

Defy 361

Chapter 361: I Am Not A Monster

"Why can't you sleep with me?" Violet was on her feet now, walking toward him.

"No, please stop." Asher halted her as soon as she got close. "Don't come any closer."

Violet frowned. "I don't understand. Why don't you want to sleep with me?" She swallowed. "Is it my body? Is there something wrong with it? Something you don't like? Or don't you want me anymore?"

"Fuck. Shit. It's not you. It's me."

"What are you talking about?" Violet was concerned now. If it wasn't her, but him, then...?

Her eyes widened. "By chance, do you have performance problems?"

"What?"

Violet's gaze raked down his body. "But that doesn't make sense. You're not little or something." Her face flushed. "And you don't have issues getting it up either. Or is it you can't release?"

Asher stood dumbfounded for a beat, then groaned. "No. It's not that."

He dragged his hands down his face, then looked at her with pain in his eyes. "You were in my head last time. Remember?"

Oh, she remembered. No child should've had to witness that kind of abuse.

Violet only nodded.

Asher looked like he would rather drop dead than revisit that experience, but he forced himself to speak. "You recall that specific scene where Henry taught me a lesson about women?"

"Oh God." Violet felt her stomach twist. She already knew where this was going.

Asher looked at her like she was some sacred goddess. "From the first time I saw you, Violet, I've wanted you. Desired you. I've dreamed of this day. But then..."

Violet swallowed, bracing herself.

"Each time I look at you, that scene flashes before my eyes. I can't get it out. It's stuck there. He fucked my head up and now I'm broken!" Asher screamed, slapping his hand against his skull in frustration.

"Asher, no!" Violet rushed to him, heart hammering as she grabbed his wrist before he could hurt himself. "Don't. It's not your fault! You're not broken."

Tears stung Violet's eyes. "Don't destroy yourself over that monster. He doesn't deserve it. If you're not ready, that's okay. I'll wait."

"I am ready!" Asher snapped, stubborn. "I just don't want to hurt you. What if I turn out worse than him?"

Violet cupped his face in both hands, firm. "Listen to me, Asher. You are not Henry. And you never will be. Do you hear me?"

"But you know I have his darkness inside me. He raised me to be like him. A monster."

"Everyone has darkness inside of them, Asher. That's what makes us human. But you get to choose what you do with it." She looked him dead in the eye. "Do you want to be a monster?"

Asher shook his head. "No."

"Good." Violet nodded, satisfied. "If you're going to be any kind of monster, then let it be mine. My monster. My good monster."

"There's no such thing as good monsters, Violet."

"There are," Violet purred, caressing his face. "They're just not very vocal about it."

Her hand slid down his back, until she reached the towel tied at his waist. She felt him stiffen and let her hand linger.

"Do you trust me, Asher Nightshade?"

"I do," he murmured. "With my life."

"Good." Violet gave him a wicked smile. "Now here's what we're going to do..."

She used her other hand to lightly trace his nipple, watching the shudder that rolled through him.

"Henry got in your head? We're going to evict him. How? I'm about to go down on you, Asher, and I'm going to suck the hell out of you."

Her grin widened. "And while I do, all I need you to chant is, 'I'm not a monster like my father.' You're not stopping until you believe it. If you even pause mid-way, I'll bite your dick off. Got it?"

"That's terrifying," Asher said, breathless but smiling. "I'm in."

"That's the Asher I know." Violet smiled sweetly, and at the same time, yanked the towel from his waist so fast he didn't even get the chance to react.

She said with authority. "We begin now."

Asher Nightshade braced himself as Violet sank to her knees, chanting 'I'm not a monster like my father,' even as her hand wrapped around his cock, stroking him slowly

Goddess help him, that felt so good. Asher thought without missing a beat in his chant. He was a master of control and precision, traits his father had drilled into him from a young age. So yes, he trusted his ability to hold on and pull this off.

Even as his muscles contracted under her touch, Asher kept saying the words.

Then Violet said, "Look at me. I want you to look at me, Asher, while I take you. I want this moment burned into your memory, to replace that twisted one Henry left behind."

And he did look. But all Asher could see was hunger and raw desire burning in Violet's eyes as she took his full length into her mouth.

Dear lord, have mercy.

His head lolled back, a shudder tearing through him as his chant slipped— wobbly, yet still persistent.

Violet had a mouthful of Asher, and that was exactly the point. She wanted him to lose the iron grip he had on his control, to drown every doubt and fear in pleasure. That trauma would have no place in his life. Not tonight. Not with her.

Asher hit the back of her throat and Violet brought her hands up, gripping his firm ass as she sucked him diligently, her tongue swirling around him in intervals.

"I'm not a monster like—fuck, that feels good." Asher's chant faltered, the pleasure breaking through his composure.

And that slip itself was a fail.

He felt a sharp pinch on his dick and yelped, a mix of pain and pleasure tearing through him. Damn, why did that feel like heaven?

"You're going to be the death of me, Violet," he groaned, voice rough.

Then came another bite, and Asher nearly lost it.

He laughed breathlessly through the haze of sensation. "That's one hell of a punishment, baby girl."

Violet wanted to speak but ended up slurping along his length instead, the vibration rippling through him.

God. That was sexy as hell.

"I'm not a monster like my father," Asher continued, this time firmer, the belief finally sinking in.

His hands tangled in Violet's hair, his hips beginning to move as he guided himself deeper into her mouth. With each thrust, the weight of his trauma lifted a little more.

"God, Violet..." he groaned, voice raw, as if exorcising something dark from his soul.

Then it dawned on him. Oh fuck.

"Violet —no wait..." He was still saying but it was too late.

This time, when Violet bit him, it pushed him right over the edge. All that tension, all that control, finally broke. A growl rumbled from Asher's chest as he released inside her mouth and Violet didn't spill a drop, swallowing it all.

Afterward, Violet pulled back slowly, catching her breath. She wiped her mouth with the back of her hand and worked her jaw with a playful wince.

Well, Nancy seems to be right about this part.

Chapter 362: The Best Night

As soon as Violet was on her feet, she grabbed his face and plunged her tongue into his mouth, letting him taste his essence on hers.

Afterward, she pulled back and whispered into his ear, low and sultry, "So tell me Asher, are you going to let your father hold you back, or are you going to fuck me until I can't tell my right from my left?"

Violet stepped closer until their bodies were flush, her breasts pressing against his chest. "...would you drown yourself in my tight, moist heat..." she whispered, punctuating the question by taking his hand and guiding it between her thighs.

She held his gaze, watching the flicker of shock in his eyes when his fingers dipped into her and discovered just how wet she was for him. Then she let go of his hand, leaving it there. The ball was now in his court, and it was up to him to decide what to do with it.

And then he made his move, beginning to stroke her. Violet's breath hitched in her throat.

Asher pumped his finger in and out, her pussy slurping and gushing around it, the scent of her arousal quickly filling the room. Gasping and moaning, Violet rolled her hips in rhythm with his probing finger.

"Fuck, Asher! Oh my God.... " Her eyes rolled back, "don't stop please.... "

But Asher added a second finger, stretching her further and Violet moaned aloud.

"Oh God!"

The throbbing ache in her core deepened with every pump, each second winding her tighter, until Violet had no choice but to wrap her arms around Asher just to stay upright.

His pace quickened, relentless now, and she clenched around him, lost in the sensations. The pressure coiled, tighter and tighter, until she shattered with a cry, her body locking up as she came hard around his fingers.

Her breath came in shallow gasps, her release dripping over his hand. Asher withdrew his fingers slowly, deliberately, then brought them to her lips. Violet didn't need to be told. She opened for him, tasting herself as he slid them past her lips, a sinful communion both knew far too well.

Violet boldly sucked her juices from his two middle fingers, moaning with slow, indulgent, and shameless satisfaction. The sound alone drew a growl from deep within Asher's chest. Everything about his purple queen was sin incarnate, and he couldn't get enough.

Then Asher crashed his mouth against hers, a bruising, desperate kiss. As they devoured each other, he lifted her effortlessly, and Violet instinctively wrapped her legs around his waist. Still kissing, he carried her to the bed and eased her down, positioning himself between her thighs.

Only then did he break the kiss to lower his head and claim her breasts. His tongue flicked, suckled, and teased her nipples until they were hard, aching, and painfully tight—two perfect peaks begging for attention.

"Christ!" Violet yelped, the sudden jolt of pleasure catching her off guard, sending delicious tremors ricocheting through her entire body.

She arched into him with a needy mewl, the teasing too much to bear.

"Please, Asher," she breathed, her voice a soft plea. The ache between her thighs had become unbearable. She needed him. Now.

Asher groaned in response, low and primal, and the next thing she felt was the hot press of his thick dick at her entrance. Her breath caught. This was it, the moment she's been waiting for.

But instead of thrusting in, Asher rocked his hips, dragging the swollen head of his cock up and down her slick folds in maddening strokes. A slow, taunting glide that made her hips jerk and her core throb for more.

"Fuck. Asher, just do it already." Violet writhed beneath him.

And he did just that.

Asher began to push into her, but Violet had forgotten one crucial detail. His cock was much bigger than the finger he'd used during foreplay. Pain lanced through her, sharp and sudden, stealing the breath from her lungs as her mouth parted in a silent gasp.

"Fuck, you're so tight," Asher growled, voice rough with a mix of strain and pleasure. He was only halfway in, and even that looked like it took effort.

"Don't worry," he said, his tone softer now. "I'll go in slowly."

But just as he began to pull back, ready to ease in again, Violet stopped him with a hand to his chest. "No. Don't. Just get it over with."

His gaze searched hers. "Are you sure?"

"Yes." Her voice was steady. Firm. Certain.

He kissed her again slowly, while his fingers slid down to flick her clit. Her mouth dropped open in a gasp, pleasure blooming once more, and Asher seized the moment. With one powerful thrust, he buried himself to the hilt, breaking past the barrier in one fluid, devastating motion.

Violet cried out as a sharp twinge of pain shot through her, her muscles clenching involuntarily, chest rising and falling with each breath. It felt foreign. She could feel every inch of him, thick and hot inside her, stretching her in a way that made her body tremble.

Asher didn't move. He stayed still, letting her adjust to the size of him.

"Are you alright?" he asked gently, brushing a bead of sweat from her forehead.

She nodded, and her hips began to move against his, chasing more of the friction she now craved.

"You're mine now, Violet Purple." Asher's voice was possessive, and final. He laced their fingers together, anchoring her to him.

Then he began to move slowly, drawing out each thrust as if he intended for her to feel every stroke, every inch, every agonizing, exquisite second of it.

"Fuck, Asher," Violet groaned, the edge of frustration and pleasure blurring as she struggled to keep up with the maddening rhythm he set.

"Tell me," Asher growled, feral and breathless, "do you feel me?" He rolled his hips in a slow, torturous grind, letting her feel just how deep he was inside her. How completely he owned her body in that moment.

"Yes, yes, I feel you," Violet moaned, her voice thick with need. "Deeper than you can imagine." She relished the control he had, the way he made her body sing under his touch.

"Good girl," Asher rasped, his gaze darkening. Then, without warning, he pulled back and slammed into her with a force that knocked the breath from her lungs. Violet swore she saw stars.

"Oh God!" she screamed, as he thrust again and again. Each one shattered her further, sending pleasure crashing over her like waves she couldn't ride out.

And just like that, Violet broke. Her head fell back, spine arching off the bed, as a blinding shockwave of rapture tore through her, leaving her trembling and undone beneath him.

But Asher didn't stop.

He sat back until he was kneeling, then gripped her hips and began to drive into her with punishing ferocity. Her breasts bounced with every powerful thrust, the slap of his hips against her skin echoing through the room.

His balls hit her ass with every move, each impact pushing her closer to the edge. It was no surprise when she felt herself tightening around him again, her second orgasm barreling toward her like a train.

"Asher, I'm coming!" Violet screamed, her voice ragged with need, just as Asher thrust into her harder like a beast unleashed.

Asher leaned forward to kiss her again, swallowing her cries just as her walls clamped down hard around his cock. And this time, they both cried out in pleasure.

One. Two. Asher kept thrusting until he spilled inside her with a groan, and Violet milked every last drop, her body pulling everything he had to give.

Then he collapsed on top of her, utterly spent. His weight was heavy, but not crushing.

A soft, satisfied smile curved Violet's lips.

Best. Night. Ever.

Chapter 363: Turner Family

"You look perfect already. Stop fidgeting, Patrick," Cynthia scolded the doctor after he looked into the mirror for the nth time.

Patrick sighed. "It's just the scar. It still..." He trailed off, gesturing vaguely at his face, the words refusing to come.

His family probably knew the story behind that scar, and would no doubt sneer at him for letting a werewolf get the best of him.

But Cynthia pressed a hand against his chest and said, "You should wear that scar as a badge of honor. You survived a werewolf attack. Not just any werewolf, but a cardinal alpha. How many people can say the same? Your family especially?"

Then, rising on her tiptoes, she kissed him briefly. "The world is yours tonight, my love. Own it."

A slow smile crossed Patrick's face. He reached out, offering his hand, and Cynthia placed hers over it with a faint blush.

"Well, thank you," she said softly.

Hand in hand, he led her to the living room where his family waited.

"Well, look who finally decided to show up? Our own baby brother, Patrick Vale." Vera Turner clapped slowly, her tone dripping with sarcasm. "Although, does your Alpha king know your true identity? Or the fact your name is fake, Elias?" Her voice shifted, eyes darkening with twisted glee.

"That is not the way to speak to your brother, Vera," Moria Turner chided from the side.

Vera rolled her eyes.

"Oh well," said a man at the corner, drink in hand, "I guess your favorite son is here."

That was Joseph Turner, the eldest son of the Turner family who were werewolf hunters, descendants of Gerald, the general who fueled the war between humans and wolves.

"Come here, my baby," Moria said to Patrick, arms stretched wide.

He walked over and embraced her. They held each other for a long minute until she pulled back and pressed a full kiss to his lips. "I've missed you, my baby boy."

From the sidelines, Cynthia kept her face neutral, though a frown tugged at her brow.

"Who is she?" Vera asked suddenly from behind, startling her.

Cynthia nearly jumped.

Vera smirked, that glint in her eyes sharp. "Is she yours, brother?"

"She's not bad," Joseph chimed in, his voice too close.

Cynthia yelped again. These people really loved sneaking up on others.

He looked her over without shame. "Not bad at all." Then he tilted his head toward Patrick. "Can I have her for the night, Elias? I promise I'll bring her back in one piece." The smirk on his face didn't match the promise in his words.

Cynthia felt her stomach turn. Patrick had warned her that his family wasn't normal. Coming from a dysfunctional home herself, she thought she could handle anything. But now, she wasn't so sure.

"You will not lay a hand on her," Patrick warned him.

"Ooh, our baby brother's finally grown a spine," Vera teased. She reached out and brought a strand of Cynthia's hair to her nose, inhaling deeply. "She smells good too," she moaned. "I'd love to keep her when you're done."

"Excuse me?" Cynthia stepped back, glaring hard.

Joseph chuckled. "That's if there's anything left to keep after we're done."

"So I should take my piece now?" Vera purred. "Maybe just a lock of her hair. A keepsake."

"You will keep your hands off me!" Cynthia snapped, pulling a gun from her pocket and pointing it between them.

"Ooh, she's feisty. I like that." Joseph's tone was amused, unfazed by the weapon pointed at him.

"Cynthia, put down the gun," Patrick said firmly.

But how could she? The room felt like it was filled with hyenas, and she couldn't tell which one was more dangerous.

Vera's lips curved. "Or perhaps, I could help her do so." The words barely left her mouth before she moved fast.

Cynthia didn't even realize the gun had been taken until it was gone, her hand empty and twisted behind her. The next thing she felt was cold metal against her throat and Vera pressed in from behind, her grip unshakable.

"Joseph likes guns," Vera murmured in a singsong voice, her breath hot against Cynthia's ear, "but I like knives. I mean, I love the way they cleanly slice through the skin." To prove her point, she nicked the blade gently across Cynthia's skin.

A sharp gasp escaped Cynthia's lips as a thin line of pain bloomed across her neck.

Vera smiled. "See?"

Before anyone could blink, Patrick was already beside Vera, a needle pressed against her throat.

"Let go of Cynthia now, you crazy bitch," he said with a cold voice. "Or you'll find out exactly what's inside this syringe, and trust me, you won't like it."

But Vera only chuckled, tightening her grip on Cynthia. "You see?" she said, eyes gleaming with an unhinged emotion. "Joseph likes his guns. I like my knives. And Elias likes his strings. But you don't want to find out what mummy dearest likes."

"Vera." Patrick's voice sharpened, and he pushed the needle in deeper till a small drop of blood rose on her skin. He wasn't bluffing.

Still, Vera didn't waver. "She knows about our family," she said with a light but deadly tone. "She needs to die."

Joseph sighed. "Says the one who told all of her boyfriends about us."

"And that's why none of them can be found on the surface of the earth again." Vera burst into laughter, wild and wrong.

Patrick didn't flinch. "Cynthia is the only reason all of you are here tonight. Otherwise, I'd rather burn in hell than summon any of you. So let her go."

"Vera, let go of the girl," Moria's voice finally cut through the tension, tired and stern. "Patrick has come home. Don't ruin that."

"Fine," Vera muttered. She shoved Cynthia forward with a scowl.

Patrick caught her and pulled her to his side without hesitation, shielding her. This was a mistake. He should never have brought her here.

But before he could think further, Moira stepped forward with a smile too wide. "Come, daughter," she said sweetly to Cynthia. "Tell me all about this drug Elias claims can kill werewolves."

Chapter 364: The Eternal War

Although history knew that William's death had sparked off the Great War, no one spoke of Amina, his eldest daughter, whose descendants picked up where her father stopped.

Amina bore Gerard two grandsons. The eldest called Amalak, and the youngest, Noel, who was the jewel of Gerard's old eyes. From the moment Noel took his first breath, it was as if Gerard saw his own reflection in the boy. Noel in question practically worshiped Gerald and it was no wonder that when he died during the war, Noel took up his "legacy".

With the influence of his family name and his grandfather's old allies Noel rose through the ranks with alarming speed. He spearheaded several violent missions under the guise of "containment" and "control," leading raids on werewolf safehouses, overseeing interrogations, and proudly executing what he called "cleanses."

He did not just inherit Gerard's hatred; he refined, streamlined and modernized it. He wrote manuals, trained men, and built an entire ideology around purging the were-kind. It became a legacy passed not through teachings, but through blood. His children learned the hatred with their milk, raised on bedtime stories of the "beasts" who destroyed their family and the humans who would rise again.

But war devours everything, no matter how noble the disguise. When the final battles of the Great War unfolded, the Gerard bloodline suffered heavy blows. Of all the descendants of Minister Gerard, only a few made it out alive. His descendants were scattered or slaughtered on the field.

However the world changed. The accords were signed, and a new era was born, one that no longer permitted the open butchering of werewolves. The war crimes finally buried beneath politics and peace.

But not all legacies die with treaties.

The Turner family, descended from a bastard son of Gerard, survived. They did not parade their hatred in the public like their ancestors. No, they adapted. The hunt was no longer legal, so they worked in secret. And in the shadows, they thrived.

The Turner family were wolf hunters, bounty killers, and assassins. You name it. They built a network that didn't deal in drugs or guns, rather traded in fangs, pelts, and claws.

It was hard to tell what they were since they lived an ordinary life, taking up meager jobs like clerks, merchants, teachers. But in private, they were killers, carrying blades and bullets dipped in wolfsbane. They operated carefully, leaving no trails or witnesses.

The Turners were not just hunters. They were preservationists of a forgotten creed. A family that saw themselves not as murderers, but as soldiers in an eternal war. A war the rest of the world pretended was over.

But the Turners knew better.

They knew that war never truly ends. It only sleeps. And now, two centuries later, it stirs again. This time, only one side would win.

Right now, Cynthia passed the small bottle of Ignis to each member of the family.

But Joseph turned it over in his hand, unimpressed. "Doesn't look like much," he said, then began tossing it into the air, playing with it.

"Don't!" Cynthia snapped at him. "Even a single drop is precious."

Joseph caught it and smirked at her. "Alright, honey. If you say so." His tone was sweet, but mocking.

Patrick's jaw clenched slightly. He didn't like the way his brother spoke to Cynthia, but he said nothing.

Vera inspected the bottle, unimpressed. "So how exactly is this supposed to help us wipe out werewolves?" Her disdain was clear.

Anything that came from Patrick rarely earned the family's approval. While she and Joseph were learning to wield knives and shoot guns as kids, Patrick had been buried in his science books. To them, he was the odd one

"That is Ignis," Patrick began, "It enhances human abilities, albeit temporarily. For five minutes, a human becomes like a wolf. Strength for strength. Bloodlust for Bloodlust."

Vera and Joseph exchanged skeptical looks.

Maira placed hers down with a soft clink and reclined elegantly in her seat. "I've heard whispers about a drug like this," she said. "Thought it was just the nonsense of bored humans, turns out it was my own son behind it." She looked at him with pride. "I have to admit, Elias, I'm impressed."

"Or he's bluffing." Joseph chuckled, but the tightness in his tone betrayed a flicker of jealousy. His mother's praise was always his. Elias didn't deserve it.

"It's not a bluff." Cynthia interjected, already picking up the remote. She turned on the television. "Let me show you."

The screen came to life and showed a lab which they assumed was Patrick's and where he conducted his experiments. In the video, a human male was injected with Ignis and guided into a glass cell. A moment later, a young werewolf was led in. And then, the fight started.

At first, the werewolf had the upper hand with his supernatural features. But not long after the human struck back with increasing speed, his strength unnaturally amplified. He pummeled the werewolf relentlessly, blow after blow, until he cracked his skull open and left him dead on the floor.

For a moment, the room was silent. The Turner family could not believe what they just saw.

Then Vera leaned forward slowly, a dangerous glint in her eye and a crooked smile on her lips. "How do you make more of that?"

Patrick straightened, pride glinting in his eyes. "Alpha King Elijah personally contracted me after reading my published work. I was asked to study both werewolf and human genes. Every student's DNA was catalogued. Matches were made—pairings that could produce offspring with more wolf blood than human. His goal was to rebuild their dwindling population. But during my research, I discovered something else. A compound that could give humans the one thing they've never had. Power. Ignis is made from spinal fluids extracted from werewolves."

Vera was already rolling up her sleeve. "Then give me one. Let's see what it feels like."

Patrick hesitated. "There are complications," he admitted. "Besides, we don't need to use it ourselves. At least not until I have modified it enough. The goal is to rally the right people, not turn ourselves into experiments."

Chapter 365: Scandal, Secrets, and a Whole Lot of Sin

MOON FEED EXCLUSIVE: The Elsie Tapes: Rated R for Reputation Ruined"

Written by :The Oracle

Posted 6:00AM | 5091 comments | 503 shares

Hello my scandal-starved darlings, it's your favorite truth-sniffing, tea-spilling temptress of Lunaris back with the hottest scoop in the galaxy.

Gather close because today, we are not nibbling on dainty morsels, but we are stuffing our faces with the entire scandalous buffet.

I can't hold it in. I simply can't. My fingers are shaking. My curls are frazzled. And I've torn my third silk robe just trying to process what went down at the Lunaris Academy Parents Gala.

When I told you Parents Week was going to be one for the record books. What I didn't know was just how many records we'd be shattering. Because what the actual—excuse my profanity—fuck!.

Yes, I'm swearing. Me. The Oracle. I'm still emotionally concussed by what went down at the gala this Sunday, and I know I'm not the only one. We all need a group healing circle and a spiritual cleansing bath.

Half the parents in that ballroom are still clutching their pearls so hard you'd think they were born Victorian, while the rest are booking emergency appointments with their therapists.

I used to make adult jokes with an orange. Except I'll never look at an orange fruit the same way again. That full-blown pornographic exposé didn't just peel the fruit—it peeled reputations, and dignity. Yikes.

So let's unpack the biggest drama bomb of the century:

THE FALL OF ELSIE LANCASTER: FROM QUEEN TO CRINGE

Ah, Elsie. Sweet, polished, and flawless elite. The girl who walked like royalty, and talked like royalty. But as we all know by now, the shinier they are, the darker the skeletons in their wardrobe.

This was no tiny closet secret and not just any recording, my loves. We're talking about a full-on, cinema-worthy, five-senses experience of Elsie's Asher Nightshade Fetish. Yes. You read that correctly. A Fetish For Asher on camera with props and her Dom, Grace.

Do I empathize with Asher? One hundred percent. Poor dark prince. One second you're sipping sparkling juice with your future mother-in-law, the next your former fling is performing a live one-woman fantasy tribute to you on national television. I'd disintegrate too.

No one, and I mean "no one", will ever be able to look Asher Nightshade in the eye without thinking of leather, masks, and moaning.

And let's not forget Elsie was the bride candidate. One of the cardinal alphas was supposed to marry her when crowned Alpha King. Her mother and supporter Caroline had practically embroidered the Alpha Queen sash already. But now? Let's just say that sash has been burned, salted, and buried deep in the Forbidden Forest.

Still, the final call lies with the Alpha King. But let's be honest: no ruler king in his right mind is going to let that "legacy" into the royal family. Unless dignity is no longer a required trait for future Luna candidates. But who knows? This is Lunaris, after all.

And the burning question now is:

WHO LEAKED THE TAPE?

Who hijacked the memory reel and turned it into a rebellion and a full-blown porno-slideshow complete with BDSM overtones and live moaning effects?

Suspicion, naturally, turns to one Violet Purple. Our purple-haired firecracker, rule-breaking, scandal-making queen of rebellion. Chaos magnet and Elsie's number one rival since the semester began. And now, surprise! The girl with all four Cardinal Alphas orbiting her like she's gravity in heels.

But then again, let's not be hasty. Violet's own secret was dragged into the spotlight that night. Would she really risk her scholarship and reputation in a game of mutual destruction? Unlikely. Say what you will, Violet's many things, but dumb is not one of them.

And here's where it gets even juicier. Word on the vine is that Violet has vanished with none other than Asher Nightshade himself. Y'all. Please tell me this is a romantic healing retreat and not a murder-suicide cover-up. Because I don't think we need any more blood on the ballroom floor this week. (Or any more video leaks, thank you very much.)

Still, congratulations are in order. While one queen falls, another rises, and Violet has clearly risen high. Very high into the arms, hearts, and probably beds of four Alpha heirs.

Ladies and gentlewolves, the Purple Storm has officially claimed the throne.

POSSIBLE TRAITORS, ESCAPED QUEENS & ONE VERY SWEATY PRINCIPAL

There aren't many suspects left. But let's not forget Elsie made a lot of enemies, and not all of them wore it on their sleeves. Sometimes, it's the ones sitting prettiest beside you, and it wouldn't surprise me if a member of her inner circle served revenge chilled and spiked with humiliation.

Meanwhile, poor Principal Jameson is currently holding this school together with duct tape, denials, and caffeine. The news is outside these walls now, and the screams of moral outrage are louder than the crowd at the Lunar Orb Match. Lawsuits? Threats of school reform? Rumors of a parental boycott? They are all very real.

Where is Elsie now, you ask?

Sources say her mother whisked her away faster than you can say "damage control," probably to lock her in a tower Rapunzel-style until the scandal dies—or she does. Will it work? Doubtful. Once something's on the net, it lives forever.

But here's one thing I do know for sure:

Lunaris Academy is never having another Parents Week again.

Burn the programs. Cancel the florists. It's over, done and cremated. May it rest in chaos.

What happens next? Will there be expulsions? Public apologies? A full restructuring? We'll have to wait and see. But if I know Lunaris—and believe me, I do—we're going to survive this.

So tell me, darlings, what's your theory? Who do you think released the video? Was this karma? Revenge? Or just a juicy accident waiting to happen? Spill the tea, pass the popcorn and let me know in the comments.

And for the first time ever, I won't end with my usual because times have changed.

So stay tuned, my lovelies. As always, I'll be watching (and sipping tea) to bring you the juiciest updates. Until next time, be careful with your secrets. Queens fall as easily as they are made.

With scandal and sass,

Chapter 366: Toil All Night

After toiling all night, may you receive the fruit of your labor in approximately nine months.

"Asshole," Asher Nightshade muttered, a hint of a smile at the corner of his lips.

Usually he didn't participate in the Oracle's gossip, but he couldn't let the others have all the fun. Moreover, he felt like flaunting his girl right now.

Violet was asleep, her head lying on his chest. She was probably tired after they had gone at it more times than he could remember last night. Werewolves were virile and keeping up with their energy took a lot. Violet surprised him by lasting that long. Well, she was not exactly human. He just didn't know what she was, yet.

At once, his phone beeped with a message.

Roman : How was your night?

Asher : Fuck off

Roman : Is one supposed to be cranky after sex? Did you even come?

Asher : Fuck off.

Roman : Was it that good?

Asher : Yes.

Roman : Dude, give me details, not just one or two words.

Asher : No. How's things over there?

Roman : Everything's gone to hell, but things are going as planned. We'd pitch the idea to Jameson today.

Asher : Good. I'll take care of Violet. You guys take care of the rest.

Roman : Yes, of course, enjoy our girlfriend while we deal with the hard stuff.

Asher was not surprised by the tone of his voice. Typical dramatic Roman.

Asher was about to reply to the grumpy fool when he heard his name being called. He lifted his face to see that Violet was awake.

The biggest smile lit his face at once.

Chapter 367: Greedy For More

Waking up to see that grin on Asher's face had to be a dream come true. Violet swore her heart was about to burst clean out of her chest from the sheer joy of it.

"Good morning, love," Asher whispered sexily as he gently tucked away a tangled strand of her hair that definitely resembled a bird's nest.

"Good morning, my monster," she murmured, smiling.

She couldn't hold back anymore. Violet leaned up and kissed him, soft at first, until Asher took over. He rolled her onto her back, deepening the kiss with urgency. His tongue slipped into her mouth and she welcomed him eagerly, sucking on it, fingers threading through his hair as she pulled him closer.

A guttural sound rumbled from his throat as the kiss turned reckless. His hand found her breast and squeezed, firm and possessive, while her hips rocked against him, desperate for the friction her aching core demanded.

By the time Asher pulled away, Violet was a boneless, gasping mess beneath him.

His chest heaved as he stared down at her. "Be careful what you wish for, love. I'm a hairbreadth away from losing control."

But Violet just smirked, wrapping her arms around his neck, grinding into him again. "Who said anything about control?"

Asher froze. He was arched like a predator tasting blood, and then that dark, wicked smile curled across his face.

"You asked for it then."

Then his tongue enveloped her nipple, and Violet arched into him with a cry. Her head fell back in pure, unfiltered pleasure, her lips parting with a strangled gasp.

She couldn't help it. She'd thought last night would've sated her. That the hunger would fade, at least a little. But it hadn't even dulled. Not even one bit. If anything, she wanted Asher more. Needed him like oxygen. Like life itself.

Good thing she'd gotten that shot from Adele yesterday before the gala. Otherwise, with the number of times they'd gone at it last night, she'd probably be pregnant already. Not that she minded the idea of carrying Asher's children. Just later. Best after schooling.

Asher grazed her hardened nipple with his teeth, and Violet writhed beneath him, her hand tangling in his hair and pressing him harder against her chest. The sensation was intoxicating, it was just the right blend of heaven and torment.

While his tongue circled and teased one peak, his hand found the other, massaging it, then rolling the nipple between his fingers until it danced on that exquisite edge between pain and pleasure.

"Fuck! Asher!" Violet groaned, her back arching so dramatically it looked like she was about to levitate right off the bed. It was too much. The teasing. The tension. She needed him now!

He finally pulled his mouth away, only to trail kisses along her jaw, down her throat, nibbling at her shoulder. Violet sighed, eyes fluttering shut. This was heaven. Earthly, sinful, addictive heaven.

Then Asher shifted. He moved back, spread her thighs apart, and the second her legs opened, her walls clenched with greedy anticipation.

Violet gasped when he threw one of her legs over his shoulder, gripped her hips, and in one smooth, perfect motion, slid inside her.

They both groaned in unison as Asher buried himself deep inside her, stretching her oversensitive, overstimulated pussy. It was a sweet, aching mix of pain and pleasure that made Violet gasp. She should have a break from sex, but she was greedy for more.

Then he began to move.

Violet's moan rang out, echoing across the room. In this position, every thrust hit a new sweet spot—ones she hadn't even known existed until now. Her body trembled beneath him, her breath stolen with every powerful move.

"Yes, Asher... that's it... yes—oh God!" Violet squealed when Asher began slamming into her, plowing into her so hard her walls clenched and pulsed around him uncontrollably.

She was losing herself, unraveling with every thrust and drowning in pleasure. Her fingers tangled in her hair, desperate to anchor herself through the overwhelming sensation.

"You love this, don't you?" Asher growled, voice rough, dark, possessive. "The way I fuck you savagely hard. The way I own your body. The way I remind you that you're mine. This sweet little pussy? All mine."

His hips pounded into her with punishing thrusts, the slick, filthy sounds of their bodies colliding filling the room with raw intensity

"Yes! Yes! Yes!" was all Violet could cry out, overwhelmed, consumed, entirely at his mercy, as her body responded to his every claim.

This was a punishment and Violet loved every second of it. The way Asher owned her, deliciously and gloriously, in a way only he ever could.

Her orgasm built fast, and unstoppable. And when it crashed over her, she screamed his name. "Asher!"

Her entire body spasmed with pleasure, waves rippling from her head to the very tips of her toes. It was so intense she nearly blacked out.

But Asher wasn't done.

He pulled out, flipped her over in one smooth motion until she was flat on her stomach, legs nudged apart, and hips perfectly positioned for him.

With both hands gripping her ass and pressing her down into the mattress, Asher slid back inside, and Violet let out a sigh, drunk on the fullness, the way he filled her so completely it hurt in the best way.

Then he started thrusting into her over and over, fast, hard, and relentless. With inhuman strength and speed, Asher pounded into her like an animal, and all Violet could do was clutch the sheets, her voice breaking into cries and breathless whimpers of unfiltered, consuming pleasure.

When Asher smacked her ass, Violet knew she was done for. Her sex clenched around him like a vice, and she felt herself hurtling toward another maddening climax.

Asher knew it too. He pulled her flush against him, his every muscle tight with restraint as he thrust deeper—harder— fucking her like he wanted to leave a mark on her soul.

Violet screamed as the tension finally snapped, her body shaking as her inner walls clamped around his cock in tight, rhythmic waves, the pleasure blinding.

Asher had no choice but to follow. He shuddered violently, hips jerking as he buried his face in the crook of her neck and came with a guttural grunt.

Violet felt the heat of his release flood her channel. It leaked down her thighs as his weight sank onto her back.

Then Asher wrapped his arms around her, pulling her impossibly closer. He didn't bother to pull out, his cock buried deep inside of her throbbing, and claiming.

All mine.

His eyes fluttered shut with satisfaction.

Chapter 368: Her Fault

Official Statement from the Office of the Principal, Lunaris Academy

To all Students, Parents, Staff, and Affiliated Members of the Lunaris Academy Community,

It is with deep regret that we address the recent events that occurred during the Parents Week Gala on Sunday evening. An explicit and unauthorized video was broadcast during the course of the celebration, resulting in significant disruption, emotional distress, and widespread public attention.

We understand that many in our community were shocked and appalled by the content and the nature of the exposure. We wish to extend our sincerest apologies to all parents, students, staff, and guests in attendance whose comfort, safety, and trust were compromised during the event.

As a result of this breach in conduct, the following steps have been taken:

1. A full investigation has been launched in conjunction with the Lunaris Disciplinary Committee and the Academy Council to determine the source of the video, how it was leaked, and who was involved in the breach of privacy and school ethics.
2. Counseling and mental health services are being made available to any students, or staff in need of support during this time. Confidential appointments may be booked through the Counselor's Office.
3. All upcoming social events and gatherings have been temporarily suspended until further notice while the Academy reviews its internal protocols and security systems.
4. Reputational damage management is currently underway in partnership with our legal team and the Public Relations Division of the Werewolf-Human Alliance Board to prevent further escalation of media involvement and to protect the rights and privacy of all students.

We would also like to clarify that disciplinary actions will be taken in accordance with Academy law and council regulations. However, at this time, no student has been officially suspended or expelled in relation to the incident. We ask that students refrain from public speculation, harassment, or accusatory behavior, both offline and across social media platforms, while the investigation is active.

Lastly, we reaffirm our commitment to the values of integrity, honor, and unity, that have defined Lunar Academy since its founding. One scandal does not erase our legacy, nor will it define our future.

We thank you for your understanding, cooperation, and continued trust as we navigate these challenging circumstances.

Sincerely,

Principal Meredith Jameson

Lunar Academy Head Administrator

"Lunar Above. We Rise. We Rule. We Never Back Down."

An hour later after the official announcement from Lunar Academy's administration...

MOON FEED EXCLUSIVE : WHEN THE PRINCIPAL SPEAKS, BUT SAYS NOTHING

Written by : the Oracle

Darlings, gather 'round. You've read the school's "official statement" and if you haven't, bless your soul. But let me spare you the glitter-coated nonsense and give you what you really want: a translation.

Principal Jameson's speech in Oracle-speak:

> "We are deeply sorry this turned into a viral sex scandal, especially during an event designed to make us look prestigious. Oopsie."

> "We've opened an investigation (aka we're throwing papers and prayers at the walls while secretly hoping this blows over before the next Lunar Orb match)."

> "Counseling is available (because half of you probably need therapy after seeing that Fetish performance)."

> "No one has been suspended yet (we're waiting to see who the public hates most before choosing a scapegoat)."

> "Please stop fighting each other online, it's making us look bad (and honestly, the claws are too sharp this week)."

> "We still believe in unity and honor (translation: we desperately need you to forget that our crown jewel just leaked on live TV)."

Ah, yes. Classic deflection, served warm with a side of institutional gaslighting. No mention of Elsie. No mention of the alphas and elites.

And don't you just love how they suspended all social events? That's right, babes. You get no bonfires, no house competition, and definitely no "rebellion" gathering in the Rogue shack because someone couldn't keep their Fetish private.

Now, here's where it gets extra juicy, the school wants us to stop speculating and "refrain from accusatory behavior."

But let's be honest, if the students don't speculate, then what's my job? Because you know Principal Jameson is sitting in her office right now with a stress-induced eye twitch, asking the Oracle to "tone it down."

Sorry, sweetheart. That's not how this works. That's not how any of this works.

Also, let's address the elephant in the room: the Alpha heirs have not said a word. And the school's silent over Elsie's disappearance.

No wonder everyone's looking at me like I leaked the video. Spoiler alert: I didn't. But I could've. And that's what makes it fun.

So while the Academy crafts its next polished press release to convince the angry public we're still the beacon of "honor and legacy," I'll be right here watching (and sipping tea) to bring you the juiciest updates. Because trust me, my lovelies. Queens fall. Thrones crumble. But the truth? She always makes a scene.

Till I'm summoned again,

The Oracle

"I thought I told you to avoid the news."

Violet nearly dropped the phone in shock as Asher appeared out of nowhere.

He had bought that phone exclusively for this outing. Both of their original lines had been switched off, unreachable. Only her other boyfriends, Nancy, and her roommates knew the new number. No one else.

Violet rolled her eyes. "Says the one who practically announced to all of Lunaris that we fucked." She turned the phone to show him the post.

Asher placed the food he'd gone to collect on the side table and slid onto the bed beside her. He took her hand, thumb gently rubbing circles into her palm.

"I was just too excited," he said carefully. "Are you angry?"

"Not really," Violet shrugged. "But I would've appreciated a heads-up. I don't exactly love surprises, especially of the public climax variety."

Asher gave her a slow, wicked smile. "I could have given you a warning..." he said, voice dropping, "but we were a little busy fucking."

Violet's face flushed immediately. And yes, he was right. They had gone at it again in the bathroom earlier, and she was now sore beyond reason. She was having no more.

"Sorry," Asher murmured, leaning in to kiss her cheek.

"It's alright," Violet replied. "It's just... it's war out there. The Oracle made two posts in one day. That's when you know her claws are fully unsheathed." She chuckled lightly, and Asher smiled too, until hers faded solemnly.

"What's wrong?" Asher asked, sensing the shift in her energy at once.

Violet sighed heavily, tossing the phone aside. "I don't know..." Her hands lifted in frustration before falling. "I keep saying I did all this to change Lunaris. To make things better. But what if I messed it all up? What if I went about it the wrong way? And now the whole place is going to explode, get shut down even, and innocent scholarship students will lose their only chance at a real education. And it'll all be because of me."

Chapter 369: Owe Him A Dance

For a moment, Asher didn't speak. He just watched her lose herself to the fear, her breath quick and shallow, and her voice tight with guilt she didn't deserve. Violet was rarely the type to let her guard down, but right now, it was falling right in front of him.

Before he could say a word, she was already covering it up with a smile that didn't touch her eyes. "Okay, maybe I'm thinking too much and this is stupid," Violet awkwardly cleared her throat. This was Asher, anyway, and he wasn't used to dealing with all this big emotional stuff.

To her surprise, Asher said, "It's not stupid."

"What?"

"Look at me."

Violet wouldn't. She felt so vulnerable right now and didn't want Asher to see her like that. Weak and emotional.

"Look at me, love." He turned her face gently.

Violet finally looked at him, and he stared back. He saw not just her beautiful golden eyes, but the girl who had turned his life upside down since the moment he saw her face on paper.

Without hesitation, Asher pulled her onto his lap like she weighed nothing and cradled her against his chest. Then he threaded his fingers through her hair, soothing her, and Violet's eyes fluttered closed in appreciation.

Then Asher tilted her chin until their eyes met. "You didn't mess anything up. Lunar Academy was already broken before you got here, Violet. You didn't cause the fire, you just stopped pretending the smoke wasn't choking everyone. I didn't even know what I was doing wrong until you called out my bullshit. Our bullshit," he emphasized not just his, but the other Cardinal Alphas'. "Thanks to you, people like us, and Elsie, who were untouchable before? Now we're accountable."

Violet blinked in surprise, lips parting, but he kept going.

"You're not the villain. You, Violet Purple, didn't get a manual on how to fix centuries of rot. You're doing something no one else had the courage to do—to stand up to it. Yeah, maybe it's not perfect. Maybe you were impulsive in some areas. But guess what? No one ever changes a system by asking nicely."

His thumb brushed the corner of her mouth, softening the intensity.

"You need to trust yourself more, Violet. Your values, your instincts, and that passion that burns so brightly inside you. Lunar Academy doesn't need a perfect reformer. It needs that raw, flawed girl with fire in her chest and a desperate need to make things better."

"Moreover," Asher said, his voice lower now, darker, "the scholarship students you're worried about? Nothing is going to happen to them. Not because they're protected. But because they're useful. I've told you before, this is all politics. Lunar is a toxic, elitist cesspool wrapped in tradition and hidden behind the mask of conscription."

"The president. The governors. The Alpha King. The council. Every last one of them benefits from keeping Lunar afloat. It's not an academy, it's a machine. And the Conscription is just glitter they throw over the rot. Makes them look generous to the public while covering their tracks and feeding on bloodlines."

"I've been in Lunar longer than you, Violet, and trust me when I say that school isn't going down anytime soon. They'll toss a few comforting words to the press, spin it like change is coming. Elsie will probably pull off some tear-stained apology tour and wrap it all in a redemption arc. With the right PR manipulation, they'll bury this scandal with another one, swap out Principal Jameson for a fresh face, and boom! One month later, everything's back to normal, and the monsters keep eating. Just quieter this time."

He gave a dry smile. "Viola."

Violet was dumbfounded. "That is both assuring and scary," she said, disappointed. "So that means my efforts were for nothing?"

Asher kissed her forehead slowly and reverently. "I'm not saying your efforts were for nothing. But there are more bad people than good people in the world now, and even big deals like this get buried fast. That's why we act now, while things are being shaken up. You've made a mark, honey. So let the world spin and the cowards panic. But don't you ever carry the blame for exposing the truth."

There was a beat of silence.

"And Violet?" Asher added, eyes dark with meaning, "If anyone ever tries to come for you, they'll have to go through me first."

A thick silence settled between them. Violet stared at Asher. Not at his lips, nor his hands, nor his beautiful, strange eyes, but at him. At the boy who made promises she knew he would keep. And just like that, her heart cracked wide open.

"I love you," Violet whispered.

"What?" Asher felt like he'd heard wrong.

This time, her voice was louder. Bolder.

"I love you, Asher Nightingale Nightshade. I love every broken piece of you. Every twisted part that doesn't make sense. And every part of you that's so sweet it makes my heart ache. I love it all."

Violet was breathless by the time she finished, her heart pounding like she'd run a thousand miles in those few seconds. She swallowed, unsure what he'd do with that truth.

But a slow smile lit up Asher's face as he said, "I love you too, my purple queen. I've loved you since the day I read those words you wrote for me on that application."

Violet rolled her eyes. "Those weren't for you, Asher."

"They're mine. And you still owe me a mean lap dance."

Violet couldn't stop the laughter that escaped her lips. Then she leaned in and whispered, "Maybe we can go somewhere tonight? Say... a club? We can't be cooped up here for two days and not have fun."

Asher understood exactly what she meant. "I'm game," he said, that familiar glint of glee lighting up his eyes.

Then Violet closed the space between them and kissed him hard*I.

It wasn't gentle. It wasn't shy. It was everything—gratitude, fear, relief, longing. A desperate, tear-soaked thank-you, wrapped in lips and tongue and trembling fingers.

Asher didn't hesitate. He kissed her back just as fiercely, pulling her closer like he wanted to fuse their souls. One hand tangled in her hair while the other gripped her waist, anchoring her to him.

Violet pulled back slightly, forehead resting against his, breath mingling with his.

"We should stop now," she whispered breathily.

"Yes, we should," Asher agreed without hesitation. Just one more push, and he wasn't sure they'd find their way back from it.

"Breakfast?" he offered.

"Yes. Breakfast."

Chapter 370: A Stressed Jameson

Meanwhile at Lunar Academy, the atmosphere in Principal Jameson's office was absolute chaos. Phones rang nonstop and the scent of strong coffee and fear clung to the air.

Four staffers sat hunched at desks around the room, juggling calls, typing furiously, and barking into receivers. Everyone was speaking over one another, rapid-fire updates flying.

"No, ma'am, the video has already been scrubbed from most major platforms—yes, the school's legal team is working on the rest—"

"Mr. Avax wants a confirmation his daughter is not being dragged for this."

"No, we cannot confirm who leaked it. That's confidential—"

Meanwhile, at the center of the commotion, Principal Meredith Jameson stood at her desk, one hand pressed against her temple, the other gripping her phone like it was a ticking bomb.

"Yes, sir, there's nothing to fear," she said, voice crisp and composed despite the chaos surrounding her. "This is a minor setback. We've got everything under control."

Pause.

"Yes, sir. Your daughter is safe. No one in East House has been affected directly. No, she's not the culprit. We can confirm that."

She glanced at one of her assistants, who gave a frantic thumbs-up to confirm it. Jameson nodded slowly, still speaking into the phone.

"Yes, sir. Yes. Absolutely. No need to escalate. Lunar is remains committed to the safety and integrity of all its students."

Another pause.

"Yes, sir. Thank you for your continued support."

She ended the call with a sharp press of her thumb and exhaled long and heavy.

Then she turned, slowly, as if bracing for the next disaster to erupt.

"Who's next?" she asked coolly, scanning the room like a general mid-battle.

"Governor Elrick on line four," her assistant Ashley piped up.

"Minister Navarro on two."

"We've got two mothers from District Eleven threatening legal action—"

"And the Alpha King's Beta is on hold."

Jameson felt like fainting.

"Of course he is," she muttered under her breath. She rolled her neck, eyes flicking toward the clock on her wall. It was only 9:17 AM and it already felt like midnight.

Jameson began to question why she accepted this job in the first place because she was close to losing her mind.

She walked briskly toward the center of the room, heels clicking across the polished tile.

"Someone call the legal team and get me a liability shield for the footage. I want full damage control proposals on my desk in twenty minutes."

Then, she paused.

"And somebody tell Elsie Lancaster's mother to keep her daughter off social media. If she posts so much as a flower emoji, I'm going to wrap my hands around her pretty neck and kill her myself."

And oh, she meant it.

Just as she was about to turn back to her desk, Ashly, her assistant at the far right stiffened. "Principal Jameson, the Alpha King's Beta says he's calling directly in thirty minutes. He wants a private briefing."

Jameson closed her eyes for a long, silent second. When she opened them, her expression was unreadable.

"Clear my schedule," she said flatly. "And someone bring me more coffee! And no sugar!"

"Yes, ma!" One of the staff was happy to leave the room. It was beginning to get suffocating.

Principal Jameson was just about to sit down and catch her breath when her ears caught muffled sounds. There was chanting, clapping and raised voices and it was growing.

"Ashley," she said tightly, without turning, "didn't the security hold the protesters at the gate?"

Ashley, her wide-eyed assistant, froze mid-typing. "Yes, ma'am, I believe so..."

"Then why," Jameson said slowly, "does it sound like there's a protest going on right outside my office?"

Ashley didn't answer. She simply stood and walked to the window instead, her heart racing anxiously. She reached for the blinds, pulled them open and then went deathly still. Her face drained of color. "Oh my God..."

Jameson didn't need to be told. She stormed over and shoved Ashley aside with one arm, planting herself in front of the window.

And there they were.

Dozens of students were packed into the courtyard outside the administration building holding placards, and shouting angry chants.

Jameson's jaw clenched. "You have got to be kidding me."

She let out a groan of sheer frustration, yanked open her door, and marched down the hall in a fury. By the time she pushed through the front entrance, the noise was at the loudest.

Signs waved through the air with words like : "Tear Down the Ranking System!",

"Scholarship Students Are Not Second-Class!",

"The Elitist System Is Rotten!",

"We Want Elsie Punished—All of Her!",

"Stop Protecting the Powerful!",

"More Than Just Pretty Wolves Matter!", "Alpha Overreach = Student Oppression",

"No More Thrones, No More Puppets!".

Students chanted in rhythm, their voices blending into a roar. Some stood on benches while others banged on drums or trash can lids, echoing across campus. It was an organized chaos.

Jameson pushed forward until she was at the edge of the crowd, screaming over them. "What is going on here?! Aren't you all supposed to be in class?! Do you want to be expelled?!"

One student with fire in her eyes, stepped out. "Sure. Go ahead. Expel us. But you won't stop us from protesting!"

"Yes!" students around her shouted in unison. "Try it! We're not backing down!"

Jameson opened her mouth to retaliate, but before she could speak, a loud voice came through a microphone.

"We're here live at Lunar Academy..."

Jameson spun to find Nicole facing the lens with that perfect anchorwoman energy.

"—where students have taken to the courtyard demanding institutional reform, accountability, and transparency after the now-infamous Parents Week Gala Scandal. Tensions are rising as Principal Jameson attempts to suppress the growing unrest."

What did she mean suppress—?! Jameson's face went crimson. Dear God, this was getting out of hand.

At once she turned on her heel, and stormed back inside before she did something that would get her in more trouble. Behind her, the protest only got louder.

But when Jameson re-entered her office, she stopped dead because Roman, Alaric and Griffin were seated casually in her office like they owned the place. Which, arguably, they did.

Her staff hovered nervously along the edges, no longer answering their phones, their attention frozen on the three Cardinal Alphas.

"Hello, Jameson. I hope you don't mind, we made ourselves comfortable." Roman purred, his voice like velvet.

Jameson groaned internally and shut the door behind her. Stars above! She was so not ready for this.