

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 901: Kill A Child[1,526 words]

Shocked?

Flabbergasted?

Thunderstruck?

Speechless?

Flummoxed?

There was not a single word in the dictionary capable of describing what the wolves were feeling right now. Some of them fell to their knees, their legs no longer able to support them while their mouths hung open in disbelief.

What had they just witnessed?

This was impossible.

They stared at Violet now, finally seeing her in a completely different light. She was not merely a wolf but a god. A freaking goddess of destruction.

To think she possessed enough power to wipe them all out with a single breath and still chose restraint.

No. They could barely withstand her gaze.

One wolf suddenly dropped to his knees and cried out with a broken spirit.

"Lo, have mercy upon this miserable creature," he begged before lifting his head toward the heavens and shouting at the top of his lungs, "The goddess has returned to us in human form!"

It sounded like the ramblings of a fool.

Until another wolf fell to his knees.

"Forgive us, Goddess, for not recognizing you!" he cried. "This unworthy one has sinned!"

The look on Violet's face was one for the record. She was utterly dumbfounded.

"No shit," Griffin muttered, recognizing several of the wolves as members of his own pack.

But one should never underestimate the power of influence because no sooner had members of the East Pack bowed than the others swiftly followed suit. In the blink of an eye, the entire battalion had fallen before her.

The only ones still standing were her mates. Or so she thought. Then Asher made a bold move and dropped to one knee, Griffin and Alaric following right behind him.

Griffin, in particular, looked up at her with outright worship in his eyes.

"What say you, Goddess?" he asked solemnly. "What way forward?"

So this was what it felt like to be a goddess.

To have admiration directed at you and carry the hopes, expectations, dreams and burdens of countless people upon your shoulders.

Except Violet was not a goddess. At best, if she wanted to be modest about it, she was merely the daughter of a goddess.

For once in her life, she needed to rise to the occasion. And if she was going to do it, why not make a show out of it?

The wolves still kneeling on the ground slowly lifted their heads. Their eyes widened as Violet's feet left the earth and she began floating effortlessly above them.

Her eyes had darkened until nothing remained but two endless pits of black. Alaric then decided the scene needed more drama and made lightning split across the heavens.. Thunder exploded overhead with enough force to shake the ground beneath their feet.

Several wolves jumped at the sudden boom.

Violet refused to break character despite the added theatrics.

"I am Violet Purple," her voice carried across the battlefield, amplified by power. "A child of two worlds, and today we will emerge victorious!"

As if on cue, Alaric punctuated her final word with another earthshaking clap of thunder. At that moment, Violet looked less like a wolf and more like some ancient entity descended from legend.

"Tad bit dramatic, don't you think?" Asher asked, eyeing Alaric.

Alaric merely smirked. And because apparently he lacked self-control, he summoned another roll of thunder that brought rain spilling from the clouds above.

"Really?" Griffin deadpanned as the first droplets landed on his face.

Alaric looked entirely too pleased with himself.

"From every movie I've watched, great battles happen in the middle of rainstorms." He spread his hands proudly. "I believe the word you're looking for is thank you."

Alaric knew they were jealous.. At this moment, he was the only one contributing directly to Violet's dramatic entrance.

"Tell us what you need from us, Goddess!"

"Tell us how we may serve you, Goddess!"

Violet's lips twitched. She doubted she would ever get used to that title.

Hopefully the actual Goddess would not become offended and, like in those ancient stories, transform her into some hideous creature for impersonation.

Deciding to correct them before things got even more ridiculous, Violet raised her voice.

"I am no goddess. Like all of you, I am made of flesh and bone. I am merely fortunate enough to have been favored by the Goddess. The power I possess will be used to defend our people and rescue those held captive by our enemy, Angus."

Her gaze swept across the wolves who listened intently.

"All I ask in return is your trust. When I tell you to run, you run. When I tell you to stand, you stand. I simply need to know that when the time comes, you will trust my judgment."

"We will do whatever you ask, Violet Purple!"

"We follow only your word, our Alpha Queen!"

At the mention of the title "Alpha Queen", something shifted amongst the crowd.

Wolves were creatures naturally drawn toward strength and leadership. Right now, they were witnessing both. The allegiance in the air became almost tangible.

"We will do whatever you say, Alpha Queen!"

"Just give the order, Alpha Queen!"

"This keeps getting better," Griffin said, amusement dancing in his voice. "Elijah is going to have a brain aneurysm when he senses this shift."

Asher looked entirely unbothered.

"Even he knew it was only a matter of time," he said simply. "Everyone knows who that throne belongs to now."

The answer was obvious.

Violet.

Violet looked over the wolves gathered before her and declared, "Let's show that traitor Angus that we are not to be messed with!"

Just like that, they moved on.

Duskmoon Village was not empty. Villagers watched from behind shuttered windows and cracked doors, their fearful eyes following the army's advance. Yet none dared step outside.

Violet left them alone. These people were not the enemy. They were simply trapped in the middle of a war they never asked for.

However the closer they drew to Angus's residence, the heavier the resistance became. Wolves and witches emerged from side streets and hidden alleys in desperate attempts to slow their advance.

This time, however, Violet allowed the army to handle them. As powerful as she had become, she could not solve every problem herself. Encouraging complete dependence on her would only create new problems in the future.

Besides, while their forces engaged the defenders, it gave Violet and her mates the opportunity to push forward and find Angus directly.

Her mates remained close on every side, eliminating threats before they could reach her. Between Asher's vicious compulsions, Griffin's brute strength and Alaric's devastating lightning, Violet barely needed to lift a finger.

Eventually they reached the residence.

The massive estate loomed over the surrounding village like a dark fortress. Stone walls surrounded the property while iron gates hung partially open as though inviting them inside.

Yet the moment they stepped into the compound, something felt wrong.

There were no guards, only a single child standing upon the broad front steps leading to the entrance.

"What now?" Violet muttered.

The girl could not have been more than ten years old. She stood alone before the enormous house without fear or hesitation.

It smelled like a trap and Angus Richmond excelled at it.

"Who is she?" Alaric asked.

Griffin studied the child carefully before pointing.

"She looks a lot like—"

"Hannah," Asher finished, a deep furrow settling across his face.

"If that's the case," Alaric said slowly as realization dawned on him, "then she should be—"

"Enya. My demon sister," Violet completed, her eyes never leaving the girl.

Enya stared back at her with not the slightest trace of fear.

The child finally spoke.

"I will not let you take Father."

Her childish voice contrasted strangely with the stubborn determination on her face.

Violet remained calm.

"Your father or not, Angus has committed countless crimes and he is going to answer for them." She took a step. "Move aside, child. You do not want to get hurt."

"Make me, then."

The moment the words left Enya's mouth, her eyes changed. Darkness swallowed her irises completely until her eyes became black pits.

Demonic energy poured from her small frame and the ground trembled. The sudden shaking nearly threw Violet and her mates off balance.

Cracks raced across the earth like spreading spiderwebs and skeletal hands burst through the soil. Violet jumped back as dozens more followed.

One after another, the skeletons clawed their way out of the earth, dragging themselves free before rising to their feet.

Empty eye sockets turned toward them, with some holding weapons to their decayed fingers.

"She's a necromancer," Alaric realized immediately. "We need to stop her."

"How?" Griffin pointed out. "Kill a child?"

Alaric grimaced.

"Knock her out then."

Lightning erupted from his palm and streaked toward Enya. Except a transparent dome flashed into existence around her.

The bolt struck it and ricocheted harmlessly away.

"She has a barrier," Violet searched the compound. "There are witches nearby. They're protecting her."

"We need to find them," Asher agreed.

Unfortunately, that was easier said than done because the skeleton army had fully risen now, and every single one of them was marching toward them.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 902: Family Reunion[1,510 words]

"I'm wasting my energy," Violet commented when the third wave of skeletons she had erased simply reappeared moments later.

It was becoming a real pain in the ass.

Violet could easily solve this by letting her darkness consume the entire estate. Unfortunately, there could still be innocent people trapped inside. It was exactly the sort

of thing Angus would do. Use civilians as shields and hostages while hiding behind them like a coward.

"Someone has to get in somehow," Griffin grunted, punching a skeleton so hard its skull exploded into fragments.

"Definitely not me. I'm a little occupied here," Alaric shot back while hurling bolts of lightning left and right. Skeleton after skeleton exploded apart beneath the assault only to climb right back out of the ground seconds later.

"Seriously, where the hell are they even coming from?" Alaric complained.

Angus certainly couldn't have buried an entire army beneath his front lawn.

On the other side of the battlefield, Asher fought with his pistols.

Then suddenly—

"Shit!"

A sharp pain exploded through his ankle.

He looked down to find one of the damn skeletons latched onto his leg, its rotten teeth digging into his flesh while attempting to chew through muscle.

Asher immediately shot it through the skull and the bullet blasted half its head apart. Still, the creature refused to let go.

"Persistent little bastard," he hissed.

Then the skeleton suddenly vanished.

Asher looked up. Violet stood there looking unbearably pleased with herself.

"I believe a thank you is in order."

Oh, is that so?

Unfortunately for her, a skeleton chose that exact moment to rush from behind. Asher fired without hesitation. The bullet struck the creature directly in the forehead before it could reach her.

The skeleton collapsed into pieces and Asher lowered the gun.

"I believe we're equal now, baby girl."

Violet's brows lifted.

Fine. Challenge accepted.

She snapped her fingers. Every skeleton within a five-foot radius of Asher was consumed by her darkness.

Violet smirked.

"I also accept alternative forms of payment."

The meaning was not subtle. Asher's grin widened instantly. Before he could reply—

"Could you two stop flirting for five fucking seconds before I get chewed apart by undead skeletons?" Griffin shouted furiously.

"Ow!" He immediately stomped on one that had bitten his boot.

"Do something!"

He pointed accusingly at both of them.

Then the air rippled, and space distorted.

Micah materialized directly in the middle of the battlefield, sword in hand.

An actual sword.

He waved the blade, skeletons collapsing wherever he moved.

For a brief moment everyone simply stared.

"Catch." Micah tossed the weapon toward Asher.

Asher caught it effortlessly and without missing a beat, launched himself back into combat.

The blade sliced through necks and skulls alike, sending skeleton heads flying in every direction. The headless creatures stumbled around blindly.

Griffin immediately took advantage of the confusion and smashed each one apart.

Granted, they started reforming seconds later. Still, it felt therapeutic.

Then Micah vanished.

The next thing they heard came from inside the mansion were screams. Several of them. The noise lasted minutes before

Micah reappeared.

This time, he stood directly beside Enya.

For the first time, the little girl looked genuinely surprised. That was when she realized her barrier was gone. Micah had killed the witches shielding her.

At once she spun around to run. Unfortunately she made it exactly one step.

Micah grabbed her by the ear.

"Oww! Oww!" Enya yelped. "That hurts!"

Micah remained entirely unmoved.

"Do you know," he asked conversationally, "there's a very special place where I come from for naughty children?"

The darkness in his eyes deepened.

"Though I'm sure you already know that, demon spawn."

Enya froze as real fear appeared on her face. Her eyes widened, almost as though she knew exactly which place he meant.

Oh yes. Micah's expression seemed to say. You absolutely know. A pleased, wicked gleam flashed across his face.

Enya immediately panicked.

"Daddy!"

She turned desperately toward the mansion, hoping Angus would appear.

But nobody came.

Micah grabbed her shoulder and the both of them vanished.

The moment Enya disappeared, every skeleton collapsed where they stood into piles of bones.

With a casual wave of her hand, Violet released her darkness and the remains vanished completely.

Finally, the battlefield fell silent.

"Damn," Alaric breathed heavily.

The fight had been stressful as hell.

His clothes were torn and his arms carried scratches. Bite marks covered several places on his body.

He glanced down. "Hopefully those skeletons don't carry the zombie virus."

Then he grinned proudly.

"Though if they do, my mate can just cure me."

Violet rolled her eyes. But inwardly, she swelled with pride.

Then Asher decided to contribute.

"Hopefully wherever Micah took her," he said, "there isn't a return ticket. Children are terrifying."

Violet slowly turned toward him.

The realization hit Asher instantly, the

look on his face was priceless.

He immediately scrambled into damage control.

"I mean terrifyingly adorable." He added quickly, "And I'm sure ours won't be summoning skeletons in the living room."

Violet simply sighed.

Men.

Across from her, Griffin and Alaric immediately burst into laughter. The idiot had dug his own grave and jumped into it willingly.

Violet waved them off. "Let's just get this over with."

Together, they went into the house.

It was obvious Angus had built the place in the image of a traditional packhouse. The interior was enormous, with high ceilings, broad hallways and enough rooms to house dozens of people comfortably. It was like the headquarters of a small kingdom.

Unfortunately, they were not alone.

With every few turns they made, another enemy appeared. Sometimes it was one or two witches waiting around a corner for them. Other times it was wolves hidden behind the doorways or crouched inside rooms waiting to ambush them. Occasionally it was both. The attacks came one after another, desperate attempts to end them.

Her mates knew the attacks were coming and handled everything before the threats could even reach her. Alaric blasted enemies apart with lightning, his kill count easily the highest out of all of them thanks to the destructive power of his ability. Griffin bulldozed through anyone foolish enough to stand in his path.

Asher used his ability to pry Angus's location from the mind of one of the witches. After that, he stayed close to Violet, shielding her from danger while directing her through the maze-like estate.

Violet felt positively spoiled. Her mates were handling everything while she simply walked behind them like royalty.

Finally, they reached a pair of enormous double doors at the end of a corridor. The doors towered over them, and without hesitation, Griffin shoved the doors open.

The chamber beyond was vast.

Their footsteps echoed as they entered what could only be described as a great hall. Massive pillars stretched toward the ceiling. At the far end of the room sat a throne unlike anything Violet had ever seen.

It was made entirely of skulls. Human skulls. Wolf skulls. Perhaps even witches.

Seated comfortably upon it was Angus Richmond himself.

"Welcome," he greeted casually as though they were visiting for diplomatic talks rather than to kill him.

Violet took her time studying him.

For someone of his age, he looked remarkably young and handsome. One of the few advantages werewolves possessed was their slower aging. No wonder her mother had fallen for him once upon a time.

Then Violet made the unfortunate mistake of noticing something else. The resemblance. She had his nose —and unfortunately, his lips.

Violet nearly gagged.

Ew.

Hopefully none of her mates noticed.

Angus rose from his throne and descended the short dais. His movements were unhurried, almost relaxed like this was nothing. He stopped several feet away from them, the distance between both sides neither friendly nor hostile.

"We finally meet, daughter."

"Yeah," Violet replied sarcastically. "Doesn't suck at all that this will be the final time I'll be seeing your miserable face."

Instead of getting angry, Angus chuckled as though he were listening to a child throw a tantrum.

"Tell me something, Violet," he said. "Why exactly do you hate me so much?"

His gaze remained fixed on her.

"What exactly have I done in your eyes that makes you think I deserve death?"

The question hung in the room.

Violet simply stared at him. Was he serious?

The audacity of this man truly knew no bounds.

Before she could answer, a familiar voice suddenly interrupted.

"Well," Micah said as he materialized beside them out of nowhere, "since this appears to be a family reunion, why don't I go first?"

A dangerous smile spread across his face as he cracked his knuckles.

"Oh, trust me. I have a list."

He vanished once more.

Angus was startled when the space distorted behind him and Micah reappeared gripping a long metal pole.

It wasn't just any pole but a street sign with the words STOP still attached to the top.

They had no idea where he found it. Nor did they have time to ask because Micah swung it.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 903: Child Of Yesterday[1,060 words]

The metal pole smashed across Angus's face with a deafening clang. He staggered sideways as the impact echoed through the throne room. There was an imprint in the metal showing just how hard Micah had hit him, yet Angus had taken it like a champ. That was not a compliment.

"Why don't you tell that to my mother?!" Micah roared.

But that wasn't enough.

He swung again.

Angus barely managed to throw up an arm before the pole connected with enough force to send him stumbling backward.

"Tell her how you summoned the demon that raped her!"

He struck again.

"Tell her how you destroyed her life!"

CLANG!

The pole finally snapped apart from the force of the repeated blows. Yet that didn't seem to satisfy Micah. He had years of rage festering inside him, and now every bit of it was pouring out at once.

The demon prince vanished and reappeared beside Angus, driving the jagged remains of the pole into his ribs like a spear.

He claimed the runes made him impenetrable, right?

It was time to put that to the test.

Micah shoved harder.

The broken metal groaned against Angus's body, but it was like trying to pierce a steel wall with a wooden knife. Even so, Angus grunted and slid backward across the floor from the sheer force Micah was applying.

"Say that to my face after turning me into this!" he screamed, eyes wide with fury, veins standing out across his forehead.

For the first time, sweat gathered on Angus's brow. He strained against Micah, clearly not expecting this level of unhinged rage from him.

With a frustrated snarl, Micah vanished again.

Angus spun.

Too slow.

The pole crashed into the back of his head hard enough to make his vision flash white.

"What kind of person kills his own daughter?!"

Another hit.

"And while we're at it—"

CLANG!

"Tell me why you thought we'd sweep all these crimes under the rug and let you become our king!"

"Damn," Violet breathed, watching the scene with open fascination. "That is one legitimate crash out."

The beating had become unsurprisingly personal.

"If he didn't have those runes protecting him," Griffin admitted, "even I wouldn't recover easily from a beating like that."

He visibly shuddered at the thought.

"Every spell has a loophole," Asher said, studying Angus with rapt attention. More specifically, he was studying his reactions and recovery time. "We just have to find it."

Angus finally caught the pole on the next swing, his fingers closing around the metal shaft. The floor beneath his feet cracked from the force. For the first time, his calm expression slipped.

"Are you finished?" he hissed.

"No."

Micah vanished.

Angus immediately tensed.

Then the demon prince reappeared above him, and the pole came down like divine judgment.

CRASH!

Angus's knees buckled slightly beneath the impact.

"Good." Micah flashed him a vicious grin. "Because I have years of unresolved issues."

But Micah shouldn't have let his guard down because faster than his eyes could follow, Angus suddenly punched him so hard that he was launched several meters across the room.

"Micah!" Violet rushed forward and caught him before he could crash into the floor. The impact still forced both of them several steps backward, their feet scraping against the stone.

Violet immediately turned toward Angus, her brows furrowed. He shouldn't be capable of such strength. Just what kind of dark spell had he subjected himself to?

"Insolent children," Angus said, disdain dripping from his voice as he glared at Violet and Micah who so obviously had each other's backs.

He continued, his eyes full of disappointment. "You dare raise your hands against your own father?"

"Oh please, don't taint that title with your tongue. You're not a father but a sperm donor." Violet sneered. "The same way you went around carelessly procreating children. You're no father of ours."

Angus stared hard at Violet before clicking his tongue. "Pity. I had such great plans for you." He shook his head slowly. "I placed you in District One. I planted you like a seed among thorns because I wanted you to become my miracle. I needed the pain to shape you into my perfect heir, and this is how you repay me?"

"In that case, thank you," Violet said to everyone's surprise. "You saved me from turning out like Ziva and the rest of your daughters."

"Also," she added, "you're right. Your plan did make me stronger and now I'm here to thank you for that by ending your miserable existence."

Angus laughed. "Don't be so cocky. You're a child of yesterday. What makes you think I'll sit still and allow you to end me just like that?"

His eyes gleamed at her foolishness. Then he took a step backward onto the dais.

Immediately Violet's instincts went on high alert. Every single one of them.

Something was wrong.

That was when they noticed the small speakers positioned at strategic points around the hall. Strange spells began echoing from them, filling the throne room with overlapping spells.

Violet felt the ground beneath her feet soften. She looked down to see the stone floor rippling like water disturbed by an unseen force.

"Move out now!" Violet thundered.

Sadly, that only made things worse.

The moment they lifted their feet and tried to move, they immediately began to sink. Their boots vanished first, followed by their ankles as the floor swallowed them. The entire ground had somehow transformed into quicksand.

"Micah! Leave!" Violet shouted, knowing he had the greatest chance of escaping.

But Micah shook his head.

"My powers aren't working!"

"What?!" Violet yelled, alarm surging through her. She immediately opened her palm, calling for her darkness.

Nothing happened. Not even a flicker. What the hell.

"Oh shit." Violet finally understood how bad the situation truly was.

Angus had deliberately lured them into the room and stalled while the trap finished activating around them. As always, the bastard had been planning several steps ahead.

Alaric said, sounding exactly like the nerd he was, "The safest way to escape quicksand is to lean back, spread out your weight, and slowly wiggle your legs to let water circulate and break the suction."

And he did exactly that. Unfortunately, this was no ordinary quicksand.

The moment Alaric leaned backward, the floor opened beneath him and swallowed him whole.

"Alaric!!!"

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 904: Save My Mate[1,044 words]

"Alaric!"

All four of them cried out his name at once, but there was no response. He was gone below.

Panic immediately flooded Violet's chest.

Her mate. He couldn't be gone just like that.

At once the wings behind her back unfurled completely. Violet beat them furiously, hoping to lift herself into the air before the quicksand swallowed her too.

The powerful flaps stirred the air around her, sending dust and loose debris skittering across the room. For a brief moment she rose slightly, enough to ignite hope in her chest.

Then she sank again.

Across the room, Angus stared at her wings with unconcealed fascination.

"Impressive," he admitted, watching the massive appendages stretch behind her.

There was something almost regretful in his voice. "Such a shame it had to turn out this way."

Unfortunately for Violet, it was kill or be killed. Angus had chosen the former.

His powerful daughter was the final obstacle standing between him and everything he wanted. Once she was dead, the wolves would have nobody capable of protecting them from what came next.

Meanwhile Violet continued struggling with everything she had. Her wings strained against the invisible force dragging her downward, every muscle in her back screaming in protest.

Yet no matter how hard she fought, she could barely gain an inch before being pulled back down. It was as if something had attached itself to them the moment they stepped onto the quicksand. The unseen force anchored them in place and refused to let go.

"No!" Violet cried out when she looked around and saw that her mates were faring no better. Everyone was moments away from sinking completely and Alaric was gone.

"No..." she whimpered.

He couldn't be. He just couldn't. Deep inside the mate bond she could still feel him. But it was weak, almost extinguished like a candle flame flickering in the wind. But he was there, and that gave her a little hope.

"Please," Violet begged as she poured even more strength into her wings.

The strain was becoming visible now. The muscles around her shoulder blades trembled violently beneath the effort while veins stood out along her neck. Then a tearing sound echoed through the room. Pain exploded across her back.

"Stop!" Asher shouted immediately. "You have to stop!"

Through the bond he could feel exactly what she was doing to herself and it was tearing him apart too. Instead he reached for her hand and grabbed it tightly.

"We're getting out of here," he told her firmly. "This cannot be the end of our story."

Although Violet nodded, she knew Asher was trying to comfort her. Because she couldn't see a way out of this. Not without her powers.

Then she remembered something. Or rather someone.

"Mother," she whispered desperately. "If you can hear me... I need your help."

The quicksand continued climbing higher.

"This is your fight too, you know."

Because of the damage she had done to them, Violet could no longer retract her wings. Instead they dragged behind her uselessly and began sinking beneath the surface as well. The added weight only pulled her down faster.

"I'm here," Asher said as the quicksand reached her shoulders. He tightened his grip around her hand, refusing to let go no matter what happened.

From his throne, Angus watched the scene unfold. A strange emotion shone briefly across his features.

How sad.

But that was it.

Out of nowhere, a portal tore open in the middle of the throne room and everyone froze. Even Angus.

Two figures stepped through and to their shock, it was the twins, Laura and Layla.

"Oh thank God," Micah breathed out with noticeable relief.

Considering half his body was already submerged and he was rapidly approaching a very unpleasant death, the reaction was understandable.

What none of them knew was that after Micah dragged Enya back to Hell and left her temporarily imprisoned there, one of the lesser demons guarding her informed him Laura had regained consciousness.

With a battle raging and time running out, Micah had offered her a simple choice.

Help them, or leave and never come near the people he loved again.

She had chosen the latter.

So seeing her here brought immediate relief at first, only for his stomach to drop at the sight of the twin, Layla.

A terrible possibility suddenly occurred to him. Had they gone back to being the evil twins and reunited to finish what their father started?

Fuck.

Micah closed his eyes briefly. If he had known he was going to die today, he should have spent more time with Adele. Preferably naked time. Definitely naked time.

At the very least he should have enjoyed more of the simple moments with her before being permanently sentenced to Hell. Instead he was half buried in magical quicksand, potentially seconds away from death, and regretting every missed opportunity.

The twins' gazes fell on them and, with urgency, they began to mutter a spell. At once, every speaker in the room sparked violently and crackled. The chanting pouring from them abruptly cut off, plunging the throne room into sudden silence.

Angus shot to his feet.

"What the hell do you think you're doing?!"

But the twins ignored him completely. They continued chanting, their voices growing louder and more desperate. For the first time since the trap had been activated, the quicksand ceased dragging them downward.

"No!" Angus roared. Pure fury twisted his features and he charged.

He launched himself from the dais with frightening speed, crossing the distance between them in a single leap. Murder burned openly in his eyes.

The twins saw him coming. They knew exactly what awaited them. Yet neither of them stopped chanting, not even for a second.

Just as Angus was about to reach them, the quicksand in front of him exploded upward and Violet burst from the surface like an angel of vengeance.

Her wings were torn while her clothes were stained with sand yet her eyes burned with fury. She slammed into Angus with enough force to send both of them crashing across the floor before he could lay a hand on the twins.

"Save my mate!" Violet roared at them, darkness swirling within her eyes.

Then her entire focus shifted to Angus.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 905: Fight Her Mother[1,106 words]

"How dare you harm my mates!" Violet was furious now, her fist twisted into Angus's shirt as she hauled him toward her.

"You shit excuse of a father!" Violet snarled just before she punched him in the face hard enough to rattle the bones in her hand.

But she didn't stop. She kept punching him over and over and over again until Angus's head lolled slightly to the side. Violet's teeth were gritted hard at the outcome. Her knuckles were bloody and several fingers felt broken, yet there wasn't so much as a dent on Angus's face.

"Ugh!" Violet roared in frustration. She had even coated her fist with wisps of darkness before striking him, but it didn't seem to have any effect on him.

Still, she shouted, "I am going to kill you! One way or another. Even if I have to bury you alive with cement, I'll do it!" Violet was about to punch him again when Angus caught her hand and squeezed.

A sickening crack echoed. Violet cried out in pain as agony shot through her broken fingers.

"Violet!" Griffin called out right before his fist connected with Angus's jaw carrying enough force to crack the floor beneath his feet and leave a visible dent in the stone.

Meanwhile, behind them, the twins Laura and Layla continued their spell and Alaric was gradually pulled from the ground unconscious. Dirt and sand clung to his clothes and skin while his usually pale complexion was smeared with mud and dust.

Upon seeing him, Violet ignored the fight and rushed over to him. Griffin, Asher and Micah were taking on Angus now, three against one.

"Alaric." Violet slapped his cheeks, loose grains of sand falling away from his face. He wasn't dead. She could still feel him through the mate bond. Just a flicker, and weak. But she wasn't about to give up.

She immediately began CPR, pressing against his chest with desperate determination.

"This is the second time I'm in this situation with you," she said through gritted teeth.

"We're developing a very unhealthy habit of near-death experiences. Which I don't like, so wake up!"

Violet slammed her palm against his chest one last time and Alaric suddenly jerked awake with a startled gasp. His eyes flew open as he rolled onto his side, coughing violently and spitting dirt onto the floor. Tiny currents of electricity danced across his skin but Violet didn't care as she immediately pulled him into a fierce hug.

She said with relief, "I refuse to believe the goddess gave me four mates just so I could keep dragging them back from death."

Alaric chuckled weakly before pulling back enough to ask, "What about Angus?"

And he got his answer swiftly when Asher landed beside him with a groan of pain, clutching his chest.

At that moment, Angus had thrown Griffin across the room. He crashed into the floor hard enough to leave spiderweb cracks spreading beneath him. Angus planted a foot on Griffin's stomach and struck him again. Griffin spat out blood.

"Griffin..." Violet cried out.

At that moment Micah, who had disappeared earlier, appeared right beside Angus with yet another metal pole. But this time Angus was prepared. He caught the weapon before Micah could swing it, ripped it from his grasp and smashed it across his face. Micah vanished instantly only to reappear beside them moments later, collapsing onto the floor in pain.

With his foot planted firmly on Griffin's chest, Angus threw his head back and pounded both fists against his chest in a primal display of dominance.

He roared into the air, "I WILL NOT BE DEFEATED! When will you get that through your heads?! All of you!"

Violet stared at the scene with growing dread and no idea what to do. Sure, they could continue fighting, but for how long? Angus was simply overpowered. The only way to win was to undo whatever he had done to himself, but her unmaking powers wouldn't work on him. And right now, she had no idea why.

While she was still trying to think of a way out of this nightmare, the air suddenly rippled.

Everyone's attention snapped toward the sudden portal in the room.

A woman stepped through. She had long purple hair that cascaded down her back like a waterfall of silk. Her flowing robes looked impossibly expensive, and there was

something ethereal about the way she carried herself. She did not walk so much as glide.

Violet stared. Then whispered, "She came."

The Cardinal Alphas all had the same reaction. Shock.

Not one of them expected Queen Seraphira here.

The only exceptions were Micah and the twins, whose expressions were filled with confusion as they tried to identify the newcomer.

Yet none of them compared to Angus.

His reaction was visceral.

"No..." he breathed.

For the first time since this battle began, genuine emotion pierced his confidence.

He stumbled backward. "That can't be."

His eyes never left the woman standing before him.

Angus whispered with awe,

"Seraphira, my mate."

"Eeh?"

Micah, Layla and Laura turned toward Angus with identical expressions.

So this was the Fae Queen?

Oh shit.

This could either solve all their problems or create entirely new ones. Knowing their luck, it was probably the second option.

"Mother," Violet called softly as she rose to her feet.

But Seraphira ignored her. Her eyes were fixed entirely on Angus, as though she physically could not look away.

Angus looked no different. The rage, arrogance and madness were all gone, leaving behind only a man staring at the woman he had once loved.

Slowly he stepped away from Griffin, drawn toward her like a moth to a flame.

Even after everything that had happened, a mate bond could never truly be severed. Rejected, or ignored beneath years of hatred, it remained. Two souls eternally aware of one another. Two hearts doomed to keep reaching across the distance until death finally separated them.

Seraphira was beautiful and untouchable like a goddess. The entire room seemed smaller around her.

Asher watched the scene unfold before muttering darkly, "I don't like this at all."

Violet's brows furrowed as she tried to read her mother's expression.

Would she really take Angus back? Even after the atrocities he had committed? The thought made her stomach twist.

Just like Asher, a growing sense of dread settled heavily inside her chest. She loved her mother but Angus had to die. There could be no compromise on that. If it came down to choosing between saving her mother and stopping Angus....

Violet's fingers curled into fists.

Then she would fight her mother too.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 906: Divine Judgement[1,064 words]

Seraphira and Angus were like two magnets drawn toward one another, unable to resist the pull between them. Angus stopped right in front of her and for a moment neither of them spoke. They simply stared at each other, unsure of what to do.

It had been years. The last time Angus had reached out to her through the dream, Seraphira had not exactly been pleased to see him.

Then, to Angus's surprise, Seraphira lifted a hand and gently cupped his cheek. Angus leaned into the touch immediately. His eyes fluttered shut.

For a brief second, he looked less like a tyrant and more like a man who had finally found something he had spent years searching for.

"Oh no, we're doomed," Alaric groaned into his palm.

It wasn't that he didn't believe in Violet, but this was Seraphira. The freaking Fae Queen.

She possessed centuries of experience, and terrifying power. Combined with Angus and whatever abomination of magic he had turned himself into, they would be nearly impossible to stop.

Angry tears gathered in Violet's eyes. Sure, she understood the pull of a mate bond. She had her own mates after all. But Angus was a monster.

If one of her mates ever became a threat to innocent people, it would destroy her, but she would still do what was necessary.

Her mother apparently disagreed. Because right now, Seraphira looked exactly like a woman who had gotten her mate back.

In the end, she would always choose Angus.

"I missed you," Angus whispered, meaning every word.

He turned his face slightly, pressing further into her palm, afraid she might disappear if he let go. He closed his eyes and inhaled her familiar floral scent greedily, committing it to memory. For years he had dreamed of this moment. Had imagined having her beside him again. Now she was finally here.

Yet Seraphira's expression remained unreadable.

"Is that why you're hurting our daughter?"

Angus's eyes opened. His gaze flickered toward Violet's angry expression before returning to Seraphira.

"I was only teaching her a lesson," he said dismissively. "But now that you're here, I'm sure she'll be on her best behavior."

That piece of shit. Violet nearly launched herself at him, only for Asher to grab her arm.

"Wait." His expression was deadly serious.

So Violet did. Barely.

Angus, meanwhile, seemed oblivious to the danger. He was staring at Seraphira with the expression of a man seeing his future unfold before him.

"You know," he said softly, still holding onto her hand, "now that you're here, we can finally be a family."

His smile widened.

"I achieved my dream. I'll become the most powerful Alpha in existence. You'll stand beside me as my queen. Violet will be our heir." His eyes gleamed. "It'll be exactly how we imagined it all those years ago."

Seraphira remained completely unmoved.

"Is that why you think I'm here?"

Angus paused, the certainty on his face faltering. For the first time, it occurred to him that perhaps they were not imagining the same future.

"And have you forgotten something?" Seraphira suddenly laughed, except the sound held no warmth.

"I'm already a queen."

Angus's expression changed immediately. He released her hand slowly, the realization having sunk in. They were not on the same side.

Seraphira straightened confidently while the atmosphere rippled with power. Gone was his foolish mate. Standing before Angus now was the Queen of the Fae.

"Eighteen years ago, you used me," she said, her voice carrying throughout the throne room. "You stole my daughter."

Her words struck harder than a blade.

"You treated me like a fool, and now you dare lay a hand on my child?" Her voice boomed with authority such that the walls themselves seemed to shake.

For the first time since her arrival, Angus swallowed nervously.

"Seraphira, calm down," he pleaded. "I was only disciplining our daughter. She came here with her mates to kill me."

Unfortunately for him, the Seraphira standing before him was no longer the woman he remembered.

"In that case," Seraphira said calmly, "the Goddess has a message for you."

Angus stiffened.

"What message?"

Seraphira's face became completely blank.

"It is time for you to face divine judgment, Angus."

Angus's expression soured instantly.

"You bitch."

Immediately vines burst from the floor.

They slithered across the surface and twisted around his wrists, waist and legs. The more Angus struggled, the tighter they constricted.

Violet and her mates were speechless. The Queen had completely pulled a one-eighty on them.

Moments ago they had been preparing themselves for the possibility of fighting both Angus and Seraphira together. They had already imagined the nightmare scenario of two powerful mates standing side by side against them.

Now the Fae Queen was the one trying to kill Angus.

Seraphira commanded simply, "Begin."

Only then did they realize the Fae Queen had not been the only person to step through the portal.

Lila stood there. Alongside her were four other Fae dressed in identical white robes that made them resemble priests. At the Queen's command, they immediately began chanting. The words were ancient and unfamiliar, flowing together in a rhythm that sounded suspiciously like a spell.

The effect on Angus was immediate.

He grunted and pulled furiously against the endless vines restricting his body. The muscles in his arms bulged from the effort while the vines only tightened further, refusing to release him no matter how hard he fought.

Then Violet acted.

With a flick of her fingers, flames licked across Angus's clothes, burning away the fabric and exposing his bare chest.

That was when Violet saw it. The runes were disappearing one after another.

The glowing symbols carved into his skin flickered and faded as the Fae priests continued their chants.

No wonder he was panicking. They were stripping away the very magic that had made him untouchable. Real fear entered Angus's eyes. The kind of fear a cornered animal felt.

"I'm going to kill you, you bitch!" Angus roared. "I'll rip out your fucking throat and feed it to the pigs!"

The threats only became more colorful from there. One after another he hurled curses, promises of torture and every insult he could think of in a final desperate attempt to intimidate her.

But Seraphira's expression remained completely blank, utterly unaffected by her mate's threats. If anything, she relished his helplessness as the runes continued disappearing.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 907: Proud Of You[1,038 words]

"Ahh!" Angus screamed in agony as the last of the runes on his body vanished. He could feel it. It was as though the unnatural strength had been ripped straight out of him and now, for the first time in years, he was nothing more than an ordinary wolf.

"It is done, my queen," Lila announced once the priests finished their chants.

Queen Seraphira released her magic and instantly the vines binding Angus splintered apart. Angus didn't even attempt to fight anymore. The moment the restraints vanished, he crumbled onto the floor like a broken man.

To everyone's surprise, a sob escaped his mouth. Angus Richmond began to cry. It was not the tears of a proud king, but the desperate weeping of a man finally realizing his end had come and it looked nothing like the glorious future he once envisioned.

"How could you do this to me?" Angus asked Seraphira, his tear-filled eyes fixed entirely on her.

"He's trying to manipulate her," Violet growled, already moving forward before he could somehow guilt her mother into doing something foolish like pitying him.

This time it was Griffin who stopped her.

"This is your mother's fight," he told her. "I'm sorry, but you'll have to trust her."

Seraphira stared down at Angus with a completely apathetic expression, yet deep inside her heart still ached at the sight of him broken before her. They were mates after all. A bond like that did not disappear so easily.

But she would no longer allow her emotions to blind her judgment.

She told him with a quiet voice, "Eighteen years ago, you broke me the same way."

Angus immediately scrambled to his feet and rushed toward her. Thinking he was about to attack, Lila stepped in, murderous intent flashing in her eyes, only for Seraphira to raise a hand and stop her.

Instead, Angus dropped to his knees and grabbed Seraphira by the legs.

"I'm sorry," he pleaded desperately. "I didn't know any better. I was stupid. I didn't realize what we had." His grip on her tightened. "But you can't leave me alone, Seraphira. She's going to kill me!"

His frightened eyes darted toward Violet whose expression openly screamed that she was more than willing to finish the job herself.

Seraphira remained unmoved.

"You cannot slaughter countless people and then fear death when it finally comes for you," she said calmly. "The blood you spilled cries out every day for justice and this is simply where your road ends."

"And besides," her eyes sharpened, "you only want me now because I can protect you. If you still possessed those dark powers, I have no doubt you would kill me the same way you intended to kill our daughter."

Perhaps because she struck too close to the truth, Angus lashed out.

"Then you should die too!"

His claws slashed viciously across Seraphira's face.

Shouts of alarm broke out in the hall.

"Mother!"

"Your Majesty!"

Angus would have probably attacked again had he not suddenly been hurled across the throne room by an invisible force.

The killing intent in Lila's eyes was terrifying as she slammed Angus violently against the pillar before lifting him several feet into the air and dropping him without mercy.

Angus crashed onto the floor with a sickening thud, the breath leaving his lungs in one painful gasp as he groaned.

Queen Seraphira slowly straightened,

completely unaffected. Her face was the perfect picture of cold acceptance, as though she had finally accepted the painful truth that no matter what happened, Angus would never change.

The claw marks across her face healed right before Violet's eyes.

Violet looked horrified.

"Why?" she whispered brokenly, unable to understand it. "He's your mate. Why?" She desperately needed an answer.

Seraphira looked toward her daughter with a wistful sadness.

"Not all villains deserve second chances," she said softly. "Some souls become so damaged that even the goddess's gift turns into nothing but a curse."

Then Seraphira took a deep breath like someone finally setting down a burden she had carried for far too long.

"I trust you'll handle things here. If you can't, Lila will—"

"I can," Violet interrupted firmly, fierce determination burning in her eyes.

"Good," Seraphira replied.

Then, unexpectedly, she added, "I'm proud of you, Violet."

Immediately Violet looked upward toward the ceiling, fighting back the tears suddenly gathering in her eyes.

She was in the middle of a battlefield. She was not supposed to cry. Yet hearing those words from Seraphira healed something inside her that she never realized had been broken.

"I love you, my baby."

Seraphira walked toward her and under the watchful eyes of Violet's mates, she pressed a gentle kiss against her forehead.

Perhaps it was the pregnancy hormones, or everything that had happened. Either way, Violet completely broke down into tears. Just like that, even the usually composed Seraphira had tears rolling silently down her cheeks, though unlike Violet, she cried quietly.

While this was happening, Angus was still sprawled across the floor trying to recover from the brutal beating Lila had given him. Lila never once took her eyes off him, glaring so intensely that it was a miracle lasers didn't start shooting from her eyes because that would have truly been the end for him.

Knowing this was not the time to completely break down, Violet forced herself to regain control.

"You should go," she told Seraphira.

Violet knew staying here any longer would only make things harder for her mother. No matter how monstrous Angus was, the mate bond still existed and Violet didn't want Seraphira interfering if things became too painful to watch.

Seraphira didn't argue. Instead she lingered for just a moment longer, her eyes slowly taking Violet in one final time before she whispered,

"Make him suffer."

Then the Queen turned toward the portal and walked into it, vanishing completely. The priests who had undone the runes followed after her one by one until the portal finally closed behind them.

Only Lila remained. But even she already knew the way back.

Slowly Violet turned toward her sperm donor. She cracked her neck. Then her fingers.

A dangerous smile tugged at her lips.

It was time to have a little fun.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 908: Pay For Your Sin[1,102 words]

The instant Angus saw Violet approaching him, he straightened immediately, forcing confidence back onto his battered face.

He sneered at her, desperately clinging onto whatever pride he had left.

"You think I'm powerless now?" He spat blood onto the floor. "Fine then. I'll show you why I was Alpha King back in the day."

But Violet kept walking toward him, completely unbothered by the threat. If anything, she looked insulted that he still had enough audacity to speak.

With a furious roar Angus swung his fist toward her face. Violet caught it effortlessly. Then she tightened her grip and a sickening crack filled the room.

Angus's confidence disappeared instantly as Violet slowly crushed the bones in his hand one after another. His lips parted soundlessly before a scream finally escaped him. The look on his face was almost comical as agony spread through him.

"Aghhh!"

Angus tried attacking her with his other hand. Violet punched him straight in the face, the force launching him backward.

Except Micah was already waiting in position. The demon prince slammed his fist directly into Angus's jaw hard enough to knock bloody teeth flying from his mouth.

Angus stumbled sideways only for Violet to grab him by the collar and yank him right back. She drove her knee into his stomach.

Angus folded instantly with a choked gasp.

"You destroyed lives," Violet snarled before landing another punch.

"You butchered innocent people and somehow you still thought you'd get a happy ending?" She laughed in disbelief before slamming his face hard against the floor. Blood immediately spread from Angus's nose.

Nearby, her mates watched the scene in silence. Asher leaned against one of the pillars with his arms crossed while Griffin observed with grim satisfaction. Alaric, who thankfully looked much better after nearly dying earlier, made absolutely no move to interfere.

This wasn't just a fight anymore but years of pain finally demanding repayment. Even Lila's cold gaze remained fixed on Angus without a shred of pity.

Angus groaned and attempted to crawl away but Micah appeared right in front of him.

"Oh no," Micah crouched before him mockingly. "Where exactly do you think you're going, dear father?"

Angus glared up at him hatefully.

Micah kned him directly in the face and Angus rolled across the floor, blood smearing beneath him. His vision was blurring now but this was only the beginning of his torment.

Violet suddenly stepped on his other good hand and the crack of bone echoed as Angus screamed in pain.

"Oh now you scream?" Violet mocked coldly. "Interesting. Because the people you murdered screamed too."

She grabbed his leg and though Angus fought back, his efforts no longer carried any real weight. Wisps of darkness flickered around Violet's fingers. She could easily end him, but Angus didn't deserve an easy death.

So she broke his leg.

The snap reverberated brutally throughout the room and Angus cried out in absolute agony.

"Please... stop..." he wheezed painfully.

But Violet replied with chilling calmness, "Did you stop when your victims begged you to? Or were their cries just music to your ears?"

For the first time since any of them met him, Angus Richmond looked small, weak and terrified. Gone was the tyrant and in his place was a powerless wolf completely at their mercy.

He looked around desperately at the Cardinal Alphas, but nobody moved to help him. No one pitied him.

Micah walked over and planted his foot on Angus's chest, forcing him flat onto his back.

"You know what's funny?" Micah tilted his head thoughtfully. "For years I imagined killing you would somehow heal me. But honestly?" His smile darkened. "I think watching you suffer for eternity would be much more satisfying."

Micah's eyes suddenly darkened until there was nothing left but blackness.

"Micah?" Violet narrowed her eyes at him in confusion. Something was wrong. She literally felt chills crawl down her spine. His presence felt different, colder and hollower.

Then he spoke. Except it did not sound like Micah at all. The voice that came from his mouth was cold, empty and inhuman.

"Asmodeus says hello."

At once, real fear entered Angus's eyes. The color drained from his face so quickly it was almost frightening.

"No..." Angus staggered backward. "No, no, no—"

His breathing became uneven as panic overtook him completely. His eyes snapped toward Violet.

"Don't let him do this!" Angus shouted urgently. "Violet, don't let him—!"

Before Violet could even understand what was happening, the entire building violently shook. Huge fractures split across the floor and walls while dust rained from above. The hall trembled like it had been struck by a massive earthquake and Violet lost her footing.

"Violet!" her mates shouted in alarm.

Before she could hit the floor, a whip of lightning suddenly curled around her waist and tugged her backward. Violet crashed straight into Alaric's chest.

"You're safe," he told her, steadying her in his arms while Asher and Griffin rushed over at once to make sure she was unharmed.

Meanwhile Layla and Laura, who had remained silent throughout everything, exchanged one look.

That single glance was enough.

Without hesitation, they cast a portal and vanished through it. Whatever was happening now clearly had absolutely nothing to do with them anymore.

The cracks in the ground widened further as a horrifying red glow burst upward from beneath, illuminating the walls in crimson light as if the gates of hell themselves had opened beneath them.

Heat surged upward from the chasm and screams followed. It was distant but horrifying enough to make everyone uncomfortable.

Angus immediately began crawling backward on his knees in panic.

"No! No! Stay away from me!"

But it was already too late. Blackened hands suddenly emerged from the glowing abyss below. One grabbed his ankle, while another wrapped around his arm, then dozens more followed.

Angus screamed as the hands latched onto him and began dragging him toward the chasm.

"LET ME GO!"

His nails scraped desperately against the floor as he fought to hold on, tears streaming down his face while the hands continued pulling him backward inch by inch.

"VIOLET!"

That was the last thing Angus screamed before the hands finally dragged him completely into the glowing abyss beneath.

Silence fell.

The cracks sealed shut instantly, while the red glow vanished. Just like that, it was as though nothing had ever happened.

The darkness vanished from Micah's eyes completely. Confusion crossed his face like someone waking up from a strange dream he could no longer remember.

For several long seconds, nobody spoke.

Lila broke the silence.

"What the fuck just happened here."

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 909: What Now?[1,119 words]

"Shit," Micah muttered, rubbing his temple hard. His head was pounding like someone had taken a hammer to his skull. "That asshole."

"Micah?" Violet called immediately. "Are you okay? What just happened?"

"I need water."

Micah stumbled and Violet rushed to his side with unnatural speed, catching him before he could collapse onto the floor.

"You're completely wrung dry," Violet murmured. She could feel it. His energy reserves were practically nonexistent and the fact he leaned his entire body weight against her only confirmed it.

Unfortunately for Micah, Violet's caretaking only lasted two seconds. The next moment his weight vanished off her completely as Griffin casually grabbed him and hoisted him over his shoulder like a sack of potatoes.

"Dude!" Micah barked in outrage, staring upside down at the world now. "What the hell?!"

Ignoring the complaint entirely, Griffin carried him across the throne room and dumped him onto one of the seats nearby.

Then Lila stretched out her hand toward him. In it was a waterskin.

Micah lifted a brow suspiciously at the sight of it. Seriously? What era were they in? More importantly, where in the world had she even been hiding that thing this entire time?

Lila clearly sensed the judgment on his face because she narrowed her eyes dangerously at him.

"Do you want the water or not?"

To prove a point, she immediately started pulling it away.

Micah snatched it from her at once.

"Okay, damn."

He brought the waterskin to his lips cautiously, half expecting to drink it and somehow wake up transported back into the stone ages.

But the moment the liquid touched his tongue, his eyes widened slightly.

That was definitely not ordinary water.

Warm energy immediately spread throughout his exhausted body in gentle waves, sinking into his muscles and bones until the headache pounding behind his eyes slowly eased up.

By the time he lowered the empty waterskin, some color had already returned to his face.

Micah stared at Lila with bright curiosity.

"What did I just drink?" Micah narrowed his eyes at the waterskin. "That wasn't water, was it?"

Lila immediately snatched the empty waterskin back from him, frowning when she realized he had finished all of it.

"It is not," she replied with obvious annoyance. "Think of it as the equivalent of glucose in your world. It restores energy."

Then almost immediately her expression sharpened again.

"Now explain what happened," she demanded. "I need to report back to the Queen and I would very much appreciate confirmation that Angus is truly gone."

Micah leaned back against the chair and released a slow breath.

"Angus is gone," he said with absolute finality.

Silence settled over the throne room at those words. There was no dramatic celebration aside from utter silence. After everything Angus had done, his absence felt less like victory and more like the end of a long nightmare they were still struggling to wake up from.

Micah explained further, "I found out Asmodeus has a claim over my child if the baby turns out to possess demon blood. Asmodeus has always hated Angus. He was supposed to die after the ritual went wrong, but your Queen Seraphira stepped in and saved him. So I made Asmodeus a deal instead. I hand Angus over to him and in exchange, my child remains free."

He cocked his head. "I just didn't realize the bastard would possess me personally to collect on the deal."

Violet scowled at him, folding her arms across her chest. "And you didn't think informing me about your little arrangement was important?"

Micah stared right back at her without flinching.

"You were determined to kill him yourself," he replied bluntly. "You wouldn't have rested until you saw the man dead with your own eyes and absolutely no chance of him ever coming back."

"And she has every reason to feel that way," Asher pointed out seriously. "How exactly are we supposed to be certain Angus won't somehow crawl his way out of hell and return to haunt us later?"

"Trust me," Micah said dryly, "nobody escapes hell." His expression darkened.

"Besides, he's already being tormented as we speak. That will be his existence for eternity."

Silence settled over them for a moment as Violet and her mates exchanged cautious looks. One could hardly blame them for being skeptical.

At this point their lives had become one disaster after another and every time they thought things were finally over, a new nightmare emerged waiting for them around the corner. They honestly needed a break from all these fights.

"So..." Alaric said unsure, "this is actually over?"

Griffin answered, "We've dealt with Angus. Cut off the head of the hydra and eventually the rest fall apart."

"Or another head grows back in its place," Asher countered darkly.

"We may not be able to exterminate every witch or whatever remains of Angus's wolves, but they need to understand actions like this come with consequences." His eyes flashed dangerously, the ruthless side of him surfacing.

But Violet gently placed a hand on his shoulder.

"These people have lived under Angus's oppression for goddess knows how long," she told him. "I think right now they need comfort, rehabilitation and empathy more than fear."

Micah nodded in agreement.

"The witches have spent years being treated like lesser beings by the wolves," he explained. "The reason many of them sided with Angus in the first place was because he promised them a world where they could finally stand equal to wolves instead of beneath them."

His gaze swept across the ruined throne room. "Maybe it's time they actually are treated equally."

"Well," Lila straightened gracefully, "in that case, I believe my mission here is over."

Her gaze shifted toward Violet.

"I believe the Queen would be expecting a visit from you soon, princess." A faint smile tugged at her lips. "She would like that very much."

"Of course," Violet replied. "We'll see."

Then Lila lifted two fingers toward her forehead in the traditional Fae greeting.

"Goddess watch over you."

As if summoned by the words themselves, a purple portal bloomed open right behind her. The energy swirling within it shimmered beautifully against the ruined throne room. Lila stepped into it without another word. The portal vanished instantly afterward.

Silence lingered until Griffin broke it.

"Well," he breathed out, "that was one epic exit." A frown suddenly crossed his face. "Wait a minute..." He narrowed his eyes suspiciously. "Why do I feel like that's something Roman would say?"

Alaric choked out a laugh beside him. "Congratulations," he said. "His charisma is officially contagious."

Violet smiled at that. She opened her mouth to speak.

"Where do we—"

A dragon's roar suddenly echoed through the air.

Defy The Alpha(s) - Chapter 910: Destroy District One[1,043 words]

The Matebond inside Violet's chest bloomed the exact same moment the dragon's roar reverberated through the compound, shaking the building itself.

Roman? The realization hit her instantly.

"What is he doing here?" Violet blurted out in disbelief. "Does this mate of mine not understand the concept of rest?"

"We should have known he wouldn't stay still," Griffin said with a grin, sounding far less surprised than everyone else.

Immediately all of them hurried out of the throne room wanting to see exactly what Roman had dragged himself into this time.

By the time they stepped outside, the huge green dragon had already landed in the center of the yard.

Even though many of the wolves present had already witnessed Roman's dragon form earlier, they still instinctively kept their distance. Nobody dared stand too close to a creature that massive.

Roman towered nearly thirty feet tall in dragon form, his iridescent green scales gleaming beneath the afternoon sun like sharpened emeralds. His wings alone were large enough to blot out the sky while smoke curled from his nostrils every heavy breath he took.

His claws were enough reason to understand why people feared dragons. They were creatures of destruction. Low rumbles vibrated from the back of Roman's throat as his massive head moved from side to side searching for something.

Or rather someone.

Then his dragon eyes landed on Violet and the others stepping out of Angus residence.

Immediately the giant dragon began shrinking. His bones shifted, the scales vanishing as the wings folded inward. In the blink of an eye, Roman stood there completely naked.

It was honestly impressive how quickly he shifted back compared to the first time he changed. His earlier transformation had been painful, but now it happened almost effortlessly, proving how rapidly he was adapting to the power.

Unlike the others who stopped walking, Violet broke into a run. Roman ran toward her too like a man who had been separated from his lover for years instead of mere hours.

Roman was also very naked, and unfortunately for everyone present, a certain part of him swung around without shame.

"Geez," Alaric immediately looked upward toward the sky, feeling embarrassed on Roman's behalf. Why was he like this?

Not that the person he was embarrassed for cared.

Violet crashed into Roman and he caught her instantly, lifting her clean off the ground as the both of them kissed desperately.

The way they behaved, one would think they had survived a decade-long war instead of being separated for a few hours.

When they finally broke apart, Violet looked at him excitedly.

"We did it!" she breathed. "Angus is gone! We're safe now!"

"Good," Roman replied with a crooked smile, "because we have another problem."

The excitement immediately vanished from Violet's face. "What?"

Roman lifted his head toward his mate brothers and asked, "Anyone have a phone here?"

He had lost his during the dragon transformation which, honestly, was a daily occurrence whenever he shifted.

Thankfully all his important things were backed up.

Alaric immediately brought out his phone except the screen was completely black.

"My lightning fried it," he admitted, embarrassed.

Griffin searched through his pockets next only to pull out a phone whose screen looked like it had survived a war. The entire thing was cracked beyond repair.

"Mine sacrificed itself bravely during battle," Griffin announced solemnly.

Asher sighed heavily like he was surrounded by children before calmly bringing out his own phone and handing it over to Roman.

Roman immediately took it and began typing quickly.

Violet watched him suspiciously.

"What are you doing?"

"You should see this," Roman said quietly.

Something in his tone made the others gather around immediately. Then the video began playing.

The footage was shaky and chaotic from the very start. Whoever held the phone was clearly running while recording. Screams echoed in the background alongside blaring alarms and smoke rising into the sky.

The camera tilted upward and that was when they saw something massive streaked across the clouds.

It was a missile.

"Oh my goddess..." Violet whispered.

Then a terrified female voice cried from behind the camera.

"The government is trying to kill us all! There are still humans in District One! We're not all zombies!"

Panic erupted behind her as people screamed. Someone shouted to run. Then suddenly—BOOM!

The camera violently shook from the explosion and the recording cut off instantly.

Silence fell around them.

The horror on Violet's face was immediate.

"That can't be..." she whispered.

Roman looked at her seriously.

"The livestream was uploaded five minutes ago," he said grimly. "This is happening right now, Violet."

Griffin frowned. "Wasn't Elijah supposed to contact President Roy? Our mate can heal the zombies."

"Not unless Elijah never made the call," Micah said darkly, rage already gathering in his expression as he approached them.

He lowered his phone, having just finished a call. Just like them, he had gotten the news from home.

Alaric shook his head. "Even if Elijah did contact him, there was always the possibility Roy wouldn't believe him," he pointed out. "Humans demand evidence. Right now all they have are the words of wolves they already distrust. We all know President Roy barely trusts Elijah after everything that's happened with the virus."

"I can't let this happen." Violet's voice came out desperate now. "I have to stop them."

Her breathing quickened as she looked toward Micah.

"You can get me to District One, right?"

"Violet..." Micah started carefully, tension filling his face. "We're talking about bombs."

But Violet stubbornly shook her head.

"I can control the flames," she insisted. "I just need to stop the missiles before they hit. Then I can heal them."

"Heal them?" Asher repeated in exasperation. "Violet, it's an entire district."

He forced himself to calm down. "Let's be realistic here, love. How exactly are you planning to heal thousands of people by yourself?"

"Not to mention..." His eyes flickered briefly toward her stomach before returning to hers. "You're pregnant."

Silence immediately fell.

Micah's eyes widened in pure shock. Not just him either. A certain green-haired Alpha looked like his soul had temporarily left his body judging from the way his jaw nearly hit the ground.

Alaric breathed out slowly, "Well... now you know."