anything can happen. This video has to go online tonight." Asher's eyes connected with Violet's as he gave his approval.

"So we reveal only Elsie's video?" Roman asked, a bit hopeful.

Asher twirled around to face him. "No. All the videos. Violet's plan goes ahead as intended."

"What?!" Violet and the others shouted.

"What the fuck, Asher!" Roman was pissed. "What you're asking her to do is destabilize Lunaris Academy. Elsie's secret is enough to bring negative attention to the school already."

But Asher, unfazed, replied, "Do we have too much power? Yes. Did you set things into motion that led to this chaotic moment? Yes. Do I have a plan to remedy this madness? Yes. So which option would you choose, Roman? To protest even though you know you won't win in the end, or sit down and listen to my plan?"

For a moment, it seemed like Roman wouldn't back down as he and Asher stared each other dead in the eyes. Then with a sigh, his shoulders dropped, but not without sass, "Fine, let's see what the puppet master has in mind."

And intentionally, he plopped down on the seat where Asher had been sitting moments ago, crossing his legs and saying, "Go on. Let's hear."

Knowing he was intentionally trying to provoke him, Asher ignored him and turned to the others, saying, "This is how we'd do this..."

Chapter 348: Fish Out Of Water

"My Violet is politically naive," Asher said, his voice woven with a mix of fondness and brutal honesty. "And her actions lacked even a shred of tactical sense."

The words were somehow sweet and scathing all at once, making Violet's cheeks flush with both affection and embarrassment.

"However, the one thing none of us realized is that the rebellion is inevitable. Whether Violet lit the spark or not, the fire was always coming," Asher said to the cardinal alphas, his hands clasped calmly behind his back. "We've tried to hold it off, to pretend things were fine, but the unrest has been brewing for far too long, especially with Elsie parading her entitlement like a crown. The truth is simple. The monarchy has failed its people." With that, Asher moved toward Griffin with purpose.

And to Griffin, he said, "You really think this ends just because you scared the students into backing down? No. They'll find another way to join the Rogue pack. And who knows? it'll be uglier at the time. And why is this happening? Because they finally found a voice. And that voice is Violet. She's the only one brave enough to act on what everyone else is too afraid to even say."

This time, Asher faced Alaric. "You're right. The hierarchy was designed to keep things in order. It's the same method the Alpha King used, and it worked for him. We're apex creatures, and everyone naturally falls in line. But you forgot one thing. Our reign and Elijah's reign is not the same. In other words, he didn't deal with the shit we're dealing with now. The times have changed and revolutions don't come with safety nets."

Alaric told him, "So what do we do? Let Violet spread her propaganda and then what? We all face backlash from our parents, the Alpha King, the public? What's the endgame here?"

"Yes, it's going to be a tough time for us," Asher admitted. "But it's for the greater good. And let's be honest, no matter how bad things get, Lunar Academy and our parents will likely cover it up. This place is a glorified matchmaking academy wrapped in education, and the parents of the elites will do everything to bury the scandal so the shit doesn't hit the roof. So yes, love, don't be surprised if your

move doesn't bring as much change as you hoped. That's society for you. That's the world of the elites. It didn't start with Lunaris, and it sure won't end here." Asher said to Violet this time, and she swallowed, finally realizing just how big this was

Asher then turned dramatically and declared, "Which is why we must strike while the iron is hot, and make way for the creation of the fifth house."

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"What?! Fifth house?" everyone shouted at once, dumbfounded by the bomb he had just dropped.

"No way!" Roman exclaimed as the meaning of Asher's words hit him. "A fifth house is impossible, Asher. Violet isn't a legacy or a cardinal alpha. She can't make structural changes, not without serious backing."

"But revolutions can," Asher replied, a dark gleam in his eyes and that infuriatingly calm smirk. "Especially with my scheming, and our support."

6

Alaric, Roman, and Griffin looked at one another, clearly rattled. Asher's plans were usually brilliant, just never conventional, and always steeped in risk.

"Asher..." Violet stepped toward him, her nerves evident in the way she bit her bottom lip. "I think creating a fifth house is unnecessary. Maybe we should just forget about the gala plans tonight—" She didn't get to finish.

Asher suddenly wrapped an arm around her waist, pulling her flush against him. Her breath caught at the contact, her heart slamming hard in her chest.

"When I made you my purple queen, did you really think I wouldn't give you a kingdom to rule?" he rasped, locking eyes with her, his breath tangling with hers.

"I know, but a fifth house?" she whispered, faltering. "I don't want you to go overboard. I don't even think I'm fit to rule over a bunch of students..."

She trailed off as Asher gently cupped her face. "You, Violet, can do anything you set your mind to." Then he kissed her, and as always, she melted.

"Urm, hello?" Roman raised his hand. "We were in the middle of a conversation, remember? Focus, people?"

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His comment only made Asher kiss her deeper.

Roman sighed. "Guess we're taking a short commercial break, then."

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Alaric and Griffin exchanged resigned glances while Roman glared at the couple with thinly veiled anger mixed with jealousy. And yes, it was definitely extra jealousy.

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"Violet," Daisy called, deadpan. "Some of us, who aren't part of your harem, are officially grossed out now."

Her eyes flicked to Lila, who looked like she was five seconds from murdering Asher on the spot. Unlike Ivy, who was practically fangirling the moment into her personal memory archive.

That was all it took for Violet to snap out of it. She pulled back from Asher, breathless. Goddess, she seriously needed to get a grip on her libido.

"I'm so sorry," Violet apologized to her roommates, unlike Asher, who didn't look the least bit sorry.

"Maybe we should focus on the plan now, Alpha Asher," Daisy said, with just the right amount of sass, clearly annoyed by the silent death match he was having with Roman.

"Yes, you're right. Back to the mission, creating a fifth house," Asher replied smoothly, finally shifting gears. "After tonight's revelations, there will be confusion and commotion. The oppressed students will seize the opportunity to protest against the system. And that is when we push to Principal Jameson—"

"The proposal for a fifth house," Daisy cut in, already piecing it together. " Especially once Elsie falls from grace. Someone will have to fill the vacuum. Someone the students already admire. Someone like Violet Purple."

Violet didn't know how to feel about any of this. She just stood there, silent, looking like a fish out of water as her future was carved out for her.

Chapter 349: Sugar For The Others

Griffin said, "I get that we're all in this for Violet, but creating a fifth house for rogues? That's like shooting ourselves in the foot, and creating future problems for Violet once she takes over." He addressed Violet and the girls, " Humans aren't rogues. That was our mistake in the first place, and I apologize for treating you that way. But trust me, Violet, rogue wolves are dangerous. I can't support this if that's what we're building."

"Griffin's right," Alaric added. "Our parents would never agree to it. Not to mention the Alpha King. It could be a failed project before it even starts."

"Of course I thought about that," Asher replied with a bit of annoyance. "You didn't think I'd expose our girlfriend to that kind of danger, did you? That's why we're getting rid of the entire concept of a Rogue Pack."

He smiled. "Instead, we establish a smart compromise: The Sanctuary Accord. The fifth house will be created not as a rogue faction, but as a neutral refuge, a sanctuary. The shack will be renamed 'The Sanctuary Quarters'. It will serve as a safe haven for human students who feel unsafe or unwelcome in the four houses and it will fall under Violet's leadership. So tell me, is that not enough to satisfy everyone?"

The room fell silent as everyone thought it over. Violet and her girls especially took time to reason it through.

"I don't think it's a bad idea," Daisy shrugged. "I mean, shifting the name from Rogue Pack to Sanctuary Quarters is a brilliant PR move. It removes the stigma and dangerous connotations of the word 'rogue,' and we'd seem less like outcasts to the wolves."

Ivy added proudly, "If this transition elevates Violet from an accidental rebel to a peacemaker, then she'll be politically powerful. And guess who's going to be at her side as second-in-command? Moi!" she grinned excitedly.

Although Daisy rolled her eyes at Ivy calling dibs on a role that hadn't been created yet, all three of them turned toward Lila, waiting for her input.

"Just speak up already, Lila. Don't keep us hanging," Ivy nudged.

Lila was reluctant but eventually said, "As long as this avoids the dangerous optics of a full-blown uprising and keeps Violet from danger, I'm fine with it. And..." She looked in the cardinal Alpha's direction, "it's nice to see you all cleaning up your mess for once."

Roman narrowed his eyes. "Why do I feel like you have a personal problem with us?"

Before Lila could respond, Violet immediately stepped in. "No one's having any problems with anyone here." Then she turned to Asher. "Just humans, huh?"

"Didn't the humans feel neglected?" Asher replied. "Now they'll have a house exclusive to them. Wolves can't function without hierarchy, it's how we're built. And the same rules would apply to humans who choose to stay under our houses. If you're with the wolves, you follow wolf customs."

"And the rogues?" Violet asked quietly.

"That concept dies once the Sanctuary Accord is approved," Asher answered firmly. "There will be no more lone wolves in Lunaris Academy. Any werewolf who goes rogue again will be expelled. Period. It's time we take back control of our academy."

And from the fierce look on the other cardinal alphas' faces, it was clear they stood with him.

Violet stepped close to Asher, saying, "You do know this is not going to be easy."

"I know," Asher replied.

She continued, coming closer slowly.

"There'll be lots of rules."

"Rules are meant to be broken, baby," Asher said, making her break into laughter.

Now standing in front of him, Violet added, "I'll expect the shack house to be rebuilt, just like your houses, and those are not coming out of my purse. Not that I have any money in hand." She laughed hard. "I'm broke... unless Roman, of course, gives me full rights to make money in his animal form considering the previous event was a massive success "

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Asher leaned in. "You don't need Roman. I can give you all my money if you want. But since you're so big on earning it, I can always strip and earn you more money than Kitten Roman ever did."

"Aah, not happening," Roman announced, appearing out of nowhere. "Kitten Roman is not being replaced, and I want you five feet apart each time you talk from now on." He stepped between them and physically pushed them apart with his hands.

Violet was left speechless while Asher glared. "Aren't you being childish right now?"

Roman didn't care. As if he couldn't see through Asher's trick. He looked him straight in the eye and said instead, "Now that you're done scheming, I want to talk to 'my Violet'." He used the same possessive tone Asher had used earlier.

Asher rolled his eyes, then said to Violet, "We'll go over the rest of the plan later. Don't forget to get enough sleep cause tonight will be massive." He leaned in, intending to peck her on the cheek, but Roman blocked him.

9

Roman smiled with faux sweetness. "You already got your kiss. That should be enough. Save some sugar for the rest of us."

5

Asher glared again, but finally turned and walked away.

Now given the chance, Roman took a deep breath and launched in without hesitation. "How could you betray me like that? You said it was all forgiven, only for you to—"

Violet silenced Roman with a searing kiss.

As if realizing what was happening, Roman slid his hands down to her ass and squeezed hard, grinding her against him. It felt so good, the anger vanished and all sins were instantly forgiven.

Unfortunately, the bliss didn't last for as long as he wanted — maybe an hour.

Alaric yanked Roman away with zero hesitation, and before Violet could catch her breath, his mouth slammed against hers. A blissful rush of lightning energy washed over her, and she moaned out loud.

Thankfully, Alaric had the grace not to go further like Roman. He stepped aside, giving Griffin just enough space to appear in her periphery.

Violet was breathless at this point. Then Griffin smiled, leaned in, and smooched her gently on the lips.

"See you at the gala," he whispered before walking off, dragging Roman with him who had foolishly tried to sneak in another kiss.

It was quite the scene except when Violet turned, she found three very distinct reactions staring back at her.

"I don't think I ever want to live your life," Daisy said dryly.

Typical Daisy.

Meanwhile, Ivy squealed like she'd just witnessed her favorite fantasy come to life.

Lila just looked... defeated.

Chapter 350: Queen Seraphira

"Can we talk?" Violet said to Lila, and suddenly, the spirited conversation Daisy and Ivy were having died off. Just like that. They were very aware of the tension between their two roommates lately, and Violet suddenly confronting Lila like this? Yeah, it wasn't going to end well.

"Sure," Lila said without hesitation.

"My room," Violet replied, already walking away and Lila followed her immediately.

Once inside, Violet shut the door and locked it for privacy. Not that it would do much. Ivy and Daisy would probably eavesdrop anyway.

Violet turned to face her. "So what's your problem?"

"What do you mean?" Lila asked with a blank look, like she had no clue what this was about.

"Don't play cheeky with me, Lila. You know exactly what I'm talking about. What's your deal? At the beginning, you were all over the idea of me being with the cardinal alphas. You literally encouraged me. And now, when I actually have something real with them, you're suddenly acting hostile? Telling me to break up with them? Does this look like a game to you? What do you take me for, a fucking player? What the hell is your problem?"

"My problem is I never thought you'd actually take me seriously!" Lila snapped back.

"What?!"

"Yes, I encouraged you. But it was all an act. I was trying to blend in. To get close to you. And what better way for a Fae like me to blend in at this academy than to act like some average teenage girl who's crazy about the cardinal alphas like every other human here?"

"You could've just been honest from the start. Instead of this back-and-forth whiplash you're giving me now," Violet argued.

"Oh really?" Lila sneered. "I guess if I had walked up to you on our first day and said: 'Hi, I'm Lila Meadows. I'm secretly a Fae and the guardian your real mother sent to find and protect you because you're a hybrid Fae princess whose powers were sealed away so your evil werewolf father wouldn't use them'—you'd believe me, right?"

Oh shit. Violet froze. She did have a point.

Lila kept going. "You were so cold when you first arrived. But that was fine. I didn't give up. I kept playing the lovely human roommate role just to get close to you. And at first, you hated the cardinal alphas. I thought that was perfect. I didn't expect you to flip the script. Yes, I literally forgot hate and passion were just a breath apart. And now look at you. You're not just with one of them. You're with all four."

She paused, her voice dropping. "And that is a disaster waiting to happen once they find out who you really are, and the fact you're the biggest threat to their throne."

"And how am I the biggest threat to their throne?" Violet demanded, stepping closer. "Who am I, Lila? Who is my father? Is it Alpha King Elijah?"

That was the first legit thought that came to her mind, considering Elijah was the reigning king and had promised to make one of the cardinal alphas heir. If she were to suddenly appear, it would mess everything up and the packs would certainly not like that. But Elijah was sterile and that ruled him out completely.

"Is it the former Alpha King Angus? Dear God, is Micah my brother?"

But then it hit Violet again, Angus was dead. Long dead. So there was no way he fathered her. Unless, of course, he faked his death for reasons best known to him and secretly had her. What the actual hell?

"Fucking talk to me, Lila! Who is my father!" Violet yelled, her frustration boiling over at Lila's maddeningly blank expression.

Instead, Lila gave the same annoying reply. "Everything will come to you in time, Violet."

"No. No, no, I want answers. Not vague promises with no dates attached!" Violet shook her head in sheer desperation.

"I'm sorry, Violet. But this is all I can give you right now." Lila said, looking at her with pity in her eyes.

But Violet suddenly snapped. "I want to see my mother. My real mother. Make the arrangement. I want to see her after all this night is over."

Lila frowned. "You can't see her either, Violet. Not yet."

"Exactly. Fucking why?! I can't know my father? I can't see my mother? Why?!" Violet's voice cracked. "I thought once I knew about them, things would finally get easier. But it's worse now. Way worse."

"It's for your safety," Lila said. "But since you want to know, here it is. You can't see your mother because she's married."

"What?" Violet croaked, stunned.

"Your mother's name is Seraphira. Queen Seraphira. And I know what you're thinking, If she's all that powerful, why hasn't she killed your werewolf father so you can live in peace here? But that's because they're mates."

"What?" Violet was stunned again.

"Such a bond between interspecies is rare, unheard of even, but not impossible. And yes, it happened. Our kind, the Fae, we honor the mate bond. We protect it like our lives depend on it. But that wasn't the same for your father. By the time Seraphira discovered what he really wanted, it was too late. She couldn't hurt him and couldn't let him get hurt either. He's her mate after all."

Violet swallowed hard as Lila continued.

"So she fled back to the Fae realm where he could never reach her after he stole you. But Seraphira's still a queen. She has duties and eventually, she had to marry. Except that's where the real problem began."

Lila's voice dropped.

"Her husband, Consort Baron, comes from a powerful bloodline. He wants an heir to solidify his place. But Seraphira refuses. Everyone knows she intends to make you her heir when the time comes. And Baron knows that too and that's why he's searching for you."

Violet's heart pounded in her chest. Her mother's husband searching for her couldn't be a good thing.

"That's why Queen Seraphira can't risk it. Not just because of Baron, but because your father knows she would never abandon you. He's waiting too and probably planning to use you to lure her out. That's why you're in the middle of this cold war between both of them. So yes, it's messed up, Violet."

Lila gave her a hard look now.

"So here's a piece of advice, Violet. It's better to fall into the hands of your mad werewolf father, at least he wants you and your mother alive. But Baron? Baron wants you dead."