

Defy 71

Chapter 71: Let The Lightening Guide You

~Alaric~

Something was wrong. Very wrong. He might not know Violet on a personal level, but he has heard enough of the stubborn, fiery, purple head and this was not just like her.

Her fevered movements, her intense, almost primal desperation wasn't normal at all. Alaric's instincts screamed at him, urging him to step back and assess the situation. But he couldn't move, not with Violet straddling him like this.

"Violet," he said sharply, and grabbed her shoulders firmly, forcing her to meet his eyes. "This isn't you. What's happening to you? Tell me, what is wrong?"

Violet blinked up at him, her eyes glassy and filled with an intensity that made his stomach churn. Whatever was going on, it wasn't natural.

If by chance his lightning was responsible for this, then he had to do something about it. But then, what could he possibly do about it? This was the first time his lightning was making someone.... horny. Intensely horny. Were she a werewolf, he would have assumed she was in her heat or something?

"You're right, my prince, there's something wrong with me." Violet finally said and Alaric's heart missed a beat, a bad premonition hanging over his head. His lightning has done this. It was bus fault.

But Violet said to his surprise, "I crave, hunger and burn for you, my prince, but you don't want me. Do you know how much that hurts my prince?" She whined with a sultry tone.

Alaric froze at once. He knew those words. Those were the same words she had told him Asher used on her. By chance, could it be that his lightning somehow messed with her head and Asher's compulsion malfunctioned. Instead of Asher, she now wanted him.

The gods help him because this was bad. As much as he desired Violet, he could not take her in this state. The girl didn't even know what he was doing and he had no doubt she would hate his ass when the compulsion was over. He had to get her help.

But while Alaric was busy thinking of what to do, the horny Violet had already reached down and grabbed the outline of his raging member through his pants. Alaric nearly jerked out of his seat at the contact that sent a thrill right through him.

"Violet!" He groaned a warning. There was so much self control he had and when he snapped, it was safe to say there was no going back. Unfortunately, he couldn't do that to her, not while she was like this.

Violet said in a pleading tone. "Why won't you take me, my prince. I'm yours already. Please, let me burn for you."

"I'll let you gladly burn for me if you were in your right now. But right now, this would be a devastating inferno." He said while trying to fight off her wandering hand.

But instead Violet grabbed him harder and he groaned loudly, "Violet!" She was going to be the death of him.

"I don't care, my lightning prince..." She purred, now grinding against him again, "As long as we burn. Just let me, my prince. Let the lightning guide you."

Veins bulge in Alaric's head, evidence of him holding on to his self control which was slipping with each passing minute. It was too tempting. He could give in and when Violet recovers, he could blame it on the fact that she was relentless and he had given in. She would understand. But no, Alaric could not do that. He would not let his desire define him.

With a great deal of restraint, Alaric grabbed Violet on the hips and set her on the desk before him, then got out of the seat, and away from him before she could stop him again.

"What do you think you're doing?!" Violet's voice was filled with fury as she realized what Alaric had done.

"Saving you from the shame that will no doubt consume you when you return to your senses and realize what you've done," Alaric replied unapologetically, his tone firm.

"You don't want me!" Violet spat angrily, her eyes blazing as she lunged forward to grab him. But Alaric sidestepped, moving swiftly to the other side of the classroom.

"Violet! You have to listen to me!" he said, trying to make her understand. "Between Asher's persuasion and my lightning, something must have happened. Your head isn't clear right now."

"Apologies, my lightning prince," Violet said mockingly, her tone dripping with defiance, "but my head has never been clearer." She rushed at him again, her movements erratic but purposeful.

And so it began, a game of chase. Alaric maneuvered around the room with precision, carefully avoiding her every attempt to close the distance, all while his mind scrambled for a solution.

Frustration etched itself onto Violet's face, and her demeanor shifted. She stood still, catching her breath, while Alaric remained on edge, bracing for her next move. When she moved, it wasn't to charge at him again but to unbutton her shirt. At least the rest of it.

Alaric froze, his eyes widening as she dragged the shirt off her arms, exposing more of her skin.

"Are you really sure, my lightning prince, that you don't like this?" Violet asked in a sultry tone, her voice teasing as she began massaging her breasts in an undeniably provocative manner.

"Stop this, Violet. Stop it right now!" Alaric growled.

But Violet only laughed, her tone both seductive and harsh. "Why? Because you can't handle the heat? Maybe we should turn it up a notch."

She reached for her bra strap, tugging it down deliberately, clearly intending to remove it entirely.

Before she could, Alaric moved. In one swift motion, he grabbed her arm from behind, forcing her to stop, and bent her over the desk.

"You've completely lost your mind!" Alaric barked, his voice trembling with anger, frustration, and something dangerously close to desire.

His entire body trembled, knowing how close he had been. If he had been just a second too late, he would have lost control completely, succumbing to the relentless need raging inside him. He was barely holding on, teetering on the edge of his self-restraint.

Violet's unkind laughter echoed through the room, sharp and wicked, cutting through the space. Despite being overpowered and pinned down by him, she didn't seem defeated. If anything, she seemed to revel in it.

Or perhaps, this had been her plan all along. She began to move against him, her body rocking deliberately, and Alaric almost groaned aloud, the mixture of frustration and desire nearly undoing him.

What kind of devious vixen had he entangled himself with?

With one hand, he pinned her arm more firmly, and with the other, he gripped her hips, trying to steady her. His voice was rough, a mixture of command and pleading. "Stop it, Violet!"

And then, just as the tension reached its peak, voices carried from outside the room.

"I told you, Roman. This is where he'll be. Alpha Alaric's probably sleeping—" The door creaked open, and the voices trailed off into stunned silence.

Alaric froze, his head snapping toward the doorway, where Roman and his beta stood, their eyes wide as they took in the scene before them. Violet, bent over the desk half naked, looked like a picture of debauchery. Alaric's position behind her, his hand gripping her firmly, only made it worse.

For a moment, no one moved. The silence was deafening.

And then Violet in that state, ever the devious vixen, turned her head toward Roman and said with a sweet, breathless voice, "Help me."

Chapter 72: Natural Seductress

~ Roman ~

Roman Draven spoke one language fluently: the universal language of love. He adored women, and why wouldn't he? Women were perfection embodied—their soft, firm curves were a divine temptation. Their breasts, two perfect handfuls, begged to be caressed, massaged, and suckled until their sweet cries filled the air, a symphony just for him.

And then there was the bottom, two irresistible, delectable halves designed for his hands—to be smacked, groped, and kneaded to his heart's content. But the ultimate treasure, the pièce de résistance, was the sweetest part of all—their pussy. To Roman, there was no finer ambrosia than the juices he could taste while his tongue worshipped their sensitive clit.

Women, to him, were God's greatest gift, treasures that deserved to be cherished, adored, and pleased beyond measure.

However, there was one thing that stirred a deep, seething rage within Roman and it was men who sought to hurt women in the most vile and degrading way imaginable. To Roman, it was an unforgivable crime.

Why resort to violence when there were countless ways to win a woman over? You could write her heartfelt letters, the kind that made her smile just thinking about you.

You could surprise her with flowers, each petal a symbol of your admiration. You could serenade her with romantic songs, even if your voice wasn't perfect—effort mattered more than skill. For the daring, you could give her a taste of the pleasure she was missing, leaving her craving more, willingly.

There were endless paths to her heart, to win her affection. With all these options, why would anyone choose cruelty? Roman couldn't fathom it, nor could he tolerate it.

Men who hurt women, who used fear and force rather than charm and respect, were the lowest of the low in his eyes. He thoroughly despised them and made it his unspoken mission to protect women from such monsters whenever he could.

Roman's eyes burned with anger as he took in the scene before him, his jaw tightening at what he thought was undeniable evidence of Alaric forcing himself on Violet. He couldn't fathom such a betrayal, especially from a fellow Cardinal Alpha. Violet's desperate call for help - filled with faux distress, unknown to him - only solidified the wrong assumption in his mind.

"Get Asher," Roman commanded his beta sharply, his voice laced with barely contained fury. His beta, though equally stunned, snapped out of it and quickly exited the room, closing the door behind him.

Roman's steps were heavy as he advanced toward Alaric, his fists clenched with rage. Alaric, who instantly recognized the misunderstanding from the stormy look in Roman's eyes, raised his hands in a futile attempt to calm him. "No, it's not what you're thinking!" he said desperately.

But Roman wasn't listening. The red haze of anger clouded his judgment, and without hesitation, he swung his fist. The punch landed squarely on Alaric's face, sending him staggering back, momentarily dazed. Violet, freed from Alaric's grip, stood off to the side, watching the scene unfold with a strange expression of satisfaction.

Roman wasn't done. He grabbed Alaric by the collar and landed another punch, the force reverberating through the room.

Alaric winced, trying to shield himself. "Roman, stop!" he pleaded, but his words fell on deaf ears as Roman drew back his fist for a third strike.

Before the blow could land, a soft touch on Roman's back froze him in place. It was Violet. Her hand, warm and gentle, seemed to dissolve the tension that had consumed him. Slowly, he turned to face her, his anger melting away like snow under the sun.

With a delighted smile, Violet cupped Roman's face in her hands. Her gaze was soft yet unsettling, and before Roman could register what was happening, she pulled him down and kissed him.

Her lips moved against his with hunger, an intoxicating mix of sweetness and fire that left Roman completely disarmed. For a brief moment, he forgot his anger, lost in the unexpected passion of the kiss.

Oh fuck. Thought Alaric as he clutched his throbbing jaw, staring in shock and disbelief. The situation had spiraled far beyond anything he could think or control.

He had thought Violet was burning for him, only, but it seems whatever was going on with her had no discrimination. She wanted a partner that would give her exactly what she wanted. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck. They were doomed.

Roman had always prided himself on being impulsive, but this was different. Unlike Alaric, whose self-control held firm even in the face of such sweet temptation, Roman had none, especially now.

The moment Violet's lips touched his, the world ceased to exist. She kissed him with such unrestrained passion, a natural seductress suddenly awakened, that it obliterated any rational thought in his mind.

Her lips moved against his with a hunger that matched his own, and he was powerless to resist. The heat between them was electric, scorching his senses. His large hands found their way to her waist, gripping her tightly as he deepened the kiss, pulling her body flush against his. Every sound, every sensation spurred him further into the vortex of desire she created.

Roman acted without hesitation, lifting her effortlessly and placing her on the desk as their mouths remained locked. He kissed her with fervor, as if his very existence depended on it. His fingers dug into her hips, holding her steady as he began to move her against him.

A low groan rumbled from his throat as his erection pressed against her, the friction driving him wild. The outline of his throbbing arousal was clear as day, straining against the fabric of his pants as he rocked her against him with increasing intensity. Violet moaned into his mouth, her hands threading through his hair and pulling him even closer.

Their tongues tangled in a fiery dance, the kiss growing more heated with every passing second. Roman's mind was clouded, consumed entirely by the feel of her soft curves pressed against him, the taste of her lips, and the intoxicating warmth from her body. He was lost, utterly lost, in her.

The classroom was filled with their moans and grunts, raw and unfiltered, as Roman and Violet succumbed to this madness between them. Their bodies moved in a desperate rhythm, clawing at each other as if they were the only ones in the universe. Alaric stood frozen, his face flushed with a mix of embarrassment, anger, and something he didn't want to name.

From the way Roman's hands gripped Violet's hips and the way she arched into him, it was clear to Alaric that if he didn't intervene, Roman would soon bend Violet over the desk and fuck her senselessly. Except that was exactly what Violet wanted and he couldn't let that happen.

Chapter 73: Beautiful Memory

"Roman, you have to stop this. Trust me, you don't know what you're doing, neither does she. You're under her control, this isn't what you want," Alaric's voice was imploring as he tried to pull his cardinal brother back from the edge.

But his words seemed to fall on deaf ears as Roman's focus was locked entirely on Violet, who pressed herself against him, her chest flush against his. And to make it worse, Roman, entranced, reached behind her to unclasp her bra.

Oh, hell no. Not happening. Not on his watch.

Alaric moved swiftly, grabbing Roman by the arm and yanking him away from Violet. For a brief moment, he succeeded in separating them, but the look Roman shot him made Alaric's heart skip a beat.

It was said never to snatch prey from the jaws of a lion, and Alaric had just done exactly that.

Roman's face contorted with fury, his features twisting into something more beast than human. A guttural snarl ripped from his throat as his eyes slit like a snake's, his tongue forked, and scales crept up his arms, spreading to his neck as he half-shifted into a serpentine form.

"Roman, don't—" Alaric began, but it was too late. Roman's intentions were clear as he spit a thick glob of venom directly at him.

Alaric managed to dodge it, but not enough. The venom struck his face, and within seconds, his body tensed, a sharp groan escaping his lips as he collapsed to the ground.

Alaric was paralyzed, his limbs refusing to cooperate, although the venom's purpose was not fatal. Roman, even in this feral state, knew better than to harm a cardinal brother beyond incapacitation. Still, the poison burned like hellfire as it coursed through Alaric's veins.

Helpless, Alaric could only watch as Roman turned back to Violet, who eagerly pulled him into her embrace with excitement.

So much for trying to stop them, Alaric thought bitterly, frustration bubbling inside of him as he watched the scene unfold.

With deft hands, Roman unclasped Violet's bra and tossed it aside, the lacy fabric landing mockingly near his head. The intoxicating scent of Violet's natural aroma filled his nostrils, making him groan in both frustration and regret. The irony wasn't lost on him, had he thrown his self control aside earlier, he would have been the one in Roman's shoes.

No. He couldn't think that way. Alaric shook off the thought as best as he could, despite his incapacitation.

Violet doesn't know what she's doing. This wasn't her fault. He had done the right thing. But it was nearly impossible to believe those words, not when Violet's gasps and moans filled the air as Roman pleasured her, each sound piercing through him like a blade.

Roman's hands roamed Violet's body, his mouth finding her exposed breasts. Alaric clenched his fists, nails digging into his palms as he struggled against the venom's hold. Deep down inside of him —a dark, shameful part—ached with jealousy and longing as he watched Roman tease and worship her body with an intensity that shook him to his core.

"Fuck," Alaric groaned through gritted teeth. Even with Roman's venom coursing through his blood, one part of him remained unaffected, standing at full attention in response to the scene before him.

Violet's moans only grew louder as Roman the son of a biscuit teased, licked, kneaded, and sucked her sensitive breasts, his tongue lavishing attention on every inch of her.

He should have squeezed his eyes shut, and blocked it all out, but Alaric couldn't. No, he didn't want to. Because the truth remained he was just as entranced as Roman was. Unlike him, Roman was the one enjoying himself instead.

By the time Roman was done, it was obvious that Violet was ripe for the taking.

It was time.

Dread filled Alaric. Just where were the others when you needed them. However, to his relief, it seemed Roman was not ready yet to claim his prize and still had other ideas in mind.

He carefully positioned her on her back atop a desk. The edge of the desk, however, failed to support her fully; her neck dangled slightly off the side, her gaze accidentally meeting Alaric's. In her eyes, Alaric saw a wild, fervent need, a look of total surrender to whatever Roman planned, driven by her overwhelming desire.

Alaric's heart raced as he realized Roman's intentions, especially as he turned away, allowing Violet's panties to join her bra on the floor. The intense scent of her arousal filled the air, striking Alaric with a wave of his own unbidden arousal. He groaned internally, caught between his instincts and the scene unfolding before him, tormented by the erotic display yet unable to look away.

As Roman parted Violet's legs further, Alaric couldn't help but notice her reaction, the way her mouth fell open in a small, sharp gasp, and her golden eyes widened with surprise and burgeoning pleasure.

Watching from his vantage point, Alaric found himself unexpectedly captivated by the play of emotions across Violet's face as Roman skillfully elicited moans from her.

Each time Roman altered his rhythm, Violet's mouth would form a perfect "O," her eyes fluttering shut as waves of pleasure seemed to drag her over. Her breathing grew rapid, her chest and breasts heaving with each breath. Her fingers couldn't help but tangle in her hair, pulling slightly with frustration and ecstasy.

The sounds she made—the soft moans, whimpers, squeals and gasps—molded into the room's silence, creating a symphony of desire that Alaric felt resonate within him.

He was mesmerized by the euphoric expression that painted her features when she reached her climax; her face was awash with bliss, her body momentarily lax in the aftermath of intense pleasure.

As she lay there, dazed and beautifully satiated, Alaric realized he was witnessing a rare moment of vulnerability and raw beauty. In that moment, he thought Violet might just be the most enchanting woman he had ever seen, her expressions etching themselves indelibly into his memory.

Chapter 74: Just Like Roman

However beautiful the scene may have seemed — at least to Alaric — the moment of passion had reached a dangerous precipice.

Violet and Roman, completely overtaken by their desires, were preparing to cross the line.

Violet's fingers were already working feverishly at Roman's belt, while Roman tore his shirt off, his muscles taut with need.

The gods help them! Where the hell was Asher, and why was he taking so damn long?

"D-don't do this...." Alaric managed to groan, his voice strained as he dragged his body across the ground, struggling against the venom coursing through his system. But his plea fell on deaf ears. Roman and Violet were too far gone, consumed by the fire that burned between them.

Violet had just succeeded in slipping Roman's belt free, her hands moving to tug down his zipper when the door suddenly burst open. All heads turned toward the sound, and for a fleeting moment, Alaric dared to hope it was Asher. But instead, it was Griffin, standing in the doorway with a stunned, almost dumbfounded expression.

Finally!

Griffin's sharp gaze darted between the tangled figures of Violet and Roman before settling on Alaric sprawled on the floor. His expression hardened in an instant, the shock replaced by cold resolve. Relief flooded through Alaric, hope filling him as he seized the opportunity to call out.

"Stop him!" Alaric commanded, his voice cracking but firm.

Griffin didn't need further clarification. He knew exactly who Alaric was referring to. The bond between the two cardinal alphas had always been rooted in a shared disdain for Roman's more reckless tendencies. Closing the door behind him with a deliberate motion, Griffin stepped into the room, his movements slow and calculated.

Roman sensed the shift in the atmosphere immediately. His body tensed, and he instinctively pulled Violet behind him, shielding her as his own defenses rose. His eyes began to slit like a predator's, and emerald-green scales rippled over his skin as his primal side took over, readying for a fight.

But Griffin was unshaken. He moved with precision, his eyes locked on Roman like a hawk stalking its prey. Roman spat his incapacitating venom, the sharp, greenish liquid flying through the air with lethal accuracy. Unlike Alaric's earlier mistake, Griffin dodged each and every attack with astonishing ease.

Before Roman could launch another strike, Griffin closed the gap between them with a powerful burst of speed. A single, well-aimed punch landed squarely on Roman's jaw, the impact reverberating through the room like a thunderclap. Roman's body crumpled to the ground, unconscious before he even hit the floor.

Silence fell over the room, broken only by Alaric's labored breathing. Relief coursed through him as he watched Griffin, standing tall as he cast a final glance at Roman's motionless form.

"About time," Alaric rasped, his lips twitching into a weak semblance of a smirk.

However, Alaric had overlooked one pressing issue in the room—Violet. And the seductive siren knew exactly how to command attention. With an air of confidence and a sultry look, she approached Griffin, placing her hand boldly against his chest.

"You're finally here, my big Alpha," she purred, her voice dripping with allure.

Oh no. The blood drained from Alaric's face as he realized what was about to happen. "Don't let her touch—" he began to shout, but it was already too late.

Violet grabbed Griffin's face and kissed him, her lips crashing against his with a fervent need.

Oh, fuck his fate! Alaric cursed internally, watching helplessly as Griffin, the one person who could have ended this madness, succumbed to Violet's spell.

The larger alpha kissed her back with reckless abandon, his strong arms pulling her small frame tightly against his. The kiss was desperate and consuming, leaving no doubt that Griffin was as ensnared by her as Roman had been.

By the time they broke apart, Griffin's eyes were dilated, his pupils blown wide with unnatural desire. It was painfully clear that he was under Violet's influence now too.

Alaric's heart sank as he watched her shamelessly slide her hand down Griffin's chest, her touch bold and deliberate.

"Take me, please," Violet begged, her voice thick with need. "I don't think I can wait anymore. Fuck me!"

Griffin's response was immediate, his deep voice resonating with a dangerous edge. "As you wish, my lady."

Alaric groaned inwardly, all hope he had harbored for Griffin's intervention evaporating in that moment. This was it. The situation had completely gone out of control.

Violet, wearing a smug smile, bent over the desk in front of Griffin, clearly ready to be claimed. She smiled wider when his strong hands wrapped around her neck, seemingly interpreting it as a sign he wanted to play rough.

But her smile vanished quickly as Griffin's grip tightened, and tightened, until her breathing became labored. Dots danced in her vision as panic flickered across her face. Moments later, her body went limp, collapsing unconscious across the desk.

Griffin stared down at her unconscious form, then groaned in frustration. "Can someone finally tell me what in the moon is going on here?"

Alaric's lips twitched into a wide, relieved smile. "Thank the gods," he muttered.

Finally, the tension in the room finally cracked, and Alaric began to laugh. It wasn't just a chuckle, but a full-bodied, hysterical laugh that echoed through the classroom. Tears streamed down his face as his body trembled with the force of his amusement.

Griffin, still standing over Violet's unconscious form, frowned deeply. "What's so damn funny?" he asked, his tone both irritated and confused.

Alaric struggled to catch his breath, wiping his tears away as he gasped, "Because this... this has been the craziest day ever! And, dude..." He paused, his laughter bubbling up again, "You should look down."

Confused, Griffin followed Alaric's suggestion and glanced down. His eyes widened in horror as he took in the sight of the massive erection straining against his pants.

"Oh, hell," Griffin groaned, dragging a hand down his face in sheer annoyance. "Are you serious right now?"

But Alaric only laughed harder, not even realizing the venom's hold over him had exhausted.

And it was in that moment that Asher came rushing in....

Chapter 75: A Burning Dick

Asher appeared disheveled, his eyes wide with disbelief as he took in the scene before him: Violet's naked body unconscious on the floor, alongside Roman's.

He couldn't quite process what he was seeing. Clearly, he hadn't anticipated this turn of events, especially after spending the previous night exerting his powers playing one of his elaborate games, a game that always took its toll on him.

A power, which, though a blessing, often became a curse. An overuse of his abilities often resulted in severe headaches that were debilitating enough to bring even grown men to his knees.

Knowing this, Asher had retreated to one of Alaric's hidden sleeping spots to recover, confident that Violet would eventually come seeking him, desperate to satisfy the hunger he had deliberately implanted in her—a hunger only he could quench. But she wasn't ready just yet. His little queen needed to endure a bit more before he granted her what she wanted.

No one would find him in his secret refuge, least of all Violet, who knew so little about him or his habits. There, he allowed himself to rest and clear his mind.

He had heard enough stories of other so-called "mind fuckers," as they were often referred to, who became paranoid or even lost their sanity from the strain of their abilities. Asher had no intention of becoming one of them. The Alpha of the West was determined to get what he wanted and live a long, unbothered life.

But who would have guessed that a moment of sleep nearly cost him everything?

Now, standing in the chaos of this scene, his face twisted in rage as he roared, "What have you done to—"

He didn't get the chance to finish. Lightning crackled to life, and before Asher could react, Alaric unleashed his fury. The sharp, electric tendrils struck Asher in the chest and he crumpled to the ground, his body convulsing violently. A guttural groan escaped him as the electricity coursed through his body, leaving him trembling and incapacitated.

The room was charged with a tense silence, broken only by the faint hum of fading lightning and Asher's ragged breaths. Alaric stood over him, his expression icy and unyielding, wisps of electricity still flickering at his fingertips. His voice was a low, dangerous growl as he said, "You dare accuse me when this entire mess is your doing?"

"Alaric," Griffin muttered, his tone dismissive, as if the man groaning on the floor was an afterthought. "We already know what he's like. Don't waste your powers on him."

Griffin shifted his gaze to the unconscious Violet. "You really think knocking her out will bring her back to her senses?"

Alaric's eyes rested on Violet, his expression softening briefly before returning to its usual stoic calm. "I don't think so," he admitted. "And we can't take that risk. We need to get her to the healer. She'd know how to handle whatever this idiot has done to her." His disdainful glance at Asher was sharp enough to cut.

Griffin raised an eyebrow. "Are you sure about that? The moment we step out of this room, the Oracle will have a field day. You know she'll spin this into the scandal of the year."

"She already knows something," Alaric said with a grim certainty. "Whether we step out or not, she'll have her story. But she doesn't know the details. There are only five of us who know what actually happened, and unless Roman's beta can't keep his mouth shut, she'll only have enough for wild speculation. We move now."

Griffin let out a low whistle and gave a mock salute. "If you say so, boss."

Without hesitation, Griffin began collecting Violet's discarded clothes, his movements careful, clearly making an effort not to let his gaze linger on her nakedness. This was really a very hard task. But he focused on the task at hand. As he worked, Asher let out a strained roar from the floor.

"Don't touch her!" Asher's voice was hoarse but laced with venom. "She's mine. I'm to be her first. Her number one before any of you—"

Another sharp crack of lightning silenced him, leaving him writhing on the floor as Alaric's cold gaze bore into him. Asher trembled, muttering under his breath about all the ways he'd kill Alaric once he was able.

Ignoring the tension in the room, Griffin finished dressing Violet and gently scooped her into his arms. She looked so small and fragile against his broad chest, her peaceful, childlike expression tugging at something deep inside him. For a fleeting moment, a surge of protectiveness swelled in his heart, a fierce desire to shield her from everything and everyone.

Griffin marched toward the door with Violet cradled securely in his arms, but just as they were about to leave, Asher's hoarse voice cut through the air.

"Don't take her to the infirmary."

Both Griffin and Alaric turned to face him, their expressions unreadable as they studied the disheveled Alpha struggling on the ground. It was clear that even speaking was difficult for Asher, but he forced the words out.

"You know what they do there. They can't have her."

At those words, a shadow passed over Griffin and Alaric's faces, dark and foreboding. They exchanged a silent, knowing look, and Asher knew he had their attention. His voice cracked as he continued, "Take her to my pack house instead—"

The moment Asher mentioned his pack house, Griffin let out a deep, menacing growl that reverberated through the room. His body stiffened in defiance, his eyes flashing with anger as he made his disapproval abundantly clear.

"Fine," Asher relented with a grimace. "Your pack house, then. But call Adele. She'll come, and she can heal her. Just don't take her to the infirmary. Not the infirmary."

Griffin and Alaric shared another look, the tension between them thick enough to cut with a blade. After a moment, they seemed to come to an unspoken agreement. Without a word, Griffin adjusted Violet's weight in his arms and began to move again.

Asher's voice, desperate and insistent, rang out once more. "I'll come visit. I need to see her."

Alaric's cold glare turned even frostier. "Do that, and I'll fry your dick," he snapped, and to emphasize his point, he sent a powerful bolt of lightning Asher's way. The crackling energy struck him with enough force to knock him out cold, his body slumping to the floor.

Griffin raised an eyebrow at Alaric but said nothing. Instead, he stated firmly, "I'll take her to my pack house."

"And I'll get Adele," Alaric replied, though he made no move to leave the room.

Griffin tilted his head slightly, recognizing the hesitation in his friend. "I give you my word," he said, his voice steady and resolute. "I won't do anything to her. You have my oath."

Alaric studied Griffin for a long moment, searching his expression for any sign of insincerity on his cardinal brother's face. Only there were none. Neither does Griffin joke with his promises.

Finally satisfied, Alaric gave a curt nod and turned to leave, heading off to summon the healer. Only then did Griffin continue on his way, carrying Violet toward the safety of his pack house.

Except it was nothing short of unfortunate timing that class had ended just as Griffin stepped into the hallway with Violet cradled in his arms. The bustling corridor came to an abrupt halt as all eyes turned to the sight of the Alpha carrying the unconscious girl.

Among the crowd, was Griffin's own very girlfriend, Amanda, who stood frozen, her eyes narrowing into sharp slits the moment she saw them.

Amanda's jealousy flared instantly. Without hesitation, she stormed toward Griffin, her voice sharp and demanding. "What are you doing with her?" she snapped, pointing an accusatory finger at Violet, who looked utterly at peace in Griffin's arms. The sight only made Amanda's blood boil.

Griffin barely spared her a glance, his tone clipped as he replied, "Something happened. I'll explain later."

But Amanda wasn't having it. Her jealousy blinded her to the tension in Griffin's expression and the urgency of his strides. "No," she barked, stepping in front of him, blocking his path. "You're going to explain now. Why is she in your arms? What does she mean to you?"

Griffin stopped, his jaw tightening as his patience wore thin. His sharp amber eyes glinted with irritation, and his voice dropped dangerously low. "Amanda," he warned. "Step aside."

She didn't.

"No," she spat, her voice rising. "You owe me an explanation—"

That was the last straw. Griffin's head snapped up, and he let out a thunderous roar that echoed through the hallway like a wild storm.

The sheer force of his fury sent Amanda stumbling back, falling onto her backside with a yelp. The crowd gasped, shrinking back from the display. Griffin's beastly presence loomed over her, and for the first time, Amanda saw a first hand glimpse of the monster lurking beneath his usually calm demeanor.

Her defiance crumbled into fear as she stared up at him, wide-eyed and trembling.

Griffin's voice was ice-cold and final as he spoke. "I don't want to see you in my bed again. It's over between us."

Without waiting for a response, he turned on his heel and continued walking, Violet still safely secured in his arms. The hallway fell into an eerie silence, the tension so thick it was almost suffocating.

It wasn't until Amanda's friends rushed to her side, helping her to her feet, that the hallway stirred back to life. But Amanda wasn't crying, instead, her hands were balled into fists, and her face burned with rage.

"Violet Purple," Amanda hissed under her breath, her voice venomous. "She's going to pay for this."

Chapter 76: No Trust

Griffin Hale entered the East House, the grand foyer greeted him with polished wooden floors, high ceilings, and beautiful chandeliers hanging above.

It must have been the break period since some students had made their way back to the dormitory and they glanced up, their conversations halting as soon they noticed their Alpha carrying an unconscious Violet.

Their curious eyes followed Griffin as he ascended the staircase with ease, carrying Violet higher and higher without feeling even a bit of her weight.

Only until he was out of view, did they continue their gossip and it was all about Violet. None of them could understand what was happening right now? What was Violet doing in the East House and why was Griffin carrying her?

Meanwhile, Griffin reached the top floor, to be precise, his personal domain. Unlike the other floors, this one exuded an air of exclusivity. After all, it was where he lived with his beta, Gammas and deltas.

He pushed the double door open with his shoulder and went in. Griffin's room was an extension of his personality, spacious, luxurious, warm and filled with personal touches.

An Alaskan king mattress, which was about nine feet by nine feet, dominated the room. It was larger than most standard beds, with a sturdy mahogany frame and adorned with rich red-and-gold bedding.

It was a bed that suited his size and presence — designed precisely for his beast form — exuding comfort and regality in equal measure.

It was flanked by large windows that offered a sweeping view of the academy grounds. While a leather sofa and a mahogany desk occupied one corner, and a massive fireplace roared in another.

The walls were adorned with shelves and displays that spoke to Griffin's passion for cars. Sophisticated model cars were arranged meticulously on custom-built shelves, each one of them a replica of iconic vehicles.

The models ranged from classic muscle cars to sleek modern sports cars, the collection vast and impressive, showcasing his love for speed even though physically, he wasn't built for it.

A connecting door led to another room and beyond that to the restroom. Griffin crossed the threshold, his footsteps muffled by the plush carpet.

Gently, he laid Violet on the bed, her smaller form contrasting starkly with the vast expanse of the bedding. Her peaceful face was a sharp counterpoint to the chaos that had brought them here.

Not entirely satisfied, Griffin adjusted the covers, pulling them up to her shoulders to ensure she was well-covered, then stepped back to observe his handiwork.

Wrapped tightly in the oversized sheet, Violet resembled a mummy, a sight that made Griffin pause. It wasn't winter, but the air had begun to chill at night. He pondered the temperature, considering it wasn't actually nighttime and she might be overheating under the heavy covers.

Moving to peel back the sheet, Griffin hesitated. As a werewolf, his body temperature ran higher than a human's, so he rarely felt the cold, but Violet was human and might need the warmth. Yet, what if she was sweating beneath the heavy layers?

Griffin groaned in frustration. What was he doing? All he wanted was to make sure Violet was comfortable. After all, she was his guest, he told himself firmly.

With a sigh, Griffin turned his attention to his room. He was the messy type, but in a strangely organized way. Papers, books, and car models were scattered about, giving the room a lived-in feel without veering into chaos.

Feeling a strange sense of urgency, Griffin began to clean up. He straightened the stacks of books on his desk, gathered the stray car models into a neat line on their shelf, and tossed the forgotten shirt he had worn the night before into the laundry basket. Griffin had no idea why he was doing it, but he felt an inexplicable need to make his room presentable.

It was Violet's first time in his room and when she woke up, he wanted her to have a good impression of his space. It was just common courtesy, nothing else. He told himself, ignoring the unusual energy driving his actions.

It was quite unfortunate that by the time Griffin was done, Alaric was still not back. Could it be that Adele refused him and he was seeking another alternative? Adele was a tough woman after all. Griffin reached for his phone and called Alaric, except the phone kept ringing without answer. It was unusual for Alaric not to answer his calls, they were buddies after all. After the fifth call, Griffin let it be. Alaric couldn't leave him alone with Violet, that was for sure. He would be back.

Speaking of Violet.

Griffin sat on the edge of the bed and watched Violet sleep. She was interesting to watch and it was in the process he noticed how beautiful. His gaze fell on her lips and as if it were happening again, he felt the heat of her lips on his again and Griffin swallowed as a certain part of his body rose in response. Perhaps, it wasn't a bad idea thinking about that kiss.

Griffin wasn't in love with Violet, but there was no denying her allure. She was strong, resilient, and unflinching—qualities he admired in a woman. If it weren't for Asher's tangled web of games, Griffin might have even pursued her. But he wanted no part in whatever the mad Asher had planned.

Moreover, even if he dates Violet, it would be only for a while. Elsie might choose him by the time they graduate and he didn't want to create such a mess which is why he can't fall in love with any woman other than Elsie.

There was no other way out. He wanted to be Alpha king. The next Alpha king could only marry Elsie Lyka Lancaster. No one else. Not even this strangely purple haired girl.

Unable to help the pull anymore, Griffin leaned down and took Violet's hair in his hand. It was not dyed, he noticed. It was strange. Humans didn't have purple hair. She was almost like Roman with his unique green color trait.

Griffin leaned in and sniffed her. Werewolves could always smell and tell apart their kind. But for Violet, there was nothing. She smelled human. Perhaps she was a human after all with such unique hair — and scent.

Even while asleep, Violet still exuded her enticing pheromones from earlier and now, he was hooked on it. As if that was not enough, Violet's eyes popped open at that moment, catching him off guard.

For a moment, time seemed to freeze as their gazes locked. The tension between them was palpable, thick with unspoken desires. Violet's lips curled into a wicked grin, her expression one of a huntress who had cornered her prey. Slowly, she arched her back, pressing her chest against him in a silent invitation.

Griffin's resolve wavered. He should fight this—he knew he should. But as her lips parted slightly, beckoning him closer, he leaned in, the magnetic pull between them impossible to resist. The brief brush of her lips against his sent a jolt of pleasure coursing through him, and he groaned at the electric connection. He wanted more.

"Griffin!" A sharp voice cut through the air, yanking him back to reality.

Griffin's eyes cleared as he registered Alaric's shout. He pulled back immediately, his heart racing as he tried to regain control. But Violet wasn't ready to give up. With a feral snarl, she lunged forward, determined to claim him.

Griffin reacted swiftly, placing his hand over his mouth just as her lips made contact with his palm. Her frustration was evident, but before she could try again, Alaric tackled her onto the bed. The two struggled briefly, but Alaric easily overpowered her.

At that moment, the healer, Adele, entered the room, and moved toward Violet with her hands glowing with green energy. "Don't worry," she murmured soothingly. "It will be over soon."

Adele pressed her glowing hand against Violet's forehead, and almost instantly, Violet's thrashing subsided. Her eyelids grew heavy, and her body went limp as the green energy spread through her.

But before Violet faded away, the last thing she heard was Alaric saying, "I'll kill that bastard, Asher."

Yes. She too. Violet thought hazily. She'd kill that conniving bastard when she gets her hand on him.

Alaric let out a deep sigh of relief as Violet's body relaxed into unconsciousness. He ran a hand through his hair, the tension in his shoulders easing ever so slightly. That had been close. Super close.

Turning his gaze toward Griffin, he leveled him with a pointed look.

Griffin shifted uncomfortably under the scrutiny. "What?" he asked, his voice edged with unease.

"You swore you wouldn't touch her," Alaric said, his tone calm but laced with quiet accusation.

Griffin rolled his eyes, crossing his arms defensively. "You took too long. Not my fault,"

Alaric was speechless. So much for trusting him. Apparently, no Alpha could be trusted around Violet.

Chapter 77: The Agreement

Adele stood before the Cardinal Alphas, her eyes blazing with fury. Asher, Roman, Alaric, and Griffin seated like chastised children, their usual dominant energy dulled under the healer's scathing glare.

"What the hell were you all thinking?!" Adele's voice rose, resounding through the room. "Do you know I had to give her five heat suppressant shots? Five of them just to ease her from her torment!"

Roman shifted uncomfortably, his head hanging low. Guilt weighed heavily on him, after all, he had come the closest to crossing the line.

"We're sorry," he said quietly, his voice laced with regret.

"Sorry?" Adele's voice sharpened like a whip. "Does sorry make up for the induced heat you all forced the poor girl into? The trauma she might carry?"

Alaric frowned, his tone defensive. "How is that even possible? Humans don't go into heat. She's human, right?" He looked at his cardinal brothers for confirmation.

Adele shot him a withering look. "Forgive my phrasing, Alaric," she said, her voice cold but controlled. "Humans don't experience heat like werewolves, but I've never seen pheromones that strong, strong enough to affect all four of you." Her accusing gaze swept over each of them, as if daring them to challenge her.

She continued, "But since she's a human, I can theorize that Asher mentally drugged her." Adele finished by giving Asher a pointed look.

Asher in question raised his hands in mock surrender, his tone bordering on indifference. "She was only supposed to desire me," he argued, his confidence slipping when Griffin growled low in his throat.

"So you're not denying it," Griffin snapped, his eyes burning with anger. "You mentally blitzed her, didn't you?"

"I didn't drug her!" Asher shot back, his own growl rising to match Griffin's. "It was only a suggestion. A small game. One that shouldn't have escalated like this."

Alaric eyes narrowed. "So your ego's so fragile now that you have to compel women to sleep with you?" he challenged, his voice dripping with disdain.

"Mind your tongue, thunder boy," Asher snarled, his gray eyes darkening dangerously behind his shade. "Let's not forget that she was perfectly fine until she ended up alone with you in that classroom. For all we know, you're the reason my purple flower—"

"Your what?" Griffin interrupted, disgust plain on his face.

Asher ignored him, pressing his accusation toward Alaric. "You're the one who knows exactly what I said to her that night. Did you torture her to get that out of her? Or did your wretched lightning fry her mind and now you're conveniently blaming me?"

A snarl tore from Alaric's throat as he shot to his feet, his lightning crackling faintly in the air. He looked ready to pounce, but Griffin was quicker, grabbing his arm and yanking him back into his seat.

Alaric had not told anyone of the shocking incident and for good reasons. Especially with Asher around. Who knows what that bastard would do with that knowledge.

"That's enough!" Griffin barked, his voice carrying the weight of an Alpha command. His sharp glare silenced both Alaric and Asher.

Adele stood unmoving, her arms crossed tightly over her chest, her expression unreadable. After a tense pause, she spoke again, her voice colder than before.

"Perhaps I should report this entire incident to the Alpha King. Maybe then you'll take this seriously before a dead girl or, rather, a zombie...." She looked precisely at Asher, "ends up on my doorstep."

"No!" Asher's voice was immediate, raw with panic.

Griffin, Roman, and Alaric repeated the same, all of them rising to their feet in unison, their urgency written on their faces.

Adele raised an eyebrow, clearly unimpressed by their sudden unity. "Oh, now you care? Sit down before you make this worse."

But none of them sat, standing with determination.

Alaric broke the silence, saying with a foreboding tone. "You know what would happen if the Alpha King heard about this."

Adele's expression didn't waver. "I'm sure Elijah would only be concerned about his heirs, not some girl."

"He would care about the safety of his heirs enough to eliminate any threat to his plans," Asher interjected, his voice tinged with a mocking edge. "Perhaps then, a dead girl would end up on your doorstep after all."

Adele's eyes narrowed, her tone cutting. "Don't push your luck, Asher."

Griffin stepped forward, his voice carrying command. "This ends now. The only solution to this problem is for Asher to stop messing with Violet's mind. We won't entertain another Lucille."

"I second that," Alaric said firmly, his lightning still faintly crackling in the tension.

Asher growled, his gray eyes dark with defiance. "Violet is not Lucille and will never be."

"Yet, it's all heading down the same path," Roman said, his voice quieter but no less impactful.

Asher turned to Roman, shock flickering in his expression. Roman had always been his wingman, the one who supported him through everything. This felt like a betrayal.

Roman didn't flinch. "You went too far this time, Asher."

Adele took the opportunity to impose her terms. "Fine. I won't report this incident, but only if Asher swears to never get into her head again."

All four Cardinal Alphas turned their eyes on Asher, waiting for his decision.

After a beat, Asher sighed dramatically, lifting his hands in mock surrender. "Alright, I swear never to get into her head again, at least consciously." A dark smile spread across his face. "You all know my power has a mind of its own."

Griffin and Alaric exchanged exasperated glares, disbelief clear in their expressions. They knew Asher was technically telling the truth. His power was unpredictable and could manipulate even without his direct intent.

Just as they were reluctantly about to agree, Asher added with a smirk, "Also, unless she wants me to."

The room erupted into chaos.

"What woman in her right mind would want you screwing around in her head?" Griffin snapped.

Asher's smirk widened. "Everyone has their kink."

Alaric shook his head, his tone resolute. "We can't agree to that. He's going to manipulate Violet into wanting it."

Roman, now seemingly back on Asher's side, crossed his arms and countered, "Then that's on Violet, isn't it?"

Chapter 78: Rule Maker

Violet jolted awake, her breath ragged with her heart hammering in her chest. Her body was heavy and achy in places she couldn't even understand, as if she'd been through some intense ordeal.

Groggy and disoriented, she blinked at her surroundings, her mind struggling to piece together what was real and what wasn't.

Her head was pounding and she groaned in pain as flashes of vivid, horrifying memories began to assault her. The images came in waves; her lips pressed against Alaric's; her body grounding against Roman's; her hands roaming over Griffin. It was a kaleidoscope of mortifying memories, each one making her stomach churn.

"Oh God.... no..." Violet shook her head as if trying to shake away the memories. But the harder she tried to push them away, the clearer they became, playing like a twisted movie in her mind.

Her breathing quickened, and her hands flew to her face, her fingers digging into her scalp as she let out what sounded like a thousand curses. It couldn't be real. Yet it was.

The sensations were too vivid, too raw, for it to be just a dream. The way her skin had burned under their touch, the heat of their gazes, the electric connection that shouldn't have been there. Violet's cheeks burned even though her body was ice-cold, as though the blood had drained from her entirely.

She touched her lips, as if expecting to find some lingering trace of them there. The bile rose in her throat instead, and she clamped a hand over her mouth, afraid she might vomit.

What had she done? Why had she behaved like... that? No, the word "whore" didn't even begin to cover it. She had thrown herself at not just one, but three of them! Without shame, desperate for their touch.

Nancy would be so proud of her right now!

If this wasn't a nightmare, Violet didn't know what else she could call it.

"You're up," a voice said, pulling her from her thoughts. She turned to see the healer, Adele, standing by a desk, her back to her as she mixed some sort of concoction.

"Where am I?" Violet asked, her voice hoarse, her throat dry.

"You're in Griffin's suite," Adele answered nonchalantly, her focus still on the swirling liquid in the cup she held.

"Why am I here?" Violet pressed, her unease growing.

Adele turned to face her, one eyebrow raised as if in amusement. "You don't remember?"

The heat rose to Violet's cheeks, and she looked away. That reaction was answer enough, and Adele smirked knowingly. "Oh, you do remember. You're just too shy to admit it."

"I'm not shy," Violet snapped, her glare sharp despite her embarrassment.

"Whatever you say," Adele replied breezily, clearly unconvinced. She finished mixing the concoction and walked over to Violet, sitting down beside the massive bed with the cup in hand.

"You're here because Asher mentally messed with your head," Adele began bluntly. "How do you feel now? Do you still feel the compulsion to..." she paused, her lips quirking, "...have sex?"

Violet's cheeks burned hotter, and she crossed her arms defensively. "No," she said firmly, though the truth felt a little more complicated. She didn't feel the overwhelming need anymore, but there was still a faint, unsettling offness lingering beneath the surface.

"Good," Adele said with a satisfied nod. She thrust the cup into Violet's hands. "Now drink this."

Violet eyed the cup suspiciously. "What is it?"

"A concoction to make sure you don't end up pregnant," Adele replied matter-of-factly.

The words hit Violet like a slap, and her face twisted in outrage and disbelief. "Pregnant?!" she sputtered, pushing the cup away instinctively.

Adele didn't budge, her tone icy and firm. "Werewolves are very virile, and I'm sure it would've been... confusing, not knowing who the father of your baby was."

Violet's jaw dropped, a mixture of humiliation and anger bubbling up inside her. She glared at Adele, her fists clenching as she debated whether to like the woman for her blunt honesty or despise her for her lack of tact.

Reluctantly, Violet took the cup, wrinkling her nose as she brought it to her lips. The bitter taste hit her tongue immediately, making her gag and nearly spit it out.

"Don't waste a drop," Adele said coldly, her piercing gaze locking onto Violet.

With a mutinous scowl, Violet forced herself to gulp down the vile concoction, grimacing with every swallow. When she finally handed the empty cup back to Adele, her expression was nothing short of bitchy.

Adele, completely unfazed, took the cup and smirked. "Good girl," she said, rising from her seat and walking away, leaving Violet to stew in her embarrassment and rising irritation.

Violet leaned back against the massive headboard, her arms crossed as she watched Adele move about the room. "What happens next?" she finally asked, her tone sharp with a mix of exhaustion and residual anger.

Adele turned to her with a neutral expression. "You rest here for the remainder of the day. Classes resume for you tomorrow, though some adjustments have been made to your schedule to account for the ones you missed today."

Violet's eyes narrowed. "And what about Asher? What happens to him for what he did to me?"

Adele paused, then raised an eyebrow, her lips curling in a faint smirk. "Really? You think someone's going to punish Asher? Do you think you can punish him?"

The words hit like a slap, and Violet's fury bubbled to the surface. "You're saying he just gets away with this?" she spat.

Adele sighed, walking closer and sitting on the edge of the bed. "Look, Violet, I'm not saying it's fair, but you're dealing with someone who doesn't play by the rules, because, in his world, he makes the rules."

"That's bullshit," Violet growled, her golden eyes blazing with defiance.

"Maybe," Adele conceded with a shrug. "But here's the thing. Asher won't mess with your mind again unless you want him to. That much, I can guarantee."

"That's all?" Violet asked, her voice rising. "That's it? That's the big resolution to all of this?"

Adele stood, brushing off her hands as though she'd finished her task. "Yes, Violet. That's all. Now, rest. You've had a rough day, and you'll need your energy to tackle whatever comes next. See you later, Violet Purple."

Without waiting for a response, Adele strode to the door, opened it, and left, her steps echoing faintly down the hallway.

Violet stared at the closed door, her anger rising to the surface. She had never felt angrier than she did at that moment. Her fists tightened on the covers until her knuckles turned white and her jaw clenched as she seethed in silence.

Chapter 79: See The Light Of Day

Violet's eyes opened, her stomach grumbling even before her mind could fully recall where she was. The tantalizing aroma of food filled her senses, pulling her from the haze of sleep. She sat up abruptly, when she caught sight of the large figure standing at the foot of her bed.

"You don't need to be afraid," Griffin said, his voice calm as he raised his hands in a gesture of peace. "I promise, I won't harm you."

Violet's glare hardened, her tone sharp as she retorted, "You said those exact words right before joining the others in bullying me at that so-called scenting ceremony."

Griffin nodded, a faint smile tugging at his lips. "Guilty as charged. But that was tradition. I would never intentionally hurt you, Violet." He gestured toward someone else in the room, and only then did Violet realize they weren't alone.

A young woman whose eyes were filled with curiosity, pushed a trolley laden with steaming dishes closer to the bed. Violet's stomach growled loudly at the sight, making her cheeks burn with embarrassment.

"I figured you might be hungry," Griffin said with a sense of accomplishment. "And it seems I was right."

Violet averted her gaze, trying to hide her discomfort. The girl pushing the trolley looked at her with poorly veiled intrigue, her eyes darting between Violet and the Alpha as if already piecing together a scandalous story.

"Would that be all, Alpha?" the girl asked, her voice tentative yet eager, clearly hoping for an explanation for Violet's presence.

"Yes, that will be all," Griffin replied curtly.

The girl hesitated before turning to leave, but Griffin called her back sharply. "And Zora."

"Yes, Alpha?" she asked, straightening immediately.

Griffin locked his gaze on hers, his voice firm. "Not a word about this."

The excitement in Zora's expression drained in an instant, replaced by disappointment. It was clear she had been hoping to spread the juicy tidbit of gossip knowing it would trend for sure.

"As you wish, Alpha Griffin," she mumbled, her tone subdued as she exited the room.

Violet exhaled slowly, shaking her head. "That still won't stop me from making headlines on the Oracle's post tomorrow," she muttered bitterly.

Violet could already imagine the scathing headlines. Bloodline doesn't lie. From the daughter of a whore to a whore herself. Her stomach churned at the possibility. A mega whore, the Oracle might say, able to seduce three Alphas at once.

Perhaps they'd even include a picture of her humiliating moments with Alaric, Roman, and Griffin. The very thought made Violet want to disappear. If they write that, she might as well throw herself off a cliff.

Griffin studied her for a moment before speaking. "You're scared for your reputation," he observed as he easily set up the bed table and placed a bowl of soup and a plate of bread in front of her.

Violet gave him a pointed look. "And you wouldn't be if you were in my shoes?" Then she groaned, rolling her eyes dramatically. "Oh, right, you're a man with patriarchal privileges. Even if you slept with a hundred girls at the same time, I'm sure no one would bat an eye. Meanwhile, my gender gets persecuted for the smallest indiscretion. What luck you have to be born a man."

Her words were obviously meant to insult him, but Griffin didn't take the bait. Instead, he chuckled, the deep sound reverberating in the room.

"What district are you from?" he asked suddenly.

Violet narrowed her gaze, instantly cautious. "Why do you want to know?"

Griffin took a seat by the bedside and sat down. He leaned back slightly, his demeanor relaxed. "Because it seems you weren't educated properly on werewolf anthropology, or you'd know that the werekind are sometimes polygamous by nature."

Violet froze, her body going rigid at his words.

Griffin noted her reaction but pressed on, ignoring the tension. "You do know about the concept of mates, don't you?"

Of course, she knew about mates. It was the cornerstone of werewolf culture, one of the most celebrated aspects of their kind.

Fated mates were soulmates, the other half of a werewolf's being, said to be created by the Moon Goddess herself. The bond was revered and sacred, celebrated in stories and rituals.

Before the war, there had once been an abundance of fated mates, but after the near decimation of the she-wolves during the great War, many lost theirs. It was quite unfortunate that the loss of a mate was devastating, often leading to madness or death for the surviving wolf. And many did die.

Ever since then, finding a fated mate had become increasingly rare; it was nearly becoming a myth whispered among the younger generations. Some claimed it was the result of the Moon Goddess's wrath, a punishment for wolves marrying humans, the very species that had played a role in their genocide.

There were rumors, of course. Stories of werewolves mated to humans, but Violet had never seen such a couple with her own eyes.

"Yes," she finally said. "What about them?"

Griffin studied her intently, a small, knowing smile tugging at the corners of his lips as though testing her knowledge, or, her lack thereof.

"Well," he began, his tone deceptively casual, "you must know that, in the past, some werewolves had more than one mate. It wasn't unusual for them to form strong bonds with more than one wolf."

He leaned forward slightly, closing the space between them. His proximity made Violet instantly alert. She didn't believe Griffin would harm her—he'd done nothing to suggest he would—but after the recent incidents, any closeness was bound to put her on edge.

"And," Griffin added in a lower tone, his voice almost conspiratorial, "this wolf here might just have two fathers."

Violet's eyes widened in shock, her jaw practically hitting the floor. Her mind raced with questions, too many to articulate at once.

Was that even possible? How? What did he mean? But Griffin, as if he hadn't just dropped a bombshell, leaned back in his seat, entirely unbothered, and continued speaking with an air of nonchalance.

"So, perhaps you're anxious over nothing," he said, dipping a piece of bread into the soup on the tray. "Werewolves have had many consorts throughout history. You're no whore, Violet, it's just the way of our kind."

Violet blinked, still trying to process his words. "But I'm not a werewolf," she said finally.

Griffin nodded in agreement. "Indeed, you're not." He picked up the soaked piece of bread and held it up to her lips, his expression entirely innocent.

Violet gave him a strange look, reaching out to take the bread herself, but Griffin didn't budge. "Come on," he urged. "Let me feed you."

With a reluctant sigh, she opened her mouth and allowed him to feed her, chewing slowly while shooting him an exasperated glare.

"In that case," Griffin continued, his tone still light, "if anyone dares to call you anything unsavory, just punch them. You're good at that, anyway. And afterward, I'll back you up. You can ride on my glory."

The words were said innocently enough, but Violet froze mid-chew. The phrase struck her in a completely different light, and she gave him a look that made it abundantly clear what she was thinking.

Griffin sighed, shaking his head in mock dismay. "Get your mind out of the gutter, Violet Purple," he chided, before feeding her another bite.

Violet blushed furiously, her face burning as she swallowed. She hadn't meant to interpret it that way, honestly, she hadn't. But her treacherous mind had gone there all the same.

She muttered something unintelligible under her breath, earning a soft chuckle from Griffin.

"However, if it comforts you, then you should know that everyone present in that classroom at the time of the incident will keep it a secret. The Oracle will spin her stories, sure, but it'll all just be conspiracies. No one else saw what happened. And as for Adele, she's the least likely to talk about her patients. Confidentiality is her creed."

"Oh." Violet nodded, feeling a bit of relief settle over her. That was comforting indeed. But it still didn't mean she wouldn't remain on her toes, expecting the worst at any moment.

Griffin continued feeding her with an almost surprising amount of care and focus. It was as though he were ensuring she ate enough to regain her strength. It wasn't long before another thought crossed her mind, and she voiced it.

"Isn't there a way to shut down the Oracle's business? You're a Cardinal Alpha. Surely, you have the authority to do something about it, don't you?"

Griffin paused for a moment, setting the bread down on the plate before answering. "Yes, I do have the authority," he admitted. "But it's not that simple. The Oracle has spent years building a network so intricate, even we have to tread carefully around her."

"Why? What are you afraid of?" Violet asked, her curiosity piqued.

Griffin's expression darkened slightly, his voice cautious as he replied, "Because she has each and every one of our secrets. Secrets none of us want to see the light of day."

Chapter 80: Join The East House

Violet stared at Griffin, a lot of thoughts running through her mind. The Oracle's leverage over the alphas, the supposed rulers of their world, was both intriguing and unsettling.

She had always considered the Oracle a gossipmonger, but now, the realization that this mysterious figure held secrets powerful enough to keep even the strongest alphas in line made her seem more dangerous than Violet had ever imagined.

What kind of secrets were Griffin, Alaric, Roman, and Asher hiding? And if she happened to uncover them, what kind of damage could she cause by letting them out?

Her lips pressed into a tight line as she mulled over the possibilities, her gaze drifting back to Griffin, who was now watching her with a knowing look.

"Whatever you're thinking, trust me, it's a bad idea," Griffin said, holding back the next piece of bread he was about to feed her.

Violet raised a brow, leaning back against the pillows. "What do you think I'm thinking?"

Griffin tilted his head slightly, studying her. "You're a proud, strong woman, which means you're probably scheming a way to contact the Oracle, dig up Asher's secrets, and plot your revenge."

She blinked in surprise, caught off guard by his accurate assumption. "Adele told you?"

Griffin chuckled, shaking his head. "Adele didn't need to tell me anything. This is my suite. I heard everything from the other room."

"Oh," Violet muttered, the realization dawning on her. She felt a slight flush creep up her cheeks at the thought of him overhearing everything. She tried to hide it by looking away, but Griffin's amused expression told her he'd noticed.

Griffin broke a piece of bread and brought it to her lips. "Eat," he said simply, his tone firm yet oddly gentle.

Violet complied, taking the last bite, and as Griffin lifted the remaining bowl of soup to her, she took it and drank it all in silence. The warmth of the soup spread through her, but it didn't soothe the questions and plans in her mind.

Griffin had missed one crucial fact in his analysis: what made him think Asher was the only one she wanted revenge against?

The memory of how he had manhandled her on her first day was still fresh in her mind. Although his attitude toward her had turned for the good since then, she hadn't forgotten, and she certainly hadn't forgiven. One way or another, he would pay for that.

Finished with her meal, Violet reached for the plates, intending to clear them herself, but Griffin intercepted her with ease.

"Let me handle that," he said, already removing the bed table and gathering the empty dishes.

As he moved toward the desk to set everything down, Violet said. "If I asked you to have revenge against Asher, would you do it for me?"

Griffin froze mid-step, clearly caught off guard by the question. After a moment, he continued to set the plate aside, but the air between them had shifted. Returning to her bedside, he sat down, his expression serious as he looked at her.

"I could punch him," Griffin began, his voice even. "Beat him up mercilessly. And while it might satisfy you for a moment, trust me when I say physical pain doesn't bother Asher. But there's something that would."

Intrigued, Violet tilted her head slightly. "What is it?" she asked cautiously.

"You," Griffin replied without hesitation.

Violet stared at him, her brows furrowing in disbelief. "Are you kidding me right now?"

But Griffin's gaze didn't waver as he said. "Asher has developed an unhealthy obsession with you, just like he did with Lucille—"

"Who's Lucille?" Violet interrupted, her curiosity piqued by the name.

Griffin ignored her question, continuing as if she hadn't spoken. "I'm forbidden to tell you everything, but trust me on this: something significant is going to happen soon at Lunaris. When it does, you'll have a choice to make. Choose my house."

Her eyes narrowed as she tried to decipher his meaning. "And why would I do that?"

Griffin leaned in slightly and said in a low tone. "Because nothing would piss Asher off more than losing you from his grip. If you're under my house, his influence over you will diminish greatly, and I'll protect you from him. That's how you get your revenge, Violet. That's how you win." He frowned as he added, "At least for the moment."

Violet didn't reply immediately, thinking about his words which were wrapped in layers of mystery and suspicion. Griffin called the name Lucille. And if she remembered correctly, Alaric had said it was happening again.

Violet was smart and was able to piece the puzzle together. Lucille had to be the one before her. The 'first' that happened. And now, she was the 'second.' It was unsettling, to say the least.

"Until then," Violet said curtly, cutting off the trail of her own thoughts.

Griffin opened his mouth to protest, clearly dissatisfied with her vague response. But he stopped himself, catching the warning signs in her tone. He couldn't push her too far or risk making her wary of him.

The silence between them was heavy. However, her eyes lingered on Griffin, studying him. Objectively, he was strikingly handsome. Broad shoulders, a strong jawline, and a powerful frame that practically screamed dominance—he was every inch the dream man for most women.

"You're not as dumb as people think you are," she remarked with a neutral tone.

Griffin raised an eyebrow. "I'm not as smart as Asher or Alaric either, nor as cunning as Roman."

Violet's lips curled into a wry smile. "Asher is a psychopath, Alaric is an asshole, and Roman is batshit crazy."

"And what am I?" he asked, his tone light but his eyes showing forth a glimmer of hope.

"You're strong."

His eyes widened slightly, hope flickering to life in his expression, only to falter when Violet added, "And a big bully."

Griffin chuckled, the corners of his mouth twitching upward. "Fair enough."

She tilted her head, a faint smirk playing on her lips. "But you're a big bully with a heart. I can't say the same for the others."

Griffin's gaze softened, an inexplicable look crossing his face. "You're a very complicated woman to figure out."

"Isn't that the exciting part?" Violet countered. "Don't all men love a good challenge?"

"Oh, we do," Griffin replied, his voice carrying a tone that suggested he was even more intrigued by her now than before.

Violet felt heat rush to her cheeks, and it didn't help that memories of the earlier incident surfaced unbidden right at that moment.

She cleared her throat awkwardly and said, "About earlier... I'm really sorry about... you know, kissing you."

"Don't be," Griffin said, "Not when I enjoyed the kiss."

Violet's jaw dropped, her eyes wide with disbelief. "Y-you did?"

Griffin gave a small shrug. "Kind of. Not that I enjoyed kissing you in that... inebriated state, but it still felt good." He paused, then added with a sheepish grin, "I think this is the point where I should stop talking."

"Indeed it is," Violet muttered, her face burning with embarrassment.

To steer the conversation away from the awkward tension, Violet said, "Tell me about your family. You mentioned you have two fathers."

"Yes, I do," Griffin replied proudly, without a hint of hesitation or shame.

Curiosity piqued, Violet asked, "The goddess mated your mother to two men, I bet."

Griffin chuckled. "Oh no, the goddess didn't. My mother chose them."

Violet's eyebrows shot up. "Oh, wow." She was both awed and intrigued, yet another question formed in her mind. "One of your fathers must be an Alpha, right? How does he deal with sharing your mother with another man?"

"That's where you're wrong," Griffin said, a knowing smile spreading across his lips. "My mother is the Alpha."

"Oh?... Oh." Realization dawned on Violet, and her jaw slackened slightly.

It was almost unbelievable. A woman was the Alpha of the East—the largest werewolf pack in the East region. The notion was mind-blowing. Most werewolf traditions were deeply patriarchal, with men dominating positions of power. Yet here was Griffin, the son of a female Alpha.

Griffin added, "As for how she manages her two husbands, perhaps you should seriously consider joining the East House to find out."

Violet's face heated instantly, and her heart thudded loudly in her chest. Griffin's words seemed layered with meaning, and the way he held her gaze didn't help matters. For a moment, her eyes flicked down to his lips, and a heated tension filled the room, thick and charged.

It looked like they might kiss again, the air between them taut with possibility. But just as the moment threatened to snap, Griffin was the one to break the connection.

Rising from the bed, he said nervously, "You should get some rest. Goodnight, Violet."

He walked into the other room and shut the door behind him, leaving Violet sitting there, her heart racing and her mind whirling.

What in the name of the gods just happened?