

Defy 701

Chapter 701: Shower With The Incubus

Adele didn't even realize the trap she'd set for herself until Micah's gaze dropped to the leg pinning him back. That wicked and hungry look alone should have warned her. It was fully incubus.

Before she could pull her foot away, Micah slowly wrapped his hands around her ankle, the move so reverent, as if she'd just handed him a sacred offering.

"Adele..." he murmured, his voice thick with desire, "you really shouldn't tempt me like this."

She opened her mouth to give a sharp retort when the words strangled instantly because Micah bent his head and dragged his tongue along the arch of her foot.

Adele jolted like he'd shocked her with lightning.

"Holy fuck—" the breath hitched in her throat, the sound breaking into a soft, involuntary moan.

But Micah traced that sensitive part of her feet again, deliberately slowly.

Goddess help her!

The sensation alone traveled straight to her core, and a pulse answered between her thighs, fierce enough that Adele had to grip the sheets.

"Oh, you feel that, don't you?" Micah purred, kissing the curve just beneath her toes. "That's the drawback of being mated to an incubus, sweetheart. I'm a sex machine and everything I do..." His hand slid up her thigh, stopping just shy of the place that throbbed hardest, "goes straight here."

Adele's entire body arched.

He licked her foot again, slowly one moment, and teasing the next, then deepening the pressure until her toes curled helplessly.

She didn't even know when her hips lifted off the mattress, seeking the friction that her damn trousers denied her, heat coursing through her.

"Micah..." Her voice was ragged. "Don't tell me you're using your power on me?"

But Micah chuckled sinfully, "That's where you're wrong, Adele. My seduction has no effect on you. You're mine already."

Then he sucked her toe into his mouth, and her breath vanished in a sharp gasp. It hit her so deep she might as well have felt that wicked mouth right on her pussy because her core reacted like he was already there.

Her back arched off the bed, her thighs squeezing together instinctively as the pleasure rushed through her in a dizzying rush. Adele writhed beneath him, panting, and aching, so wet and needy she could barely think.

Micah released her toe with a wet pop and licked up her foot once more, his eyes locking with hers. It was feral.

He dragged his tongue slowly along her ankle, his teeth grazing her skin lightly.

"By the time I get to the rest of you..."

He kissed her calf, and her knee, each touch like a spark thrown onto gasoline. "You're going to be begging."

Adele swallowed hard, her heart thundering so hard she could hear it.

Adele was already slick and throbbing, and it was only his mouth on her foot.

If this was what Micah could do with a single kiss, then goddess help her when he had her completely. She didn't need a warning, whatever came next would be a full-body detonation.

Micah lifted his eyes, pupils blown wide.

"You ready for the rest, honey?"

Adele could only nod, completely at his mercy.

Then Micah's voice lowered. "Well, first things first, let's get just a little clean before I make an unholy mess out of both of us."

One second Adele was on the bed, and the next she was in his arms.

"Micah—!" she yelped, automatically clinging to his shoulders.

He carried her straight into the bathroom, kicked the door shut, and stepped into the shower. Before Adele could protest, Micah turned the water on full blast.

A burst of cold hit them first, then warmth rushed down from the rainfall showerhead, drenching them both. Her clothes soaked instantly, clinging to every curve of her body. Micah was already shirtless, water droplets rolling down his sexy chest. The sight alone made her breath catch.

Micah reached for the hem of her shirt, but instead of stripping her, he slid both hands underneath, unhooked her bra, tugged it free from the bottom, and tossed it aside. He left her shirt on.

Adele's nipples hardened beneath the wet fabric, pebbled and visible. Micah's eyes darkened in a way that made her heart stutter out. He planned to eat her alive.

Then he leaned down and took her nipple into his mouth through her soaked shirt.

Adele gasped loudly. Her legs nearly buckled if not for Micah's arm locking around her waist, keeping her upright.

Her fingers dug into his hair. "Micah..."

He hummed against her intentionally, making her tremble.

But instead of pushing her against the wall and taking her like her body begged for, Micah suddenly pulled back.

Adele blinked in surprise when he handed her a loofah.

"You're joking, right?"

"No," he smirked, stepping back under the spray. "You're going to wash me."

Adele scoffed. Fine, he wanted to play games? She'd play.

Adele pumped body wash onto it, and the scent of dark spice filled the steamy bathroom. She placed the loofah on his chest and began to scrub him slowly, dragging it over every line and plane of his body.

Micah closed his eyes briefly, jaw ticking as the sponge moved lower. Water streamed down his body, highlighting every cut of muscle. Adele swallowed. Goddess, her mate was unfairly beautiful.

She dragged the loofah down his stomach, over the deep ridges of his abdomen, then lower.

Adele tossed the loofah away.

Micah's eyes snapped open. "Adele... "

"Shh," she whispered, her hand already wrapped around his thick and heavy cock.

Adele stroked him slowly, letting the water glide over her fingers.

Micah's head fell back against the tile with a groan. "Fuck..."

Adele tightened her grip and pumped him harder.

His hips jerked. "Adele—baby—"

She stroked faster, her thumb circling the sensitive tip, slick with water and arousal. Micah's curses filled the shower. He grabbed her wrist but couldn't make her stop, not that he wanted her to.

"Oh, yes—fuck—Adele—" His voice broke. "Don't stop... I'm—"

Micah came undone with a harsh growl, spilling hard into her hand as the water rushed over them both. He stared down at her like she was the most beautiful woman in the world.

And then he smiled that wicked incubus smile.

"Your turn now, baby."

Chapter 702: Wicked Mate

Micah peeled Adele's shirt off, and lust darkened his eyes the moment he finally saw her breasts. Her skin was pale and smooth like milk, her breasts full and soft with rosy nipples pebbled from the cold water. They were practically begging to be touched, sucked, and worshipped.

A hungry sound left Micah's throat before he could stop it. Then his mouth latched onto her right nipple, hot and greedy, sucking so hard Adele cried out, "Micah!"

Her head fell back against the tiled wall, her fingers sinking into his hair and yanking, not in protest, but because the pleasure punched right through her.

Goddess above, this mate of hers would be the death of her.

Every pull of his mouth felt like he was drawing the pleasure straight out of her core, the sensations shooting down between her legs like lightning. Her raw moans reverberated through the steamy bathroom uncontrollably.

Micah growled against her breast—deep, animalistic, and so erotic Adele nearly melted on the spot. He rolled her other nipple between his fingers, sending sparks rippling through her body.

Once satisfied with the first, he released it with a wet pop and immediately latched onto the other. This time he suckled even harder, while his hand squeezed the first breast.

Adele's breath came in broken gasps. Every sensation Micah fed her hit in waves, relentless, and overwhelming. She was so wet and aching around nothing that she instinctively tried to press her thighs together for friction but Micah stopped her with his knee wedged between her legs.

Adele nearly whimpered. What kind of wickedness was that?

But her body found a way on its own.

She began grinding against his thigh instead, slow at first, then desperately, her hips moving with a wild need she didn't even recognize. Adele moaned wantonly, her mind fogged with pure pleasure.

Micah pulled back just enough to watch her.

"Oh yes..." he murmured, his voice thick with desire. His eyes devoured her as he watched her parted lips, the dazed expression, and the way she gasped each time the friction dragged over the exact spot she needed. "Take your pleasure, my love... take what you want."

Maybe it was his voice. Or his words. Or just him. But Adele ground harder and faster, chasing and riding the sensation with abandon until her climax slammed into her like a shockwave.

Her back arched, while her nails clawed Micah's shoulders as her orgasm exploded behind her eyes.

Adele shook violently, clinging to him, panting and trembling in the aftermath.

Micah smirked against her skin, taking in every second of her post-orgasm glow.

Her heart was racing so loudly he could almost taste it. And it was the sweetest sound in the world.

"Twenty percent," Micah muttered as he held Adele through the last tremor of her orgasm, her breath slowly evening out.

Then he brushed her soaked hair away from her face and kissed her deeply, messy, and hungrily. Adele met him just as fiercely, their tongues sliding and tangling, wet and filthy, both of them moaning into each other.

Before pulling back, Micah caught her bottom lip between his teeth and bit her.

"Ow," she gasped.

But Micah dragged his tongue over the bead of blood like it was nectar. His low, guttural moan vibrated straight through her. Adele's heart pounded when his eyes darkened, the black rim swallowing almost all the iris. Whatever blood did to demons, it aroused him obviously.

"Let's see how wet you are for me, mate," he growled.

Adele's breath hitched. She didn't even have time to answer before Micah dropped to his knees.

Steam curled around them from the shower still running, turning the small space into a hot haze. Micah hooked his fingers into the waistband of her pants and panties and dragged everything down to her ankles, helping her step out of them. In a blink of an eye, Adele was bare to him. She was clean-shaven, and glistening.

Micah closed his eyes, and inhaled deeply. Then he groaned like he'd been starving and she was the only thing in existence that could satisfy him.

Predator. That's exactly what he was—her predator. But in the sweetest, most wicked way.

Adele's core clenched, more wetness spilling out of her at the sheer hunger on his face.

Micah grabbed one of her legs and lifted it over his shoulder. "Hold onto me," he warned in a low tone, edged with promise. "Because it's going to be a wild ride."

Before she could react, he lifted her other leg too, bracing her fully against the wall. Adele yelped, heart in her throat, and then—

"Micah..." she trembled as he ran a long lick across her soaked folds.

Her fingers dove into his hair on instinct, her knuckles turned white while trying to anchor herself as his mouth worked her. Hot water continued trickling over their bodies, the steam rising around them.

Then Micah closed his mouth around her clit, and she was a goner.

"Micah!" Adele cried out, arching hard against the wall as pleasure slammed into her. She tugged on his hair, wanting him closer, needing him deeper. Micah only moaned around her, the vibration shooting straight through her body.

"Yes... yes..." Adele gasped, rolling her hips, riding his face shamelessly. Heat danced across her skin as his wicked tongue worshipped, tasted, sucked, and devoured her with obscene dedication.

Micah tightened his grip, fingers sinking into the flesh of her ass as he forced her hips still. She whimpered—she needed that movement—but he didn't let her. His strength was absolute.

That would bruise later for sure, but Adele

didn't care. He could break her in half right now and she'd thank him.

Micah flattened his tongue, then flicked at her clit rapidly. Relentlessly.

"Oh God—oh—Micah—" Adele shattered.

Her entire body locked, then convulsed beautifully as the orgasm seized her without mercy. Micah groaned into her, drinking every drop, holding her tight as he wrung her dry.

Adele cried out above him, her whole body quaking, every nerve ending firing at once

as he devoured her like he'd been crafted solely for this purpose.

And truthfully, he was.

Chapter 703: Percentage: Sixty

Micah finally released her legs, and the moment Adele's feet touched the ground, she nearly collapsed. Whether it was the intensity of the pleasure or the simple loss of sensation, her knees refused to hold her. But her mate caught her instantly, pulling her up against him.

The shower rained over them, washing away every trace of her release as they stared at each other. Adele's hands roamed across Micah's chest, tracing the lines of his muscle. Mine. That was all she could think as her palms slid over his wet skin.

"Ready to take me, baby?" Micah asked with a husky voice.

Adele nodded. She wanted him already. Her body was ripe for him.

"Say it," he demanded.

"Yes..." Her voice came out breathless. "Yes, I want you, Micah."

His smile was pure wickedness. His eyes were already fully black, demonic and beautiful, and instead of frightening her, it pulled her deeper into the anticipation building inside her.

Adele gasped when Micah suddenly pushed her against the cold tiles. The temperature difference shocked her skin, her nipples tightening instantly as the chill coursed through her. Micah grabbed her ass and squeezed, relishing the softness beneath his fingers.

Then he pressed the thick head of his cock against her slick folds. But instead of entering her, he slowly dragged himself up and down her wetness, teasing her. Adele moaned, pushing her hips back, desperate for him, every part of her aching.

"Micah..." she whispered. "Please."

Then he pushed in slowly, making her feel every inch of the stretch. Adele let out a strangled moan, her head falling back as her walls hugged around him. It hurt, it burned, but it felt impossibly good, like her body had been waiting for this exact moment.

Then, with one final roll of his hips, he seated himself fully inside her.

Adele groaned, both hands scrambling against the wall tiles as she adjusted to the fullness. Yes, she was overwhelmingly full.

Micah didn't move. He just held her there, savoring the way her hot pussy enveloped him like a glove.

It was Adele who pushed her hips back against him in tiny, pleading motions.

"Come on Micah... take me... "she whispered, almost frantic. If he didn't move soon, she was convinced she would die from sheer need alone.

Micah exhaled, the sound rough and ragged, as Adele pushed her hips toward him again.

"Impatient," he murmured with dark amusement. "My little mate is impatient."

Micah pulled back just a breath only to slide in again slowly, making her feel the ridge, and every maddening inch of him.

Adele whimpered, her thighs trembling.

"M-my God Micah..."

He kissed the corner of her mouth, a low, wicked chuckle vibrating against her lips.

"Being your god doesn't sound so bad," he murmured, moving his hips deep inside her. "I don't mind being your obsession, Adele."

He withdrew again until only the tip remained inside her, then pushed in just as lazily, his lips brushing her ear as her breath hitched. Her nails clawed at the tiled wall, desperate for something to hold on to.

"M-more," she gasped, her voice cracking. "Micah—more. Please."

Her desperation cracked his control down in the middle.

Micah grabbed her hips and slammed into Adele so hard she screamed, the sound echoing through the bathroom. Pleasure raced down her spine. At this point, he might as well break her in two, her body welcoming every ruthless inch of him.

He didn't stop.

Micah drove into her again, and again, going harder and deeper, the impact rocking her against the wall. Her palms slapped uselessly against the wet tiles for balance as he pounded her, each thrust knocking the breath from her lungs and pushing a fresh, wild moan out of her throat.

"That's it," he growled behind her, his voice almost inhuman. "Take it, my love."

He punished her greedy self with every brutal stroke, rattling her all the way down to the bone. Her legs buckled, and Micah caught her waist in one firm grip, holding her up as he drove into her over and again. He was perfect in the most devastating way.

Adele was completely gone.

Her mind emptied, stripped down to pure sensation, drowning in the wet slap of their bodies, Micah's feral growls, and her own shattered moans echoing around them.

"Micah—Micah!" she cried, breath splintering. "I—I can't—"

"Yes, you can," he gritted out. Then Micah pistoned harder, his hips snapping against her with wild, hungry force. "You will."

As if that wasn't enough, he hooked one hand beneath her thigh and lifted, opening her at a wicked angle that made Adele choke on a moan.

Dear lord—that spot.

He hit that spot so hard that Adele's cry pitched into a sob, the pleasure becoming too much to bear. The angle robbed her of breath, of thought, of sanity—Micah was hitting something inside her she didn't even know existed, hammering into it over and over until she could barely remember her own name.

"Micah—!" The sound tore out of her, helpless and raw.

He snarled, slamming into her from behind, his rhythm completely animal —unrestrained, savage, and claiming.

Water hammered their skin and their breath fogged the air. Adele clawed the wall, her back arching violently as the pressure built fast, and strongly.

"You're so beautiful," Micah panted, still driving into her, "All mine..."

"Yes, she was his....." Adele would say if she could breathe. Instead her words were broken, and high pitched, "Micah—I'm—I'm—"

She couldn't finish. Not that he needed her to.

Micah dragged her back against him, his chest hot against her soaked back, and thrust into her so ferociously she saw white.

"That's it," he groaned into her neck, biting down just enough to make her scream. "Let go for me, now."

And Adele detonated.

Her body instinctively bowed, her scream muffled by the steam-filled air, her orgasm ripping through her so violently she nearly collapsed, but Micah held her up, driving through her release, devouring every second of it.

He kept thrusting, desperate now, chasing his own breaking point. His breath was wild against her skin, his grip bruising enough to leave marks while his voice was almost unrecognizable.

"Adele—" He rumbled in his chest, "Adele—!"

As if to push him over the edge, Adele intentionally clenched around him and Micah groaned. His body jerked, muscles locking as pleasure ripped through him.

He emptied himself completely, spurting again and again, until there was nothing left to give.

For a long moment, they clung to each other shaking and panting, the water raining over them.

Then Micah muttered, "Sixty percent."

"WHAT?!! "

Chapter 704: Princely Fuck Boy

Shifters were naturally stronger and had far more stamina than humans, but even Adele had to admit she had gotten one hell of a mate.

Micah was simply insatiable.

And it wasn't even the fire of the mating fever driving him, yet he took her as if molten heat burned through his veins. Micah used every inch of the bathroom as if it belonged to him—and her.

He fucked her on the floor, grinding her into the tiles. On the sink, gripping her hips and pounding into her until the surface rattled beneath them. He bent her over it and fucked her harder again, dragging cries from her she didn't even know she could make.

Then he pulled her upright, pressed her against the mirror, and took her while their reflections stared back—Adele watching every reaction ripple across her own face as he destroyed her breath by breath.

Adele lost track of how many times she climaxed, and the positions too. There had been so many she couldn't remember them all, only the dizzying blur of pleasure.

Now they had finally returned to his bed. She didn't bother asking what percentage he'd climbed to; she suspected Micah no longer had a limit. Two hundred percent? Try five hundred. A thousand. Infinite.

They lay together on the bed with Micah on top of her, kissing. Having done most of the hard work in the bathroom, they explored each other as if they had all the time in the world.

Her mate, Micah was incredibly gentle with her this time, tracing the line of her face, pushing her damp hair back, letting his palm travel down her side as he kissed her slowly. Adele did the same, running her hands over the ridges of his muscle, and tugged softly at his hair as she kissed him.

Micah lifted her leg and placed it around his waist, his hand gliding across her thigh. Everything about her was soft and he liked touching her. They kissed once, then twice again, before Micah finally drew back, staring into her eyes.

Her raven-black hair was sprawled across his pillow in wild waves. Her lips were swollen from his kisses, her pupils blown wide while her flushed skin glowed like she'd been painted by the goddess herself. She looked devastatingly beautiful.

"Tell me," Micah murmured, brushing a thumb across her cheek, "did it ever occur to you, even in your wildest imagination, that you'd be mated to me?"

The answer was obvious, but Micah wanted to hear it. He wanted to know whether at any point in her life she had looked at him and felt even a spark of what he felt now.

Adele sighed. "I ran away from you, Micah. That should sum it up."

"I know," Micah said, kissing the center of her chest, "but did you never have a crush on me? Not even one tiny moment where you were into me?"

He tugged a stray lock of hair behind her ear and lowered his voice. "I can't help but wonder what actually brings the Matebond about. Is it truly something we have no control over? Something like destiny?"

His brows knitted as he thought about it, his gaze distant.

"Does the moon goddess just decide to bind two completely different people who might not even like each other into something permanent. But the Matebond isn't a magic love potion, if anything, It's supposed to heighten what's already there. Or tell me I'm wrong?"

Adele took a deep breath, her fingers absentmindedly tracing circles on Micah's chest as she said, "The ways of the gods are mysterious, Micah. We will never fully comprehend them. Matebonds are called soul bonds for a reason. The gods created us, saw our souls long before we ever existed, and knew the best match for each of us. The gift isn't random, it's intentional."

Micah listened closely, intensely focused on her.

Adele continued, "People differ, so it's not surprising the bond works differently for each being. For some, it heightens what is already there. For others, it gives them the foundation they need to grow feelings they didn't even realize were sleeping. We're half human, that means we miss things, sometimes overlooking what's right in front of us. And that's where the goddess comes in, nudging us where we fail."

Suddenly, she hesitated, biting down on her lip, cheeks red.

Micah noticed immediately. "Adele? What is it?"

Adele said in a small voice. "...I did find you intriguing at one point."

Micah blinked, taken aback. What?

His brow lifted, interest sparking in his beautiful hazel irises.

Adele swallowed her embarrassment and confessed, "It was during Elijah's birthday two years ago. He introduced you to me...." She dragged in a shaky breath, "Of course, you're an incubus and sexy as hell, it's normal for a woman to react the way I did. I was very much intrigued by you. Except the intrigue died the moment I watched you flirt with half the guests and ended up fucking one of them in the garden."

"...Oh." was all Micah could say.

Adele waved it off. "You didn't notice me stumbling into the scene. And even if you had, it wouldn't have mattered. I was nobody to you. So when I started working in the school and saw the way you were around the kids, it was safe to conclude that whatever fascination I had for you was over. You were nothing but a spoiled princely fuck boy."

She added immediately as if to soften the blow, "But I understand now, it was biological. You can't help the nature you were born with —"

"I'm sorry," Micah said, cutting in. His thumb brushed her jaw. "Incubus nature or not, I'm sorry you would have to live with the memories of a mate who must have slept his way through half of Aster City.

You deserve a better mate, Adele."

"Don't say that." Adele said in a sharp voice. She cupped his cheek, forcing him to meet her gaze. "Some people get storybook romances while others don't. If all the damsels got their princes, who would be left to love the villains? The forsaken? The damned?"

Micah stared at her as she cracked him open with her words.

"Even monsters deserve to be loved, Micah."

Chapter 705: Visit From A Brother

For the first time in his life, Micah didn't know what to do with the amount of love being poured into him. So he kissed his mate hard, pouring everything in his heart into that one moment.

Adele kissed him back with equal ferocity, her fingers digging into his hair, their breaths mingling as if they were trying to breathe each other in.

When he finally pulled back, his voice was raw with emotion.

"I love you, Adele. With all my heart. I promise to be the best mate you'll ever have, and curse be the day I ever look at another woman with lust, much less take one to bed."

Adele warned him immediately, "Let's not make such dangerous promises. The goddess do honor them."

But Micah was stubborn.

"I mean it," he insisted, saying in an unwavering tone. "It's me and you forever, Adele. No one else."

Adele held his gaze, butterflies stirring in her belly, her eyes warming. "That's it," she murmured, "You're mine forever. I love you too, Micah."

A huge boyish smile split across Micah's face, completely disarming. He leaned in and kissed her again, this time slow and sweet, both of them smiling against each other's lips.

Then Adele whispered against his mouth, "What percentage are you at now?"

Immediately a wicked glint in Micah's eyes.

"Ninety-nine percent. Not entirely full."

Adele dragged her nails down his back and purred, "Then we need to get you full, don't we?"

She wrapped her arms around his neck and ground her hips against him teasingly.

"Make love to me, Micah."

Micah didn't need another word. He lined himself up and pushed into her slowly. Adele threw her head back with a soft cry, her body sighing in pure satisfaction as she welcomed him back inside her heat.

He lifted her legs and wrapped them around his hips, settling deeper. This time, unlike the feral hunger in the bathroom, Micah moved with a gentleness that melted her. His hands traced her curves, worshiping her body while he thrust into her in slow, deep strokes.

Adele moaned without restraint, the sounds vibrating against his lips whenever he kissed her. Then Micah rolled his hips in a circular motion, hitting a spot that made her whimper, turning liquid beneath him.

"You like that?" Micah rasped.

"Yes..." Adele moaned. "Just, don't stop. Please."

He obeyed instantly, thrusting exactly the way she needed it. Adele pushed her feet against his hips, pulling him deeper, her nails digging into his back as pleasure gathered hot and tight inside her.

"Faster," she breathed. "Micah—please—faster."

Micah's breath hitched. He adjusted his grip on her thighs and drove into her harder, deeper, and faster. Adele cried out, clinging to him as the bed shook beneath them.

Her voice was breathless and desperate now. "Come on, Micah... give me more. Wreck me. Destroy me."

An animalistic growl left his throat. He snapped his hips in a brutal rhythm, pounding her into the mattress. Adele's moans broke into high, helpless sounds, her eyes rolling to the back of her head as pleasure dragged her under.

She was so close she could barely breathe.

"M-Micah..." she whimpered. "I'm coming... I'm—"

Micah didn't stop. If anything, he thrust harder, as if determined to drag every ounce of pleasure out of her body.

Just like that, Adele fell over the edge.

She screamed as the orgasm ripped through her, her whole body seizing around him. Micah groaned—her clenching around him was too much—and with a final powerful thrust, he came too. His body seized, shaking violently as he emptied himself inside her until there was nothing left to give.

When it was over, he collapsed beside her, his chest heaving, and sweat dripping from his temples. After a moment, he pulled her into his arms, gathering her close.

Adele nestled into him, and Micah rested his forehead against hers, brushing the hair off her face with gentle fingers.

And just like that, sleep pulled them under.

Micah woke in the middle of the night, a smile on his lips when he saw Adele sleeping soundly beside him. She was wrapped around him like an octopus. His little possessive mate.

He then had to slowly untangle himself from her, careful not to wake her. Micah

pressed a kiss to her cheek and slipped quietly from the bed. His body still thrummed from their earlier lovemaking, and he hummed under his breath as he relieved himself in the bathroom.

He had just finished when Adele's scream rent the air.

"Micah!"

The bond suddenly came alive with raw, icy panic that punched him in the chest.

Micah didn't even think. He ran.

He burst into the bedroom, breath shattering, only to freeze at the sight before him.

A man, if he could be called that, stood behind Adele, one arm locked around her throat, and the other hand lazily tracing her cheek as if she were some toy he'd just snatched.

It was a face Micah knew very well.

"Hello, brother," Rivere purred.

Micah's stomach dropped, rage boiling over.

"Let her go," Micah snarled, his voice edged with violence.

But his brother only smirked, dragging his fingertip down Adele's face, slow and deliberate.

"Nice one you've got here," he murmured, savoring her fear—savoring Micah's.

"You fucking son of a bitch!" Micah lunged.

But the floor beneath Adele and the man came alive with glowing sigils and then the ground swallowed them whole.

"MI—CAH!"

Adele's scream echoed as she disappeared.

Micah hit the floor too late, landing on bare wood where she had stood a heartbeat ago.

The symbol was gone as if it had never been there in the first place.

Micah lifted his head, his eyes now a pitch, bottomless void, while his teeth lengthened as his incubus form pushed against his skin.

Then Micah vanished.

Hell would not be enough of a punishment for the fucking son of a biscuit who touched his mate. Rivere would wish he never crawled out of the shadows of their bloodline.

Chapter 706: Belongs To Hell

They said hell had no fury like a woman scorned, but even hell would kneel before the fury of a male whose mate had just been taken from him.

Micah had always kept his demon side buried. The world was wicked enough, he didn't need to add to its darkness. But the moment Adele vanished, the chains holding him snapped. They wanted to see the demon? They'd see him.

There was nothing human about Micah as he descended into hell.

Most people thought hell was a pit. Some cramped little torture chamber where the damned burn forever while demons poke them with pitchforks. Cute imagination, truly, but wrong.

Hell was a kingdom.

And like every kingdom, it had a ruler, a capital, a hierarchy, and its laws. The living realms only knew one layer because it's where they're thrown. But Hell was vast and boundless. Never getting overpopulated because it always grew, accommodating the numerous souls doomed for eternal damnation.

Entire landscapes were carved out of fire, iron, shadow, and bones. It's cities built into canyon walls, fortresses suspended over molten seas, with whole districts where the air tasted like gore and smoke.

Hell was not just for the damned souls, it was homes for the demons too. And just like every other kingdom, there were divisions in the demon society too.

Lesser demons were the bottom-feeders. Imps, shadowlings, bone-gnawers, and whisper demons. They haunt the outer territories, and were perfect for torment duty. They swarm in packs, obey without question, and feed on scraps of fear and despair. They're the ones sent to torment mortals in nightmares.

The next tier were the hellhounds, wrathspawn, wraiths, gargoyles, and blood reavers. They were stronger demons and they govern small territories, command lesser demons, and keep the damned in line.

Then of course, were the princes of hell, or rather, the Archfiends. Each of them embodies a cosmic sin: Pride, Envy, Wrath, Greed, Lust, Sloth, and Gluttony. The princes were older than human history, and ruled massive provinces, complete with cities larger than Aster City and armies ready to shake the mortal worlds if unleashed.

But above all of them sat the Emperor of Hell, Lucifer Morningstar.

Not that Micah cared. Lucifer did not concern himself with insignificant beings like him unless they disrupted the machinery of Hell itself. And Micah had no intention of begging for the devil's attention tonight.

He had only one destination.

Micah was headed straight for the Court of Hunger, ruled by Asmodeus—the demon who created him, if one could even call it "creation." Asmodeus, Prince of Lust, the sovereign to whom every incubus and succubus ultimately belonged.

Not that Asmodeus cared for his children.

He had spawned so many across the realms that numbering them would be pointless. They were legion, scattered across Hell and Earth, thriving or perishing, and Asmodeus would not shed a single tear for any of them. To him, they were simply extensions of his appetite—beautiful, useful, and entirely expendable.

Micah included.

Micah appeared in the Court of Hunger like a falling star, his feet touching hell stone. At that moment, he looked very much like a prince of hell, beautiful, lethal, and very unrestrained.

He was swallowed by darkness so thick it felt alive, but hell shifted around him as if recognizing one of its half-claimed children returning home at last.

The sky was an expanse of crimson fog and pheromone smoke, while the air itself had a sweet, cloying, sickeningly and finally intoxicating smell like a perfume brewed from lust itself. This was no place for a mortal. Certainly not his mate, Adele.

The ground upon which Micah stood was so warm, it was almost feverish. Rivers of molten gold flowed through the realm, illuminating everything in a seductive glow. The unfortunate souls drifted along the banks, caught in trance-like loops of ecstasy and agony, feeding the realm with their endless longing.

Incubi and Succubi — brothers and sisters they called each other, even though they didn't act like one — strutted through the walkways in all forms. Some of them were beautiful, some monstrous, and some a blend of both, their laughter so intoxicating it was enough to drug a mortal senseless.

And the lesser lust demons, skeletal things with elongated limbs and glowing eyes crawled along the pillars like predators waiting for scraps.

Every creature Micah passed turned back for a second time, not just because of who he was, but because of the dark, potent, and furious aura rolling off him in waves, and disturbing the very air.

A few flinched, none wanting to be at the receiving end of his anger. It was not hard to find Rivere. Micah already knew the one place he would be.

The Pit of Thirst, the heart of Asmodeus's domain.

And, as always, it was "fun."

Only one thing fed their kind, desire and sexual energy, and the Court of Hunger was all about it.

There were bodies writhing in every direction. Literally everywhere.

Incubi, succubi, lesser lust demons, some of them with wings, or horns, or both, and they were all having an orgy. There was no shame as they tangled with one another in a frenzy that looked almost ritualistic. It wasn't just mere pleasure; it was an offering to the hunger that ruled this place.

Sensual music thrummed through the hall, heat rising from the ground, and mingling with pheromones heavy enough to choke a human. Of course, it drew Micah in. It was akin to being offered a meal, one he couldn't resist.

But nothing mattered more to Micah than his mate.

Some of the demons noticed Micah and smiled, their fangs flashing. A succubi reached out to him, wanting him to join them. Micah's mixed blood was a rarity among them, and rarities often stirred excitement here.

But Micah ignored her entirely. Rivere was somewhere in this den of maddened delight, watching and waiting for him.

Micah lifted his gaze toward the throne dais, and there he was.

Rivere lounged on their father Asmodeus's throne as if he had been born in it, one leg draped over the armrest, his fingers tapping lazily against the carved surface.

Their eyes met and a slow, knowing smile tugged Rivere's lips to the side.

Finally.

There was no reaching Rivere, not when the entire floor of the pit was a writhing ocean of bodies.

It was obvious Rivere had thrown this orgy for one reason only, and it was to slow Micah down, and force him to crawl through his place like any other desperate creature.

Even when Micah glared at him, Rivere was unbothered, smugly watching Micah assess the situation.

Micah's jaw clenched hard. Not even an army of demons would be enough to stop him from getting to his mate today.

So Micah took a step forward and planted his foot on a demon's back. The creature shrieked in pain, but Micah didn't flinch. If anything, he shifted his weight, grinding down until the demon choked and went limp beneath him. Then Micah stepped onto another body, and another.

Like that, he began to use them as stepping stones. A spine cracked under his heel, and the demon howled. One of them even

reached up to plead with him, but

Micah slammed his feet onto its face, cutting the scream short as its teeth cracked under pressure.

Micah did not spare even a glance downward, his eyes were locked on Rivere, his target.

Soon enough the cries of pleasure turned to panic as the demons realized Micah was not part of their revelry, instead was using them as a bridge.

Still yet, Rivere was not intimidated, his expression sharpening with interest. If anything, he looked genuinely impressed. His brother was as interesting as he had thought.

As soon as Micah reached the top, there was no stopping him.

Rage detonated through him, raw and unchecked. He seized the shirtless Rivere by the throat and slammed him back against the throne. Then Micah's fist connected with his face.

"You. Fucking. Son. Of. A. Bitch!"

Each word was accompanied by a brutal blow.

The impact echoed through the court, yet Rivere only laughed, blood slicking his lips.

The sound of his laughter was mocking, and Micah's vision went white with fury.

"How dare you!" he roared and struck him harder, the force snapping Rivere's head to the side. Micah lifted him like he weighed nothing and hurled him across the room.

Rivere crashed into a pillar and slid to the floor.

"Where is she?!" Micah thundered. "Where did you take my mate?!"

Rivere coughed, blood painting his chin, then dragged his gaze upward with a slow smirk. "Mates... how cute."

Micah's answering growl was animalistic, ripped straight from his demon core. He charged again.

But this time Rivere didn't just take it. Micah's fist shot forward but Rivere's landed first.

The blow was devastating. Micah's body whipped backward as if struck by a meteor. He slammed into the ground, the air punched from his lungs in a hard, choking gasp.

Fuck. That hurt.

He rolled, desperate to stand but Rivere was already upon him, shadow-fast. His feet came down on Micah's chest and pinned him to the floor. Micah grabbed at his ankle but Rivere's strength was monstrous, pure-blooded demon strength, far beyond what Micah could match in this moment.

Rivere leaned down, snarling with savage triumph.

"You forget one thing," he hissed. "Hell is home to all its spawn and by extension—" his foot pressed harder on Micah's chest, stealing his breath, "—that includes your mate."

The blood drained from Micah's face.

"No."

Chapter 707: Demon Marriage

Hell might be a kingdom, but it was a wasteland, and the last place Micah ever wanted Adele to be. This possibility had never crossed his mind. After all, who would have thought a creature like him would ever get a matebond?

Moreover, none of them had ever cared about him before. And now suddenly, Rivere was all over his case.

Prince Rivere. Asmodeus's favorite son, or at least, he strutted around as though he were. Demons didn't show parental concern the way mortals did, but Rivere had always been the one Asmodeus called upon, always the one entrusted with the affairs of the Court of Hunger. No wonder Rivere viewed himself as their father's rightful heir.

Micah, on the other hand, had always steered clear of the endless political games played by the millions of Asmodeus's spawn. Which is why Rivere's sudden interest in him was still a shock.

Rivere chuckled wickedly and said, "We'll test just how much this mate of yours loves you."

Almost immediately, the hall echoed with colorful jeering. The next thing Micah knew, Adele was being dragged toward the dais, flanked by two demons who held her tight.

Before Rivere stole her, she had been wearing Micah's shirt after their lovemaking. It was gone now. In its place, Adele wore a red wrap binding her breasts, the two strips crossing diagonally and hooking at the back of her neck. Her midsection was bare, and a matching skirt clung to her hips, split high enough that her thighs flashed with every forced step.

Her hair was curled, her lips painted a deep blood-red, and there was powder on her face. Adele looked ravishing like a temptress and that was the problem.

A deep, animalistic growl rumbled from Micah's chest. The idea that another male—Rivere, of all creatures—had touched her, let alone dressed her, pushed him to the brink of madness.

Micah didn't have a wolf, but like every mate out there, he would die before he let someone stain her honor.

Rivere's eyes widened slightly in surprise when Micah suddenly grabbed his ankle and began to lift. There was nothing but pure, lethal fury in Micah's eyes as he forced Rivere's leg upward, muscles shaking with rage. He pushed hard enough to break free from Rivere's pinning hold.

The moment he was free, Micah surged to his feet and lunged at the bastard but two demons tackled him from behind, slamming him back to the ground. Micah bellowed and thrashed like a feral animal, veins bulging, but the demons used their combined strength to crush him down.

"Micah!" Adele screamed, fighting against her captors with everything she had. But they didn't budge. They were too strong.

"Adele!" Micah roared back, heaving, struggling against the hands restraining him.

Rivere smirked, pleased with himself. "Aren't you two adorable?"

He turned toward the gathered audience, the demons who had been indulging in their sinful revelry were now utterly enraptured by the unfolding drama.

Rivere raised his arms as though presenting a show.

"Aren't they adorable?" he gloated.

The hall was suddenly filled with mocking laughter. Demons cackled, hooted, and some even moaned as though deriving pleasure from their distress.

All the while Micah rage only grew. He didn't care about the consequences but Rivere was dead once he got his hands on him.

With taunting steps, Rivere walked over to Adele, the entire hall watching with hungry anticipation. He stopped in front of Adele, who stood tense between the two demons restraining her, and reached out to grab her chin. He tilted her face left, then right, inspecting her as if she were some exotic artifact.

"Not bad," he murmured.

Adele snapped her teeth at his finger hard enough that if she had connected, he'd have bled. Except she missed by inches.

Rivere only laughed. "A feisty one."

But the amusement drained from his eyes in an instant, replaced by a dark look. His grip on her chin tightened until her jaw ached.

"Do you know," he muttered, voice low enough to vibrate through her bones, "that demons don't get Matebonds? We are designed to be evil and incapable of love. And yet he gets one." His eyes flicked briefly to Micah with venomous disgust. "A Matebond that grants enormous sexual-energy power to creatures like us."

Adele bared her teeth at him. "So that's why you're jealous. Micah suddenly has more potential than you. Is that it? And now you want to steal the one thing that matters to him by killing me?"

Rivere's lips curled into a knowing smirk. "You're right. I envy him."

His voice had an edge to it now. "Not only does Father create a creature like him, he dares to look down on the rest of us. To suppress his nature. To make us look like what? Evil, while he pretends to be light?"

He chuckled, low and chilling.

"No, little wolf. I won't kill you."

Adele stiffened.

Rivere leaned closer, his breath brushing her cheek. "I'll grant you the one fate he doesn't want for you."

Micah thrashed violently against the demons holding him, a snarl ripping out of him. "RIVERE! Don't you touch her—!"

Rivere ignored him. His voice shifted into a cruelly elegant tone

"Do you know how demons marry? They marry for power, not love." Rivere lifted one long finger. "And a union must be witnessed by a Prince..." He lifted another. "Sealed in blood..." A third one . "And consummated with magic."

His grin widened. "Once it's done, each mate absorbs a piece of the other's essence. Permanently."

Adele's heart stuttered. That didn't sound good.

Micah's scream rent the hall.

"Don't listen to him, Adele! If you agree to that you'll be trapped in Hell with me for all eternity!"

Rivere laughed. "Is that such a bad thing? Once she dies, the two of them will be together forever." He glanced at Adele, taunting her. "After all, aren't you two mated?"

Micah shook his head desperately, eyes locked on hers. "Adele, please. Don't do this. You deserve better than this place."

Adele was suddenly under pressure as the demons watched with anticipation, waiting for her to respond.

She swallowed hard. "What happens if I don't agree?"

Rivere's smile was simply poisonous. "Then I'll send you back to the human realm while he stays behind."

He tilted his head, savoring Micah's expression. "I'll torture him every day, every hour, and breath. Meanwhile you'll be up there alone and I heard mates can't stay apart for long. Perhaps that taste of life without him will convince you to crawl back here and accept a demon marriage willingly."

Adele's stomach twisted. She knew Rivere was sick, twisted, and manipulative, and there was absolutely more to this story than the "lovely little union" he was pretending to offer. But what choice did she have? Micah was incapacitated, overwhelmed, and they were surrounded by thousands of demons. There was no fighting their way out of this.

Before Adele could open her mouth—whether to defy him or accept out of desperation—a thunderous voice cracked through the hall,

"What is going on here?"

Rivere froze, the smile sliding off his face like melting wax.

It was not just him. A shift swept through the Court as an invisible, suffocating pressure that made the air itself tremble washed over them. In an instant, every demon in the chamber collapsed to their knees. The two demons holding Micah and Adele dropped instantly. It was shocking but they were free at last.

Adele didn't even waste the moment and sprinted to Micah.

Micah caught her immediately, pulling her into his arms and checking her frantically.

"Are you hurt? Adele, look at me, are you hurt? Did they do anything to you?"

She shook her head quickly, breath shaky. "I'm fine. Micah, what's happening?"

He didn't answer right away. His eyes were tracking the hall, widening with dread.

And then he whispered, "Asmodeus is here."

Adele's heart stopped. The Prince of Lust. Micah's creator.

She turned, having no idea what to expect.

A monster? A beast? Perhaps something with horns and a grotesque face.

What she saw instead was an enormous silhouette that rippled across the walls, radiating a predator's aura that chilled her bones. The shape twisted and then stepped forward, becoming a man.

Asmodeus appeared out of nowhere, the shadows peeling off him like a cloak. Goddess above. Adele had never seen a man — if he could be called that — so devastatingly handsome.

But of course, that was supposed. He was the prince of lust after all.

His movements were fluid and unhurried, every step dripping with sensual power. His skin gleamed as though lit from within, and his irises shone with shifting colors, a living prism that saw through flesh, and soul. When he walked, the air itself seemed to bend around him.

Adele stood frozen as Asmodeus approached them, her heart pounding violently. He leaned in too close, breathing her in, his expression indescribable.

Then he straightened, gaze sweeping the court with the indifference of a god.

He thundered, "Who brought an undead creature into my court?"

Chapter 708: He Wants Our Child

No one could breathe at this point. This was Asmodeus after all, one of hell's rulers. Not even Adele was deluded enough to think they could go against him and win. No one had ever survived defying their god.

The hall had gone so quiet that if someone dropped a pin, it would echo loudly, that was, until Rivere stepped in with a nervous laugh. "Father, you're here."

Asmodeus was not amused.

Rivere cleared his throat at once and said, "Our brother received the blessing of a mate, and I was just introducing her to the family."

But Micah spoke up immediately, "You stole my mate! Now you're trying to forcefully marry her to me the demon way. You want to doom her soul for eternity!"

There was a shift in Asmodeus' demeanor, and Rivere noticed the tides changing. He quickly added, "Micah is still part of us, and by extension, his mate now. He should do it to honor us..." he deliberately stressed the words, "Honor you."

Micah's heart began to race. That manipulative bastard Rivere was playing at Asmodeus' pride, trying to twist the situation in his favor. Micah's mind worked rapidly, scrambling for a solution, when Adele suddenly stepped forward.

"Prince Asmodeus," she addressed him, her voice polite but edged with steel.

"Adele..." Micah's eyes widened, panic rushing through him. "What are you doing?" He tried to reach for her, but Adele didn't move an inch.

She continued, strong and unwavering, "Apologies, but I have no gift to present you considering your heir abducted me from my mate's bed with no warning. By the laws of my people, that is an incredible offense."

The effect was immediate.

Micah's expression lit up when he realized what Adele was doing, while Rivere's face soured instantly, apprehension coiling through him.

Adele lifted her chin and declared, "I am a healer. A special wolf created by the Moon Goddess herself, and yet your spawn dares to force me into a demon marriage. Tell me, Prince Asmodeus, do you truly wish to call down the wrath of Heaven? I'm certain Hell wouldn't want a second war. You were already defeated the first time."

Bam.

Adele hit right where it hurt them most.

Asmodeus' face darkened, shadows tightening around his features. The air in the hall thickened so intensely it felt impossible to breathe. The demons who had been enjoying the spectacle moments ago now bowed their heads so low their foreheads touched the floor. None dared to look up, not with Asmodeus' aura rolling over them oppressively.

"Apologies, healer," Asmodeus finally said, his voice deceptively smooth. "We demons can be impulsive with our desires at times..." His gaze shifted toward Rivere, and the demon heir shivered. He knew this was bad.

"And to apologize properly," Asmodeus continued, "then take my son as a gift."

"What?" Adele shouted, shocked. Not just her, Micah's mouth dropped open in disbelief.

As for Rivere, he looked like the floor had fallen out beneath him.

"F-father, what are you saying?" he stammered, his voice cracking.

Asmodeus didn't even spare him a glance.

"I curse you, Rivere. From this moment onward, you will serve the healer. She shall command you, and you will obey even her heirs for a thousand years."

Something happened almost immediately.

Black smoke exploded around Rivere, swallowing him whole.

"Wait—no! Father, don't do —" was all he managed before the smoke thickened and choked out the rest of his protest.

Everyone held their breath as the scene played out in front of them. The smoke churned once more and then collapsed inward.

Except what stood in Rivere's place was not Rivere but a cat.

What the hell?

And no, this wasn't a trick of the eye. A small, adorable black cat with bright green eyes far too pretty for the vicious creature he had been seconds ago stood before them.

The cat opened its mouth.

"Meow."

The sound echoed through the silent room, leaving everyone speechless. No way.

The little cat puffed up in outrage, his tiny fangs showing as it tried to speak again.

"Me—OW!"

The emphasis was clearly intended to sound threatening, but it did not.

Through their shock, Asmodeus announced, "You may now leave the realm. You are free to go."

The relief that washed through Micah and Adele lasted only a heartbeat because Asmodeus' eyes gleamed, catching on them like a hook.

"However..." he murmured and the hall froze again. "... know this, if ever you produce heirs with demon blood, even one, their place is here in my realm. Not even the heavens may dispute it."

Shivers raced down Adele's spine. This can't be happening. They can't decide the fate of her child even before it's born.

Micah noticed her apprehension and took her hand in his, comforting her. They would figure this out together.

Asmodeus wasn't done. He now turned to Micah, a slow, serpentine smile forming.

"And with Rivere gone, I find myself... heirless. Perhaps I will soon remedy that."

Micah froze, and it was Adele's turn to stroke his palm, steadyng him.

"Go now. Enjoy your fragile freedom. This matter is not over."

Micah didn't need to be told twice. He grabbed Adele by the waist and vanished immediately, leaving the cat behind. They did not need it, not when Rivere was the cause of their problem.

In a blink, they were back in their room as if nothing had ever happened. Morning light filtered in but neither of them cared.

"He plans to take my child. My unborn child!" Adele choked out, panic rising fast.

"Adele, calm down—" Micah tried, reaching for her.

"Don't tell me to calm down! It's my child he wants!"

"Our child," Micah corrected, his voice louder than he intended. Realizing it, he forced himself to breathe. "It's our child," he repeated softer.

He pulled her into his arms. "God, I'm sorry."

"I'm sorry too," Adele whispered, sinking against him. "I'm just so scared."

Micah kissed her forehead, lingering there. "You don't need to be. He said demon blood. For all we know, our child could be completely wolf. And if not, then we simply won't give birth at all. That solves it."

Adele looked up at him through teary lashes. "You don't mind not having kids?"

Micah admitted, "I never planned on having children in the first place. This only makes it easier. You?"

She bit her lip, trembling. "If it will save my child from such a fate then I don't mind."

"Adele..." Micah's voice cracked, eyes filled with guilt. "I'm so sorry. This is all my fault. If only I wasn't a—"

"Shhh." She silenced him. "It's alright."

He held her tight, both of them drawing strength from each other.

And then,

"Meow!"

They froze.

Adele and Micah turned slowly to see the black cat sitting primly on the floor, tail curled neatly around its paws, watching them with smug little demon eyes.

The two exchanged a long, exhausted stare.

Adele sighed. "I guess we're stuck with him."

Micah groaned. "Seems so."

Meow.

Chapter 709: Ignis On Campus

Lunaris Academy has been far too quiet lately. And you all know I hate quiet because quiet means peace. Peace means boredom.

And boredom? That is absolutely unacceptable.

But do not fear, just when I thought this school was entering its "Christian Camp Era," Lunaris reminded me why I never, ever put away my investigative heels.

Let's begin with the Daisy Incident, shall we?

THE DAISY DISASTER: SAFETY? AT LUNARIS? YOU'RE FUNNY.

Sources confirm that our smart-ass Daisy Fairchild had a horrifying encounter on campus grounds — yes, on campus.

As in, the place where students are supposedly safe.

As in, the place that Principal Jameson swore was "secure and peaceful for all."

All Lies. Bold ones. The type powdered with delusion and served on a golden platter.

Thank the goddess Daisy survived, but the message is clear:

Lunaris Academy has officially lost its grip.

If you hear screaming tonight, worry not, it is probably just the students rehearsing their trauma.

And speaking of karma knocking...

KARMA CALLS: ELSIE LANCASTER, EXPELLED (FINALLY)

My darlings, the universe finally clocked in to work.

Elsie Lancaster, the once flawless, polished, and crowned Queen of Perfection has officially been expelled.

Yes, expelled.

And honestly? That's the pretty punishment. Because after the Rated-R Revelation heard around the country, everyone expected her to be exiled to the Forbidden Forest. Or launched into outer space. Or blessed with a vow of silence.

But an expulsion? Please. That's a slap on the wrist with a satin glove.

This, once again, highlights Principal Jameson's catastrophic inability to lead this institution. Truly, I've seen toddlers manage playgrounds better.

Lunaris, sweetie, fire her already.

And if the school board needs recommendations? They can come to me.

I'll draw up a shortlist of competent adults, or at least wolves who know the difference between "discipline" and "public relations wildfire."

WHERE IS VIOLET PURPLE? AND WHY IS LUNARIS SO BORING WITHOUT HER?

This campus has been dryer than my aunt's fasting prayers.

And you know why?

Because our reigning chaos-queen, Violet Purple, and her orbit of cardinal alphas have been missing!

Did they go on a sabbatical?

A private outer space retreat?

A "romantic, possibly scandalous" group vacation?

We don't know.

But here is what we do know:

Without the Purple Storm and her four-wolf entourage, Lunaris Academy has become painfully normal.

And Natalie — bless her earnest heart — is no Violet. We appreciate her effort at "keeping the school together," but darling, fun is not something you can laminate and pin to a notice board.

Even worse? With Elsie gone, we no longer have a villainess to mock. Yes, we are starving out here.

THE DRUG WHISPER: SOMETHING SINISTER ON CAMPUS?

Last night, a student (name withheld because I don't want my nails broken by legalities) was caught with drugs.

Yes. Drugs confirmed at Lunaris.

Rumor has it this particular substance is designed to gift a human with abilities? I don't know how true that is, but if it is, I'll say there's fire on the mountain.

WHO is making anti-wolf drugs? And WHY?

Let's not resurrect ancient hostilities between humans and werewolves. This isn't the Great War and we do not want a sequel. Especially not one written by hormonal teenagers.

EXAMS, & HOLIDAYS

Exams are approaching faster than a rogue wolf in heat. The holidays are near, and honestly? I'm praying — truly praying — that the cardinal alphas return before then so we can throw the term party Lunaris deserves.

Probably one with chaos and drama. And hopefully no leaked sex tapes.

(But honestly? I won't complain either way.)

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

— The Oracle

"Really?" Natalie whirled around on the swivel seat, fixing Dion with an exhausted glare. "Did you seriously have to drag me into this?"

Dion didn't even flinch. He leaned against his desk with his hands folded behind his head, entirely unbothered by her playful irritation.

And yes, Dion was one of Micah's prodigies, trained specifically to take his place whenever he vanished into thin air. People assumed The Oracle was just a dramatic gossip queen with too much free time, but the reality was far more different.

The Oracle operated like a hive mind with their networks all over. And Dion was one of the best and the second to the boss, Micah.

Dion stretched, saying, "The Oracle can't be partial, otherwise people might begin to suspect. Not to mention, there hasn't been much to report aside—"

"The drug," Natalie finished.

"I wanted to say 'petty dramas'. But whatever you say." He shrugged.

"So Ignis made its way onto campus," Natalie muttered, her mind already spinning. "That's concerning."

Of course she knew about the drug. There was no way Natalie Avax wouldn't. Her family received information long before it ever trickled down to the general public.

"Does it really give powers like the rumors say?" Dion asked, genuinely curious.

Natalie lifted a brow. "Why? You want a taste? Want to know what it feels like to be a werewolf?"

Dion rolled his eyes. "Curious, yes, but I'm not stupid. Anything that powerful has consequences. I still love my life—despite the schoolwork I'd gladly escape if given the chance."

He sighed, rubbing his face. "Actually, what's more worrying is the comment section. The human students are excited about a drug that can rival a werewolf. I don't know if you've noticed, but there's a dark shift lately, Natalie. Something's coming, and it isn't good."

For a moment, Natalie and Dion stared at each other, the air thick with apprehension. Then Natalie cleared her throat, breaking the tension.

"No matter what happens, good prevails in the end."

She rose from the bed. "I'll leave before students think there's something going on between us."

Dion scoffed. "We could give them content for my next article. I'm running dry with Violet and the cardinal alphas disappearing."

Natalie smacked her lips. "In your dreams, Dion. Have a nice day."

With that, she left.

As expected, all eyes turned to her the moment she stepped out of Dion's room. She was Natalie Avax, after all, people were always watching, and whispering.

Natalie descended the stairs, but midway down someone bumped into her.

"Sorry," the girl muttered quickly, head lowered, before hurrying off.

Natalie didn't think much of it until she stepped outside, reached into her jacket and came up with nothing.

Her phone was gone.

Where the hell was her phone?

Chapter 710: The Stolen Phone

Natalie Avax was many things, but never careless. She knew this was a targeted attack. After all, it wasn't every day her phone was intentionally stolen.

"Tell me what the girl looked like again?" Dion asked, furiously typing on his phone as he contacted his sources.

"I can't exactly remember. The girl had a hoodie on and left so quickly I didn't even get a good look at her face," Natalie frowned, thinking hard. She was Natalie Avax, after all, and didn't bother to keep tabs on everyone unless it suited her needs.

But Natalie was smart, and it was as if her brain had paused that moment. She zoomed in on the culprit in her mind's eye.

"Blonde hair...." she muttered, recognition setting in. "There were strands peeking out beneath the hoodie. Other than that, I don't exactly remember the face."

"That's the moment you wish Lunaris Academy had cameras around," Dion muttered in annoyance as he kept typing on his phone, "but no, they insist on living in the stone age."

This was a historical school and disliked the intrusion of cameras on their privacy. Moreover, the werewolves depended on their heightened senses to protect themselves.

Dion lifted his head. "I've put the word out to see if anyone recognizes the girl, but so far there's no positive result. From the look of things, there's a possibility she came from outside the academy."

Natalie's eyes sharpened. "If she came from outside, then there are cameras at the security booth. They should have captured her."

"Hell yeah, you're right," Dion said. "We should head there now. What about your side?"

"No, nothing yet," Natalie shook her head. "The line is dead, so they can't track its current location."

She stared down at the second phone she had already acquired after the first went missing. Natalie Avax never lacked electronic devices. Not when her family supplied the school with phones for free.

"Let's go," Dion said, unconsciously reaching for Natalie's waist to guide her forward. It was only for a fleeting moment before he caught himself — Natalie didn't like to be touched without warning — but she noticed it. Other times she would have jumped at the intrusion, but this touch strangely felt protective.

After the damage Kate did to her, it was safe to say Natalie loathed physical contact, worse still the romance that came with it. Sure, she was slowly healing, but it wasn't something she would get over overnight.

Natalie glanced at Dion. She had never thought of him romantically before, but now that she looked at him properly, he was kind of cute.

"I'm sorry. I shouldn't have touched you," he apologized, thinking that was the reason she was staring at him that way.

"It's alright...." I kind of liked it, Natalie almost blurted out, but she managed to rein in her tongue.

"Let's go," Dion said, moving ahead and awkwardly clearing his throat.

As they walked, Dion asked, "Is there any incriminating information in the phone we should be worried about?"

Natalie rolled her eyes. "Don't worry, there's no kinky sex video, if that's what you're worried about."

Dion let out a chuckle, knowing exactly, or rather who, she was referring to. Elsie Lancaster.

"You never know what cockroaches people hide in their cupboards," he said, tilting his head. "And our chats?"

"I don't leave any of our sensitive conversations lying around," Natalie replied, and Dion breathed in relief.

It would be an absolute disaster if the identity of the Oracle were ever exposed, or how deep their network truly ran. That anonymity was their shield. The Oracle said things no one else dared to say and had stepped on far too many toes.

If the arrogant werewolves of Lunaris ever discovered that he — Dion, a human — was part of the Oracle's inner circle, they would beat the living hell out of him. Remaining mysterious gave Micah his power and his protection. He couldn't be controlled by the upper hand, and he could post whatever he wanted.

If only Dion knew.

It wasn't long before they reached the security booth.

Two werewolves were stationed outside the glass door, and they smiled as soon as they caught sight of both of them. Natalie often bribed them whenever she needed certain things brought into the school or when she had to slip out without permission.

"What brings you here, Miss Avax?" the first guard asked.

Natalie exchanged a quick glance with Dion before they both explained the situation.

"You want to go through the cameras?" the guard clarified.

"Today's records precisely. We need to see who came in and out of Lunaris," Dion said.

There was a brief pause, and for a moment there, they thought the guards might refuse. Then the second werewolf shrugged.

"Sure," he said simply. "Whatever you want."

Moments later, the cameras began to display individuals and cars that had passed through Lunaris.

"Stop," Natalie said suddenly.

The guard froze the frame at once.

Natalie stepped closer, squinting at the screen. A figure had glanced out through a partially lowered window at that exact moment and that face—

"That's her," Natalie said.

Dion leaned in. "The same girl?"

"Yes. That's her."

The guard rewound the footage slowly. The video played again and it was the girl glancing out the window once, as if checking her surroundings before turning forward again.

Natalie added, "She wasn't in a cleaner's uniform when she bumped into me."

"That means she changed and blended in as a student," Dion said. "I've never seen her before. Bring out the sanitation register."

The guard disappeared into the back and returned moments later with a tablet.

He scrolled. "All outside sanitation workers must be logged in daily. Today's roster includes the following names. I recognize the others but not this one. Virginia Ares."

Natalie straightened. "Give me her number. I'll send it to my people so they can dig into her background."

The guard passed her the information.

But just as Natalie was about to forward the number to her contact, she froze.

Dion noticed instantly. "What is it?"

Her fingers hovered over the screen.

"The phone is on."