

Defy 521

Chapter 521: Deflecting The Alpha King

Violet should have felt like a small celebrity being escorted by this many people, but nerves prickled instead. She was about to meet Alpha King Elijah—her jealous uncle, the kind of man who wouldn’t think twice about snapping her head off if he discovered she was yet another abomination his brother had created.

But it wasn’t so bad, not when she had Griffin and Roman by her side, and Alpha Irene leading the way. Warmth bloomed in Violet’s chest at the thought of so many people being concerned about her. She had gone from that orphaned girl with a nonchalant foster mother to a girl blessed with two bonds and a new family.

Every corner they turned, they ran into one or two people whose eyes widened at the sight of her, or more precisely, at the mating rune etched into her body.

Knowing what they were bound to face, Violet had dressed for the occasion. She wore a simple black crop top that allowed her to flaunt Roman’s mating rune on the side of her belly while Griffin’s rune spilled boldly down her neck, impossible to miss.

Because of Alpha Henry’s unexpected death, many people—werewolves and humans alike—were flooding the Alpha King’s residence to offer condolences, if not for grief then for appearance’s sake. That only made her stand out more. Those unaware of the situation simply stared at her with curiosity and intrigue, wondering who she was.

It was not long before they arrived at a door and the guard stationed at the entrance let them in. The first thing Violet noticed was that the sitting room was too big, too bright, and too full of eyes. Elijah had guests and now their eyes were on them, following their every movement.

There was no throne-like chair in the hall. It looked just like every other rich man’s living room with its high ceilings, polished wood gleaming beneath golden chandeliers, and walls crowded with expensive art and artifacts that probably cost more than most families earned in a lifetime.

Griffin had told her this was Elijah’s private residence. The king’s palace was back in the wolf region. Thanks to that, it made Elijah a little hard to locate.

Violet followed close behind Irene, who

hadn't faltered once, walking with a straight posture and her head lifted high. There was no hesitation in the way she cut through the room toward three men in quiet conversation.

Irene stopped before them, bowed her head slightly, and said to the one in the middle, "Your Majesty."

The men fell silent.

Irene stepped aside, and Violet's gaze collided with Elijah's. For a heartbeat, she forgot how to move, or rather, how to breathe.

It wasn't just that Violet was looking at a king. It was that she was staring into the eyes of her uncle, the man whose blood was tied to hers. To her father.

The pictures hadn't done Elijah justice. Her uncle was a handsome man, which wasn't all that surprising since nearly every werewolf carried that same hot, impossible kind of beauty. He could have easily passed for someone in his late forties, though she knew he was much older than that. All thanks to those werewolf genes.

Violet hadn't even realized she'd been gaping until his voice cut through her thoughts.

"Violet Purple," Elijah said, smooth and commanding, "finally, we meet."

Violet remembered her manners at that moment and bowed her head slightly. "Your Majesty."

Beside her, she felt Roman and Griffin bow in courtesy.

Then she lifted her gaze only to catch Elijah staring at her intently. The intensity made her skin prickle.

Did he know something? No, impossible. If the Alpha King had any proof they killed Henry or caused that explosion, she wouldn't be standing here. She'd already be cooling her heels in a prison cell, or worse, waiting under the executioner's block if he wasn't feeling merciful.

"Golden eyes..." Elijah muttered suddenly.

Violet froze. Her pulse spiked, and she remembered too late that werewolves could pick up on more than words. They could smell lies, fear, and even the rise of someone's pheromones. And right now, hers were probably over the roof. She couldn't give anything away!

Elijah continued, brows arched. "...Do you know how rare it is for a human to have those?"

Violet should have been intimidated by Elijah's stare, but instead her mind drifted. Her eyes stayed on him, yet her thoughts wandered miles away. She thought about Griffin's abs, those ridges etched deep like stone she could trace with her tongue.

She imagined him fresh from training, his skin slick with sweat, the salt sliding down in rivulets she could lick and savor. And while she feasted on him, she thought of Roman, sliding between her legs with that wicked tongue of his, making her lose herself completely. The thought alone sent heat rushing straight through her, her thighs pressing together to contain it.

Of course, with a thought like that, her body betrayed her. Desire coiled low in Violet's belly, her scent wafting into the air. It was her mates who caught it first and was punctuated by a low growl from Griffin, vibrating from his chest, while Roman's lips pulled back in a grin that was all teeth and hunger. Their eyes gleamed, fixed on her as if they would claim her right there in front of everyone.

Then Elijah's nostrils flared as he caught the scent too and his face twisted with anger.

"Are you kidding me—?!" He cursed out. "While I speak, you're busy lustng after your mates?"

Violet's face burned with embarrassment, even as the ghost of Griffin's body and Roman's tongue lingered in her head. Goddess help her.

The tension in the room could have snapped a bone but Irene took over.

"Your Majesty, do not be offended," she said, dipping her head slightly in deference. "They are young children, and with a bond like theirs, it is only natural their heads be filled with lustful thoughts."

Her choice of words made Violet flush hotter, even though her tone carried no judgment. Great way to announce to a room full of people you were horny.

"Perhaps," Irene continued, her voice calm but edged with meaning, "if they are allowed to settle down and burn off some steam, they might be in a better state to talk another time."

Irene wasn't just defending them, but was shielding them.

For a long moment, Elijah said nothing. His jaw ticked, his eyes still pinned on Violet like he could rip the truth out of her. From the sharp lines on his face, it was clear he wanted to grill them until he got what he wanted. But Irene had put him in the spotlight and now every eye shifted toward him, waiting for his decision.

His lips pressed into a hard line. "Fine," he said at last, voice tight. "Rest and be in a better state to communicate later."

"Yes, Your Majesty," Violet, Griffin, and Roman all answered at once.

"Come," Irene said, stepping forward immediately. She guide them out before Elijah could change his mind.

Irene did not utter a word as they left the living room. Her strides were brisk, her face composed, and not once did she look back at them. The silence stretched, heavy and tense, until she finally led them into another room and closed the door behind them.

Then, as if a dam had broken, Irene burst into wild laughter. It was so sudden and so intense that for a moment, Violet feared the woman had lost her mind.

"Good work," Irene managed between peals of laughter, her hand pressed to her chest. "That was a good strategy for deflecting those questions."

Violet blinked, heat rising to her face. She hadn't been strategizing at all—just embarrassingly distracted—but Irene didn't need to know that.

However, the humor in Irene's expression soon shifted and she said, "But that won't work next time. You only have tonight here, then it's to the West pack. There we can avoid Elijah's presence more easily. For today, you three work together. You don't slip, and don't give him a reason to dig further."

Violet's throat tightened at those words but Roman's hand brushed hers, a silent reassurance, while Griffin gave a short nod of acknowledgment.

"Good," Irene said finally, straightening up. "Now freshen up. I'll come back for you later. I can't stay here for long, there's too many eyes here before the old bastard begins to think I'm plotting something else."

To Roman, Irene told him, "I'll inform your father you're busy. You guys better be good."

With that, she swept out of the room, leaving them alone.

It was only then Violet noticed the space prepared for them. The room was lavish, the walls draped with rich fabrics, and a bed so large it could have easily fit three—maybe more—its velvet sheets a deep crimson. Violet stared at it, her cheeks heating again. Irene gave them this room on purpose.

Before Violet could say a word, Roman had already crushed his lips against her hard while Griffin leaned in, kissing her neck.

She had started this fire and now, would quench it.

Chapter 522: Pay Their Respect

The sex hadn't been planned, but it had been explosive, leaving Violet more than a little over the moon. When they finally stepped out of the bathroom, steam still clinging to their skin, Violet's body tingled

with the memory of their mouths and hands, every nerve alive as if the bond itself were humming through her veins.

Roman was toweling his hair when he caught sight of her, a wicked grin spreading. "Is it just me, or is our mate actually glowing right now?"

Griffin, bent over as he tugged his briefs up his sculpted ass, shot her a look over his shoulder. His brow arched. "That doesn't just look like an afterglow."

Violet blinked down and nearly yelped. Her hands were glowing. Literally. Oh, hell.

Roman's grin split wide. "I knew it. Someone's emotions are spilling everywhere, she's literally glowing from the afterglow." He leaned closer, wicked amusement dancing in his green eyes. "Tell me, Violet, was the sex that good?"

"Shut up!" Violet's face went red as she shoved him away, mortified.

Roman's eyes lit with delight. "Oh, this is so good." He smirked, circling her like a wolf with prey. "If this is a Fae thing, then I'm obsessed. What else can you do, huh? Turn green with envy? Blue when you're cold? Pink when you're horny?"

"That's enough, Roman." Griffin was fully dressed now, stepping in to her aid. He turned to Violet. "I think you should calm down and let your color come back to normal."

"Or..." Roman purred, eyes traveling down the curve of her body. He lifted a hand toward the sash of her bathrobe, fingers hovering over the loose knot tied at her waist. "We could have a little more fun, and I could discover just how many shades you can turn." His voice dripped seduction, every word daring her to imagine what he'd do if he tugged that knot free.

Griffin's hand shot out, smacking Roman's away before he could touch the sash.

"Ouch!" Roman yelped, though the grin never left his lips. He shot Griffin a playful glare, eyes glinting with mischief.

Griffin ignored Roman completely and placed both hands firmly on her shoulders, his gaze holding hers with intent.

"Now, deep breath," he instructed softly. "Yes... just like that."

Violet inhaled shakily, her chest rising, then she exhaled, trying to mimic his calmness.

"Just like you hid your Fae features before, you can do it again." Griffin encouraged her.

The words settled inside her and Violet remembered what it felt like to look normal. So she tried once again to pull the mask of normalcy over herself, another breath in, another slow breath out. This time she held onto that image until the shimmer dulled and her complexion was back to its human tone.

"Good girl." Griffin's lips curved with pride as he gave her shoulders a gentle squeeze.

Roman, leaning against the wall, muttered, "Well, let's hold onto that self-control, sweetheart, because we can't slip up in front of my father. Not to mention, Alexa."

And yes, Roman and Violet were going to see Leon Draven—or in Roman's playful tone, her second father-in-law. Griffin, on the other hand, was going to track down Alaric. It was strange, too strange, that Alaric hadn't come to see them yet.

Violet would have tagged along with Griffin, but it was proper to pay her respect to Leon first before seeking another male. Besides, if Zara decided to be difficult—and they all knew she didn't like Violet for her son—Griffin would have far easier access to Alaric than she ever could.

"I'll be careful," Violet told Roman as she reached for one of the dresses Irene had set aside for her.

She dropped the bathrobe without hesitation, and of course Roman's response was immediate. He gave a long, drawn-out cat whistle, eyes shamelessly roaming over her body as if he hadn't already memorized every inch of it. No matter how many times he stared at her—or had her—he never got enough. Even now, he practically salivated at the sight.

"Mind if I give you a hand?" Roman asked, his tone dripping with suggestion. It was framed like a joke, but Violet knew him too well. If she gave even the slightest wrong answer, he'd have her back in bed in seconds.

Tough luck for him. Violet only rolled her eyes. She was so used to his antics she didn't even bother rising to the bait anymore.

"I'm done," Violet announced seconds later, twirling around.

She wore a sleeveless little black dress that skimmed just above her knees. The dress was simple yet classic, the kind of timeless piece that carried elegance without trying too hard. Black, of course, was the unspoken dress code here since everyone was paying respect to "Alpha Henry."

"You look good in everything," Griffin commented, his eyes warm as he took her in.

"And you'd look better in my arms," Roman cut in smoothly, bending his arm so she could slip hers through it.

Violet accepted it before turning her gaze to Griffin. "I don't know what's going on, but do well to tell Alaric that I miss him. All of us do."

Griffin gave a firm nod, promising her. "Don't worry. I won't be returning back here without him."

"Thank you." Violet's smile softened as she reached for him briefly before letting go. "See you soon."

"You too."

And just like that, Violet and Roman were out the door to see his parents while Griffin went the other way.

On the walk over, every person who passed turned to look at them a second time. The cardinal alphas were a big deal, and the fact she was a "human" with two bonds was an even bigger deal.

It was also a problem.

All eyes were on them, and if push came to shove, escaping would be near impossible. Violet had no doubt Elijah was already being fed their every movement. The thought made her skin prickle uncomfortably.

It wasn't long before they reached their destination and Roman knocked twice before the door swung open.

"Well, finally..." Alexa drawled, her eyes sweeping them both with calculated interest. "Come in then, the newest couple." She stepped aside smoothly, leaving the air thick with her unspoken judgment.

Violet glanced at Roman who was already staring at her. Neither of them said a word. Then, together, they walked in.

Chapter 523: Kill Alexa

It was a little unnerving the way Roman's demeanor changed suddenly. It was as if he had become another person the moment they stepped through that door. Thanks to that, Violet held onto him a little tighter, as though she could anchor him before he drifted too far into whatever mask he had to wear around his parents.

And to be honest, she had no idea which of them Alexa was talking to when she said, "We've been waiting for both of you since the moment we heard you'd arrived. But I see now..." Her nostrils flared as she scented them, a knowing look flashing in her eyes. "Not even the shower can get rid of those. Trust me." She said it like advice, but the smirk on her lips made it feel like mockery.

That wasn't weird at all. Violet wasn't sure she liked the vibe she was receiving.

Roman wasn't in the mood for games either. He demanded. "Where is father?"

"As I said, we've been waiting." Alexa answered carelessly, and turned on her heel. She walked languidly as if she knew they had no choice but to follow.

Violet exchanged a glance with Roman, and the hardness in his jaw told her he wasn't any more comfortable than she was. Still, he moved, and she had no choice but to go with him, her hand pressed tighter against his arm as they walked the length of the corridor until it opened into the living room.

As befitting an Alpha's station, Roman's parents' quarters dwarfed the one they had been given, broad and richly laid out, with even an extra room attached. Compared to that, their own chamber seemed almost plain despite its comfort.

"Roman!" Alpha Leon's face lit up, and in eager strides he closed the distance between them, pulling his son into a firm embrace.

For the first time since they'd arrived, Roman seemed to ease, his shoulders losing some of their tension.

Leon pulled back, studying him with sharp eyes, then looking him over again as if to reassure himself it really was his son standing before him.

"What the hell happened? How could you vanish off the radar just like that?"

And so, they spent the next several minutes repeating the same story they had rehearsed, making sure there were no cracks in their cover and that it lined up perfectly with Asher and Alaric's testimony.

"So you have a Matebond?" Leon repeated, as though saying it twice might force the reality to sink in.

Violet, however, was far more interested in Roman's mother, who hadn't said a word since those cutting remarks at the entrance. She sat elegantly, wine glass in hand, her gaze pinned on them with a cool, unreadable intensity.

When Violet's eyes locked with hers, neither woman looked away. Instead, the tension between them tightened.

Alexa arched her brow. Whether it was amusement, or a subtle challenge, she seemed entertained, even impressed, that this human girl had the audacity to meet her stare without flinching. It seemed her son had chosen a bold one.

Whether Leon noticed the strain hanging in the air or not, he pressed on. "I should have realized this was the Matebond speaking when you told me your animal side was pulling toward her." His voice carried a trace of regret. "I may have failed you there..." He trailed off, only then seeming to register the quiet standoff between his wife and Violet.

Even Roman's attention had shifted, watching the silent clash unfold.

Taking the pause as her cue, Alexa set her glass down with deliberate calm. "You must be so thrilled?"

"Excuse me?" Violet asked, honestly confused.

But Alexa only chortled. "Oh, come on. Don't play the innocent now. You're screwing two men, darling. But no—no one dares judge you, not when it's neatly dressed up with that fancy little title..." She lifted her hand, gesturing mockingly in the air as if writing it out. "... The Matebond."

"Mom." Roman's warning came out as a low growl, a sound that rumbled in his chest more beast than man.

"What?" Alexa finally turned to him, her eyes flashing. "You've spent years acting like you were too good for me, like you couldn't stand the sight of me. And now the moon goddess throws a bond in your lap, and suddenly you're fine with sharing?"

The muscles in Roman's jaw clenched tight. "Are you fucking kidding me right now?" The words hissed from between his teeth, carrying a promise of violence no one in the room missed.

Okay. Maybe this was the point to call it a day. Violet hated the atmosphere already.

She reached for Roman's hand, trying to pull him up, but he slipped free. He rose on his own, towering over Alexa, his voice laced with venom.

"I bring my mate here, and this is what you have to say?"

"Roman." Leon shot to his feet as well, trying to diffuse the situation clearly getting out of control.

Alexa rose slowly, her eyes flashing with anger. She hissed, "I'm just pointing out how much of a hypocrite you are and the worst mistake I ever made was agreeing to your father's idea of birthing you!"

It felt like an explosion went off. The room froze and no one dared breathe.

Violet swore she saw the air leave Roman's lungs, or rather, the hope drain from his eyes. She had never seen him so vulnerable, so small. For once, the fierce wolf looked like a pup cowering beneath a parent's disapproval. It was as if Alexa had broken him.

The surge of pain and fury ripped through their bond, burning Violet alive. She lost it.

Before she even realized it, she had lunged. "I'm going to kill you today!" Violet snarled, tackling Alexa back onto the couch, her hand clamped around her throat.

"Violet!"

"Alexa!"

Roman and Leon shouted in unison.

They both grabbed Violet, trying to haul her off, but she clung like iron, her strength fueled by fury.

For the first time, Alexa's eyes widened with fear. In that instant, she understood Violet could actually kill her.

Chapter 524: Report Violet

Kill her!

The command thundered through Violet's head, her wolf's roar drowning out everything else. That woman had hurt their mate, and

now, she would pay!

Violet barely had a chance to brace herself before the fury crashed over her, drowning out every human thought. She was gone, swallowed whole by her wolf's will.

How dare she! The wolf seethed. She was superior. Untouchable. They should be bowing to us, and instead, Alexa dared to harm our mate? She doesn't deserve to live!

"Let her go now, Violet Purple!"

Leon's voice thundered with the Alpha command, the kind that bent lower ranking wolves to their knees. Not to mention a mere human. However, instead of experiencing tremendous fear, the words rolled off Violet like rain over an umbrella without leaving so much as a dent.

What the... ?

Leon's eyes widened. That was impossible. No human was impervious to an Alpha's voice. No human.

He turned immediately to Roman with shock carved across his features, and panic bleeding into his thoughts as they slipped into the mindlink—the mindlink that was supposed to be cause for celebration as father and son communicated mentally as one for once.

What the hell is she? He demanded instead.

Oh shit. Roman let out a shuddering breath, his stomach dropping. His father had just found out Violet wasn't human. Everything was happening too fast.

After all, here they were—two werewolves, one an Alpha, the other a Cardinal Alpha—struggling against a "mere human" who refused to let go.

Alexa's face was turning the color of bruised plums, her lips cracked open as she choked on breath that wouldn't come. Her eyes bulged, wet with veins, and her fingers clawed helplessly at Violet's arm. Spit mixed with wine at the corner of her mouth as she made rasping, desperate noises that weren't quite words. She was dying, right there under her daughter-in-law's hand.

His mother was going to die, killed by Violet's hands. Roman could already see that happening and had to do something. So he tugged at the bond between him and Violet, desperate to drag her back.

But the moment he let the connection open, he nearly screamed. It was like plunging into a furnace. Her rage scorched everything, searing him with intoxicating heat, and she almost dragged him in with her.

Through clenched teeth, fighting against the fire, Roman forced himself to call out, "Violet! Come back!".

His voice echoed inside that burning vacuum, trembling with fear and demand. For a second, he felt her consciousness slip toward him.

The door burst open with a violent bang.

Griffin stormed in, his own fury wild and heavy through the bond. He must have felt her rage like a beacon and followed it. While Leon and Roman strained, Griffin didn't hesitate. He crossed the room in a blur, and with a strength unique to him, he peeled Violet off Alexa as if she were a child throwing a tantrum.

Everyone in that room felt the gasp Alexa took in. It was like the sound of a woman teetering on the edge of death. She collapsed into the cushions, the purple fading slowly back to red as her lungs cried for air.

At first, Violet snarled at Griffin, feral and unhinged, her eyes wild with her wolf's fury until she recognized him. Just like that, the anger poured off her like smoke thinning into air.

With a sigh that was almost blissful, Violet wrapped her arms and legs around him, clinging tight as if he were her anchor.

"Mine." She moaned, leaning into his chest, utterly docile now, and nuzzling into him like he was her safe place.

The room fell into stunned silence.

Leon stared at them, his mouth parted in disbelief. Especially Alexa—still gasping, her throat covered in bruises—looked like she couldn't comprehend what she'd just survived.

How could the rabid creature from seconds ago dissolve so easily into softness the moment Griffin touched her?

Roman caught the bewilderment etched across his parents' faces. He needed to say something, anything, but they couldn't risk Violet turning on Alexa again.

So he said quickly, "I'll be back soon."

And then, without another word, the three of them were gone.

As expected, eyes were on them the moment they stepped out. It was a miracle in itself that no one had rushed into Leon Draven's quarters after the speed Griffin had used to storm in moments ago. Every instinct screamed at them to run, but they forced their steps to remain steady, their masks in place, while Violet clung tight to Griffin's body.

Only when Roman locked the door behind them did she finally release him. The next second, she shifted, and before their stunned eyes, Violet stood in her winged wolf form.

The sound that escaped her throat was guttural, and relieved, as if saying : Finally.

Neither Roman nor Griffin moved. For a moment they could only stare at her in stunned silence, drinking in the sight of her. She was massive, radiant, and those broad, powerful wings commanded the room. Violet was a superior creature.

It wasn't until she tried to move and her outstretched wings brushed the limited space, knocking down a chair with a loud crash, that the spell broke.

"She shouldn't even be shifting right now," Griffin muttered, snapping out of it, panic tightening his tone. He turned to Roman. "What the hell happened?"

Roman's jaw was rigid, his voice heavy with dread. "We have a problem."

Griffin tilted his head, lips pressed in a grim line. "Well, make that two problems."

Meanwhile, back in Alpha Leon's quarters...

Leon sat slouched in his chair, lost in thought, but Alexa was the opposite. She paced the room, her rage filling every corner. "That girl is not human! That fool of a son has tied himself to a monster!"

She whirled on Leon, fury flashing in her eyes. "King Elijah must hear of this—"

She didn't finish because Leon was already on his feet. His hand shot out, clamping around her throat. Again.

His voice was a hiss, low and venomous.

"Incase you don't understand the concept of mates, monster or not, that girl is now tied to Roman. And that makes her ours, whether you like it or not." His grip tightened around her neck, his Alpha power pressing down on her. "If anything happens to my son because of your stupidity, rest assured, Alexa, it won't be Violet who kills you this time, It'll be me, with my own hands."

He shoved her back roughly and Alexa staggered but the message was crystal clear.

Chapter 525: All Loose Ends

Violet folded her wings in and padded over to Roman. He barely had time to brace himself before she pressed her head against his chest, rubbing against him with stubborn insistence. She pushed her muzzle into him again and again, the way an animal would comfort its wounded packmate.

Roman swallowed hard, his hand coming up automatically to her neck as if he didn't know what else to do with the flood of emotion in his throat. "This is all my fault," he muttered.

Griffin frowned. "What?"

With a long sigh, Roman broke away from her and dropped onto the edge of the bed. Violet followed him immediately, pressing her head into his lap this time, refusing to leave him. Roman's fingers threaded into her fur, scratching along her neck and shoulders. Violet practically moaned at the contact, leaning harder into him, her tail swishing faintly with each stroke.

Griffin simply watched them without interrupting the moment.

Roman kept his gaze down, unable to look his mate-in-law in the eye. "Alexa... was well, being Alexa. And she said some pretty mean things." He swallowed hard, words catching in his throat. "She said she regrets ever giving birth to me."

"Shit." Griffin's face went tight, the gravity of the words settling on him. He inhaled deeply. "That's a fucked-up thing to say, man. If I was Violet, I'd have ripped out her throat on the spot."

Roman gave a weak chortle, as if pretending Griffin only said it to lighten the mood. But Griffin's expression darkened, deadly serious.

"I mean it."

Roman blinked, realization dawning. "Oh."

Griffin scratched the side of his brow. "Listen, Roman, I don't blame you for what happened. But we need to deal with your parents, and that means keeping our mate's secret safe. How sure are you they're not spilling everything even as we sit here?"

Roman didn't hesitate. "My father might not be the best, but he won't let me get dragged under, especially not with Elijah. It's Alexa we need to watch. She's a selfish bitch." He didn't even flinch, speaking about his own mother like that.

"Still," Roman added, his tone cooling. "She has self-preservation, and she knows Elijah doesn't spare anyone. If she leaks a word, it'll be her own downfall too. She's not that stupid."

Griffin nodded once. "So we threaten your mother. Good."

Then he gestured toward Violet. "Although she needs to shift back. We can't risk her staying like this especially with Alaric missing—"

Griffin didn't even finish. At the mention of Alaric, Violet's wolf dissolved as bones cracked back into place. In an instant, she stood before them in her human skin, naked and breathless.

She stumbled once, still shaky from the shift, but Roman was already up, catching her in his arms.

Her hands gripped his shirt as she looked up at him, demanding, "Where is Alaric?"

Roman caught Griffin's stare, and Violet followed the look, waiting for whatever explanation was about to drop.

Griffin exhaled, rubbing the back of his neck. "Alaric is not here."

Violet blinked. "What do you mean he's not here?"

"I mean, the only one I met was Alpha Caspian. He told me Zara took Alaric back to the North pack, and..." Griffin's expression hardened, "he won't even be here for Alpha Henry's burial."

A guttural growl rolled from Violet's chest before she even realized it. "Alaric wouldn't have left. He knows this is where we would've headed, inevitably. Zara's keeping him away from me." Her nails dug into her palms as she hissed, "I can't let that happen."

Roman's brows furrowed. "When is he coming back?"

Griffin shook his head. "Caspian didn't say and that's what's making me uncomfortable. Asher and Alaric might not be the best of friends, but even then, the least Alaric could've done is come to the West pack to pay his respect. No, this doesn't feel like his choice. I can't shake the feeling he was forced." His jaw clenched. "And why the hell did he even return to the North in the first place?"

Violet straightened, fire hardening her tone. "Then we have to get him back."

Roman arched a brow. "After Alpha Henry's burial?"

She shook her head fiercely. "No. That's too long. If Alaric didn't have a say in going back, then he's not safe right now. He might need us."

Roman's eyes gleamed at the idea, almost excited. "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Griffin said to her. "You want us to go to the North pack instead of the West?"

Violet shook her head. "Not all of us."

Roman bristled. "No. Absolutely not. We stay together."

"Roman." Violet pleaded with him. "Asher needs someone at his side and that has to be you, you're his best friend. Griffin knows the North, and he's Alaric's closest friend. This way, no one is left alone."

Griffin's gaze flicked between them, then he nodded slowly. "She's right. Her plan makes sense."

Roman groaned, dragging a hand over his face. "Why do you get to be the one to go with our mate?" He was so jealous of Griffin right now.

Violet reached for his hand, squeezing it firmly. "Because I have to. I'll come back to you, Roman, and then we'll all be together again."

Roman's protest died in his throat because she was right. If he abandoned Asher now, he would carry that guilt for the rest of his life knowing he left his brother to fend for himself in the snake pit of the West pack.

"You forget one thing though," Roman said, his voice cutting through the moment.

Violet looked at him. "What is it?"

"We head to the West pack tomorrow," he reminded her grimly. "Elijah will have his eyes on us the whole time. How exactly do you plan to slip away from under his nose? And when he finds out you're gone, goddess help, that man would be furious as hell."

Griffin folded his arms, saying calmly. "Then we use tonight to figure it out. The details, the timing, all of it. At the moment, Roman, you need to go meet your father. Tie off loose ends and make sure nothing traces back to us."

Violet's gaze shifted between them, her chest tightening with a flare of hope. "So, we have a plan?"

Chapter 526: Loved

It was strange, stepping back into the same room where his mate had nearly killed his mother just moments ago. Roman didn't even think about inviting Violet this time. This was his mess, and he'd deal with his parents himself.

"Where is she?" Alexa demanded, tapping her feet impatiently against the floor.

"Why?" Roman shot back, his voice dripping with venom. "So she can finish the job? Oh, right—" his lip curved in a snort—"you've always been a sucker for punishment. What a masochist." He muttered under his breath, but with meaning. Roman hadn't just heard the rumors about his mother, he'd witnessed it firsthand.

Fire flared in Alexa's eyes. She caught the jab immediately, and her mouth twisted. "Fine. Since you want to unpack everything, let's do it right now."

Alexa started, "All your life you've looked at me with disgust because you caught me in bed with another man at a young age. But I wasn't the only guilty one. Your father—" she jabbed a finger at Leon—"was in it too. We had an open marriage. So why is it only me who is painted as the monster here?"

For once, Leon said nothing, his expression grave.

Alexa taunted him. "What's the matter, Leon? Cat got your tongue?"

"Your mother is right," Leon said at last, locking eyes with his son. "She didn't deserve all the hate. We were both in it together. If there's anyone you should hate, it's me, Roman."

His shoulders sagged, but his gaze never broke. "I've been a failure of a father. With the kind of life I chose..." He shook his head in regret. "I never should've brought a child into this world. No, I never planned to. That was your mother's and my agreement from the start. But then Henry came along and convinced me of the advantage of having a powerful heir, especially with Elijah sterile..."

He chuckled bitterly at the memory. "I guess, I got greedy. The thought of an heir who could be Alpha King... all I saw was the benefit the South Pack would reap. I didn't stop to think about the damage my lifestyle would inflict on the child I brought into this world."

Alpha Leon's voice thickened with regret as he confessed. "Your mother never wanted a child. That was the agreement we made when we married. But I pushed her. I convinced her to have you, and I promised her I'd take care of you. So don't blame her, Roman. Blame me. I'm the one you should hate. It's all my fault."

Roman Draven was as still as a tree. Then the tears came, dripping down his cheeks like a river. He didn't know which hurt worse, the fact that his mother never wanted him, or that his parents only birthed him for power. Either way, something inside him cracked.

"You should've never borne me," Roman said, his voice breaking as the hot tears fell faster.

Most people only saw his smile and thought nothing could ever shake him. Others looked at his playboy charm and assumed he didn't care about anything.

But the truth was Roman Draven wore his heart on his sleeve. He just hid it behind a mask of nonchalance. Underneath, he was painfully emotional, and right now, the dam had burst wide open.

He locked the bond tight, blocking Violet out. If she felt the pain ripping through him, she'd break that door down without hesitation and there might be a repeat of earlier. This was his cross to bear, not hers.

Leon was on his feet now. "Roman, I'm so sorry."

"No," Roman said, stepping back so his father couldn't reach him. "Sorry doesn't repair what you did to me." His eyes burned as he finally bared the wounds he had carried all his life.

"You want to know what your lifestyle did?" he asked, his words cutting like shards. "It ruined me. It destroyed the way I saw love. You made me believe sex was all a relationship ever was. That's all I knew. That's all I thought I was good for. Do you know what that does to someone?"

His voice was cracking now, but he pushed through the anger and hurt that was spilling over. "I never had anything meaningful with women. Not once. Everything was shallow, just another game, just another bed, and I thought that was normal! Because that's what you taught me, father! That's what you showed me, mother!"

Leon's face twisted, and for the first time, tears glistened in his eyes.

Roman's chest heaved as he pressed on. "If not for the goddess showing me mercy, if not for the Matebond she forced on me, I would've never known what it meant to actually belong to someone. To love honestly and to be loved in return. Without that bond... I'd just be a broken product. That's what you both made me. A broken product of your horrible parenting." His last words left him in a whisper, choked and ragged.

And for once, even Alexa broke. As hard as her heart had always been, a single tear escaped her eye. She wiped it away in fury, as if refusing to let him see that somewhere beneath the venom, his pain had struck her too.

Roman's voice was rough and raw as he said, "So please, don't ruin my bond too. That's all I have left. I beg of you."

Leon's throat worked, voice thick with emotions when he quickly promised, "Violet's secret is safe with us. Whatever she is."

Roman dipped his head in a nod. "Thank you."

Then he turned on his heel, and walked away from the two people who had ruined his life.

Alpha Leon opened his mouth, the urge to call out his son clawing at his chest but the words died there.

What right did he have left? He had already done enough damage. The least he could do now was let Roman go.

Silence suffocated the room until Leon suddenly spun, his grief curdling into rage. His fist slammed down on the table, splintering the wood. Then, he grabbed the nearest chair and flung it across the room, the crash ringing through the quarters.

A vase shattered against the wall next, the water and flowers spilling uselessly over the floor. He swept an ornament to the ground, the sound of breaking glass mingling with his ragged breaths. His chest heaved as though destruction was the only language he had left to speak.

Alexa simply stood unmoving, her gaze unreadable. Without a word, she turned and walked out, leaving her husband to his fury. Yet, as she passed the doorway, she paused for just for a second. The image of Roman's pleading eyes stabbed had ripped her heart open.

She had never wanted a child, that was the truth, but that boy was still a piece of her. And she had done a horrible job with him. She was the worst person to exist.

Leon remained behind, his rage collapsing into despair. He had sworn to himself he would end the cycle of weakness he inherited. He had grown up watching his own father cheat, destroy his mother piece by piece, and he had vowed it would end with him.

That was why he had sworn off children and lived his life to the fullest. There would be no child to suffer under his shadow, or a promise to keep to a faithful wife. But he did father a son—and became worse than his own father.

What he once dismissed as "harmless fun" had hollowed out his boy. He had lived his own nightmare, carrying over the trauma to the next generation.

That was not how that meeting was supposed to end. Roman wiped at his face furiously as he strode down the hall with his head lowered. No one could see him like this. What would they think if they saw a cardinal alpha crying like a child?

So he clenched his jaw, moving faster as if he could outrun the burn of humiliation clinging to him.

But the moment he pushed into his room and shut the door, he froze. Violet was standing there as if she had been waiting for him all along.

Her worried eyes took him in. She couldn't have felt his pain through the bond; he had shut it off. Yet somehow, she had known he was hurting.

The realization carved something open inside of Roman and the dam broke.

Heavy tears spilled down his face before he could even curse himself for it. Wordlessly, Violet stepped forward, wrapping her arms around him. Roman collapsed against her, his breath hitching, and his body shaking as he let himself break in her hold.

He didn't even notice the second presence until a larger arm came around him from behind, pulling him into a firmer, grounding embrace.

It was Griffin.

For the first time that day, Roman Draven wasn't crying from a place of hurt. No, he was crying because he finally realized what he had.

He was loved.

Chapter 527: The L Word

They had no choice but to call Asher and brief him on the situation.

Violet stayed quiet, watching Roman with the phone pressed to his ear, his usual cocky air stripped away as he listened intently to Asher's voice on the other end. They had always been close, and seeing Roman draw strength from that bond made her heart settle in a way nothing else could.

"Here you go," Roman said, handing her the phone when he was through. "Asher wants to speak to you."

Violet's heart skipped. Butterflies stirred in the pit of her belly as she accepted the phone, a nervous smile tugging her lips. It was ridiculous, wasn't it? The prophecy said she was destined for all four of them, yet doubt always slipped in. What if the second bond dulled what she felt for Asher and Alaric?

But the moment she heard his voice, those doubts burned to ash.

"Hello, baby girl."

Holy Maker.

Heat rushed through her like someone had lit a fire in her stomach and let it spread to her chest, her neck, every part of her. His tone was deep, and rough, carrying that dangerous promise he always seemed to wear like a second skin. A voice like that had no business on the phone. Yes, she knew where it belonged, and it was in dark bedrooms.

Just the sound of it traveled through her veins like liquid fire. A girl could orgasm on the spot from that alone without him even laying a hand on her.

"Hi—h-hello, babe," Violet stammered, trying desperately to lace her words with some sex appeal, but the goddess knew that failed miserably.

Asher chuckled. The low, dark rumble vibrated against her ear as though he'd crawled straight through the phone to whisper against her skin. Her knees nearly buckled.

Violet swallowed, her pulse hammering. Goddess, what was she doing?

She cursed under her breath. Violet Purple! You are not getting turned on by a voice, are you?

And yet, here she was.

"How are you feeling?" he asked. "I know this is a lot to unpack at a time like this."

Violet sighed. "It's fine. I'm fine. You?" She added softly, "I'm sorry I won't be there when you need—"

"It's fine, I'm good. You need to get Alaric before his crazy-ass mother forces him to marry some cousin from her side of the family now that she's dragged him back to North soil," Asher said.

A growl slipped from Violet's throat at the thought of Alaric being claimed by another girl. She would tear the bitch's throat out and take back what was hers.

God, calm down! Violet scolded herself.

She was getting too violent these days. And she knew exactly what—or rather who—was driving her bloodthirsty.

Her damn wolf.

So she took a deep breath, steadying herself. No ripping out throats yet. No strangling people either, like she'd nearly done to Alexa.

Asher's voice came again. "You know what Roman needs at a time like this?"

"What?" Violet asked. But then it hit her. "Oh." Her cheeks burned.

"I wish I was there to get a bit of the action," Asher drawled. "But you do him dirty for me, baby girl. We'll be together sooner than you know." His tone softened. "I love you, Violet Purple."

Violet froze. The world stopped moving. Did he just—? The L word.

Not that she hadn't felt it in his touches, his jealous glares, the way he was always there for her no matter what. But hearing him say it—oh, my God.

Her chest tightened, heart hammering so fast she swore the others could hear it. The words rushed out of her before she could stop them. "I love you too."

Violet didn't need to think, it was simply the truth. She loved Asher. She loved Roman, Griffin, and Alaric. She loved them all.

Violet was so giddy with excitement that as soon as the call ended, she tossed the phone at Griffin without thinking. He caught it easily, just in time to see her launch herself onto Roman on the bed, laughing.

Roman didn't even have time to breathe before Violet crashed into him, lips colliding with his in a kiss so fierce it stole the breath from his lungs. Violet wasn't asking, she was taking.

Her tongue invaded his mouth, hot and demanding, intertwining with his in a battle that made his head spin. She traced the roof of his mouth slowly, a wicked tease before she sucked his bottom lip between her teeth, dragging a moan straight out of him.

The sinful grind of her hips against his nearly broke him. Heat pressed flush to hardness, every slow roll of her body against his groin intentional and intoxicating.

Roman's control shattered as he fisted her hair hard, yanking her closer until there was no space left to breathe, no escape from the furnace she'd thrown him into.

He moaned into her mouth, the sound guttural, as though she was pulling his very soul out with her tongue. Violet devoured him, relentless, and he gave in like a man drowning who found air in the taste of her.

Time bled out and they only stopped when their lungs screamed for air, breaking apart with a gasp, a slick string of saliva stretching between their mouths.

Roman's chest heaved, his eyes wild and dark, while Violet's lips glistened, swollen from the assault.

"Fuck..." Roman rasped, still reeling. "Do that again and I won't let you stop."

And the way Violet smirked back at him told him she damn well knew it.

They caught movement from the corner of their eyes and the both of them turned to find standing there, casually recording them with his phone.

Roman lifted a questioningly brow.

Griffin said. "Just making sure Asher doesn't miss out on the action. Are you guys comfortable with that?"

At that, Roman's eyes lit with dangerous gleam. He said to Violet, "Are you thinking what I'm thinking?"

Violet didn't bother answering. Her hand was already sliding down, working on his zipper.

Chapter 528: The Unfortunate Cameraman

Violet tugged the zipper down and slipped her hand inside. Roman was so hard already and she gripped him through the heat of his briefs. His head snapped back with a curse, his hips jerking up into her touch.

"Holy fuck, baby..." Roman groaned, fisting the sheets with one hand while his other buried deep in her hair, pulling her closer until their mouths collided again.

The kiss was heated and messy, their tongues tangling while her hand worked him, slowly at first, then went faster, dragging more curses from his throat.

Griffin chuckled from the corner, "Yes, love, show him who's the boss." He shifted, circling them with the phone in hand, catching every angle.

"God, Asher's going to love this." He commented as Violet stroked Roman harder, deliberately letting her moans bleed into his, fueling the fire until he was trembling beneath her, barely holding on.

"Goddamn it, Vi..." Roman rasped, voice breaking with raw need. He was so close he could taste it.

However, Violet obviously had other plans.

She slowly rose to her feet and reached for the hem of Griffin's shirt—the one she'd lazily thrown on after Roman had left earlier—and peeled it off her body, letting it fall to the floor. Griffin kept recording, and she made sure to give him a show worth keeping.

Her breasts bounced free, taut pink nipples catching the light, and Roman's gaze dropped instantly. His lips parted, his tongue swiping over his lips like he'd just been served his favorite meal.

Violet smirked, knowing exactly the effect she had. She wore nothing but a pair of black lace panties, the fabric hugging her curves and leaving just enough to the imagination. Climbing back onto the bed on all fours, she made sure Griffin's camera caught her arched back, the sway of her hips, and the perfect roundness of her ass framed by the lace.

The hunger was plain on Roman's face. He could throw her down and ravish her whole. But Violet wasn't just teasing him, this was for Asher, too. And she knew she had them both hooked.

Violet slid between Roman's legs, hovering over his thick, hard cock already leaking for her. Roman shifted his hips, saying with a rough voice. "You know you want it, Vi."

God, he was eager.

And yes, she did want it.

Violet's lips closed around him, and she swirled her tongue slowly, tasting him as if he was her favorite sweet. Roman hissed, another curse breaking free as his hand fisted tighter in her hair.

"Deeper," Roman demanded, pushing his hips forward.

Violet obeyed, relaxing her throat as she took him further, inch by inch, until her nose was nearly pressed against the ridges of his abs. Roman groaned, the sound ragged with his entire body shuddering beneath her as she swallowed him down.

"God, this is so hot." Griffin commented with a shuddering breath. Yes, he too was affected by the scene but he wasn't about to stop. He crouched lower, making sure to capture Violet taking him deeper.

"Fuck, just like that." Roman's voice was hoarse, and strained. "You were made for this, my love."

Violet moaned around him, the vibrations shooting up Roman's cock like fire. He groaned, hips jerking, then started thrusting into her mouth.

At first Roman's pace was slow and deep, savoring the slide of her gorgeous lips down his length. But desire quickly overpowered him and his movement became rougher, and hungrier, until he was fucking her mouth, unable to stop himself.

Violet moaned again, her throat working to take him, eyes watering, but she didn't stop.

"Look at her go," Griffin chuckled darkly from behind the camera. "Asher's going to lose his mind when he sees this. Hell, I might replay it a few times myself."

Roman used her mouth the way he needed. He didn't slow, nor hold back, each thrust slamming to the back of her throat. Violet took it all without gagging, her throat working around him. She'd always had that strong reflex, and Roman fucking loved it. It was perfectly made for times like this. And now, those wet, obscene sounds of her mouth taking him, only pushed him closer.

His groans deepened, chest heaving as the pleasure built, and his grip in her hair tightened to the point of pain while his hips drove harder. "Fuck, Vi—" Roman rasped as his eyes rolled back, every muscle in his body straining. He was gone.

With a guttural moan, Roman spilled into her mouth, hot release flooding her throat in thick waves. Violet swallowed greedily, moaning around him as if she wanted every drop.

Roman collapsed back against the bed, trembling while Griffin said from the side. "I'd say that's one hell of a performance."

Violet laughed in disbelief, breathless, as if she couldn't believe what she had just done. But Roman's voice came gruff and hungry, "Who said that's the end?"

Before she could react, he rolled her beneath him, crashing his mouth back onto hers. The kiss was wild and senseless, stealing every thought from her head until she could only cling to him. When Roman pulled back, it was only to lower his mouth to her breast, latching onto the stiff peak.

"Roman—" Violet moaned, her back arching, pushing her chest to him, and offering him more.

Roman growled against her skin, then shot Griffin a dark look. "Capture that well. Show Asher how exactly I treat our girl."

Griffin swallowed hard, his hand tightening on the phone even as the lens focused on Violet's flushed skin and the way Roman's teeth tugged at her pink nipple. It was erotic as hell.

His throat bobbed as he recorded every sound that left Violet's lips, and the wet pull of Roman's mouth on her nipple.

Griffin had no idea whose fate was worse.

Was it Asher, who would have to sit through this later with no one to touch him, or himself, stuck holding the damn camera while his body screamed for relief.

Either way, he was so hard it hurt.

Chapter 529: A Show For Asher

"Get the camera closer, Griffin," Roman ordered, his voice rough with hunger. He left her breast, dragging his mouth down her stomach, the kisses sending sparks through her skin.

Violet moaned, her back arching, every fine hair on her body standing on edge. Roman's nose was now pressed against the thin lace covering her, and he inhaled deeply, savoring the raw scent of her arousal.

With his teeth, he caught the edge of her panties and tugged it slowly down her legs. Violet shuddered, the anticipation nearly undoing her as he stripped her bare. Roman was really a master of seduction.

"Closer," he commanded again, glancing at Griffin. "I want Asher to see how wet our girl is." His smoldering gaze cut back to Violet, "Now spread your legs further, little mate."

Violet's thighs trembled as she obeyed, parting wider, the vulnerability of it only stoking the fire and heat pooled between her legs.

Roman's eyes burned with a wild glint. "Would you look at that?" he muttered huskily. He dragged a finger down her folds, parting her, and lifted it glistening for Griffin's lens before circling back to tease her, coating himself in her wetness.

Violet's moan reverberated through the room. She clamped her thighs tight around Roman's hand, grinding against his fingers in desperate search of release. But a sharp slap across her inner thighs forced them apart again.

"You don't take pleasure here, Vi," Roman said cockily, his smirk dangerous as his fingers teased her slick entrance. "We give it to you."

She whimpered as her body betrayed her, hips twitching toward his touch. Was this how it had felt when she'd held power over him back at the temple? The thought only made her wetter.

"Griffin, do you see this?" Roman's tone was taunting as he pushed a finger inside her inch by inch, stretching her walls.

"Oh, I see it," Griffin answered, his voice breaking as he leaned closer with the camera. His phone caught how Roman's finger vanished into her soaked heat, and her body sucked him in greedily, clinging as if it belonged there. The lewd wet sounds filled the room, loud enough to make Griffin's jaw clench.

"Fuck..." he hissed under his breath, the camera shaking in his grip. His cock strained painfully against his jeans, throbbing from watching what he wished was him inside her instead of Roman's finger.

Roman curved his finger inside her, dragging a ragged moan from Violet's throat. He added another finger, the stretch making her back arch off the sheets.

"Look at her take it," Roman groaned, his voice thick with lust. He pumped harder, scissoring his fingers inside until the wet sounds echoed shamelessly through the room.

Griffin's throat worked as he swallowed hard, eyes glued to the way Violet writhed and gasped.

Roman smirked up at him. "You're shaking, Griffin. What's the matter? Jealous?"

Griffin's jaw flexed. "I'm not blind, Roman."

"Then why don't you do something about it?" Roman taunted him.

And those words were what it took to snap Griffin's restraint. With the camera still in hand, he reached for Violet, and cupped her jaw before crashing his mouth against hers. The kiss was hungry, and possessive, his tongue warring with hers while Roman's fingers never slowed inside her.

Violet whimpered between their mouths, caught between Roman's relentless pace and Griffin's fierce kiss. Roman's feral grin said it all. He liked where this was going.

He then withdrew his fingers with a wet sound, dragging them slowly up her folds before sucking them clean with a growl. Violet shivered not just at the sight, but because Roman wasn't done.

He spread her wider with rough hands before his mouth sealed on her clit, stroking her deep and slow with his tongue before sucking hard. Violet gasped, burying her hands in his hair.

Roman Draven was going to be the death of her.

Above her, Griffin broke their kiss only long enough to pull his shirt off, his chest rising with heavy breaths. He grabbed her face again, crashing his lips back against hers while Roman's tongue drove her higher, making her moan into Griffin's mouth.

Roman's voice was muffled between her legs. "Closer, Griffin, give her your cock."

Griffin struggled with his phone a bit before fumbling his jeans open. He guided himself to her mouth, and Violet, already undone from Roman's tongue, welcomed him eagerly, wrapping her lips around him.

The sound of Roman devouring her below, and Griffin groaning above as she sucked him deep was pure obscene. Violet's body arched from the bed, overwhelmed, tears stinging her eyes from the sheer intensity.

Roman glanced up, his mouth wet, and said darkly. "That's it, little mate. Take us both. Let Asher see just how ruined you are."

Then he went back to working her, his tongue flicking mercilessly at her clit while his fingers teased her entrance but never pushed back in. Violet writhed, her thighs trembling against his shoulders, her moans muffled around Griffin's cock as she sucked him eagerly.

Griffin groaned above her, clutching her hair hard as she took him deep, her saliva slicking his length. "Gods, look at you, greedy little mouth," he rasped, rocking his hips slowly, and fighting to keep control while recording.

Every sound was captured — the wet choke of her mouth, Roman's growls buried between Violet's thighs, and the slick lap of his tongue against her folds. Griffin angled the phone lower, catching the way her thighs quivered against Roman's shoulders, her nails clawing at the sheets as if she didn't know which hunger to give into first.

Violet's body bucked, torn between Griffin's thickness filling her throat and Roman's wicked mouth dragging her closer to the edge. He sucked her clit hard enough that Violet's muffled cry nearly made Griffin come right then.

"Goddamn it," Griffin hissed, biting back his own release, angling the camera on her face as Violet gagged slightly and moaned at the same time, her eyes rolling back. "Asher's going to lose his damn mind when he sees this. Hell, I'm already gone." he muttered with a wrecked voice.

Roman thrust two fingers into her, curling them just right as his tongue worked her swollen nub. Violet's scream was swallowed around Griffin's cock, her body jerking as she came undone, the vibrations of her moan shuddering up Griffin's length.

Her whole body arched and trembled between them with Roman lapping at every drop of her slickness like it was his last meal while Griffin groaned, straining to hold on. If he was to come, it would be inside of her.

And when it was over, Violet collapsed back against the bed, flushed and panting, the strands of hair plastered to her glowing skin. Roman wiped his mouth with the back of his hand, smirking up at Griffin.

"She's ready," he said with a voice dark with promise. "Now we fuck her."

Dear lord. Violet swallowed.

Chapter 530: "Two Much?"

Roman didn't waste time and barked. "Hold her open."

Griffin obeyed, handing the phone off to his left hand so his right could grip her thigh, pulling it back until she was displayed completely for Roman.

Violet flushed, but the look in her eyes was all hunger, and no shame. She wanted this.

Roman's thick cock pressed against her soaked entrance, teasing her slit. He dragged the tip slowly up and down her folds, smearing her wetness before pushing in just enough to make her gasp.

"Gods, you're so ready for me," he groaned in pleasure. Then with one thrust, he buried himself to the hilt.

Violet screamed, her nails digging into the sheets as her body clamped tight around him.

Griffin cursed under his breath, angling the phone enough to capture the obscene sight of Roman splitting her open, her wetness glistening on his cock every time he pulled back. "Fuck, this is insane..." he muttered, his own arousal straining painfully.

Roman gritted his teeth, pounding into her harder, and faster, each move brutal yet intoxicating.

"Roman, my God!" Violet sobbed his name, her body jerking with each thrust, her moans ragged and raw.

Griffin's eyes darkened, his hand flexing on her thigh. He couldn't resist it anymore and leaned down, capturing her lips in a rough kiss while Roman fucked her senseless beneath them.

Her muffled cry vibrated against Griffin's mouth, and he groaned into the kiss. The phone shook in his grip, but he didn't care. All that mattered was Violet, their mate, spread between them, ruined and adored.

And she loved every second of it.

Roman was merciless, driving into her with raw force, wringing sweet cries from Violet's throat. Griffin's lips left hers only long enough to mutter a curse as he tossed the phone onto the dresser, letting it still record from the angle.

He shifted closer, pressing his knee on the bed. "Open up for me, love," he growled, brushing his thumb over her wet lips. Roman slammed into her harder, forcing her body up, and Griffin slid two fingers into her mouth.

"Take them," Griffin ordered with a rough voice.

Violet moaned around his fingers and sucked eagerly. Griffin's breath stuttered, his cock aching. "Gods, she's perfect," he rasped.

Roman laughed darkly, his hips snapping. "She's ours." He drove even deeper, their joined slickness obscene and loud in the room.

When Griffin pulled his fingers free, he replaced it with his cock. Forget what he said, he needed her right now. So Violet leaned forward, her tongue laving the underside of his shaft as she moaned around him.

The bed shook with Roman's thrusts, driving her into Griffin's cock. Griffin fisted her hair, groaning as her mouth worked him deep, her eyes glassy with tears but blazing with lust.

The sight was devastating. Their mate stretched between them, choking sweetly on Griffin while Roman pounded into her from below, their groans mixing with her muffled moans.

Sweat dripped down Roman's temple but he was enjoying himself too much to stop. Violet in question mewled as the pleasure built too fast, and hard. They weren't giving her space to breathe or think. Just to feel. And she did feel a lot of things.

Yes, Roman grunted like an animal as he came inside of her, filling her up with his seed. Almost immediately, Griffin pulled free of her mouth with a hiss, his cock slick and dripping from her spit.

He shifted down the bed in one fluid move, nudging Roman aside as if they'd wordlessly agreed on the rotation.

"Move," Griffin growled, grabbing her hips and pulling her back onto him. His cock slid into her heat with a deep, merciless thrust, and Violet cried out, her nails tearing at the sheets.

God, she was still recovering.

As if that was not enough, Roman shifted higher, seizing her breast in his hand before latching his mouth onto it. His teeth grazed her nipple, tugging it hard, before he suckled with deep, greedy pulls. Violet's body jolted, arching into him, her cries vibrating through the air as Griffin pounded into her.

They were driving her crazy. This was too much!

"Roman..." Griffin groaned, watching the way her body shook between them. "She's clamping down on me every time you bite her."

Roman lifted his head, his lips slick, and smirked against her skin. "Good. Let her body remember it's ours." He pulled her nipple into his mouth again, sucking hard enough to draw another gasp from Violet.

Griffin reached around, circling her clit with rough, punishing strokes. "Come for us, mate. Let Asher see how perfect you are like this."

And her body actually obeyed.

Violet screamed, clenching so tightly around Griffin that he cursed, grinding deep into her as he spilled inside.

Roman released her breast with a wet pop, his mouth glistening as he stared down at her shuddering body. "That's two down," he murmured darkly. "We're nowhere near done."

"What?!" Violet shouted. "Roman—" she started, but her protest broke into a gasp as Roman dragged her up on top of him, his cock already hard, and waiting.

"Too much—"

"You'll take it," Roman growled, pulling her down onto him, once more sheathed to the hilt. Violet's cry was sharp, her body still hypersensitive, her walls clenching violently around him.

Fuck her life. She was going to die from too much pleasure!

Violet moaned helplessly, filled beyond words. Her body screamed at her that the pleasure was too much and too hot, and yet she couldn't stop. It was a sweet poison.

"Good girl," Roman groaned, gripping her hips.

Griffin brushed her hair back, kissing her temple. "Show him what you got, love."

Except it was Roman who showed her instead.

He slammed up into her fiercely, his grip bruising as he set a brutal pace. Violet clawed at his chest, moaning helplessly, caught between overstimulation and pure need. Every thrust had her seeing stars.

Goddess help her.

Roman slapped her ass hard. "So fucking perfect. Our greedy little mate, never enough for her, is it?"

Violet's body was shaking now, her skin slick with sweat, and her throat raw from moans that refused to stop. She was so wrecked, and still Roman drove into her like she could take more.

Griffin was there to steady her when her arms buckled, his hand wrapped in her hair. "Stay with us, mate," he murmured as Roman's pace grew feral, slamming her upward and back between them.

"Mine," Roman snarled, pounding harder. "Ours."

Her walls clamped around him again, another climax ripping through her so violently she screamed. Roman groaned, thrusting up into her one last time as he released inside her, hot and endless. The force of it wrung every drop from Roman, leaving Violet shaking and collapsing against his chest.

But before she could even catch her breath,

Griffin caught her from behind, his cock seamlessly sliding back into her soaked cunt before Roman was even fully out.

Violet sobbed at the intrusion, her body overstretched and quaking, but Griffin was relentless, hips slamming into her as he growled against her ear. "One more, baby. Take one more for me."

Goddess. She was really going to die.

Her nails raked across Roman's chest beneath her, vision blurring into white.

But her body obeyed, surrendering once more. Just like that, she came apart again, a wrecked, sobbing mess as Griffin groaned his release deep inside her.

Violet went limp between them, her body twitching with the aftershocks. Her face was buried against Roman's chest, while Griffin slumped against her back, still catching his breath. She was trapped between both men, but it wasn't exactly a bad feeling.

If anything, she felt cocooned. Warm and protected.

Unfortunately, darkness edged her vision, the exhaustion pulling her under.

The last thing she heard was Roman's shaky laugh and Griffin's whisper in her ears.

"Ours. Always ours."

Violet blacked out.